"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—S.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME II.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 27.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1850. [Price 2*d*.

THE DOOM OF ENGLISH WILLS.

There are few things in this beautiful country of England, more picturesque to the eye, and agreeable to the fancy, than an old Cathedral town. Seen in the distance, rising from among corn-fields, pastures, orchards, gardens, woods, the river, the bridge, the roofs of ancient houses, and haply the ruins of a castle or abbey, the venerable Cathedral spires, opposed for many hundred years to the winter wind and summer sun, tower, like a solemn historical presence, above the city, conveying to the rudest mind associations of interest with the dusky Past. On a nearer approach, this interest is heightened. Within the building, by the long perspectives of pillars and arches; by the earthy smell, preaching more eloquently than deans and chapters, of the common doom; by the praying figures of knights and ladies on the tombs, with little headless generations of sons and daughters kneeling around them; by the stained-glass windows, softening and mellowing the light; by the oaken carvings of the stalls, where the shorn monks told their beads; by the battered effigies of archbishops and bishops, found built up in the walls, when all the world had been unconscious, for centuries, of their blunt stone noses; by the mouldering chapter-room; the crypt, with its barred loopholes, letting in long gleams of slanting light from the Cloisters where the dead lie, and where the ivy, bred among the broken arches, twines about their graves; by the sound of the bells, high up in the massive tower; by the universal gravity, mystery, decay, and silence. Without, by the old environing Cathedral-close, with its red-brick houses and staid gardens; by the same stained glass, so dark on that side though so bright within; by the pavement of half-obliterated tombstones; by the long echoes of the visitors' footsteps; by the wicket gate, that seems to shut the moving world out of that retirement; by the grave rooks and jackdaws that have built their nests in steeple crevices, where the after-hum of the chimes reminds them, perhaps, of the wind among the boughs of lofty trees; by the ancient scraps of palace and gateway; by the ivy again, that has grown to be so thick and strong; by the oak, famous in all that part, which has struck its mighty root through the Bishop's wall; by the Cathedral organ, whose sound fills all that space, and all the space it opens in the charmed imagination.

There may be flaws in this whole, if it be examined, too closely. It may not be improved by the contemplation of the shivering choristers on a winter morning, huddling on their gowns as they drowsily go to scamper through their work; by the drawling voice, without a heart, that drearily pursues the dull routine; by the avaricious functionary who lays aside the silver mace to take the silver pieces, and who races through the Show as if he were the hero of a sporting wager. Some uncomfortable doubts may, under special circumstances, obtrude themselves, of the practical Christianity of the head of some particular Foundation. He may be a brawler, or a proud man, or a sleek, or an artful. He may be usually silent, in the House of Lords when a Christian minister should speak, and may make a point of speaking when he should be silent. He may even be oblivious of the truth; a stickler by the letter, not the spirit, for his own purposes; a pettifogger in the supreme court of God's high law, as there are pettifoggers in the lower courts administering the laws of mortal man. Disturbing recollections may arise, of a few isolated cases here and there, where country curates with small incomes and large families, poor gentlemen and scholars, are condemned to work, like blind horses in a mill, while others who do not work get their rightful pay; or of the inconsistency and indecorum of the Church being made a Robe and Candlestick question, while so many shining lights are hidden under bushels, and so many black-cloth coats are threadbare. The question may present itself, by remote chance, whether some shovel-hats be not made too much on the model of the banker's shovel [illegible] which the gold is gathered on the counter, and too little in remembrance of that kind of shovel that renders ashes [illegible] and dust to dust. But, on the whole, the [illegible]tor will probably be content to say the time was, and this old Cathedral saw [illegible] these things were infinitely worse; [illegible] will be better; I will do all honour to the good that is in them, (which is much) and I will do what in me lies for the speedier amendment of the bad." . . .

In this conclusion, we think the visitor of the old Cathedral would be right. But, it is important to bring to the knowledge of all visitors of old Cathedrals in England, and of all who stay at home too, the most gigantic and least known abuse, attaching to those establishments. It is one which affects, not only the history and learning of the country, and that powerfully, but the legal rights and titles of all classes—of every man, woman, and child, rich and poor, great and small, born into this English portion of this breathing world.

For the purpose of the object on which we now enter, we have consulted a great mass of documents, and have had recourse to the personal experience of a gentleman who has made this kind of research his business. In every statement we make, we shall speak by the card, that equivocation may not undo us. The proof of every assertion, is ready to our hand.

The public have lately heard some trifling facts relative to Doctors' Commons, through the medium of a young gentleman who was articled, by his aunt, to a proctor there. Our readers may possibly be prepared to hear that the Registry of the Diocese of Canterbury, in which are deposited all the wills proved in that large, rich, and populous district, is a job so enormous as to be almost incredible. That the Registrars, with deputies, and deputies' deputies, are sinecurists of from sixteen to seventeen thousand pounds, to seven or eight thousand pounds, a-year; that the wills are not even kept secure from fire; that the real working men are miserably paid out of the rich plunder of the public; that the whole system is one of greed, corruption, and absurdity, from beginning to end. It is not, however, with the Registry of Canterbury that our business lies at present, but with the Registries and Peculiars of other dioceses, which are attached to the old Cathedrals throughout Great Britain, and of which our readers may be by no means prepared to hear what we shall have to tell.

Let us begin by setting forth from London on a little suppositious excursion—say with Mr. William Wallace, of the Middle Temple and the Royal Society of Antiquaries.

Mr. William Wallace, for the purpose of a literary pursuit in which he is engaged, involving the gratification of a taste he has for the history of old manners and old families, is desirous, at his own proper cost and charge, to search the registers in some Cathedral towns, for wills and records. Having heard whispers of corruption in these departments, and difficulty of search, Mr. Wallace arms himself with letters from the Bishops of those places. Putting money in his purse besides, he goes down, pretty confidently.

Mr. William Wallace arrives at Cathedral number one; and, after being extremely affected, despite a heavy shower of rain, by the contemplation of the building, inquires for the Registrar. He is shown a very handsome house in the Cathedral-close—a house very superior to the Bishop's—wherein the Registrar resides. For, the Registrar keeps a first-rate roof over his own head, though he keeps his deeds in a dilapidated Gate-house; at which he takes toll to the amount of seven thousand a-year; and where, as at other toll-houses, "no trust" is the rule; for he exacts his fees beforehand.

Mr. William Wallace now learns that, locally, the Registrar is a person of almost inordinate power; besides his seven thousand-pound-per-annum place, he is Chapter Clerk, Town Clerk, Clerk to the Magistrates—a Proctor, moreover, in boundless practice. He lives in great state; he keeps horses, carriages, dogs, and a yacht; he is—could he be anything else?—a staunch tory; he generally proposes the tory members for the county, and has been known to pay the entire electioneering expenses of a favourite tory candidate. Mr. Wallace, although fortified with a letter bearing the mitred seal of the Bishop of the diocese, feels that he is about to come in contact with a great power; an awful something that is not to be trifled with; one of the noblest institutions of our land, who is a very Miller of Dee, and accountable to nobody.

With a due sense of the importance of this outside buttress of the Church, Mr. Wallace presents himself with the Bishop's letter. The Registrar storms, and takes it extremely ill. He appears to confound Mr. Wallace with his own foot-boy. He says the Bishop has no power to interfere with *him*, and he won't endure it. He says the Bishop don't know what harm may come of showing wills. He can't make out, what people want to see wills for. He grudgingly concedes some obstructed search, on the usual terms; namely, two guineas per day for all the days a clerk—not fond of any sort of fatigue—may choose to take in making any particular search. "But perhaps you will allow me to look at the indexes?" asks Mr. Wallace. "*That's* of no use," is the reply, "for a great many of the years are missing; and in those we have got, a great many wills are not entered. We often have to spend two months in finding a will." Our friend then performs a little mental arithmetic:—two months—or, even say fifty days—means one hundred guineas, to ferret out one will. Complete indexes would only occasion ten minutes' search, equal to one day, or, according to the Registrar's tariff, two guineas. Mr. Wallace then draws the inevitable conclusion, that bad indexes partly occasion the inordinate income of the Registrar, whose manifest interest it is to keep them as imperfect as possible. One little trait of the very early volumes (the earliest wills are dated A.D. 1180,) is as quaint, as it is productive to the Registrar: the names of the testators are arranged—alphabetically, it is true—but under the Christian instead of the Surnames. Imagine

the number of days, or couples of guineas, that would drop into the Registrar's coffers, for picking out one particular John Smith from the thousands of "Johns," under the letter "J!" Since the year 1800, the index is better: indeed it is almost as available as the old catalogues of the British Museum, though not quite so perfect.

All this was despair to Mr. William Wallace, who modestly hinted that his archæological necessities pressed him to ask admission to the actual depository of the wills. The Registrar was petrified with astonishment. His figure expanded with a burst of indignation, which presently exploded in the interrogative interjection, "What?" that went off, like the sharp crack of a rifle.

What! Exhibit, to any living soul, the dilapidative neglect, the hideous disorder, the wilful destruction of documents, involving the transfer of the property, personal and landed, of seven counties; and which he, the Registrar, obtains seven thousand pounds per annum for preserving carefully, and arranging diligently! Why, only last year the Archæological Institute of Great Britain, itself, was peremptorily refused admission; and was it likely that the Registrar would allow Mr. William Wallace—the friend of a mere Bishop—to be turned loose, to browse at will upon the waste the Registrar and his predecessors had committed and permitted!

But what will not an enthusiastic antiquary dare, in his loved pursuit! Mr. Wallace was bold enough to hint that a Bishop had perhaps some power in his diocese—even over a Registrar. This appeared in a degree to lull the tempest; and after all storms there is a calm. The Registrar reflected. There was nothing very formidable in the applicant's appearance; he had not the hungry look of a legacy or pedigree hunter—a foolish young fellow, perhaps, with a twist about old manners and customs: and, in short, he *may* take a look at the repositories.

Up a narrow stair, under the guidance of a grumpy clerk, our persevering Middle Templar wends. In a long room, over the arches of the gateway, he sees parallel rows of shelves laden with wills: not tied up in bundles, not docketed, not protected in any way from dust or spiders by the flimsiest covering. Only the modern wills are bound up; but—not to encroach upon the Registrar's hard earnings—the backings of the bindings are composed of such original wills as were written on parchment. These are regularly cut up—that is, wilfully destroyed—for bookbinding purposes!

Mr. Wallace sees, at a glance, that he may as well try to find a lost shell on a sea-shore, or a needle in a haystack, as attempt to discover what he is desirous of picking out of this documentary chaos. He looks round in mute grief; his archaic heart is heavy; he understands, exactly, how Rienzi felt amidst the Ruins of Rome, or the daughters of Jerusalem when they wept. Wherever he turns his eyes, he sees black, barbarous Ruin. In one corner, he observes decayed boxes filled with rotten wills; in another, stands a basket, containing several lumps of mediæval mortar, and a few brick-bats of the early pointed style—the edges, possibly, of some hole in the wall too large for even poor seven thousand a-year to shirk the stopping of. Despite the hints of the clerk that his time is valuable, Mr. Wallace is contemplating these relics with the eager gaze of an F.S.A., when he descries, hanging over the edge of the basket, something like an ancient seal. He scrutinises it intensely—there is a document attached to it. He rescues it from the rubbish.

"What can this be?" asks Mr. Wallace with glistening eye.

"Oh!" answers the clerk, with listless indifference, "nothing of any consequence, *I'm* sure."

By this time, Mr. Wallace has found out that this "nothing of any consequence," is a Charter of King William the Conqueror; *the identical instrument by which the See of Dorchester was transferred to Lincoln*—that's all! The broken seal is not of "much consequence" either. Oh, no!

Now it happens that there is only one impression of the great seal of the Great Norman extant, and that is in the British Museum, broken in half; this, being a counterpart, supplies the entire seal! Such is the priceless historical relic found in the year 1850, by chance, in a lime-basket, in the very place where it ought to have been as zealously preserved as if it had been the jewel of a diadem!

But, other treasures—equally of "no consequence," and about to be carried off by bricklayers' labourers, to where rubbish may be shot—are dug out by Mr. William Wallace:—Item a bundle of pardons from King John to certain barons and bishops: Item a Confession of the Protestant Faith made on his deathbed by Archbishop Toby Matthew, hitherto supposed by his biographers to have died a Catholic: Item, a contemporary poem on the Battle of Bosworth. The Registrar's clerk is of opinion, when these are shown to him, that "they an't worth much," but growlingly saves them, on remonstrance, and bundles them into his desk; where we trust they still remain; and whence we hope they may be rescued by the proper authorities.

As Mr. Wallace follows his surly guide up the stairs of the Gate-house, the rain patters sharply against the casements, and a fusty, damp odour emerges from the upper story. Under a broken roof, and a ceiling being unplastered in huge patches by time and rain, in the top room, lie—or, more correctly, rot—the wills of the Archdeaconry of Blows, a "Peculiar" of the diocese. The papers below stairs are merely worm-eaten, spider-woven, dusty, ill-arranged; but, compared with those which Mr. Wallace now sees—and smells—

are in fastidious glass-case order. After dodging the rain-drops which filter through the ceiling, down among the solemn injunctions of the dead, Mr. Wallace is able to examine one or two bundles. Mildew and rot are so omnipotent in this damp depository, that the shelves have, in some places, broken and crumbled away. A moment's comparison between the relative powers of wood and paper, in resisting water, will give a vivid idea of the condition of the wills in this Archdiaconal shower-bath. The corners of most of the piles are as thoroughly rounded off, as if a populous colony of water rats (the ordinary species could not have existed there) had been dining off them since the days of King Stephen. Others are testamentary agglomerations, soddened into pulp,—totally illegible and inseparable; having been converted by age, much rain, and inordinate neglect, into *post-mortem* papier maché.

All these, are original wills: no such copies of them—which Registrars are enjoined to provide—having been made by the predecessors of the present pluralist. In order that the durability of parchment should be of no avail in arresting the most complete destruction within the scope of possibility, it is the sheepskin testaments of this collection that are regularly shredded to bind up the modern wills ranged in books below.

The very sight of this place, shows the futility of anything like research. Mr. Wallace examines a few of the documents, only to see their extreme historical as well as local importance; turns away; and descends the stairs.

"Thus, then," says Mr. William Wallace solemnly, as he takes a parting look at the ancient Gate-house, "are documents, involving the personal and real property of Seven English Counties, allowed to crumble to destruction; thus, is ruin brought on families by needless litigation; thus, do Registrars roll in carriages, and Proctors grow rich; thus, are the historical records of the great English nation doomed—by an officer whom the nation pays the income of a prince to be their conservator—to rottenness, mildew, and dust."

Mr. Wallace having added nothing to the object of his pursuits and inquiries, in the Registry of this Cathedral number one, departed at once for Cathedral number two. How he fared there, the reader shall soon learn.

GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart!
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh-fainting heart!

In lonely wilds by light-wing'd birds
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words,
Where only griefs had grown.

ZOOLOGICAL SESSIONS.
(EXCLUSIVE.)

A PRODIGIOUS number of complaints and other noises at unseasonable hours, from that large class of our fellow-creatures of the earth so erroneously called "dumb" animals, having seriously disturbed the habitual good order and peaceful content of the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park, during the last week or two, the Secretary, Mr. Mitchell, considered it necessary to institute a close inquiry into the cause. He was not long in discovering this. Some of the "dumb" creatures did not at all mince the matter with him, but spoke out boldly at once.

The complaints and disturbances took the usual form of growls, roars, bellowings, barkings, chatterings, gruntings, gnashes, squeaks, hootings, hisses, yells, screams and squawks; but each and all of them had direct reference to the same special cause of grievance. The nature and tendency of this having been ascertained, Mr. Mitchell, not being able to remedy the alleged evil, saw no alternative but to convene an extraordinary meeting of the Members of the Council to a Special Court of Sessions to be held in the Gardens, with a view to giving a full and dispassionate hearing to the causes of dissatisfaction and complaint from the different plaintiffs inhabiting the Gardens, or those deputed to appear professionally in their behoof.

The day being fixed, and eight o'clock in the morning named as the hour most suitable, because no visitors are admitted till nine, the Members of the Council duly repaired to the Zoological Gardens, and entering the marquee erected for the occasion, in the enclosure of the Elephant's house, took their seats in regular form. Lord Bumbleby had already arrived, and was unanimously voted into the chair, in virtue of his position as a man of science, no less than in deference to his great legal knowledge and experience. Professor Owen, by the express wish, it was understood, of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended to take notes for certain learned societies in Paris and Berlin. We also observed Mr. Justice Broderip of Westminster, author of "Zoological Researches," in company with Mr. Yarrell, and close to them Mr. Thomas Bell, on the part of the Royal Society, and Mr. John Edward Grey, head naturalist of the historical department of the British Museum. The editors of all the chief journals of natural history soon after entered, together with Mr. Edwin Landseer, and several other artists of eminence, among whom were Doyle and Wolf, as matter of course. In company with these we also noticed Mr. Van Voorst, and Messrs. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve, who all took their seats with very grave countenances. We should not forget to mention that Mr. Poot, the great pigeon-fancier, was present, evidently in a somewhat perplexed state of mind in con-

sequence of the eighteen-penny veal-and-ham pie he had brought in the little side pocket of his green riding-coat, for luncheon, causing a very ungraceful protuberance in his outline on one side. We must by no means omit to record that this list was brightened and completed by the arrival of a number of ladies of high rank, in elegant morning dresses; among whom we noticed the Dowager Duchess of Flusterwing, with her two charming nieces, the Ladies Dovelies; also the Countess of Powterscourt, and Lady Forester, who supported on her arm the graceful figure of the Marchioness of Paroquet, whose husband was recently scalped in a skirmish with the Chocktaw Mackaws.

Lord Bumbleby now opened the proceedings by requesting the ladies who had just entered, to settle themselves as quickly and commodiously as possible, because he expected his learned friend, the Chevalier Bunsen, would shortly arrive. His Lordship then called upon the Secretary, Mr. Mitchell, to bring forward the different plaintiffs in succession.

The first personage who presented himself, was the Elephant. The Secretary informed the Court that this preference had been shown, not only in courtesy to the Elephant, on whose domains they were now encroaching, but also for his eminent sagacity, and the general urbanity of his manners to all who associated with him. The two head keepers had assured him that the Lion was too magnanimous to feel any offence at it.

The Elephant advanced with his usual cautious steps, his eyes being alternately cast on the ground immediately before his broad toes, and then taking a quiet look at the faces of the company assembled. He now slowly raised his trunk over their heads, and made his grand *salaam*.

It was not, he said, without considerable reluctance that he came forward to make a complaint of anybody in the Gardens—especially of one so eminent for amiability and originality of character, as the personage concerning whom these complaints had arisen. If he had been obliged to report his own keeper for inattention, or want of respect, it would have cost him much pain; but no words could describe his discomfort at finding himself obliged to appear in that Court as leading spokesman of a serious complaint brought against one of his fellow-creatures. He did not mean any offence to any learned or meritorious gentleman present, and of course not to any lady; but it would be mere affectation in him to disguise the fact that he regarded his fellow-captives in those Gardens as of more consequence in the scale of creation than any of those who held dominion over them, or who came to see them. They were obviously in that position by virtue of their superior qualities, which made them objects of intense interest to the less-endowed race of mankind.

Lord Bumbleby. I cannot allow these introductory reflections to proceed. For my own part, I totally dissent from them, as no doubt do all the present Members of Council.

The Elephant apologised if he had said anything discourteous. It was not his intention. Some people might think that the superior size and strength of other people were of less importance than their own deficiencies in those respects. But whatever might be the nature of the complaint now about to be made, it would not so much involve disagreeable comparisons between the noble captives in the Gardens and their Council, keepers, and visitors, as an exposure of erroneous estimates formed of one particular creature, and of undue favours shown him, to the injury or neglect of many more deserving such, or, at least, no less attention.

Lord Bumbleby. You really must not be so prolix. Come at once to the question. What is the cause of the disturbance and disorder that has of late been among you. Of whom, or of what do you complain?

All ears and eyes were now turned towards the Elephant, who, dropping his trunk, and placing his legs—the right fore-leg in advance of the left, and the right hind-leg in advance of the left—commenced a sawing to and fro of his body; presenting the appearance of some colossal toy, the body of which was moved forwards and backwards by means of a bit of very simple machinery, while his legs remained fixed to the board he stood upon. He continued to do this for several minutes.

Lord Bumbleby. How much longer are we to wait for a reply?

To this question the Elephant made no rejoinder, but shifted his legs, placing those in advance which had previously been behind, and then resumed his sawing motion.

Lord Bumbleby. Is this all the answer you intend to give the Court? Can anybody translate this oriental performance?

An extremely small, thin, squeaky voice, which seemed to come from a group of animals collected round the open entrance to the marquee, was now heard:—

"It seems, my Lord," said the little voice, "that the Elephant cannot make up his mind as to the reply he should give. It is too difficult and full of ups and downs, and highways and by-ways. But I can skip over all these, and tell you at once that the cause of our complaints is from the favouritism shown to the fat water-pig!—that's what we are all making mouths at!"

After much looking about, the little voice that had uttered this was discovered to proceed from a very tiny russet-green Marmozet Monkey, with little brown tufts of ears standing out from each side of his head, and with very bright quick eyes, having a delicate tint of clear hazel in them, and of great intelligence, though displaying a considerable degree of nervous alarm in addressing the Court. He was seated on the top of the left

shoulder of the blue-nosed Baboon, while speaking, but as he uttered the last words he sprang up to the middle of the back of the Giraffe, for greater safety.

Lord Bumbleby (*addressing the Elephant*). You have heard what your little friend has said. Has he fairly stated the object of your complaint?

The Elephant begged to assure his Lordship and the Court, that for his own part he had no especial cause of grievance. He had mainly come forward on the present occasion at the earnest request of a number of respected animals. As for himself, what with cakes and ale, and other presents, and a considerable share of liberty and attention, he had no reasonable ground for dissatisfaction, and he should always look down upon a Hippopotamus.

Lord Bumbleby (*addressing the group of Animals*). Let me distinctly ask for a decided and definite reply. Has the Marmozet rightly and truly stated the purpose of your complaint—one and all?

Numerous Voices of various kinds. He has!—he has!—he has!

Lord Bumbleby. Then let me beg that some one among you, less cautious, and guarded, and less prudent and circumlocutious than the Elephant, will do me the favour to walk forth, and state the whole substance of the matter.

At these words the Lion strode majestically into the middle of the Court, and after several heavy swinges of his tail, as he looked with a very grave forest-lord countenance on all around, addressed his Lordship and the Council, in a deep voice.

He said that to his own mind, as a Lion, the whole complaint was undignified and ridiculous; but as a denizen of the Gardens, and one of the oldest of its nobles, he felt bound to espouse the common cause, and enter his protest against the gross favouritism that had been displayed towards the Hippopotamus. At first, a little of this was all very well—in fact, it was expected, with a new-comer of more than ordinary pretensions. But things had been carried much too far. The Hippopotamus had become a fashionable furor. As to the animal himself, he had nothing to say against him; the question was one of a broad public kind. Was it right towards all the other inhabitants of the Gardens, many of them possessing points and qualities worthy of the highest interest and estimation, that an almost exclusive devotion should be shown to this one individual? He the Lion blamed no one in especial—but everybody, as the injury was committed by everybody. He had felt so irritated at it—not on his own account, for he was generally half asleep all day, but as a public insult—that he had taken to scratch his neck, as he thought of it, till he had torn nearly all the hair off one side, and caused the worthy Secretary great distress at this injury to his personal appearance. He concluded by expressing his opinion that the ridiculous adulation of public *levees*, held by the Hippopotamus in his divan, should forthwith cease; and a general apology by the Council and visitors, at large, be made to all the other animals.

Before his Lordship had time to reply, and before the Lion had retired to join the group of animals, a large, black, nobby, pugnacious, turned-up snout was thrust forward, and the morose, insolent face, and rough wire-haired body that owned it, sprang into the centre of the Court. Need we say this was the Hyæna?

Why, he asked, were the Gardens, and all London, to be incessantly occupied in thinking of, talking about, and crowding to see a swimming swine? And why?—because *he* had the impudence to pretend to have some likeness to a horse! As to his swimming,—any pig can swim. What was this Hippopotamus, in reality, but a very large pig,—differing only in being able to dive to the bottom of a bath, in being enormously expensive in his diet, and in being of no sort of ornament or utility. Look at this diet!—was it not infamous in its enormity of cow's milk and Tafilat dates (for he wouldn't eat the little dry yellow Barbary ones), and in porridge made with the finest maize meal, and with American hommony on Sundays. Look at the diet that he, the Hyæna, was given! Fire his mane-bristles! if he generally had anything but great red-and-blue bones—bones, too, in many cases, which the Lion and the Tiger had refused,—but given to *him*, merely because the keeper knew that he had a lower jaw capable of smashing bones which the Lion would not, and the Tiger could not break! Was he, the Hyæna, to endure this? Shrieks and fang-wranglers! Never! Split the tip of his nose with a hatchet, if he would suffer it any longer! No!—no!—no! But would he still tear at it through his bars?—would he?—would he?—would he? ha! ha! ha! would he? Yes! yes! yes! Flay off his skin with rakes and tongs, he would still ha! ha! hoo! shriek and yell his execrations, and tear at——

Here five keepers suddenly ran forward, and with great difficulty muzzled the frantic speaker, and dragged him out of Court, by the mane and tail, and one hind leg. It was well they did, as all the ladies and most of the gentlemen had risen from their seats, and were just preparing to make a precipitate retreat. The Duchess of Flusterwing had her splendid tippet quite discomposed, and Mr. Poot's veal-and-ham pie had a narrow escape of being smashed in his pocket.

Lord Bumbleby. If we are to have any more of such shameful behaviour as this, I shall vacate my seat. Mr. Broderip is more used to deal with these obstreperous characters in the performance of his magisterial duties in Westminster—perhaps he will be so good as take the chair.

Mr. Broderip expressed his readiness to do this. He considered it his duty, not merely on the score of his magisterial avocations, but of his labours in natural history, and the

interest he took in it. Mr. Mitchell, however, having assured his Lordship that nothing of the sort would occur again, the noble chairman nodded his head in token of his consent to remain in his place.

With a light, tripping, and inaudible step, the Fox now came forward by a sidelong movement. With a most diffident air, his eyes turned meekly to the ground, he addressed his Lordship in a smooth and subdued voice.

Far was it from his intention, he said, an obscure and humble individual like him, to arrogate to himself the least right to complain of any attention bestowed on any other creature in the Gardens. No—that was not his character, any more than it would have been his place. He knew himself better. He did not venture to present himself on the present occasion *for* himself, or indeed of his own accord, so much as in courtesy to another who, though not being exactly an invalid, was still under circumstances of great difficulty as to locomotion, and had therefore besought him, with several gluey tears in his eyes, to undertake this office. He appeared, therefore, as the solicitor of the Great Tortoise, who had fully instructed him as to the line of argument he should pursue.

Lord Bumbleby (addressing Mr. Mitchell). If the Tortoise is not incapacitated by illness from appearing in court, his solicitor ought still to have brought a certificate from his medical attendant as to any other bodily cause that prevented his walking here.

A strange Voice. Pfoo! pfoo!

Lord Bumbleby. Who dares to say pooh, pooh!

It was discovered that the voice had proceeded from the Seal, who had been brought there reclining on a fishmonger's tray, supported by two Monkeys, whose eyes were seriously bent on the ground. They had pinched the Seal.

Lord Bumbleby (to the Seal). You are in liquor!

Mr. Mitchell explained that it was the distance only that prevented the Tortoise from appearing in person, because at his rate of travelling it would occupy him at least twenty-four hours to come from his enclosure to the Elephant's court-yard where they now were. His Lordship, considering this satisfactory, nodded to the Fox to proceed.

The Fox, bowing his nose to the ground, thanked his Lordship for his politeness. To the question, then, of extraordinary favours lavished upon the individual called the Hippopotamus, he, the Fox, on the part of his client the Tortoise, begged most respectfully to say that the preference was as unjust as it was notorious. Why was it unjust? Might he be allowed to say that, in the first place, on the grounds of that reverence due to age, his client had far greater claims. The age of the individual known as the Hippopotamus was scarcely above one twelvemonth, while that of his client amounted to no less than one hundred and seventy-nine years. He was, consequently, not only the Oldest Inhabitant of the Gardens, but in all England—probably in all Europe. The ages of both parties were authentically known. His client came from Gallapagos, on the west coast of South America, close to the equator, bringing his documents with him. He also lived at the Cape some small matter of seventy or eighty years. These things were all on record, attested by respected authority, in fact, by the heads of the different families with whom he boarded in succession as the old ones died off. As for the age of the person commonly called the Hippopotamus, it was laughably easy to attest that. He was a mere mushroom—a brown toadstool.

Lord Bumbleby. Why do you persist in alluding to him as the individual "called" the Hippopotamus? He *is* a Hippopotamus! He is *not* a toadstool.

The Fox begged ten thousand pardons; he had heard this point much contested in the Gardens among his friends and companions, who had arrived at the conclusion that the beast known as the Hippopotamus, was, in truth, a young Abyssinian pig, of the amphibious variety; but if his learned Lordship, whose universal mind might be designated not only as amphibious, but as equally mundane, aerial, and igneous, had settled the question for ever, he, the Fox, an obscure and humble solicitor, was sure he should not exceed the limits of his instructions by saying, on the part of his client, that he bowed to his Lordship's decision, and admitted, before the present imposing assembly, that the pig was a horse. (*Loud laughter.*)

Lord Bumbleby. An Irish bull, you mean. Don't be impertinent, Sir.

The Fox begged ten hundred thousand pardons. There was, however, another question on which he had a few words to offer. A thing, whether alive or dead, was valued in England, by no means so much for itself, and its intrinsic merits (if any) as for its scarcity, and the money it cost to obtain it. Suppose nature had reversed the order of things with himself and the Hippopotamus, so that, while there were a countless number of water-pigs—he begged ten hundred thousand million pardons! he meant Hippopotami—there should at the same time be only one Fox in all England? *What* a Fox that would be! His ears, how acute and pointed to a hair! His nose, how fine and infallible! His eyes, how bright with keen and secret intelligence? His mouth, how formed for all the loves and graces to hover round! His physiognomy, how matchless in the sharpness of its angle; with *what* a development of cranium above! His brush, how flowing and gracious! His step, how light and elegant! His speed, how fleet—his long-winded endurance, how wonderful! His courage, when surrounded, how astonishing!

His fertility of resources, his art and finesse, how inimitable! His natural odour, how exceeding all the gales of Araby the Blest!

Lord Bumbleby. That 's very true.

The Fox thought it his duty, then, both to his respected client, and to himself, to draw this parallel, as it would place before the wise and consistent British public the picture of themselves crowding and trampling over each other, after waiting half an hour *outside* a closed door—in order to obtain admission to an inner room, where they might behold—a Fox!

[*The Fox here made a profound bow to the Court.*]

Lord Bumbleby. But you are forgetting your respected client.

The Fox begged to remind the noble and learned Lord, that all he had said of himself was merely in illustration of his client's case. It must be evident to everybody that the inference he would draw was this: if such would be the fact of estimation, in an imaginary case of rarity, such as his own, how much more ought it to obtain when there was an actual rarity in the case, such as his client! A Tortoise of such a size—weighing five or six hundredweight—and of the age of one hundred and seventy-nine years, was surely as great a rarity as the young Abyssinian water-pig, whom, in deference to his Lordship, he was ready to call the Hippopotamus.

With these words the Fox bowed all round, and retired behind Mr. Poot, who chanced to be seated near the side to which he had so gracefully bowed himself.

Professor Owen here rose, and requested his Lordship's permission to offer an observation. He would be one of the last to interrupt so important and interesting a discussion; all he wished was that a right understanding should exist in the minds of the complainants with respect to their young associate, who was the innocent cause of the recent disturbance in the Gardens. He would remind his quadrupedial friends—in short his friends of any number of legs—that the Hippopotamus had not presumptuously put himself forward, or employed any means, open or sinister, for obtaining public favour. Of him, as of some other illustrious personages, it might be truly said that he had not "sought for honours," but that "honours had been thrust upon him."

A gruff Voice. By whom?

Lord Bumbleby. Let the speaker come forward.

The Black Bear, from the Bear's-pit, now advanced on his hind-legs, and standing in that bolt-upright attitude in which he excels all other bears, remained steadily in this position, to the great applause of the Court.

Lord Bumbleby. Order! Mr. Mitchell, be so good as to repress this unseemly demonstration. (*To the Bear.*) You asked by whom had honours been thrust upon the Hippopotamus?

The Bear said, that, if particular examples were desired, he considered Lord Bumbleby himself, and Professor Owen, had done this. The Professor had led the way by his learned account of the swimming swine; and his Lordship had paid him a friendly visit the very first morning after he arrived. Even in his Lordship's last remark the feeling of favouritism was manifested.

Lord Bumbleby. How do you show this?

The Bear said it was obvious. When he, the Bear, "appeared"—as astronomers say of a planet, and as actors say of themselves—when he "appeared," and the Court greeted him with a round of applause, his Lordship instantly suppressed it as an unseemly demonstration! Why was it unseemly? Simply because he was a Bear, and not a water-pig. This bad feeling towards the species he objected to, on the part of his friends in the Pit, and no less of his next door neighbour the Polar Bear, as an injustice on the one side (*giving his left side a scraping scratch with one paw*), and an indignity—he did not care if he called it by a stronger term—an exasperation, on the other.

[*The Bear here administered a good scrape to his other side; dropped on all-fours; and retired with an angry look behind him.*]

Professor Owen said he could not allow the accusation of the last speaker to pass without a word of reply. He had paid no attention to the Hippopotamus that he was not ready to pay to any other new-comer of importance. As to leading the way to public admiration, it was his duty to lead the way in scientific description;—but as to the amount of interest and admiration, that was entirely a matter of public taste. He had bestowed the same pains on many other creatures. And always should do so. He had no favourites. He beheld them all with equal eye, as creatures of the same wonderful round of living things that constantly appear on the earth's surface. He even took the same interest in them when dead, as when living. He had once nearly lost his life in dissecting a celebrated Elephant. Only a few months ago, when the elder Rhinoceros died, he attended regularly for a fortnight at his dissection in an open shed in a windy season, standing in mud and crimson slush, several hours daily. If his elaborate account of this did not excite the same interest as what he had said of the Hippopotamus, it was simply because the latter was more suited to the public taste. It was not the Professor's fault. He endeavoured to lead that taste on all subjects of natural history. If the public followed, he rejoiced; if not, he had learnt to be patient. He had never pandered to a bad or idle taste of the public, or he might have made himself excessively popular. Only a short time ago the public were mad to have a sea-serpent; but he had refused to help them to one, and had directly opposed himself to the popular feeling. He

thought he should find it his duty to do this again, if the scales, as large as cheese-plates, which the last sea-serpent had rubbed off in scratching himself against an Irish light-house the other day, were forwarded to him for examination—as he hourly expected.

The Isabella Bear came forward at this juncture, with clasped hands, and a moaning voice. She endeavoured in a confused way, wringing her hands continually, and being in a state of great emotion, to complain of her difference of diet compared with that of the Hippopotamus. Nor was this all; for, whereas all the other animals in her vicinity were fed at six o'clock, she did not get her rice and water till eight, and the cruelty of this proceeding aggravated her sense of the unprecedented luxuries heaped upon the Pig of Pigs. What else she said could not be heard distinctly; and she was led staggering out of court by the Polar Bear, who said he was ashamed of such weakness.

Lord Bumbleby (*taking out his watch*). The Court has been sitting a long while. This is rather a sharp morning. Mr. Mitchell, is it nearly feeding time? (*A laugh.*)

A little bustle occurring in the Court, it was found on inquiry to proceed from Mr. Poot, who had had his pocket picked of his veal-and-ham pie. He had no idea who could have stolen it from him.

It being now intimated to Lord Bumblebee that several other animals were desirous of addressing the Court, his Lordship suggested that they should depute some one from among the number to represent the rest, with a view to shortening the time, as he wanted some refreshment.

After a little conference and discussion among the group of animals, they unanimously elected the Jack Daw; who accordingly hopped and bowed himself forward, and perching on the Secretary's table, close beside his inkstand, with a grave look and a bright round eye, proceeded to address the Court.

Accustomed as he was to public speaking, he felt himself very unworthy of the honour conferred upon him by this selection. He would, however, fulfil the onerous and delicate duty it imposed upon him in the best way his very humble abilities enabled him to do. *Jark! kark!* He must apologise for his voice, as he had a cold. Now, the great question before them seemed to him to rest upon three facts:—there was the Hippopotamack fact; there was the merit and scarcity of many other creatures; and there was the public taste. As to the Hippopotamack fact,—the expense lavished upon him, the pampering of his vanity, and the attention bestowed upon him by all classes, were matters of notoriety. But the merit or scarcity of other creatures, how was this overlooked? *Jark!* It was abominable—*kark!* Not to mention those who had already so ably represented their own cases, how many others were injured! Look at the Giraffes, for instance—creatures who were so very tall and so very amiable. All the world admired them. Yet, there they were all day long, stretching out their necks over the wooden barrier and gazing with a large melancholy in their enquiring eyes, down into the enclosure of the pampered pig—their faces displaying an equal degree of sadness at their own neglect, and of curiosity to discover what it *was* that people found to admire in the lounging weight that perambulated the inclosure! Take two other examples. There was the Tortoise, and his solicitor, the Fox. For his own part, he, the Jack Daw, had no sympathy with the Tortoise,—notwithstanding his great scarcity,—because, not content with this undoubted fact, he had recently sought to make tortoises a degree *more* scarce by endeavouring to murder, by pressure into the earth, the other smaller Tortoise which was in the same inclosure, so that the keepers had been obliged to take the latter away, and place him with the Armadilloes. But for his friend the Fox, though he, the Daw, did not exactly pretend to infer that the Fox was a very scarce animal, yet how various were the merits that entitled him to consideration;—what intellect and presence of mind—what eloquence, and what a fund of anecdote, he possessed! But nobody who came to the Gardens ever inquired after his health, or cared for his existence. Rare birds for beauty, or scarcity, or ugliness, or stupidity, or wisdom, or for general knowledge, and the "gift of the" *jark!*—the "gift of the" *jark!*—"gift of the" *kark!*—"of the gab," were all treated with the same neglect. Look at the Flamingo!—had any other creature on earth such ugly, long, thin, pink legs, with a bass voice that seemed enough to shake him clean off his legs every time he spoke? There was the Indian Owl! Was there ever so fine a pair of deep red eyes in any creature's head—except on a locomotive steam-engine at night? No—he was a matchless bird for eyes. Then, there was the Barred Owl, in the next cage, whom he, the Daw, felt persuaded had seen better days—in fact, he was sure, from the pensive air of his head and wig, that he was a deposed Lord Chancellor—all his hopes had been blighted.

Lord Bumbleby. Nothing offensive intended in this last example, I suppose?

The Jack Daw assured the noble and learned Lord, that he had intended no allusion to any other owl. He spoke only of the Barred Owl. There was yet a third owl of a most wonderful expression, and deserving marked attention. He was called the Eagle Owl; but he ought—saving his Lordship's presence—to be called the Devil's Owl, for if ever a pair of eyes denoted the arch-enemy——

Lord Bumbleby. I cannot permit this comparison to be made. It is out of order.

The Daw bowed so low as to strike his bill upon the table, while his long black coat-tails rose up in a way to express the highest degree of respect. He gave the noble and

learned Lord his word of honour that he would never again allude to that owl, although he must be permitted to say, *jark!*—to say, *kark—jark!*—but that 's neither here, nor there. He would beg leave to substitute another creature equally meritorious and remarkable for his ugliness—he referred to the Canadian Lynx. That was an animal who ought to excite a great deal of attention at this time, from the striking resemblance he bore to a friend of Baron Rothschild's—namely Marshal Haynau, whose health was drank the other day in treble X, by Messrs. Barclay's draymen.

Lord Bumbleby. I insist upon it, that no more of these—

The Jack Daw hastened to anticipate his Lordship's commands—and was dumb, so far as the long-mustachioed Lynx—Haynau he meant to say—was concerned. Of the Otters he would be silent: the constant exhibition of their talents always collected an admiring crowd. The same might be said of the Monkeys, whose cries—which he must say were exactly like the drawing of a number of small and very obstinate corks—never failed to attract spectators to their performances. But of the more modest, yet equally original, merits of the American Tapir, whose nose is a thick fore-finger (and the same curious characteristic may be noted in the Rhinoceros); of the amiable pair of Porcupines; and of the King Vulture, who is said to have come from Paraguay, but who, in reality, belongs to the Kingdom of Pantomime—he could hold forth from this time till to-morrow morning. He understood the look of the noble and learned Lord, and would not do so. He would conclude by reminding them of one ominous fact. The youngest of the Giraffes, being quite unable to endure the melancholy sight of the continual favouritism—money lavished—and all sorts of luxuries anxiously provided for the Hippopotamack—had recently departed for Antwerp, with a solemn vow never to return. Let the Council and Mr. Mitchell look well to it! let them be warned in time, lest other choice creatures took an opportunity of effecting their, *jark—jark!*—and leaving this ungrateful country for ever—*jark!*

Mr. Mitchell. I crave permission, my Lord, to say one word. I will confine myself to the remarks made of the creatures last mentioned. This explanation will go to prove that neither in expense, nor in attention, has any such exclusive favour been shown to the Hippopotamus as the various speakers would have you believe. Take the example last given. For a long time the Gardens possessed no specimen of the Giraffe. After many vain attempts to procure one, we made the following public offer. The Society would give one thousand pounds to anybody who would bring to the Gardens the first Giraffe, alive and well; eight hundred pounds for the second; six hundred pounds for the third; five hundred pounds for the fourth, and for as many more as could be procured. A Frenchman undertook the enterprise. He went over to Africa with a party,—and, after great efforts and privations, succeeded in obtaining six. Two died on the way home; but he brought four to us, and we paid him the several sums we had promised. As to the care and attention we bestow on them, it is quite as much as we devote to the Hippopotamus. (*Great applause—with some murmurs from the group of Animals.*)

Professor Owen craved the indulgence of the Court for a minute longer. He had already declared that his attentions were at the service of any animal of distinguished merits. The Giraffes had last been spoken of. A Giraffe had died at the Gardens some years ago, from a bad cold, and sore throat of long standing. He, the Professor, had been most anxious to add to the Museum of the College of Surgeons a specimen of the spinal marrow of a Giraffe. To obtain this he was engaged in its dissection several days in an open shed, in the depth of winter. He succeeded in obtaining the whole length of the spinal cord. He had a glass tube of eight or ten feet blown on purpose to hold it, and a wooden foot made to sustain the glass tube—which might now be seen at the Royal College of Surgeons by any of the company present. The same attention he was ready to display to any of the group of animals there present! (*Great sensation.*) And he could assure them that their spinal cords and skeletons (*Increased sensation, and sudden movement*) would be preserved in the Museum with every due regard to their merits.

With a roar and a yell, and chatterings, and screams, and strange cries, away galloped, and scrambled, and ran, and flew, all the creatures!—creating by the suddenness and confusion of their flight, a panic among all the assembled company—every one of whom ran he knew not whither! The Duchess of Flusterwing made straight for the Lion's den; the noble and learned Lord, in his flight, embraced the neck of the Rhinoceros by mistake for somebody else. Mr. Yarrell ran direct towards the canal, and jumped in; Mr. Doyle dashed into one of the boundary hedges; and Mr. Poot scouring away at random, pitched head foremost into the enclosure of the Tortoise, and on "sitting up" to collect his senses, saw the Fox eating the remains of a veal-and-ham pie, with some vegetable marrows given him on "account" of fees due to him by the Tortoise.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

It has been declared, with truth, that public charity accomplishes more in this country than in any other in the world. The inference to be deduced from this fact must be carefully drawn. Many influences swell the amount of "charitable donations;" and it is by arriving at something like an estimate

of the pure charity, to be generally traced in a subscription list, that we measure the extent of public Heart-benevolence. Let us take up a list at random. Here is a subscription in aid of a Hospital. The first name we find is that of—

Miss Letitia Latterday, of Latterborough Hall. . £10.

Doubtless this lady is sincerely desirous that the hospital thus patronised should be a couple of beds the better of her contribution; yet the conspicuous advertisement of Miss Latterday's name and euphonious address at full length, betrays an anxiety that her benevolent desires, together with the fact of her being the possessor of Latterborough Hall, should be extensively known to the public at large. The next lines on the list are:—

John Pampas, Esq.	£5.
Mrs. John Pampas	5.

If Mr. Pampas be solely anxious to extend the usefulness of the hospital, why did he not subscribe at once without dragging in his wife? Is he pleased to see his name prominently repeated in the list; or has Mrs. Pampas insisted upon seeing herself in print? We suspect that the Pampases look upon the matter rather as a bit of cheap distinction, than as a real goodness performed by them. Mr. Pampas, we are told, was very particular about having his name properly spelt.

This expedient for spreading a small amount of charity over a large surface of publicity is more strikingly exemplified by the next entries:—

The Right Honourable Lady Bittern . . .	10s.	0d.
The Honourable Blanche Bittern	7	6
The Honourable Fanny Bittern	5	0
The Honourable Alicia Bittern	2	6
The Honourable Jemima Bittern	2	6
The Honourable Chas. de Brandenburgh Bittern.	2	6

Lady Bittern is an economist. No one knows better than her ladyship how to lay out thirty shillings in charity with profit to the reputation of her numerous family. What a miracle of precocious munificence is exhibited to those who happen to know that Charles de Brandenburgh Bittern has not yet arrived at the dignity of being short-coated!

The next name worthy of note is that of our friend—

Johnson Tomlinson, Esq., of Topperton Hall . . £25.

We happened to be present when this subscription was solicited. Tomlinson, an exemplary share-broker, had recently bought "the place" advertised above. The first question he asked the begging secretary was —not as to the object of the fund in course of formation; how it would be applied; what amount of suffering it would mitigate; how many new patients would be relieved—but, "Who have you got?" The secretary unfolded his list; "Well, Sir," he began, "we have the Lord Lieutenant (fifty guineas), the High Sheriff (fifty pounds), Lord Bramble, one hundred and five pounds. You see, Sir?" continued the wily solicitor, knowing his man, and remembering his initial, "We do not make up our list *alphabetically*, but according to amounts."

"Hum!" considered Tomlinson, melting to the cause when he remembered how completely out of sight the "T's" were stuck in former advertisements; "How much has Sir Skinner Flint put down?"

"Twenty pounds, Sir."

"Very well; put down twenty-five opposite to my name. You see," was Tomlinson's aside speech to us, "one must do the thing a little handsome as a new comer into this aristocratic part of the country, or one gets looked on freezingly by these people: I may say, blown upon."

It is a sorry inference, then—but, alas, a true one—that Tomlinson's money was not put forth to fend off suffering from the sick poor, but as a golden shield for himself against the cold shoulder of the rich.

"Sir," said the secretary, when he called on the chief proprietor of the Whited Sepulchre Chronicle. "We spend twelve hundred a year in newspaper advertising; besides two hundred per annum in printing circulars. You could not have a better medium for making your excellent publication extensively known to the public. Let me say five." But as the person appealed to, knew that the notification would be repeated in just as many impressions for less money, we find it stand thus:

Proprietors of the Whited Sepulchre Chronicle £2 2s.

Could the price and day of publication have appeared, the donor candidly owned he would have been glad to give the five.

Glancing the eye over other parts of the subscription list, we do not find it wholly a record of pomps and vanities. There are a few scarcely perceptible entries almost overshadowed by the big letters of the great subscribers. They are simple initials set against small sums; the smallest, however, is greater than either of Lady Bittern's family offerings. "A Friend" occurs more than once, and ten shillings is bestowed by "an Old Patient." Such contributions speak true charity out of the fulness of genuine gratitude.

Our former instances are, we reluctantly own, not overcharged demonstrations of what goes by the name of charity, in a great many cases. A new ward is to be built in a hospital. Experience proves that to demonstrate the necessity and utility of such an addition, is but a secondary necessity. The promoters know, that to succeed, they must get the undertaking graced with the names and patronage of half-a dozen peers, a sprinkling of the House of Commons, and a judicious selection from wealthy neighbours. The list is published, and subscriptions flow in. Why do they flow in? Because the undistinguished rich—the mob of gentlemen who pay with ease—have, too often, a morbid desire to find

their names ranged alongside those of "Good" Dukes, Peers, and M.P's.

The truth is, deep, sympathising, effectual benevolence does not often find its way into the subscription list at all. Neither does it go about in mysterious melodramatic disguise, on purpose to be found out and be all the more blazoned; but, with unostentatious earnestness, gives its intellect and its time, as well as its money, to the needy and suffering. It discriminates, inquires, and affords judicious help rather than unqualified alms; which though it may bless the giver, seldom blesses the receiver; unless in cases of utter helplessness.

Meek Charity never thrusts her hand into her purse with the bouncing let-me-know-what-I-have-to-pay,-and-have-done-with-it, profusion of a rich "subscriber." She is a great economist; for had she millions, she could not cover and heal all the sores of poverty that cover the land. She knows that unwise profusion to one case is gross injustice to many others that must be consequently neglected.

It may be argued, that whatever be the motives of the advertisers, for their seeming charity, the result is good. They give their money and that is usefully applied.

As a general rule, we doubt this. The regular charities, of which routine advertisements are constantly appearing in the Spring, are, many of them, gigantic jobs; operating less for the excellent objects pretended in them than for the payment of large salaries to their officers and managers. Most of the subscribed capital goes to build magnificent palaces for a few children, who are supposed to be born in hovels; to pay the bills of treasurers, who manage to get elected as such because they are printers, or contractors for articles used in the institution, and enormously overcharged. The purest we believe to be medical charities; but some of these are full of abuses—abuses often occasioned by their very affluence, and which they have attained by means of a clever and constant working of THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

THE EMIGRANT'S BIRD.

"[illegible] vessels carry out houses and every necessary requis[illegible] domestic comfort on landing; and, singular as it may [illegible] every variety of English singing-bird, which, on land[illegible] the colonists will release, in order that they may pr[illegible]."

To distant lands across the sea
  I go, a happier lot to seek,
And tho' not one will mourn for me,
  The tears are welling down my cheek!
For wife and children sleep beneath
  The shadow [illegible]en aged yew,
And I but seem[illegible]estalling death
  In bidding all I loved adieu!

This house, tho' only wood and stone,
  Has language in each time-worn wall;
For, as I turn and would be gone,
  Loved spirit-voices on me call!

I linger in the deepening gloom,
  Half hoping with the dead to meet;
To hear in some now vacant room
  The music of my children's feet.

I cannot leave all home behind,
  My heart—my heart would surely break!
Therefore, sweet birds, tho' now confined,
  'Tis love that doth thy prison make:
When waves around us cease to foam,
  Your captor's hand shall set you free;
And you shall sing to me of home,
  In the far land across the sea.

THE WARILOWS OF WELLAND;
OR, THE MODERN PRODIGAL.

MANY travellers know the "Rutland Arms" at Bakewell, in the Peak of Derbyshire. It is a fine large inn, belonging to his Grace of Rutland, standing in an airy little Market-Place of that clean-looking little town, and commanding from its windows pleasant peeps of the green hills and the great Wicksop Woods, which shut out the view of Chatsworth, the Palace of the Peak, which lies behind them. Many travellers who used to traverse this road from the south to Manchester, in the days of long coaches and long wintry drives, know well the "Rutland Arms," and will recall the sound of the guard's bugle, as they whirled up to the door, amid a throng of grooms, waiters, and village idlers, the ladder already taken from its stand by the wall, and placed by the officious Boots in towering position, ready, at the instant of the coach stopping, to clap it under your feet, and facilitate your descent. Many travellers will recall one feature of that accommodating inn, which, uniting aristocratic with commercial entertainment, has two doors; one lordly and large in front, to which all carriages of nobility, prelacy, and gentility naturally draw up; and one at the end, to which all gigs, coaches, mails, and still less dignified conveyances, as naturally are driven. Our travellers will as vividly remember the passage which received them at this entrance, and the room to the left, the Travellers' Room, into which they were ushered. To that corner room, having windows to the Market-Place in front, and one small peeping window at the side, commanding the turn of the north road, and the interesting arrivals at the secondary entrance, we now introduce our readers.

Here sat a solitary gentleman. He was a man apparently of five-and-thirty; tall, considerably handsome; a face of the oval character, nose a little aquiline, hair dark, eyebrows dark and strong, and a light, clear, self-possessed look, that showed plainly enough that he was a man of active mind, and well to do in the world. You would have thought, from his gentlemanly air, and by no means commercial manner, that he would have found his way in at the great front door, and into one of the private rooms; but he

came over night by the mail, and, on being asked, on entering the house, by the waiter, to what sort of room he would be shown, answered, carelessly and abruptly, "anywhere."

Here he was, seated in the back left-hand corner of the room, a large screen between himself and the door, and before him a table spread with a goodly breakfast apparatus—coffee, eggs, fresh broiled trout from the neighbouring Weye, and a large round of corned beef, as a *dernier ressort.*

It was a morning as desperately and delugingly rainy as any that showery region can send down. In the phrase of the country, it *siled* down, or run, as if through a sieve. Straight down streamed the plenteous element, thick, incessant, and looking as if it would hold on the whole day through. It thundered on the roof, beat a sonorous tune on porches and projections of door and window, splashed in torrents on window-sills, and streaming panes, and rushed along the streets in rivers. The hills were hidden, the very fowls driven to roost—and not a soul was to be seen out of doors.

Presently there was a sound of hurrying wheels, a spring-cart came up to the side door, with two men in it, in thick great coats, and with sacks over their shoulders; one huge umbrella held over their heads, and they and their horse yet looking three parts drowned. They lost no time in pitching their umbrella to the ostler, who issued from the passage, descending and rushing into the inn. In the next moment the two countrymen, divested of their sacks and great coats, were ushered into this room, the waiter, making a sort of apology, because there was a fire there—it was in the middle of July. The two men, who appeared Peak farmers, with hard hands which they rubbed at the fire, and tanned and weather-beaten complexions, ordered breakfast—of coffee and broiled ham—which speedily made its appearance, on a table placed directly in front of the before solitary stranger, between the side look-out window and the front one.

They looked, and were soon perceived by our stranger, to be father and son. The old man, of apparently upwards of sixty, was a middle-sized man, of no Herculean mould, but well knit together, and with a face thin and wrinkled as with a life-long acquaintance with care and struggle. His complexion was more like brown leather than anything else, and his hair, which was thin and grizzled, was combed backward from his face, and hung in masses about his ears. The son was much taller than the father, a stooping figure, with flaxen hair, a large nose, light blue eyes, and altogether a very gawky look.

The old man seemed to eat with little appetite, and to be sunk into himself, as if he was oppressed by some heavy trouble. Yet he every now and then roused himself, cast an anxious look at his son, and said, "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing."

"No, fayther," was the constant reply; "I towd you I shouldn't. This reen 's enough to tak anybody's appetite—and these t'other things," casting a glance at the stranger.

The stranger had, indeed, his eyes fixed curiously upon the two, for he had been watching the consumptive tendency of the son; not in any cough or hectic flush, or peculiar paleness, for he had a positively sunburnt complexion of his own, but by the extraordinary power he possessed of tossing down coffee and ham, with enormous pieces of toast and butter. Under his operations, a large dish of broiled ham rapidly disappeared, and the contents of the coffee-pot were in as active demand. Yet the old man, ever and anon, looked up from his reverie, and repeated his paternal observation:—

"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing!"

"No, fayther," was still the reply; "I towd you I shouldn't. It 's this reen, and these t'other things"—again glancing at the stranger.

Presently the broiled ham had totally vanished—there had been enough for six ordinary men. And while the son was in the act of holding the coffee-pot upside down, and draining the last drop from it, the old man once more repeated his anxious admonition:—"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing!"—and the reply was still, "No, fayther, I towd you I shouldn't. It 's this reen, and these t'other things."

This was accompanied by another glance at the stranger, who began to feel himself very much in the way, but was no little relieved by the son rising with his plate in his hand, and coming across the room, saying "You 've a prime round of beef there, Sir; might I trouble you for some?"

"By all means," said the stranger, and carved off a slice of thickness and diameter proportioned to what appeared to him the appetite of this native of the Peak. This speedily disappeared; and as the son threw down the knife and fork, the sound once more roused the old man, who added, with an air of increased anxiety, "Joe, lad, thou eats nothing."

"No, fayther," for the last time responded the son. "I towd you I shouldn't. It 's this reen, and this t'other matter;—but I '[illegible]ne, and so let 's go."

The father and son arose and went out. The stranger who had witnessed this extraordinary scene, but without betraying any amusement at it, arose, too, the moment they closed the door after them, and, advancing to the window, gazed fixedly into the street. Presently the father and son, in their great coats, and with their huge drab umbrella hoisted over them, were seen proceeding down the market-place in the midst of the still pouring rain, and the stranger's eyes followed them intently till they disappeared in the winding of the street. He still stood, for some time, as if in deep thought, and then

turning, rung the bell, ordered the breakfast-things from his table, and producing a writing-case, sate down to write letters. He continued writing, pausing at intervals, and looking steadily before him as in deep thought, for about an hour, when the door opened, and the Peak farmer and his son again entered. They were in their wet and steaming great coats. The old man appeared pale and agitated; bade the son see that the horse was put in the cart, rung the bell, and asked what he had to pay. Having discharged his bill, he continued to pace the room, as if unconscious of the stranger, who had suspended his writing, and was gazing earnestly at him. The old man frequently paused, shook his head despairingly, and muttered to himself, "Hard man!—no fellow feeling!—all over! all over!" With a suppressed groan, he again continued his pacing to and fro.

The stranger arose, approached the old man, and said, with a peculiarly sympathising tone,

"Excuse me, Sir, but you seem to have some heavy trouble on your mind; I should be glad if it were anything that were in my power to alleviate."

The old man stopped suddenly—looked sternly at the stranger—seemed to recollect himself, and said rather sharply, as if feeling an unauthorised freedom—"Sir!"

"I beg pardon," said the stranger. "I am aware that it must seem strange in me to address you thus; but I cannot but perceive that something distresses you, and it might possibly happen that I might be of use to you."

The old man looked at him for some time in silence, and then said—

"I forgot any one was here; but you can be of no manner of use to me. I thank you."

"I am truly sorry for it; pray excuse my freedom," said the stranger with a slight flush; "but I am an American, and we are more accustomed to ask and communicate matters than is consistent with English reserve. I beg you will pardon me."

"You are an American?" asked the old man, looking at him. "You are quite a stranger here?"

"Quite so, Sir," replied the stranger, with some little embarrassment. "I was once in this country before, but many years ago."

The old man still looked at him, was silent awhile, and then said—"You cannot help me, Sir; but I thank you all the same, and heartily. You seem really a very feeling man, and so I don't mind opening my mind to you—I am a ruined man, Sir."

"I was sure you were in very deep trouble, Sir," replied the stranger. "I will not seek to peer into your affairs; but I deeply feel for you, and would say that many troubles are not so deep as they seem. I would hope yours are not."

"Sir," replied the old man—the tears starting into his eyes—"I tell you I am a ruined man. I am heavily behind with my rent,—all my stock will not suffice to pay it; and this morning we have been to entreat the steward to be lenient,—but he will not hear us; he vows to sell us up next week."

"That is hard," said the stranger. "But you are hale,—your son is young; you can begin the world anew."

"Begin the world anew!" exclaimed the old man, with a distracted air. "Where?—how?—when? No, no! Sir,—there is no beginning anew in this country. Those days are past. That time is past with me. And as for my son: Oh, God! Oh, God! what shall become of him, for he has a wife and family, and knows nothing but about a farm."

"And there are farms still," said the stranger.

"Yes; but at what rentals?—and, then, where is the capital?"

The old man grew deadly pale, and groaned.

"In this country," said the stranger, after a deep silence, "I believe these things are hard, but in mine they are not so. Go there, worthy old man; go there, and a new life yet may open to you."

The stranger took the old man's hand tenderly; who, on feeling the stranger's grasp, suddenly, convulsively, caught the hand in both his own, and shedding plentiful tears, exclaimed, "God bless you, Sir; God bless you for your kindness! Ah! such kindness is banished from this country, but I feel that it lives in yours—but there!—no, no!—there I shall never go. There are no means."

"The means required," said the stranger, tears, too, glittering in his eyes, "are very small. Your friends would, no doubt—"

"No, no!" interrupted him the old man, deeply agitated; "there are no friends—not here."

"Then why should I not be a friend, so far?" said the stranger. "I have means—I know the country. I have somehow conceived a deep interest in your misfortunes."

"You!" said the old man, as if bewildered with astonishment; "you!—but come along with us, Sir. Your words, your kindness, comfort me; at least you can counsel with us—and I feel it does me good."

"I will go with all my heart," said the stranger. "You cannot live far from here. I will hence to Manchester, and I can, doubtless, make it in my way."

"Exactly in the way!" said the old man, in a tone of deep pleasure, and of much more cheerfulness, "at least, not out of it to signify—though not in the great highway. We can find you plenty of room, if you do not disdain our humble vehicle."

"I have heavy luggage," replied the stranger, ringing the bell. "I will have a post-chaise, and you shall go in it with me. It will suit you better this wet day."

"Oh no! I cannot think of it, Sir," said the farmer. "I fear no rain. I am used to it, and I am neither sugar nor salt. I shall not melt."

The old man's son approached simultaneously with the waiter, to say that the cart was ready. The stranger ordered a post-chaise to accompany the farmer, at which the son stood with an open-mouthed astonished stare, which would have excited the laughter of most people, but did not move a muscle of the stranger's grave and kindly face.

"This good gentleman will go with us," said the old man.

"Oh, thank you, Sir!" said the son, taking off his hat and making a low bow, "you are heartily welcome; but it's a poor place, Sir."

"Never mind that," said the old man. "Let us be off and tell Millicent to get some dinner for the gentleman."

But the stranger insisted that the old man should stay and accompany him in the chaise, and so the son walked off to prepare for their coming. Soon the stranger's trunks were placed on the top of the chaise, and the old man and he drove off.

Their way was for some time along the great highroad; then they turned off to the left, and continued their course up a valley till they ascended a very stony road, which wound far over the swell of the hill, and then approached a large grey stone house, backed by a wood that screened it from the north and east. Far around, lay an immense view, chiefly of green, naked, and undulating fields, intersected by stone walls. No other house was near; and villages lying at several miles distant, naked and grey on the uplands, were the only evidences of human life.

The house was large enough for a gentleman's abode, but there were no neatly kept walks; no carefully cultivated shrubberies; no garden lying in exquisite richness around it. There was no use made of the barns and offices. There were no servants about. A troop of little children who were in the field in front, ran into the house and disappeared.

On entering the house, the stranger observed that its ample rooms were very naked and filled only by a visible presence of stern indigence. The woodwork was unpainted. The stone floors were worn, and merely sanded. The room into which he was conducted, and where the table was already laid for dinner, differed only in having the uncarpeted floor marked in figures of alternating ochre and pipe-clay, and was furnished with a meagre amount of humblest chairs and heavy oak tables, a little shelf of books and almanacs, and a yellow-faced clock. A shabby and tired-looking maid-servant was all the domestics seen within or without.

Joe, the simple-looking son, received them, and the only object which seemed to give a cheering impression to the stranger, was Joe's wife, who presented herself with a deep curtsey. The guest was surprised to see in her a very comely, fresh-coloured, and modestly sensible woman, who received him with a kindly cordiality and native grace, which made him wonder how such a woman could have allied herself to such a man. There were four or five children about her, all evidently washed and put into their best for his arrival, and who were pictures of health and shyness.

Mrs. Warilow took off the old man's great coat with an affectionate attention, and drew his plain elbow chair with a cushion covered with a large-patterned check on its rush bottom, towards the fire; for there was a fire, and that quite acceptable in this cold region after the heavy rain. Dinner was then hastily brought in; Mrs. Warilow apologising for its simplicity, from the short notice she had received, and she might have added from the painful news which Joe brought with him; for it was very evident, though she had sought to efface the trace of it, by copious washing, that she had been weeping.

The old man was obviously oppressed by the ill result of his morning's journey to the steward, and the position of his affairs. His daughter-in-law cast occasional looks of affectionate anxiety at him, and endeavoured to help him in such a manner as to induce him to eat; but appetite he had little. Joe played his part as valiantly as in the morning; and the old man occasionally rousing from his reverie, again renewed the observation of the breakfast-table.

"Joe, lad, thou eats nothing;" adding too now, "Milly, my dear, thou eats nothing. You eat nothing, Sir. None of you have any appetite, and I have none myself. God help me!"

An ordinary stranger would scarcely have resisted a smile—none appeared on the face of the guest.

After dinner they drew to the fire, which consisted of large lumps of coal burning under a huge beamed chimney. There a little table was set with spirits and home-made wine, and the old man and Joe lit their pipes, inviting the stranger to join them, which he did with right good will. There was little conversation, however; Joe soon said that he must go over the lands to see that the cattle was all right; he did more, and even slept in his chair, and the stranger proposed to Mrs. Warilow a walk in the garden, where the afternoon sun was now shining warmly. In his drive hither in the chaise, he had learned the exact position of the old farmer. He was, as he had observed, so heavily in arrear of rent, that his whole stock would not discharge it. When they had seated themselves in the old arbour, he communicated his proposal to her father-in-law to remove to America; observing, that he had conceived so great a sympathy for him, that he would readily advance him the means of conveying over the whole family.

Mrs. Warilow was naturally much surprised at the disclosure. Such an offer from a casual stranger, when all friends and family connections had turned a deaf ear to all solici-

tations for aid, was something so improbable that she could not realise it. "How can you, Sir, a stranger to us, volunteer so large a sum, which we may never be in a position to repay?"

The stranger assured her that the sum was by no means large. That to him it was of little consequence, and that such was the scope for industry and agricultural skill in America, that in a few years they could readily refund the money. Here, from what the old gentleman had told him of the new augmented rate of rental, there was no chance of recovering a condition of ease and comfort.

Mrs. Warilow seemed to think deeply on the new idea presented to her, and then said, "Surely God had sent Mr. Vandeleur (so the stranger had given his name), for their deliverance. Oh, Sir!" added she, "what shall we not owe you if by your means we can ever arrive at freedom from the wretched trouble that now weighs us down. And oh! if my poor father should ever, in that country, meet again his lost son!—"

"He has lost a son?" said the stranger, in a tone of deep feeling.

"Ah, it is a sad thing, Sir," continued Mrs. Warilow, "but it is that which preys on father's mind. He thinks he did wrong in it, and he believes that the blessing of Heaven has deserted him ever since. Sure enough, nothing has prospered with him, and yet he feels that if the young man lives he has not been blameless. He had not felt and forgiven as a son should. But he cannot be living—no, he cannot for all these years have born resentment, and sent no part of his love or his fortune to his family. It is not in the heart of a child to do that, except in a very evil nature, and such was not that of this son."

"Pray go on," said the stranger, "you interest me deeply."

"This thing occurred twenty years ago. Mr. Warilow had two sons. The eldest, Samuel, was a fine active youth, but always with a turn for travel and adventure, which was very trying to his father's mind, who would have his sons settle down in this their native neighbourhood, and pursue farming as their ancestors had always done. But his eldest son wished to go to sea, or to America. He read a vast deal about that country of winter nights, and was always talking of the fine life that might be led there. This was very annoying to his father, and made him very angry, the more so that Joseph, the younger son, was a weakly lad, and had something left upon him by a severe fever, as a boy, that seemed to weaken his limbs and his mind. People thought he would be an idiot, and his father thought that his eldest brother should stay and take care of him, for it was believed that he would never be able to take care of himself. But this did not seem to weigh with Samuel. Youths full of life and spirit don't sufficiently consider such things. And then it was thought that Samuel imagined that his father cared nothing for him, and cared only for the poor weakly son. He might be a little jealous of this, and that feeling once getting into people, makes them see things different to what they otherwise would, and do things that else they would not.

"True enough, the father was always particularly wrapped up in Joseph. He seemed to feel that he needed especial care, and he appeared to watch over him and never have him out of his mind, and he does so to this day. You have no doubt remarked, Sir, that my husband is peculiar. He never got over that attack in his boyhood, and he afterwards grew very rapidly, and it was thought he would have gone off in a consumption. It is generally believed that he is not quite sharp in all things. I speak freely to you, Sir, and as long habit, and knowing before I married Joseph what was thought of him, only could enable me to speak to one who feels so kindly towards us. But it is not so—Joseph is more simple in appearance than in reality. No, Sir, he has a deal of sense, and he has a very good heart; and it was because I perceived this that I was willing to marry him, and to be a true help to him, and, Sir, though we have been very unfortunate, I have never repented it, and I never shall."

The stranger took Mrs. Warilow's hand, pressed it fervently, and said, "I honour you, Madam—deeply, truly—pray go on. The eldest son left, you say."

"Oh yes, Sir! Their mother died when the boys were about fifteen and seventeen. Samuel had always been strongly attached to his mother, and that, no doubt, kept him at home; but after that he was more restless than ever, and begged the father to give him money to carry himself to America. The father refused. They grew mutually angry; and one day, when they had had high words, the father thought Samuel was disrespectful, and struck him. The young man had a proud spirit. That was more than he could bear. He did not utter a word in reply, but turning, walked out of the house, and from that hour has never once been heard of.

"His father was very angry with him, and for many years never spoke of him but with great bitterness and resentment, calling him an unnatural and ungrateful son. But of late years he has softened very much, and I can see that it preys on his mind, and as things have gone against him, he has come to think that it is a judgment on him for his hardness and unreasonableness in not letting the poor boy try his fortune as he so yearned to do.

"Since I have been in the family, I have led him by degrees to talk on this subject, and have endeavoured to comfort him, telling him he had meant well, and since, he had seen the thing in a different light. Ah, Sir! how differently we see things when our heat of mind is gone over, and the old home heart

begins to stir in us again. But, since he has done this, and repented of it, God cannot continue his anger, and so that cannot be the cause of his misfortunes. No, Sir, I don't think that—but things have altered very much of late years in this country. The farms up in this Peak country used to be let very low, very low indeed; and now they have been three several times valued and raised since I can remember. People cannot live on them now, they really cannot. Then the old gentleman, as farming grew bad, speculated in lead mines, and that was much worse; he did not understand it, and was sorely imposed on, and lost a power of money; oh! so much that it is a misery to think of. Then, as troubles, they say, fly like crows in companies, there came a very wet summer, and all the corn was spoiled. That put a finish to father's hopes. He was obliged to quit the old farm where the Warilows had been for ages, and that hurt him cruelly—it is like shifting old trees, shifting old people is—they never take to the new soil.

"But as Joseph was extremely knowing in cattle, father took this farm—it's a great grazing farm, sir, seven hundred acres, and we feeden cattle. You would not believe it, Sir, but we have only one man on this farm besides Joseph and father."

"It is very solitary," said the stranger.

"Ah, Sir, very, but that we don't mind—but it is a great burden, it does not pay. Well, but as to the lost son. I came to perceive how sorely this sat on father's mind, by noticing that whenever I used to read in the old Bible, on the shelf in the house-place, there, that it opened of itself at the Prodigal Son. A thought struck me, and so I watched, and I saw that whenever the old gentleman read in it on Sundays, he was always looking there. It was some time before I ventured to speak about it; but, one day when father was wondering what could have been Samuel's fate, I said, 'Perhaps, father, he will still come home like the Prodigal Son in the Scripture, and if he does we'll kill the fatted calf for him, and no one will rejoice in it more truly than Joseph will.'"

"When I had said it, I wished I had not said it—for father seemed struck as with a stake. He went as pale as death, and I thought he would fall down in a fit; but, at last, he burst into a torrent of tears, and, stretching out his arms, said,—'And if he does come he'll find a father's arms open to receive him.'

"Ah, Sir! it was hard work to comfort him again. I thought he would never have got over it again; but, after that, he began at times to speak of Samuel to me of himself, and we've had a deal of talk together about him. Sometimes father thinks he is dead, and sometimes he thinks he is not; and, true enough, of late years, there have come flying rumours from America, from people who have gone out there, who have said they have seen him there—and that he was a very great gentleman—they were sure it was him. But then there was always something uncertain in the account, and, above all, father said he never could believe that Samuel was a great gentleman, and yet never could forgive an angry blow, and write home through all these years. These things, Sir, pull the old man down, and, what with his other troubles, make me tremble to look forward."

Mrs. Warilow stopped, for she was surprised to hear a deep suppressed sob from the stranger; and, turning, she saw him sitting with his handkerchief before his face. Strange ideas shot across her mind. But at this moment the old farmer, having finished his after-dinner nap, was coming out to seek them. Mr. Vandeleur rose, wiped some tears from his face, and thanked Mrs. Warilow for her communication. "You cannot imagine," he said, with much feeling, "how deeply you have touched me. You cannot believe how much what you have said resembles incidents in my own life. Depend upon it, Madam, your brother will turn up. I feel strongly incited to help in it. We will have a search after him, if it be from the St. Lawrence to the Red River. If he lives, he will be found; and I feel a persuasion that he will be."

They now met the old man, and all walked into the house. After tea, there was much talk of America. Mr. Vandeleur related many things in his own history. He drew such pictures of American life, and farming, and hunting in the woods; of the growth of new families, and the prosperous abundance in which the people lived; that all were extremely interested in his account. Joe sate devouring the story with wonder, luxuriating especially in the idea of those immense herds of cattle in the prairies; and the old man even declared that there he should like to go and lay his bones. "Perhaps," added he, "there I should, some day, find again my Sam. But no, he must be dead, or he would have written. Many die in the swamps and from fever, don't they, Sir?"

"Oh! many, many," said Mr. Vandeleur, "and yet there are often as miraculous recoveries. For many years I was a Government Surveyor. It was my business to survey new tracts for sale. I was the solitary pioneer of the population; with a single man to carry my chain, and to assist me in cutting a path through the dense woods. I lived in the woods for years, for months seeing no soul but a few wandering Indians. Sometimes we were in peril from jealous and savage squatters; sometimes were compelled to flee before the monster grisly bear. I have a strange fascinating feeling now of those days, and of our living for weeks in the great caves in the White Mountains, since become the resort of summer tourists, with the glorious 'Notch' glittering opposite, far above us, and above the ancient woods. These were days of real hardship, and we often saw

sights of sad sorrow. Families making their way to distant and wild localities, plundered by the inhuman squatters, or by the Indians, and others seized by the still more merciless swamp fever, perishing without help, and often all alone in the wilderness.

"Ah! I remember now one case—it is nearly twenty years ago, but I never can forget it. It was a young, thin man—he could scarcely be twenty. He had been left by his party in the last stage of fever. They had raised a slight booth of green bushes over him, and placed a pumpkin-shell of water by his side, and a broken tea-cup to help himself with; but he was too weak, and was fast sinking there all alone in that vast wilderness. The paleness of death appeared in his sunken features, the feebleness of death in his wasted limbs. He was a youth who, like many others, had left his friends in Europe, and now longed to let them know his end. He summoned his failing powers to give me a sacred message. He mentioned the place whence he last came."

"Where was it?" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of wild excitement. "Where—what was it? It must be my Sam!"

"No, that could not be," said the stranger, startled by the old man's emotion; "it was not this place—it was—I remember it—it was another name—Well—Well—Welland was the place."

The old man gave a cry, and would have fallen from his chair, but the stranger sprung forward and caught him in his arms. There was a moment's silence, broken only by a deep groan from the old man, and a low murmur from his lips—"Yes! I knew it—he is dead!"

"No, no! he is not dead!" cried the stranger—"he lives; he recovered!"

"Where is he then?—Where is my Sam?—let me know!"—cried the old man, recovering and standing wildly up—"I must see him! I must to him!"

"Father!—father!—it is Sam!"—cried his son Joe—"I know him!—I know him!—this is he!"

"Where?—who?" exclaimed the father, looking round bewildered.

"Here!" said the stranger, kneeling before the old man, and clasping his hand, and bathing it with tears. "Here, father, is your lost and unworthy son. Father!—I return like the Prodigal Son. 'I have sinned before Heaven and in thy sight, make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

The old man clasped his son in his arms, and they wept in silence.

But Joe was impatient to embrace his recovered brother, and he gave him a hug as vigorous as one of those grisly bears that Sam had mentioned. "Ah! Sam!"—he said—"how I have wanted thee, but I always saw thee a slim chap, such as thou went away—and now thou art twice as big, and twice as old, and yet I knew thee by thy eyes."

The two brothers cordially embraced, and the returned wanderer also embraced his comely sister affectionately, and said, "You had nearly found me out in the garden."

"Ah, what a startle you gave me!" she replied, wiping away her tears, "but this is so unexpected, so heavenly." She ran off, and returning with the whole troop of her children, said, "There, there is your dear, lost uncle!"

The uncle caught them up, one after another, and kissed them rapturously.

"Do you know," said the mother, laying her hand on the head of the eldest boy, a fine, rosy-looking fellow, "what name this has? It is Samuel Warilow! We did not forget the one that was away."

"He will find another Samuel in America," said his uncle, again snatching him up, "and a Joe, and a Thomas, the grandfather's name. My blessed mother there lives again in a lovely blue-eyed girl; and should God send me another daughter, there shall be a Millicent, too!"

Meantime the old man stood gazing insatiably on his son. "Ah, Sam!" said he, as his son again turned, and took his hand, "I was very hard to thee, and yet thou hast been hard to us too. Thou art married, too, and, with all our names grafted on new stems, thou never wrote to us. It was not well."

"No, father, it was not well. I acknowledge my fault—my great fault; but let me justify myself. I never forgot you; but for many years I was a wanderer, and an unsuccessful man. My pride would not let me send under these circumstances to those who had always said that I should come to beggary and shame. Excuse me, that I mention these hard words. My pride was always great; and those words haunted me.

"But at length, when Providence had blessed me greatly, I could endure it no longer. I determined to come and seek forgiveness and reconciliation; and, God be praised! I have found both. We will away home together, father. I have wealth beyond all my wants and wishes; my greatest joy will be to bestow some of it on you. My early profession of a surveyor gave me great opportunities of perceiving where the tide of population would direct itself, and property consequently rise rapidly in value. I therefore purchased vast tracts for small sums, which are now thickly peopled, and my possessions are immense. I am a member of Congress. The next day, the two brothers drove over to Bakewell, where Joe had the satisfaction to see the whole arrears paid down to the astonished steward, on condition that he gave an instant release from the farm; and Joe ordered, at the auctioneer's, large posters to be placarded in all the towns and villages of the Peak, and advertisements to be inserted in all the principal papers of the Midland Counties, of the sale of his stock that day fortnight.

We have only to record that it sold well, and that the Warilows of Welland, and more recently of Scarthin Farm, are now flourishing on another and more pleasant Welland on the Hudson. There is a certain tall, townlike house which the traveller sees high on a hill amongst the woods, on the left bank of the river, as the steamer approaches the Katskill Mountains. There live the Warilows, and, far back on the rich slopes that lie behind the mountains, and in richer meadows, surrounded by forests and other hills, rove the flocks and herds of Joe; and there comes Squire Sam, when the Session at Washington is over, and, surrounded by sons and nephews, ranges the old woods, and shoots the hill-turkey and the roe. There is another comely and somewhat matronly lady sitting with the comely and sunny-spirited Millicent, the happy mistress of the new Welland; and a little Millicent tumbles on the carpet at their feet. The Warilows of Welland all bless the Prodigal Son, who, unlike the one of old, came back rich to an indigent father, and made the old man's heart grow young again with joy.

GENIUS AND LIBERTY.

Nothing has been so deservedly dear to the best part of the human race as liberty; nothing has been so longed for, fought for, praised. And yet few things have been so much misunderstood or abused, or have so often been made a cloak for unworthy designs. "O, Liberty!—how many crimes have been done in thy name!" was the mournful exclamation of the beautiful and gifted Madame Roland, as she mounted the steps to the guillotine; and never did the free and freedom-loving Englishman regard his favourite goddess so steadfastly as during the recent convulsions in Europe.

The connection between liberty and genius is neither forced nor imaginary. It is no mere figure of the rhetorician, giving glitter to his sentence at the expense of truth. Sunshine is not more needful to the flower than liberty is to the growth of genius. Without it the intellectual powers never reach their full development—never put forth that flower of the mind which we call Genius.

All history proves that liberty in a nation—the spirit of nationality—is essential to the development of genius; that genius never springs up but where there exists pride of country and the self-respect of the freeman; and that, where existing, it never survives their extinction. Let us transport ourselves back two thousand years, and take a picture from the annals of Greece. Let us shadow forth, however faintly, that divine excellence in art which has immortalised the country of Homer and Phidias, and inquire whence it came and how it disappeared.

Serene beneath a cloudless heaven, golden in the light of a mellow sunset, we behold Athens, radiant with temples and statues, smiling from the summit of her Acropolis upon the glittering waters of the Bay of Salamis, and lifting into her calm bright skies a thousand shapes of dazzling marble. On that temple-crowned summit, within the noble walls of the Pantheon, Aspasia and the great and high of Athens are gazing in admiration on the matchless statue of Minerva, just placed on its pedestal; while hard by stands Phidias, surveying calmly, thoughtfully, his newly completed master-piece, the Temple of the Virgins, the world-renowned Parthenon.—It is the golden age of Sculpture and Architecture.

Yonder the lively, impressible Athenians are pouring at mid-day from the open portals of the Theatre, with heart and soul still vibrating to the wonderful tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles—the earliest which the world ever saw, and still uneclipsed in their stern colossal grandeur. As the crowd spread themselves over the public square, they are arrested by the ever-welcome sight of a master-piece of Xeuxis. A picture of a boy and grapes is suspended there for public criticism. So admirable is the limner's skill—thus runs the legend—that the passing birds stoop to peck at the glowing fruit. But beside it hangs a rival effort of painting—and the citizens must decide to which the prize of merit is to be awarded. The crowd gaze curiously upon a drapery which seems to hide it from view. They wonder what loom could produce so soft a texture; colours of such glowing harmony. "Withdraw now your curtain!" exclaims Xeuxis, proud of the tribute which the wanderers of the air have rendered to his genius, and no longer able to control his curiosity. Parrahisius, his rival, smiles triumphantly:—"Xeuxis deceives birds: *I* deceive Xeuxis!" That drapery was the picture!—It is the heyday of Painting.

A crowd in the Agora! The varying robes bespeak the mingling of noble and artisan alike; and that assembly is swaying to and fro with tempestuous impulses—shouting for the supremacy of Athens, demanding the gauntlet of mortal combat to be flung in the teeth of all Greece, and longing, as with the fiery vehemence of youth, to add the sword of Mars to the olive-bough of presiding Athené. But lo, how that surging crowd is stilling!—Mark, how the clang of voices subsides! Pericles is mounting the rostrum. Beautiful in form, fiery and comprehensive in intellect—ever self-possessed, as if the calm of the passionless gods were in his breast—supreme in wielding the hearts of men to all lofty purposes—in that hour of a people's frenzy,

> "He called across the tumult,
> And it fell!"

His audience said it thundered and lightened, as they listened to that rolling flashing eloquence.—It is the triumph of Oratory.

But the genius of Greece is rising in beauty

everywhere, on land and sea—the blue Ægean, gemmed with the "sparkling Cyclades," bearing, like floating flower-baskets, the Isles of Greece on its calm surface. On the lovely bay-indented shores of Ionia, where the vines are trailing in festoons from tree to tree, lighting the emerald woods with their purple clusters, sits merry Anacreon, singing of love and wine in undying strains. Light-hearted old man, sing on!—until, in luckless hour, the choking grape-stone end at once thy lays, thy loves, and thy life! The lofty strains of Alcæus and Simonides make the Ægean shores to re-echo their undying hatred of tyrannic power; while, on her Lesbian isle, hapless Sappho, weary of a fame that cannot bring her love, leaps from the cliffs of Leucas into the sea; but lives for ever in her country's memory as the Tenth Muse.

Whence came the efflorescence of Grecian genius, in the age of Pericles? The Persians had recently been defeated: a handful of Greeks had overthrown the proud chivalry of Asia; the thunderbolts of Marathon and Platæa had hurled the invading myriads from the Hellenic shores. A shout of exultation and joy arose over the length and breadth of the Grecian land. They were free!—they were a nation! In a single generation Grecian genius reached its zenith; but in another century it was over—its lustre was past, its light dying. Philip of Macedon first struck down Hellenic liberty on the field of Chæronea; and blow after blow followed, levelling the old Greek pride, crushing the life out of the nation's heart; till at length the haughty Roman strode in, and laid his mailed grasp on all. Such were the antecedents of the heyday of Grecian genius—such were concomitants of its decline.

Foreign conquest has in all ages been the great extinguisher of national genius. Let us imagine a case near home. Suppose an enemy were suddenly to surprise us. With the first sound of the enemy's cannon, Genius would forsake her studies. She could not see the ideal through the smoke of the foeman's batteries. In that hour of national degradation she would hear alone the voice of Patriotism; but sharing in its fall, would languish, if not utterly expire. Architecture would cease to adorn a land no longer our own; the sculptor would break his chisel, rather than immortalise the forms of his tyrants; Poetry, shorn of her many-coloured beams, would survive only in elegy, or in degrading effusions in honour of the victorious invaders. Pride would be crushed from the nation's heart.

The noble spirit of independence, which is the accompaniment of all real genius, would find a place no more in the bosom of slaves. The old heroic recollections of the nation, the heritage of centuries of glory, would be swept at once away. The deeds of our ancestors would no longer thrill like a trumpet-call to the heart of the nation, stirring us to emulate their exploits. Present subjugation, present degradation, would sweep in like an obscuring cloud, and hide from us the inspiring vision of the Past. Take from man his dignity, his self-respect, and you dry up the fountains from which genius flows. Excellence is blasted, though mediocrity may remain. A slave may do his task—may sweat his hour in the gangs of the planter or in the ranks of the despot; but look not there for genius—that is the divine offspring of Freedom alone.

Had not the disaster of Moscow broken the wing of Gallic ambition—had the conquest of Napoleon been handed down unimpaired to his successors, we would have had too ample corroboration of this in our own day. Democracy in modern Europe has so strengthened the vitality of nations, that they live through a thousand perils that would have crushed the old empires of the world; and it is to this vitality, and the almost superhuman vigour with which these nations resist or fling off the fetters of conquest, that the progress of civilisation has been unbroken among us since the days of Charlemagne. It was conquest that smothered civilisation in the old universal empires; it was conquest that successively terminated in each a long career of improvement. The triumphant processions of Victory are always closed with the wan and broken shade of Genius. The grave which closes over Liberty also hides Genius from the upper earth.

Pride of country—national egotism—was far stronger in old times than even now. The early nations of the world grew up alone—without intercommunication—without borrowing anything from their neighbours: each worked out *for itself its own civilisation.* And each accordingly esteemed itself the light of the world, and all other, barbarians. Each hated and despised the other; and to be conquered by the stranger—to see their own glories, their own pride, dashed into the dust, and a people whom they had despised, lording it in their palaces, utterly broke the nation's heart.

Nineveh—whose mighty ruins, after the lapse of three thousand years, are astonishing earth's sages—built no more after the rival standards of Babylon were planted on her walls; and Babylon the Great, which has left its name as a byeword of opulence and spendour, dates its decay from the bloody nocturnal entry of Cyrus and his Persians. From the day when the battle of Arbela struck the diadem from the brow of the second Darius, and the war-cry of the Greeks rang through the streets of Persepolis, art and genius forsook the land of Zoroaster, the royal cities of Persia began to crumble. Although stately with edifices, second in beauty only to those of Greece, thenceforth no hand was put forth to uphold their splendour; their environs once made fertile by irrigating streams, grew parched and flinty deserts; and

their very sites slipped from the world's memory. Not long ago, a traveller among the barren and waterless mountains of Persia came unexpectedly on a magnificent ruin standing silent and solitary on a deserted plain, with polished stone and broken columns strewing the soil all around. It was the Tchelminar, the Hall of Pillars, built by the Genii, said the Arabs, amid the lone deserts of Merdusht. But history told another tale; and research made plain to the world that there stood the long-lost ruins of royal Persepolis, the city of the Great King—that there stood all its palaces that had survived the frenzied torches of Alexander, and the wasting decay of Time.

Look at the wondrous Valley of the Nile; and after the desolation of two thousand years, what do we yet see? A land of ruins! A mass of monuments, reared by Genius for eternity; but enduring in their pride and completeness only while liberty lasted. The quarries of Silsily teem with sculptors—numerous and busy as swarming bees—carving out gigantic monoliths:—Sphinxes, Memnons, and propyla—from the solid rock. They retire for the night to resume their labour to-morrow; but over that morrow bursts the insatiable Persian. Art, Genius, the whole nation is suddenly petrified, as if by enchantment. To-day you—the steam-boat traveller—stand in those quarries, and believe that the morrow of two thousand years ago still survives. You see the marks of the very tools with which Genius wrought; you behold her works in various stages; here a rough-hewn Apis, there a finished Memnon, only awaiting the one last blow to detach it from its parent rock. The very tracks of the wheels which had come to transport the statue to Edfou or to Thebes are visible. When Cambyses, flushed with victory, stabbed with his own hand the living sacred bull Apis, and commanded the bones of the Pharaohs to be beaten with rods, he struck to the heart the Genius of the Nile. She could no longer make her land and her gods glorious with architecture; for her deities were proscribed, and her land was the stranger's. The heart of the nation suddenly ceased to beat. Liberty was never resuscitated; therefore, Genius had expired for ever.

Even Rome, the iron mistress of the world, —the latest and greatest of the universal monarchies, and which seemed to unite in one the vitality and power of all her predecessors, —even her haughty sons drooped on the fall of the Capitol, on the capture of the Eternal City, on the uncrowning of the Seven-Hilled Queen by the barbarians of the North. Two thousand marble statues, and palaces not less beautiful than countless, stood in her streets, —on that dread night, when the Gothic trumpet rang through the slumbering city, her sons started from their effeminate couches only to find themselves slaves. That was the last hour of the old Roman Art. No more statues were chiselled, no more palatial edifices built. The Goth ruled in the Capitol, and Genius forsook her old shrines.

As foreign thraldom extinguishes genius in a country, social slavery smothers genius in the individual, and where there is no breath, there can be no aspirations. The system of caste—which divides a people into sections and different ranks, sternly restricting each to station and pursuit—has at some period or other existed more or less stringently in all parts of the world. In the early dawn of civilisation, such a system, viewed in regard to Art alone, was indeed advantageous. Printing was then unknown, and letters were a mystery. The interchange of ideas and news, which now permeates every corner of society, had then no existence. No one knew what was going on except in his immediate neighbourhood. In such circumstances, the system of caste was the most likely to obviate the impediments to the preservation and propagation of knowledge in the arts: for the discoveries made by the fathers were thus transmitted directly to their children; and the spread of improvements was comparatively easy among a class, all of whose members were bound together by community of station and employment. But when knowledge is easy of communication, the system becomes pernicious. Knowledge is the life-blood of Genius, and must, when it can, be spread and circulated. When confined to caste of station, Genius droops for the want of it. Genius is aspiring, but caste chains it immovably to one station. Genius is impulse, action; it cannot move in fetters. Pent up within the walls of conventional rank, Genius collapses,—her inspirations can only be drawn from the atmospheres of boundless liberty.

Conquest and tyranny must ever be short-lived. A free state always, in the end, lives down a despotism. The latter derives talent from one class only, while in the former it leaps up from all. Even when Liberty is born in blood and nursed on carnage, she is the foster child of Genius. The extraordinary development of talent by France during her first Revolution, has no parallel among the then despotic powers of the Continent. Though the strife was horrible and sanguinary, it summoned every man in France to exertion; while the path to the guillotine was trodden smooth by victims, it threw open the road to honour, and thousands entered. The man who raised himself from subaltern of artillery to the Imperial throne; who beheld the half of Europe beneath the shadow of his sceptre; who wedded the daughter of the Cæsars, and raised around his throne a martial galaxy unparalleled in the world's history—was the offspring of Liberty; of gory Liberty; such Liberty as makes Genius shine forth with preternatural lustre—but only develops it in a few at the expense of the happiness of the many.

Happily, here in England, she sheds her

influence unrestrained and untarnished. She chokes not genius with caste. Our aristocracy is even invigorated from the ranks of the commons. Scores of titled families die out in a century, and their place is filled up with the worthiest of the nation. Be a man the son of a coal-merchant, like Eldon and Stowell—or of a cotton-spinner, like Peel—the path to wealth and fame is ever open to him. A tradesman's son may die on the woolsack. A clerk may rise, like Clive, to be a Governor-General. The fourth son of a country parson, like Nelson, may find a tomb among the great ones in Westminster Abbey. Turn to our Senate; consider its annals for the last sixty years, and say if France, with her triple Revolution, can present a parallel to the genius there developed—if France, stirred to the very dregs by frantic struggles after liberty, can equal the steady glories of a nation inured to freedom.

One word more, and we have done—one word to the student who may peruse these pages—to the young aspirant, who sees life as yet only through the bright colouring of youth, or in the unreal guise which it wears to the recluse.

There is a self-imposed thraldom more fatal to genius than the blight of external oppression; beneath the allurements of passion there lurks a worse than Egyptian bondage. No man ever excelled without the exercise of much self-denial. "To live like a hermit, and work like a horse," * is the surest of all roads to fame, and has been the uninviting path trodden by most of those who have risen to permanent renown. True liberty, the liberty which genius demands, consists as much in exemption from the slavery within as from the slavery without. Let the young aspirant ever remember, that whatever elevates man's nature, whatever lifts him above the trammels of earth, and places him nearer heaven, proportionally elevates his genius; and, on the contrary, that every passion immoderately indulged is a fetter placed on his intellect; that every loitering in the mazes of unwholesome pleasure, if redeemable at all, must one day be redeemed at too dear a price. "The Present and the Future are rivals," said Sir Joshua Reynolds to his pupils, "and whoever pays court to the one, must resign the other."

ATLANTIC WAVES.

One brisk March morning, in the year 1848, the brave Steam-Ship, Hibernia, rolled about in the most intoxicated fashion on the broad Atlantic, in north latitude fifty-one, and west longitude thirty-eight, fifty—the wind blowing a hard gale from the west-south-west. To most of the passengers the grandeur of the waters was a mockery, the fine bearing of the ship only a delusion and a snare. Everything was made tight on deck; if any passenger had left a toothpick on one of the seats, he would assuredly have found it lashed to a near railing. Rope was coiled about every imaginable item; and water dripped from every spar of the gallant vessel. Now it seemed as though she were travelling along through a brilliant gallery, flanked on either side by glittering walls of water; now she climbed one of the crested walls, and an abyss, dark and terrible as the famous Maelstrom, which can't be found anywhere, yawned to receive her. The snorts of the engine seemed to defy the angry waters; and occasionally when a monster wave coiled about the ship, and thundered against her, she staggered for a moment, only to renew the battle with fresh energy.

The cooks and stewards went placidly through their several daily avocations on board this rolling, fighting, shaking craft. If they had been Belgravian servants, or club-house waiters, they could not have performed their duties with more profound unconcern. Their coolness appeared nothing less than heroic to the poor tumbled heaps of clothes with human beings inside, who were scattered about the cabins below. An unhappy wight who had never before been five miles from Boston, was anxiously inquiring of the chief steward the precise time in the course of that evening that the vessel might be expected to founder; while another steward, with provoking pertinacity, was asking how many would dine in the saloon at six, with the same business-like unconcern, as if the ship were gliding along on glass. So tremendous was the tossing; so extreme the apparent uncertainty of any event except a watery terminus to all expectation, that this sort of coolness appeared almost wicked.

Then there was a monster in British form actually on deck—not braving, it was said, but tempting the storm to sweep him into eternity. He astonished even the ship's officers. The cook did not hesitate to venture a strong opinion against the sanity of a man who might, if he chose, be snugly ensconced in the cabin out of harm's way, but who *would* remain upon deck, in momentary danger of being blown overboard. The cook's theory was not ill supported by the subject of it; for he was continually placing himself in all manner of odd places and grotesque postures. Sometimes he scrambled up on the cuddy-roof; then he rolled down again on the saloon-deck; now he got himself blown up on the paddle-box; *that* was not high enough for him, for when the vessel sunk into a trough of the sea, he stood on tip-toe, trying to look over the nearest wave. A consultation was held in the cuddy, and a resolution was unanimously passed that the amateur of wind and water (which burst over him every minute) was either an escaped lunatic or—a College Professor.

It was resolved *nem. con.* that he was the

* Lord Eldon's words, applied to himself.

latter; and from that moment nobody was surprised at anything he might choose to do, even while the Hibernia was labouring in what the mate was pleased to call the most "lively" manner. The Professor, however, to the disgust of the sufferers below, who thought it was enough to *feel* the height of the waves, without going to the trouble of measuring them, pursued his observations in the face of the contempt of the official conclave above mentioned. He took up his position on the cuddy-roof, which was exactly twenty-three feet three inches above the ship's line of flotation, and there watched the mighty mountains that sported with the brave vessel. He was anxious to ascertain the height of these majestic waves, but he found that the crests rose so far above the horizon from the point where he was standing, that it was utterly impossible, without gaining a greater height for observation, that he could arrive at any just estimate on the subject. His observations from the cuddy-roof proved, however, beyond a doubt, that the majority of these rolling masses of water attained a height of considerably more than twenty-four feet, measuring from the trough of the sea to the crests of the waves. But the Professor was not satisfied with this negative proof; and in the pursuit of his interesting inquiry, did not feel inclined to be baffled. It is impossible to know what the secret thoughts of the men at the wheel were, when the valiant observer announced his intention of making the best of his way from the cuddy-roof to the larboard paddle-box. Now he was to be seen tumbling about with the motion of the ship; at one moment clinging to a chain-box; at the next, throwing himself into the arms of the second mate. Now he is buried in spray, and a few minutes afterwards his spare form is seen clinging to the rails which connect the paddle-boxes.

Despite the storm without, a calm mathematical process is going on within the mind of that ardent observer. The Professor knew he was standing at a height of twenty-four feet nine inches above the flotation mark of the ship; and allowing five feet six inches as the height of his eye, he found the elevation he had obtained to be altogether thirty feet three inches. He now waited till the vessel subsided fairly for a few minutes into the trough of the sea in an even and upright position, while the nearest approaching wave had its maximum altitude. Here he found also, that at least one-half part of the wave intercepted by a considerable elevation his view of the horizon. He declared that he frequently observed long ranges extending one hundred yards on one or both sides of the ship—the sea then coming right aft—which rose so high above the visible horizon, as to form an angle estimated at two to three degrees when the distance of the wave's crest was about a hundred yards off. This distance would add about thirteen feet to the level of the eye. This immense elevation occurred about every sixth wave. Now and then, when the course of a gigantic wave was impertinently interfered with by another liquid giant, and they thundered together, their breaking crests would shoot upward at least ten or fifteen feet higher—about half the height of the monument—and then pour down a mighty flood upon the poor Professor in revenge for his attempt to measure their majesties. No quantity of salt water, however, could wash him from his post, till he had satisfactorily proved, by accurate observation, that the average wave which passed the vessel was fully equal to the height of his eye—or thirty feet three inches—and that the mean highest waves, not including the fighting or broken waves, were about forty-three feet above the level of the hollow occupied at the moment by the ship.

Satisfied at length of the truth of his observations, the Professor, half-pickled by the salt water, and looking, it must be confessed, very cold and miserable, descended to the cabin. Throughout dinner-time a conversation was kept up between the Professor and the Captain—the latter appearing to be about the only individual on board who took any interest whatever in these scientific proceedings. The ladies, one and all, vowed that the Professor was a monster, only doing "all this stuff" in mockery of their sufferings. Towards night the wind increased to a hurricane; the ship trembled like a frightened child before the terrible combat of the elements. Night, with her pall, closed in the scene:—it was a wild and solemn time. Towards morning the wind abated. For thirty hours a violent north west gale had swept over the heaving bosom of the broad Atlantic.

This reflection hastened the dressing and breakfasting operations of the Professor, who tumbled up on deck at about ten o'clock in the morning. The storm had been subdued for several hours, and there was a visible decrease in the height of the waves. He took up his old position on the cuddy-roof, and soon observed, that, even then, when the sea was comparatively quiet, ten waves overtook the vessel in succession, which all rose above the apparent horizon; consequently they must have been more than twenty-three feet—probably about twenty-six feet—from ridge to hollow. From the larboard paddle-box, to which the Professor once more scrambled, he observed that occasionally four or five waves in succession rose above the visible horizon—hence they must have been more than thirty feet waves. He also observed that the waves no longer ran in long ridges, but presented more the form of cones of moderate elongation.

Having so far satisfied himself as to the height of Atlantic waves in a gale of wind (the Professor's estimate must not be taken as the measurement of the highest known waves, but simply as that of a rough Atlantic

sea), he directed his attention to minuter and more difficult observations. He determined to measure the period of time occupied by the regular waves in overtaking the ship, their width from crest to crest, and the rate of their travelling. The first point to be known was the speed of the ship; this he ascertained to be nine knots. His next object was to note her course in reference to the direction of the waves. He found that the true course of the vessel was east, and that the waves came from the west-north-west, so that they passed under the vessel at a considerable angle. The length of the ship was stated to be two hundred and twenty feet. Provided with this information the Professor renewed his observations. He proceeded to count the seconds the crest of a wave took to travel from stern to stem of the vessel; these he ascertained to be six. He then counted the time which intervened between the moment when one crest touched the stern of the vessel, and the next touched it, and he found the average interval to be sixteen seconds and a fraction. These results gave him at once the width between crest and crest. As the crest travelled two hundred and twenty feet (or the length of the vessel) in six seconds, and sixteen seconds elapsed before the next crest touched the stern, it was clear that the wave was nearly three times the length of the vessel; to write accurately, there was a distance of six hundred and five feet from crest to crest.

The Professor did not forget that the oblique course of the ship elongated her line over the waves; this elongation he estimated at forty-five feet, reducing the probable average distance between crest and crest to five hundred and fifty-nine feet.

Being quite satisfied with the result of this experiment, the hardy Professor, still balancing himself on his giddy height, to the wonder and amusement of the sailors, found that the calculations he had already made did not give him the actual velocity of the waves. A wave-crest certainly passed from stern to stem in six seconds, but then the ship was travelling in the same direction, at the rate of nine geographical miles per hour, or 15·2 feet per second; this rate the Professor added to the former measure, which gave 790·5 feet for the actual distance traversed by the wave in 16·5 seconds, being at the rate of 32·67 English miles per hour. This computation was afterwards compared with calculations made from totally different data by Mr. Scott Russell, and found to be quite correct.

With these facts the Professor scrambled from the larboard paddle-box of the Hibernia. He had also made some observations on the forms of waves. When the wind blows steadily from one point they are generally regular; but when it is rough and gusty, and shifts from point to point, the sea is broken up, and the waves take a more conical shape, and assume fantastical crests. While the sea ran high, the Professor observed now and then a ridge of waves extending from about a quarter to a third of a mile in length, forming, as it were, a rampart of water. This ridge was sometimes straight, and sometimes bent as of a crescent form, with the central mass of water higher than the rest, and not unfrequently with two or three semi-elliptical mounds in diminishing series on either side of the highest peak.

When the wind had subsided, a few of the bolder passengers crawled upon deck in the oddest imaginable costumes. They had not much to encounter, for about a third part of the greater undulations averaged only twenty-four feet, from crest to hollow, in height. These higher waves could be seen and selected from the pigmy waves about them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the ship.

The Professor had been very unpopular on board while the stormy weather lasted, and the ladies had vowed that he was a sarcastic creature, who *would* have his little joke on the gravest calamities of life; but as the waves decreased in bulk, and the wind lulled, and the sun shone, and the men took off their oil-skin coats, and the cabin-windows were opened, the frowns of the fair voyagers wore off. Perfect goodwill was general before the ship sighted Liverpool; and even the cook, as he prepared the last dinner for the passengers, was heard to declare (in confidence to one of the stokers) that, after all, there might be something worth knowing in the Professor's observations.

When the Professor landed at Liverpool, he would, on no account, suffer the carpet-bag, containing his calculations, to be taken out of his sight. Several inquisitive persons, however, made the best use of their own eyes, to ascertain the name of the extraordinary observer, and found it to be legibly inscribed with the well-known name of Scoresby.

That his investigations may be the more readily impressed on the reader's mind, we conclude with a summary of them. It would seem from Dr. Scoresby's intrepid investigations, that the highest waves of the Atlantic average in

Altitude	43 feet
Mean Distance between each Wave .	559 "
Width from Crest to Crest . . .	600 "
Interval of Time between each Wave	16 seconds
Velocity of each Wave per hour . .	32½ miles

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THE DOOM OF ENGLISH WILLS.

CATHEDRAL NUMBER TWO.

MR. WILLIAM WALLACE, having taken some repose in the bosom of his family, and having recruited his nervous system, impaired for the moment by the formidable demonstrations made in unimpeachable Ecclesiastical Registry number one, resolved on making a visit to unimpeachable Ecclesiastical Registry number two; upheld by the consideration that, although an Ecclesiastical Registry is a fine Institution, for which any Englishman would willingly die; and without which he could, in no patriotic acceptation worth mentioning, be an Englishman at all; still, that the last wills and testaments of Englishmen are not exactly waste-paper, and that their depositaries ought, perhaps, to be kept as dry—say as skittle grounds, which are a cheaper luxury than Registries, with the further advantage that no man need frequent them unless he likes: whereas, to Registries he *must* go.

The literary object which Mr. Wallace had in view, in this second expedition, beckoned him to the North of England. "Indeed," said Mr. Wallace, pausing. "Possibly, to the second city of England; an Archbishopric; giving one of the princes of the blood his title; enjoying the dignity of a Lord Mayor of its own; an ancient and notable place; renowned for its antiquities; famous for its Cathedral; possessing walls, four gates, six posterns, a castle, an assembly-room, and a Mansion House; this is surely the place for an unimpeachable Registry!"

With his mind much encouraged, and his expectations highly raised, Mr. Wallace embraced his family, and departed for the North by Railway. He arrived at the venerable city of his purpose, at ten minutes past three P.M., according to Greenwich, or at three-ten, according to Bradshaw.

Our traveller's first proceeding, was, to take a walk round the walls, and gratify his fancy with a bird's-eye-view of the unimpeachable Registry. He could hardly hit upon the roof of that important building. There was a building in a severe style of architecture—but it was the jail. There was another that looked commodious—but it was the mansion house. There were others that looked comfortable—but they were private residences. There appeared to be nothing in the way of Registry, answering to the famous monkish legend in a certain Chapter-House:

> As shines the rose above all common flowers,
> So above common piles this building towers.

Yet such a building must be somewhere! Mr. Wallace went into the town and bought a Guide-book, to find out where.

The four gates were in the Guide-book—all right—the six posterns were there, the assembly room was there, the jail was there, the mansion house was there—but no Registry. "This is extraordinary," said Mr. Wallace." "An unimpeachable Registry there indubitably must be!"

He walked through the quiet narrow streets, with their gabled houses, craning their necks across the road to pry into one another's affairs; and he saw the churches where the people were married; and the habitations where the doctors lived, who were knocked up when the people were born; and he accidentally passed the residence of Mrs. Pitcher, who likewise officiated on those occasions; and he remarked an infinity of shops where every commodity of life was sold. He saw the offices of the lawyers who made the people's wills, the banks where the people kept their money, the shops of the undertakers who made the people's coffins, the churchyards where the people were buried, but *not* the Registry where the people's wills were taken care of. "Very extraordinary!" said Mr. Wallace. "In the great city of a great ecclesiastical see, where all kinds of moving reverses and disasters have been occurring for many centuries; where the Romans were, where the Danes were, where the Normans were; where fire and sword and pillage and massacre were, again and again; where Ulphus the son of Toraldus hung up his drinking-horn of elephant's-tooth at the altar, and, by that token filled with wine, bestowed his fruitful lands upon the church; where all manner of old foundation and usage, piety, and superstition, were, and a great deal of modern wealth is, a very interesting and an unimpeachable Registry there must be somewhere!"

In search of this great public edifice, the indefatigable Mr. Wallace prowled through the city. He discovered many mansions.

He satisfied himself about the archbishop, the dean, the precentor, the chancellor, the sub-dean, the four archdeacons, the twenty-eight prebendaries, the sub-chanter, the five priest-vicars, the seven lay-clerks, the six choristers, the four vergers, and the other officers and servants of the little staff attached to the cathedral; but he *could not* satisfy himself about the Registry.

The uneasiness of Mr. Wallace's mind increasing with the growth of his suspicion that there must surely be a flaw in the old adage, and that where there was a will (and a great many wills) there was no way at all, he betook himself to the Cathedral-close. Passing down an uncommonly pure, clean, tidy little street, where the houses looked like a tasteful sort of missionary-subscription-boxes, into which subscribers of a larger growth were expected to drop their money down the chimneys, he came by a turnstile, into that haven of rest, and looked about him.

"Do you know where the Registry is?" he asked a farmer-looking man.

"The wa'at!" said he.

"The Registry; where they keep the wills?"

"A' dinnot know for shower," said the farmer, looking round. "Ding! If I shoodn't wondther if *thot* wur it!"

Mr. Wallace concealed his disparaging appreciation of the farmer's judgment, when he pointed with his ash-stick to a kind of shed—such as is usually called a lean-to—squeezing itself, as if it were (with very good reason) ashamed, into the south-west corner of the cross, which the ground-plan of the cathedral forms, and sticking to it like a dirty little pimple. But, what was his dismay, on going thither to inquire, to discover that this actually was the unimpeachable Registry; and that a confined den within, which would have made an indifferent chandler's shop, with a pestilent little chimney in it, filling it with smoke like a Lapland hut, was the "Searching Office."

Mr. Wallace was soon taught that seven thousand pounds per annum is, after all, but a poor pittance for the Registrar of a simple bishoprick, when calculated by the ecclesiastical rule of three; for the registry of Cathedral number two, produces to its fortunate patentees twenty thousand per annum; about ten thousand a year for the Registrar who does nothing, and the like amount for his Deputy who helps him.

The portentous personage to whom Mr. Wallace was accredited, received him in state in the small office surrounded by a Surrogate (apparently retained on purpose to cross-examine Mr. Wallace) and the clerks. Mr. Wallace mentioned that he believed the Archbishop had written to the Deputy Registrar to afford him every facility in consulting the documents under his charge. The Deputy Registrar owned that the Archbishop had done so, but declared that the Archbishop had no jurisdiction whatever over him; and, claiming as he did, complete immunity from, and irresponsibility to, all human control, he begged to say that his Grace the Archbishop, in presuming to write to the high authorities of that unimpeachable Registry on such a subject, had taken a very great liberty. Mr. William Wallace inquired if that was to be the answer he was expected to convey to the Archbishop? bowed, and was about to retire, when the awful Deputy recalled him. What did he want to search for? Mr. Wallace repeated that his object was wholly literary and archæological. The chief clerk who here came in as a reinforcement, was so good as to intimate that he "did'nt believe a word of it." Whereupon a strong opinion was added that Mr. Wallace wanted surreptitiously to obtain pedigrees, and to consult wills. A powerful battery of cross-questionings was then opened by the heavier authorities, aided by a few shots from the light-bob, or skirmishing party—the clerk. But had Mr. William Wallace been his great ancestor, he could not have held his position against such odds more firmly. At length the preliminaries of a treaty were proposed by the enemy, the terms of which were that Mr. Wallace should be allowed to consult any records dated before the year one thousand four hundred! This was demurred to as utterly useless. Negotiations were then resumed, and the authorities liberally threw in another century, out of the fullness of a respect for the Archbishop, which they had refrained from condescending to express;—Mr. Wallace might consult documents up to the year fifteen hundred.

With this munificent concession, Mr. Wallace was obliged to be satisfied, and proceeded to venture on another stipulation:—

The researches which he had proposed to himself at this Cathedral number two, were elaborate and complicated; they would require such facilities as had been asked on his behalf by the Archbishop. Could he have access to the documents themselves?

The effect which this simple request produced in the office, was prodigious! A small schoolboy who should, at dinner, ask for a piece of the master's apple-pie; or a drummer on parade, who should solicit from his captain a loan of five shillings, could not produce a more sublime degree of indignant astonishment, than that which glared through the smoke from the faces of the deputy-registrar, the surrogate, the chief clerk, and all the junior clerks, then and there assembled. The effect produced amounted to temporary petrefaction; the principals neither spoke nor moved; the subordinates left off writing and poking the fire. So superlative was the audacity of the request, that it paralysed the pendulum of that small, rusty, dusty, smoky old ecclesiastical clock, and stopped the works!

Refusal in words was not vouchsafed to Mr. William Wallace; neither did he need that condescension. The silent but expressive pantomime was enough. As the Eastern culprit

receives his doom by the speechless gesture of the judge's hand across his own neck; so Mr. William Wallace fully understood that access to the record depositories of the province appertaining to Cathedral number two, was nearly equivalent to getting into a freemason's lodge after it has been "tiled," or to obtaining admission to St. Paul's Cathedral without twopence.

He therefore waved as perfectly impossible that item of the treaty. For the public, however, the evidence of that gentleman is hardly necessary to bring them acquainted with the manner in which the trust imposed on the Registrar and his Deputy is performed; for while the Deputy Registrar and Mr. William Wallace are settling their differences over the next clause of their treaty, we shall dip into the reports of the Ecclesiastical Commission issued in 1832, to show what the state of things was at that time; and to any one who can prove that those venerable documents have been by any means rescued from decay since that year, the public will doubtless be much obliged. At page one hundred and seventy of the report, Mr. Edward Protheroe, M.P., states, on oath, that in the instance of every Court he had visited the records suffered more or less from damp and the accumulation of dust and dirt. Then, speaking of the Registry of this same Cathedral number two, he declares its documents to have been in a scandalous state. "I found them," he continues, "perfectly to accord with the description I had received from various literary and antiquarian characters who had occasion to make searches in the office; and I beg leave to remark that the place must have been always totally inadequate as a place of deposit for the records, both as to space and security." Some of the writings he found in two small cells, "in a state of the most disgraceful filth;" others in "two apertures in the thick walls, scarcely to be called windows; and the only accommodation for these records are loose wooden shelves, upon which the wills are arranged in bundles, tied up with common strings, and without any covering to them; exposed to the effect of the damp of the weather and the necessary accumulation of dirt." To these unprotected wills the Deputy Registrar was perhaps wise in his generation to deny access; for Mr. Protheroe says in addition that, "if it was the object of any person to purloin a will, such a thing might be accomplished." Perfectly and safely accessible copies might be made, at "an expense quite trifling." What? Mr. Protheroe, would you rob these poor Registrars of a shilling of their hard earnings, just to save landed and other property, of some millions value, from litigation and fraud? Would you discount their twenty thousand a year by even a fraction per cent?

At page three hundred and thirty-nine, the Deputy Registrar himself is recorded to have owned that the place of custody for wills is a room not fire-proof, which everybody knew; but that it was free from damp, which was not in accordance with Mr. Protheroe's evidence. It is "storm-covered" with lead, is twenty-two feet long, and twenty-one feet wide (about the size of an ordinary parlour!), made less capacious by being divided into four aisles, each seventeen feet long, and five feet wide. "There is one room for searching and examining Wills; but it is not very commodious." Yet, in 1850, it has no greater accommodation than it had in 1832, when, perhaps, it was not so full of smoke as Mr. William Wallace found it. No part of the building is smoke-proof any more than fire-proof.

The clause of the treaty, offensive and defensive, which was being negotiated all this while, between the Deputy Registrar and his visitor, was drawn up by the former in these concise words, "How long do you want to be here?"

That, Mr. Wallace replied, would depend upon the facilities afforded him, the condition of the calendars and indexes, and the assistance he might be allowed to call in. After much battling, the conference ended by Mr. William Wallace, and a friend who accompanied him, being allowed to set to work upon the calendars of such wills as had been deposited before the year 1500.

The two antiquaries would have commenced their researches immediately; only, on examining their dress, they found it in such a state of filth from the smoke with which the office had been filled during the arrangement of this important compact, that they were obliged to return to the hotel to change their linen. The prospect of spending a week in such a place was not altogether agreeable. Mr. Wallace did not enjoy the notion of being smoke-dried; and of returning to the Middle Temple a sort of animated ham. A sojourn in the place was not to be thought of without terror; yet the poor clerks endured their smoking fate with fortitude. Use was to them a second nature; and every man connected with these Registries must be completely inured to dust. But the man of the Middle Temple was a kind of knight-errant in the matter of rescuing ancient documents from their tombs of filth; and not to be daunted. He and his friend opened the campaign directly in the face of the enemy's fire—which, so great was their ardour, they only wished would become a little more brisk and less smoky.

That day and the next day they bored on with patience and perseverance through every obstacle. When they found in the calendar a reference to what they wanted, every possible obstacle was thrown in their way. The required document was either lost, or had been stolen, or had strayed. Nor was there the slightest reason to doubt that this was true. It was well known to the

searchers that one class of documents at least had been actually made away with by a former Deputy Registrar. Dr. Thelwall, of Newcastle, wrote in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1819, page four hundred and ninety:—"It is a fact well known that, by a Canon of James the First, the clergyman of every parish was required to send a copy of the Register annually to the Bishop of the Diocese. The most shameful negligence is attributable to the person (the Deputy Registrar) in whose keeping they have been placed. Indeed I have some reason to suppose this, as I lately saw in the possession of a friend, a great number of extracts from the Register of a certain parish in this neighbourhood, and, on questioning him as to the way in which he became possessed of them, I was informed they were given to him by his cheesemonger, and that they were copies forwarded by the clergyman of the parish to the proper officer in a bordering diocese, and had been allowed through the negligence of their keeper to obtain the distinguished honour of wrapping up cheese and bacon."

This mode of "preserving" such documents is accounted for by Sir William Betham, Ulster King at Arms, in his evidence before the Committee of 1832:—he had occasion to search at Cathedral number two, and went for the express purpose of searching manuscripts of Parish Registers. He found them lying unarranged and unconsultable in the office. He asked the reason, and was answered that the Act of Parliament which ordered this class of Records to be sent to the Bishop's Registry gave no direction about—(was there ever such a piece of parliamentary treason against even the lay children of Mother Church!)—fees.

The sale of Records, for waste paper, was the mode adopted to revenge the meanness of the legislature, in not providing the under-paid Registrars with remuneration for this addition to their duties. Was it possible to keep life and soul together upon the ten or fifteen thousands sterling per annum which these two poor fellows were then obliged to starve upon? Certainly not! Therefore, to eke out a wretched existence, they found themselves driven to sell the property of the public, if not for the necessaries, for the luxuries, of life. They had, perhaps, managed to keep their families, by a rigid, pinching economy in bread—dry bread; but to butter it; to indulge themselves with the proper diet of even Church mice, they were obliged to dispose of paper—worth, perhaps, thousands and thousands of pounds to the parties whose names were inscribed on it—at a few pence per pound, to the cheesemonger.

From this doom of some of the parochial records of the province, Mr. William Wallace inferred the degree of care and exactitude with which the wills were kept. Previous knowledge had prepared him for it; but he was not prepared to find that *the whole* of another and most important class of records, up to a comparatively late date, had been abstracted, in the lump, from the Registry of this Cathedral number two. The case was this:—

In the course of his investigations, it was necessary for him to refer to a "marriage allegation,"—that is, a copy of the statement made by a bridegroom previous to converting himself, by the help of the Bishop's license, into a husband. He then learnt that most of such documents are the "private property" of one of the clerks, who kept them in his own private house; that he had bought them of a deceased member of the Herald's College, and that for each search into them he charged according to a sliding scale, arranged according to the station of the applicant, the maximum of which was five pounds for the simple search, and five pounds more if what the party wanted were found. The English of this is, that the present custodier of these papers purchased of a dead Herald what did not belong to him; and what there could have been no difficulty whatever in restoring to the true owner; (because no one could have known better than the purchaser that they were public property); and that their proper place was not his private house, but the provincial Registry. The produce of this abstraction is an illegal income better possibly than the legal gains of an Admiral or a Government Commissioner; double that of a physician in good practice, or of a philanthropist in easy circumstances,—and treble that of our best dramatist, or our best poet. This manifest abuse is so perfectly established and recognised, that the fortunate possessor of these documentary mines of wealth delivers his little bills for fees on regular printed forms.

Besides these hindrances, which could not be helped, a certain number of wilful obstructions were thrown in the way of our inquiring friends, because they had been desired by the Archbishop to be placed on the fee free-list. They were watched by the entire office; for it became Argus for the occasion. Remarks of a satirical character were discharged point-blank from behind the desks, whenever a good opening occurred. The non-paying searchers were "in the way"—(this was true, so unfit is the apartment for public accommodation); "what people got they ought to pay for, as other people did." Spies slid silently out from behind the ramparts, or desks, to look over their shoulders, and to see that they did not purloin any information posterior to the fifteenth century.

Mr. William Wallace stood all this manfully;* but his ally was obliged to retire at the expiration of the second day. Mr. William Wallace at length found he could not advance the objects of his inquiries any more efficiently at this Cathedral number two, than he had advanced them at Cathedral number one; so, at the end of a week, he beat a dignified retreat with all the honours of war.

He then turned his face towards the unimpeachable Registry of Cathedral number three, hoping for better success.

THE IRISH "STATIONERS."

"If you wear a handkerchief tied on your head, you 'll be able to pass everywhere without question."

I declining, however, to adopt this counterfeit presentment of a pilgrim, my companion resumed, "You will at least be careful not to show any disrespect, nor pry too much into what you may see going on around you?"

I assured him, that to insult my neighbours in their conscientious observances, was what I should be sorry to do, and, furthermore, promised to restrain my curiosity within moderate bounds; whereupon we made arrangements to visit together that celebrated place of Roman Catholic pilgrimage existing on an island in Lough Derg, County Donegal, Ireland; to which as many as fifteen thousand people are said to have repaired to do penance in a season (extending from the first of June to the fifteenth of August in each year), though it is calculated that the numbers of pilgrims, during the season of 1850, is not likely to exceed six thousand.

After a drive of about two hours' duration, chiefly along the shore of Lough Erne, whose wide sweeps of still water, broken by woody promontories, with cliffs wearing their velvety summer green, and streaked with changeable sunlights in the background, opened and closed upon us successively as we pursued the winding road; we turned northwards, and, passing through the village of Pettigo, entered upon a bleaker region, where the road became gradually worse, the huts poorer and less frequent, the patches of oats more scraggy and unfenced, and the land boggier and browner; until at last the view on every side presented nothing but dark stony hills, with marsh at their feet, and rough heather on their sides, among which lay here and there a very few miserable cottages, scarcely distinguishable from the weather-beaten rocks and crooked clumps of turf which were scattered about these cheerless uplands.

Leaving our jaunting-car at a hovel by the road-side, we proceeded on foot towards the Holy-Lake, which was about a mile distant.

We had previously passed many pilgrims going to, and returning from, it, and now soon fell into company and conversation with three women, each barefoot and carrying the usual staff in her hand and small bundle on her shoulders. They had walked about sixty miles, performing on their way part of the required penance, as is permitted in certain cases. Those who do thus are said to "bring their fast in with them." These pilgrims, however, had made but a short journey in comparison with others; some of whom reached the Lough from the remotest southern corners of Ireland, others (but these of course not on foot,) from various parts of England and Scotland, and some even from America. It was by no means an unusual thing, I was assured, that a person should cross the broad Atlantic for the single purpose of "making the stations" here. In most of such instances, and indeed in many of the others, the pilgrimage is undertaken in discharge of vows made during sickness. Of the remainder, the majority are voluntary penitents; the number of those on whom the penance is enjoined by their priests being, it is said, very small.

The Lough soon unfolded itself to our sight; an irregular sheet of water that seemed about two miles across, surrounded by a waving circle of wild brown hills. Several green islands were strewn on its surface; but a small fleet of whitewashed houses, jumbled together "stem and stern," which appeared to float on the water about half-a-mile from the shore where we stood, soon monopolised our attention. These edifices are, in reality, built upon the Station Island, almost hiding it from view (its dimensions being probably no more than one hundred yards by forty), and comprise two Chapels, the Prior's house, and five lodging-houses. At the end of the pilgrim-season the island is altogether deserted.

On the small scrap of ground unbuilt upon near the centre of the Island rose a solitary tree; and round this, and across by the wall of one of the houses, and disappearing behind its gable, we could see a constant succession of figures moving in Indian file.

After satisfying our first curiosity with this prospect, and learning that it would probably be a considerable time before the appearance of a boat to ferry us across, we joined (with some consciousness of an un-pilgrim-like exterior) a party of pilgrims who were lolling on the grass beside a boat-quay of rude stones, and not far from a building resembling a coach-house, inscribed "Pilgrim Lodge," which had a third of its length inside cut off by a wooden partition, and a slit in this with "Tickets" written above. Not without qualms in concealing my character of a heretic, though determined not to assume that of a true believer, even so far as it might have been accomplished by taking off my gloves and brushing my hat the wrong way (this suggested itself to me, I confess), I reclined among the way-worn and anxious company.

Two wrinkled old women, who had made the pilgrimage many times before, conversed earnestly about the picture of the Virgin at Rimini, said to have lately become endowed with motion; repeatedly ejaculating their praises and thanks in reference to the miracle; though as to whether its direct object was the cursing of Protestants or the blessing of Catholics, they were unable to form a conclusion. A stout, middle-aged woman, with a Louth brogue, who sighed

frequently, confessed that she felt "greatly through-other, surely," at the thought of what might be before her on the Island, it being her first visit; upon which she received encouragement from the rest, and information as to how she ought to proceed. An *indulgence* is promised to those who guide others; and from this, added to the natural disposition of the people, it results that information is most readily given to the new-comers by those who have been already initiated.

But now the attention of the old women who conversed about the Picture was riveted by the startling statement of a man at my side, that he believed the end of the world to be at hand. Being anxiously requested to give his reasons for holding this opinion, he expounded—and really it was hard to avoid being impressed by the simple eloquence and the gravity of conviction with which he spoke—the prophecies of plagues to fall on the beasts, and on the fishes of the sea, and on the fruits of the earth, and on mankind, as now in course of fulfilment; to which the women responded by murmuring short prayers, and uplifting their hands and eyes. Then some one reminded the rest how the ferry-boat has been twice lost, with its cargo of pilgrims, and how it is *to be* lost the third time; and next, the question arose, whether those so drowned are entitled to any special "benefit" in the future state from the nature of their death; upon which opinions seemed to differ. A considerable time wore on in talk of this kind, mingled with some interchanges of confidence on more personal affairs, in which I remarked, as I often have amongst the Irish peasantry, a high average of delicacy of manner, both in asking and answering questions.

I may mention, that, hearing one person alluded to as "a Stationer from Strabane," I laboured for some time under the mistake that he was one who, when at home, sold paper, quills, and so on, till it suddenly flashed upon me that "Stationer" was the technical name for a Pilgrim.

An old bugle sounded from Pilgrim Lodge not having succeeded in calling to us the attention of those on the Island, the conversation, at least in the knot of Stationers with which I consorted, gradually dropped, and I was left to muse in silence over the many strange facts and traditions connected with the lake, whose clear water was rippling over little pebbles up to the grass on which we lay, while its hills were now cheered with sunshine amid the breadths of shadow thrown on them by a circle of great white clouds ranged at their backs. Fionn-lough, the Fair Lake, was its name, say the old legends, until baptised Lough Derg, the Red Lake, in the blood of a monster who inhabited it, slain by Saint Patrick. Whether the island "Purgatory" was established in the fifth century by the saint himself, or in the ninth, or the twelfth, its origin runs back far enough into the night of time to be invested with all the mystery of those strange indefinite years of the past; and it was curious to picture to oneself the arrival on the shore of that wild and remote little lake, five hundred years ago, of Malatesta, Knight of Hungary, and Nicholas de Beccario of Ferrara, with a safe conduct to St. Patrick's Purgatory from King Edward the Third; or, forty years later, of Raymond, Viscount de Perilleux, Knight of Rhodes, with a train of twenty men and thirty horses, bearing a like protection from King Richard the Second; these names standing prominent out of many successions and generations of pilgrims. Sliding in fancy down to later times, the tender story about Carolan the Harper rises in the memory. Carolan's stations completed, the boat in which he sits has reached this quay on the mainland, where a crowd of new pilgrims wait its arrival, as we are now waiting. All are eager to assist the blind old man in landing; a woman's hand touches his; and Carolan, suddenly pausing, exclaims, in a tone of surprise mingled with deep feeling, "That is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" He was not wrong; it was the hand of his first love, who had inspired his finest song when his heart was warm and his genius in its prime; though he had been a stranger to the touch of it for many a long year.

By this time a concourse of between thirty and forty pilgrims have arrived at the shore; some of them, to my comfort, well-dressed. All the women, rich and poor, are barefoot, but not all the men; for it is not absolutely necessary to take off the shoes until the duties of the penance be commenced. At last the boat, a large clumsy one, with an awning over the stern-sheets, quits the Island and slowly nears the quay; the delay having been caused by its absence on a trip to the Saint's Island,* distant about a quarter of a mile from Station Island. It comes alongside; and the passengers, chiefly women, disembark and exchange greetings and blessings with those who are about to take their places. The latter obtain tickets, price sixpence-halfpenny, from the Lessee of the island, a short stout jovial man, wearing a glazed hat, who attends on every trip, and has a good-humoured word for everybody; the boat gets gradually filled with passengers; the rowers place themselves two or three to each of the heavy oars; the rope is cast off, and we crawl away from the shore, impelled with short splashing strokes, and steered by the Lessee himself, seated beneath the awning among the "decent" minority of the company, who pay a shilling each for this distinguished position on board.

At the Island quay many of both sexes are waiting to receive the new arrivals. We dis-

* Saint's Island was the original site of the Purgatory, but was found to be too accessible from the shore. It contains the ruins of an abbey, and seems fertile of hay. The pilgrims visit it occasionally.

embark as quickly as may be, and pass up at once along the lane formed by houses from the water's edge, which opens into a small, irregular space of craggy ground, with a chapel (the principal one) at its extremity; and this space is alive with people pursuing one another barefoot along a course, marked out by rough stones, which leads them in regular succession round a series of little circles, called Saints' Beds. Each is absorbed by his or her own set of beads; though not so much so as to hinder here and there some peripatetic of delicate feet from making an effort to pick and choose among the sharp-cornered stones which beset the journey; while those who have gone shoeless all their lives, have clearly the advantage, and step along carelessly over rough and smooth; nor is more or less suffering in this respect, said to make any difference in the merit of the station; though some, I believe, think otherwise. What adds to the peculiarity of the scene is, that the head-dresses of the men consist of tightly-tied hankerchiefs of various colours, with a sprinkling of woollen night-caps.

The circuit is performed in the following manner:—Starting from the broken stem of an ancient stone cross, about four feet high, and carved with a spiral embellishment, each Stationer goes seven times round the chapel, repeating a *decade* each time; after the seventh, he stands with his back against a cross cut into one of the stones of the chapel, and stretching out his arms, declares his renunciation of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. His next movement is to the furthest *Bed*, consisting of a circle of perhaps nine feet in diameter almost surrounded by an uneven grey wall about three feet high, an opening in which gives access to the interior, where stands a time and lip-worn cross of stone; and here he goes round outside the wall three times, saying three *Paters* and *Aves*; kneels and says three more; rises and walks round inside the wall three times, saying three *Paters* and *Aves*, kneels and says three more, and then kisses the central cross. After this he passes to the next *Bed*, where the same formula is observed; thence to another; and thence to a fourth; after which comes the "Big Bed," resembling two of the others placed side by side, over which spread the leaves of a dwarf sycamore, almost the only bit of vegetation on the island. This bed must be encircled nine times without, and six times within. The next stage is to the water's edge on the eastern shore, where ten *Paters* and *Aves* are repeated standing, and as many kneeling. The practice of wading into the lake, which existed not long ago, has been forbidden, as well as that of carrying stones away as memorials. This latter prohibition, by the way, may have arisen out of no unreasonable fear that the island, being small, and composed chiefly of stones, would, by degrees, be completely carried off by the pilgrims. From the shore the Stationer proceeds to a rock on a rising ground, and there repeats two more *Paters* and *Aves* standing, and two kneeling; after which, returning to the twisted cross whence he first set out, he kisses it, and repairs to the western shore to wash his feet; so finishing one *Station*, during which one full Rosary has been repeated. A Stationer who is experienced in his duties, makes his tongue and feet move so harmoniously together, that each prayer comes in at precisely the proper part of the journey, without either hurry or delay. A Station ended, the pilgrim is at liberty for a time, in some instances spent in meditation or grave discourse; in others, in chat, smoking, and idleness.

After looking as closely as we might, without seeming too curious at the never-ending, still-beginning procession round the Chapel and the Beds, we entered one of the lodging-houses, where we were comfortably served with tea and bread and butter. We might have had meat too, for the asking; all things being lawful before the commencement or after the termination of one's penance, except intoxicating drinks; the tasting of which within three miles of the Lake is strictly prohibited.

While enjoying our cup of tea (though the beverage has, I fancy, a smack of the peculiar water which forms its diluent,) we may try to get a definite notion of a pilgrim's routine from first to last. It is, we find, usually as follows:—Say that he enters the Island on Monday evening; he secures a lodging consistent with his means,—the lodging-houses ranging from a snug slated house to a hovel, and the number expected to sleep in one bed, bearing an inverse proportion to the cost,—takes care to eat a hearty meal, and then repairs to evening prayers at the Chapel, where he hears the nightly warning against in-orthodox practices while on the Island; amongst which are included the use of intoxicating drinks, alms-givings, and "exultations," that is to say, expressions of religious praise or joy, as unfit for a time of penance. After a night, probably, of sound repose, in spite of all inconveniences, he is roused at four on Tuesday morning by the bell which summons him to join the multitude about to flock to the Prior's morning mass; that over, he is likely to set himself to make his first station round the Chapel and the Beds. Three of these stations must be accomplished during the day, but the time when is left to his choice: some perform all the three without interruption.

On Tuesday evening, having eaten nothing since the preceding evening, he is allowed to refresh himself with some bread and wine, and then goes into "Prison." It is necessary for the true appreciation of the nature of his fare to understand that the *wine* is the boggy-flavoured water of the lake, drank hot. The pilgrims speak loudly of its wholesome qualities, as well as of its rich and nutritious flavour; but on the second point, at least, my opinion is distinctly opposed to theirs. They

certainly, however, give the best proof of their sincerity by drinking it in large quantities, and sometimes almost scalding out of the kettle. About seven o'clock, then, our Stationer goes into "Prison," that is, into the Chapel, as substitute for the now obliterated purgatorial cave; to stay without food or sleep until the same hour on the following evening. He is not, however, obliged absolutely to remain within the doors of the Chapel during the whole of the time, but has liberty to pass in and out, under certain restrictions.

In the Chapel, the men are gathered on one side, the women on the other,—some of them on a bench that runs round the wall, some on the altar-steps, but most on the ground, seated or kneeling. When the shades of evening have deepened, a few candles are lighted here and there, throwing faint glimmerings over the confused groups,—the women in blue cloaks or red shawls, drawn over the heads of many of the wearers; some conversing in whispers, some groaning and rocking themselves; some in corners telling their beads with ceaseless perseverance; the men, with coloured handkerchiefs or nightcaps on their heads, and all barefoot (as are the women, too, though less obviously), occupied in a somewhat similar manner; varied, occasionally, by the singing of a hymn, to which a pilgrim plays a tremulous accompaniment on the flute.

About midnight, some one well acquainted with the ritual, and who not unproudly assumes the office of temporary leader, commences the Rosary aloud, and is followed by all present; the responses being audibly repeated by them in the proper places. They are now performing one Station of the prison-day, with the same prayers as are used on the other days in performing the Stations out of doors; and to mark their progress the more plainly, the leader calls out at intervals from his place on the altar-steps, "Now the Bed on the top of the hill;" "Now the Big Bed;" "Now the Stone;" and so on, assigning the proper prayers to each stage of the imaginary perambulation.

Three Stations have thus to be gone through occupying, perhaps, from four to five hours; at the end of which time the candles have burnt and guttered away, and the new day-light looks in through the Chapel windows on a hot, sleepy, and most uncomfortable crowd; some of whom begin to stretch their cramped limbs and seek the refreshment of open air, even at the risk of an increased appetite,—under the circumstances a most undesirable acquirement; for the consumption of as much as a crumb of bread would cause them to "lose the benefit of their Station,"—a possibility which is always hanging in terror before the mind's eyes of the pilgrims. With bumpers of wine, however, they are permitted to regale themselves unrestrictedly.

In the course of this day the Prisoner is examined by a priest on the leading points of his creed, and if his answers be satisfactory, he is *inducted* into the Confessional by means of a ticket, for which the Prior receives ten-pence, and which the holder may present to any of the four priests on the island. This sum, and that paid at the ferry, are the only charges incurred by the pilgrim, in addition to those for his board and lodging.

On Wednesday evening (having gone into prison on Tuesday evening) he is present at evening prayers, though whether in a state of very vigilant attention may be doubted; after which he is released; and returning to his lodging-house, refreshes his exhausted frame with the stated allowance of bread, oaten or white, and the usual unlimited flow of wine. In a great many cases, however, tea is permitted. His next step, it can scarcely be doubted, is to bed; where he sleeps soundly till roused at four on Wednesday morning to renew his acquaintance with the less luxurious Beds outside. The rain, perhaps, is battering fiercely at his window. No help—he must brave it; and as he casts a shuddering look out into the dim, miserable morning, he sees a string of drenched figures already crouching along the prescribed course, tracing their "rough road returning in a round," who have probably been so engaged during the greater part of the night; for pilgrims commence their penances when they choose, and all the various stages are going on in the Island simultaneously.

This third day, Thursday, the Stationer "receives" (the Communion), makes three Stations, and attends evening Prayers; immediately after which his penance is at an end. He may be supposed to eat a hearty meal (the first since Monday), and either quits the Island that evening, or remains until the following morning.

There are some, however, who accomplish six days' penance, and a few nine days'; when every ceremony I have described is performed—in the first case twice, in the second thrice. I was told of a woman who attends for nine days regularly every season. In most instances, it is said, there is a perceptible improvement, on their return home, in the conduct of those who have made a pilgrimage; but it is admitted at the same time that the effect with the great majority is transient; its term of duration being very uncertain.

Whilst we were at tea in the lodging-house, pilgrims were constantly swarming in and out, like bees in a hive; one asking another if he were "in Prison," or "going out" (*i. e.*, of the Island); or what Station he was in; or mentioning that he had just made his third in fifty-one minutes (implying, by the way, the possession of a watch); in all the motley crowd, however—there and elsewhere—every one appeared to me to behave with great seemliness and consistency.

About six o'clock in the evening, we went to the Chapel, and heard the Prior preach. His sermon was an excessively strange one to unaccustomed ears; for he addressed his

audience in the most familiar conversational tone, and even translated the language of Scripture into the humblest and most modern vernacular. Yet, doubtless, this is the right way to preach to the understandings and hearts of the uneducated, and the Prior spoke like a man who took an interest in what he was talking about; while his language, though so unadorned, was always correct and forcible; and his illustrations—in the course of which he introduced Tenant Right, Napoleon crossing the Alps, the Marquis of Anglesea, and the Pork Trade—were very much to the purpose. The congregation, on the whole, were earnestly attentive; but there were one or two fidgetty persons who encountered strongly-worded reproofs, in parenthesis, from the preacher. Few were absent from the Chapel, and from its appearance, therefore, we computed the number of pilgrims on the Island at the time of our visit to be about seven hundred.

Leaving the Chapel, we repaired to the quay, and embarked in a small boat, anticipating the large one, which speedily restored us to the mainland. A new group of Stationers were here awaiting transportation, and I confess I felt somewhat ashamed to receive various blessings from these as a faithful son of the holy Catholic Church.

Dining at Pettigo, we did not pursue our homeward journey till an hour when all Ireland lay wrapped in the clouds of the night, without moon or star; and as we approached those thick woods through which our road for some distance led, where the trees stood up black before us against the dark sky, it seemed as though we were plunging into a heavier night within the night.

GERMAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

It has been thought by rash speculatists who spell the Times, that the art and purpose of advertising have attained the highest perfection in this country. When they perceive that every want that human fancy can invent, or human luxury demand, may be supplied through the agency of one or other of our broad sheets; when anything that is lost, from a run-away husband to a bolting horse; from a thousand pound-note to a piece of paper "of no use to any but the owner;" from a purse to a pin; is looked for—and seldom without a clue to its recovery—in the columns of the London newspapers, the conjecture that the perfection of publicity has been attained in this country, may be forgiven.

Yet we must, however humiliating to our national pride, undeceive the believers in this pre-eminence, by showing that, in at least one department of advertising, we are totally and hopelessly behind the Germans. The sentimental advertisement is nearly unknown to us. Although advertisements for wives sometimes meet the eye of the English quid-nunc, there is nothing tender in them. The never absent stipulation respecting the fortune of the required bride, shows that these are anything but affairs of the heart. A middle-aged lady with plenty of money, generally satisfies the sentiment of the advertiser.

Where real feeling is concerned, we English keep it as secret as possible. We do not, like German juveniles, advertise our broken hearts, but when they are fractured gather up the pieces as speedily as possible, and have them mended in secrecy and silence. Finding sufficient expression for the aspirations of our inmost souls in the tremulous whisperings of private intercourse, or in pen-and-ink outpourings through the penny post, we have not yet acquired the habit of shedding our passionate protestations and fervent appeals over the columns of the public journals. Expensive as we are said to be in all our habits and gratifications, we have not yet contracted the costly habit of publishing to the world the raptures and torments of our loves and our griefs, at from sixpence to one shilling per line—Government duty included. It is true that "O. H!" sometimes promises in the third column of the leading journal to meet Mary Anne "at the old place" at seven; yet he waits till that delightful hour to tell her all he hopes, and feels, and fears. The German is, it would appear, too passionately impatient for this; he makes his declaration at once, not to Fraulin Bertha alone, but to the whole world. He does not merely whisper his tale of love into her single ear: but places it in the Cologne or Prussian Gazette, before the eyes of Europe. He can never place his hand on his heart, and sing—

"I have a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart."

The German swain's sorrow, so far from remaining silent, obtrudes itself into the bosom of every family which takes in the newspaper, by whose columns it is conveyed, hot from the press, to his adored Bertha; and his heart is consumed—like an ox on a rejoicing day—in the most public manner possible.

Young ladies reciprocate. Here is a specimen from a damsel in Cologne to her lover in Berlin. She conveys her secret sentiments in the largest German text of the Cologne Gazette, thus:—

Hôtel de la Couronne.

PARDON, Pardon, it was not my fault. Thou desirest a letter, but how and where? Here I cannot remain—why, thou must understand. The last was read and burnt. When shall it be? Not before Whitsuntide. It is possible thou mightest obtain permission after harvest if thou improvest and Grandpapa contin—but—yet. If I should not write, fear not that I shall always love thee.—Thine, JULIA.

Absent lovers congratulate each other on their respective birth-days in the same fashion.

The common-place method of writing their congratulations in a private letter is not dramatic enough for a super-sentimental German damsel. Like the school-girl, who was so vain of having been entrusted with a secret, that she told it to everybody; she is so proud of her forbidden attachment, that she proclaims it to the whole continent. The feminine terminal "e" of a pronoun, which occur in a recent advertisement in the Cologne Gazette, shows it emanates from a lady. Translated, it runs thus:—

A-THREE-TIMES-THUNDERING Love-greeting (*Lebehoch*) to Henry R . . . . at Neumarkt.

"Yes, in thee I have firm Confidence."

The love, affection, and friendship of the Germans, as expressed on each other's saints' days and holidays, form a very considerable source of revenue to the proprietors of German newspapers. They seldom publish a number without some half-dozen of these greetings. A few of them are a little puzzling to English readers. One would think, for instance, that between brother and sister there would be a sufficiently tacit understanding that, in absence, the one would live in the other's thoughts when a birthday came round. But a public congratulation is preferred. Here is one:—

TO my dear sister Minna at Breslau, a hearty *Lebehoch* on this her birth-day, from her brother at Cologne.

A whole circle of friends occasionally club a "Lebehoch" for the local paper, thus:—

TO HENRIETTA A . . . . . of Oberpleis, a *Lebehoch* on this her name day.

From several friends in Cologne.

A great proportion of these complimentary addresses are in verse. We would give specimens of this advertising anthology—if we could; but most of them are so execrably unintelligible, that the task of translation is simply impossible.

It is only in the Austrian papers that matrimonial advertisements abound. Ladies as well as gentlemen, with large hearts and small purses, seek suitable partners for life in pithy purpose-like advertisements in which no words are wasted: the Vienna Gazette of the 11th instant, displays the following:—

A TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Nobleman, with a fortune of 100,000 florins, wishes to marry a young lady, either a widow or a maiden. Address W. D. S., *Poste Restante*, Vienna.

Remember, ladies, that one hundred thousand florins is only ten thousand pounds sterling, and the "twenty-eight-year-old nobleman" is most probably—an Austrian.

A humbler aspirant advertises upon a point of taste. Beauty is evidently his object:—

MARRIAGE INVITATION!

A SINGLE YOUNG MAN, of agreeable exterior, and not without education, who derives from permanent sources a yearly income of 1600 florins, which will shortly be increased, desires to marry *a particularly pretty young lady*. The latter must be well-educated, and fitted, by household habits, good nature, sound understanding, and cheerful temper, to contribute to the happiness of a husband. Any lady who feels conscious that she could fulfil these great conditions, is requested to address, X. Y. Z., *Poste Restante*.

Another is a wily specimen of wife-angling. It is craftily addressed to "parents and guardians."

A YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS, whose income can be proved to average from 1500 to 1800 florins per annum, desires an introduction to some respectable family where he would have an opportunity of meeting with a young maiden with property, with a view, on the reciprocal satisfaction of all parties, to enter into a more tender engagement. Parents or guardians who are disposed to entertain this proposition, may address, M. N. *Poste Restante*, Vienna.

The next "Marriage invitation" that we light upon, is from a votary of Apollo as well as of Hymen:—

A YOUNG MAN, FAVOURED BY NATURE, and musical in his tastes and profession, seeks to marry a gentle maiden or widow who has cultivated the same art. As in the service of Apollo he has been blessed with every endowment except riches, it were very desirable that the lady possessed a certain fortune. Address, by permission, T. Z., *Poste Restante*.

On the 1st ultimo, A STRONG MAN advertised in the Vienna Gazette for a wife. He gave a minute description of his person with all the *naïveté* of a German. Ladies were requested to take notice that he had a fair beard, but dark eyes; that he was above the common height, and stout in proportion; had an agreeable voice for singing, and was altogether of a character gay and debonnaire; in fact, just the sort of person to make home delightful. He was of noble birth. Candidates were to address their letters, *Poste Restante*, when a personal interview might be obtained. No one who had not an independence need apply:—for it appears that in Vienna "strong men" are at a premium. In the next number of the same paper, a modest "*jeune Monsieur*" expresses a wish for "*une jeune dame*" as a travelling companion to Italy.

Except the last, readers of certain English newspapers are not unfamiliar with such advertisements as the above. Sundry bachelors, anxious to improve their prospects in life, have long communicated their desires in the public prints. English ladies in the same condition have, however, refrained. The Viennese "fair and forty" have no scruples about the matter; they proclaim their wishes sometimes with a little reserve, but more frequently without any reserve whatever. From among the covert advertisements for husbands we select two. The first is from one of the

numerous inhabitants of as large a dwelling-house as is to be found in Vienna, and startles the eye with the big letters :—

A WOMAN WISHES! to take the entire charge of a single gentleman, and to do for him altogether. Apply to the Haupstrasse, No. 762, 1st chamber of the 4th storey, door No. 17.

This minutely-detailed address reminds us of Charles Lamb's Brighton Lady, who, a victim to a tender disappointment, told everybody she had retired from the world in broken-hearted solitude, and that she lived at number ninety-nine Marine Parade.

The second man-trap is more artfully set :—

TO LET, HALF-YEARLY, at the house of an unmarried lady, of cheerful disposition, a light, agreeable chamber, having a pleasant look out upon the street. A middle-aged single gentleman (*soliden*) preferred. Apply personally, after three o'clock P. M.

The intentions of the unmarried lady of cheerful disposition, who prefers a middle-aged "single" gentleman, but very much prefers a soldier to any youth or widower, are manifestly to convert such a lodger, if she can catch him, into a husband with all convenient speed.

There is no disguise whatever in the next advertisement we shall present :—

MARRIAGE PROPOSAL OF A WIDOW.— The same is childless, of unspotted character, and possessed of property to the value of about 16,000 florins, in real estate. Address, No. 734, Bazaar, Boarmarkt. Secrecy guaranteed.

Another lady, whose notification appeared at an earlier date, is even more explicit :—

A VERY SOLID, RESPECTABLE MISS, free, between thirty and forty, not pretty, but still not particularly ill-looking, possessed of a good business, about 700 florins ready money (convention currency), and making a profit of from 20 to 25 florins a month, desires a matrimonial union with a good-looking man of unspotted character, either bachelor or widower, between forty and fifty-five years of age, without children and debts, and having either a situation or a business. Those who may reflect on this proposition with seriousness, are requested to forward their address and a statement of their position, in well-sealed letters, to K. B. W., Vienna, *Poste Restante*, until July 17, 1850.

Besides the matrimonial "wants" of both sexes, the "Want places" column in most German papers is generally full. "Perfect" cooks, "brave" housemaids, and "solid" governesses are continually publishing their qualifications to find masters and mistresses.

We take leave of these matrimonial and general "Wants," to notice a class of advertisers who apparently want nothing but to make themselves notorious. One sentiment comes out with extreme prominence in the advertising department of the German papers—personal vanity. It is by no means uncommon for a person who has no one to congratulate him, no one to puff him off as a dear but absent friend or lover, to advertise *himself*. A gentleman named Schmidt (the "Smith" of German nomenclature) being most desirous of acquainting Europe that he has obtained a small government appointment, and that he was a member of the defunct National "*Versammlung*" (Association)—concocts an advertisement, stating that several persons are going about the European Continent (he names no place), contracting debts in his name (namely, "John Smith"), and bidding them beware; for he will not pay any of those debts, for he is not any of the John Smiths aforesaid, but Mr. Under-clerk-of-the-Berlin-Custom-House John Smith (ex-member, &c.).

We find in the same paper that another gentleman is oppressed with a conviction that his movements are of infinite solicitude and consequence to the whole of Europe. His announcement commences with a startling

NOTICE!—I beg my numerous friends and acquaintance in the several parts of Europe who may be anxious to communicate with me, to address their letters to me at the seat of war, Schleswig-Holstein.—JULIUS H———, Captain of the army of Schleswig-Holstein.

As the gallant captain has not paid *us* for advertising his whereabouts, we have suppressed all but the initial of his name.

Births are always made known in the papers by the husband; and in the west of Germany, when the male population is increased, the new comer is always described as a "powerful" boy. Deaths are announced in long-drawn epitaphs, describing at lugubrious length not only the virtues of the deceased, but the inconsolable sorrow of the relatives.

We conclude this Chapter of Advertising Curiosities with the announcement in the *Weiner Zeitung* of a book "for all classes," that we fear has already had a very extensive sale in the land which originated the bowl and dagger school of literature :—

FOR READERS OF ALL CLASSES.

THE DARK DEEDS OF CIVILISED MAN. with the wonderful interventions of Providence for their discovery and punishment. By Dr. CH. FRED. GRESSH, with copper plate engravings. Contents,—

I. The Murder of Mr. O'Connor by the Mannings; Husband and Wife.

II. The Fourfold Murder by James Bloomfield Rush; with other trials.

"Give me the ballads of a people," said Voltaire, "and I will write their true history." Had he lived till now, he would have found the advertisements of a people a better index to their social tastes and habits. One Supplement of the Times, a file of the *Constitutionnel*, or a few numbers of the most extensively circulated of the German papers would be more suggestive of the wants and manners, locomotive, literary, and commercial habits of their various readers, than all the best treatises ever penned.

A LAY OF LONDON STREETS.

The Autumn night is far advanced;
And as I pass, with hurrying feet,
The blind black houses all seem tranced,
And scarce a living thing I meet;
Only a beggar shuffling home,
Or girl that leers and saunters by,
Or, on a door-step, some poor child
Sleeping beneath the open sky.

The dreamy lamp-light on the stones
Droops, and fades off by slow degrees;
From far night-cellars, mingled tones
Come like faint sighings out of trees.
Below, the earth is hush'd; above,
A waste of empty darkness spreads,
Drowsing the heavens. Sleep has gorged
London, the beast of million heads.

But suddenly I hear a sound—
A buzzing murmur, low, yet clear—
Of many feet upon the ground,
And many voices. Then appear
Lights dancing to and fro, and soon
A dark mass swells in sight, which, when
The distance lessens, shakes apart,
And scatters into throngs of men.

Amidst them, four night-guardians bear
A dismal hand-bier, upon which
I see some locks of wandering hair,
Like weeds in a neglected ditch;
And, lower down, some heaving rags
(Strapp'd here and there, yet partly free),
From which two lean and naked arms
Toss up, like wrecks upon the sea.

Time mars us. She whom now we call
A raging tigress, wild for blood—
A danger to herself, and all
Who cross her in her desperate mood—
Perhaps had once a fair, smooth face,
A woman's heart, a human soul;
Kept chime with Heaven's eternal laws,
And blent with music of the whole.

But poverty was in her home,
And loveless sights and sounds were there:
Filth, hunger, cold, were free to roam
Within those precincts stark and bare.
She had one only way to 'scape
The drear monotony of want,
To lull the heart that ate itself
And make the world less spectral-gaunt.

Judge not too harshly of her fault,
The bitter growth of bitter fate.
The channel of her life was salt
With crusted tears; and grief's dull weight
Found ease within those splendid dens,
Whence flows the Lethe of the poor,
And dawns of Eden seem to flush
Behind the massive swinging door.

She plunged into a fiery tide,
Weltering on waves of stinging joy;
But now there comes the doleful side;
She tastes the terrible alloy:—
A wasting fever in the brain,
A desolation without bound,
And marble aspects of despair,
That live in silence, standing round.

THE METHUSALEH PILL.

Mr. Prattles was a poor man. He had a wife and a large family dependent on him; and his printing business brought him in only a very slender income. His neighbours often wondered how he contrived to make both ends meet. They knew nothing of the struggle that went on within the walls of Mr. Prattles's establishment. The surrounding tradesmen were his customers. He had a shrewd notion of business, however. When the grocer over the way gave him an order to print fifty copies of "Fine Congou at three-and-sixpence," he knew very well that the grocer down the road would soon empower him to print bills advertising "Fine Congou at three-and-fivepence three farthings:" to which would be added the further intelligence that "now was the time!" The keener the competition in the neighbourhood, the better for Mr. Prattles. Among other printing orders, Mr. Prattles one day received a command to strike off a thousand labels for "Mr. Smith's Universal Pill." No sooner had he delivered the first batch of labels, than a second order was given for five thousand more labels; and the second order was immediately succeeded by a third, and a third by a fourth.

This influx of business surprised Mr. Prattles; and he began to envy the prosperity of Mr. Smith. Presently it struck him that it was no difficult matter to manufacture a pill. But how could he hope to invent a story so plausible as that which enveloped Mr. Smith's pill-boxes. There was a difficulty here. Mr. Smith had fortified himself in every possible way. He had selected the most obscure villages of the country from the gazetteer, and had written very characteristic testimonials from imaginary patients residing *near* these remote localities. His pill was—these spurious documents declared—an infallible cure for every disease. He tacked to his pill the properties of the entire pharmacopœia. Mr. Smith's pill was advertised to accomplish everything of which medical science was capable. The history of Mr. Smith's Pill was a narrative of blessings conferred upon frail mortality. By the virtues of Mr. Smith's Pill John Dobbins of Cwyrytchcmwll, in Wales, had been cured of a bad leg, which had baffled the ingenuity of the first surgeons in the country. Mr. Smith's Pill restored Miss Brown of Briar Cottage, near Battledore-cum-Shuttlecock, to life, when the rattles were in her throat. It cured asthma, consumption, water on the brain, dropsy and influenza; it was infallible in scarlet fever, yellow jaundice, and blue cholera, gout, rheumatism, tic-doloreux, sciatica, locked jaw, and cancer invariably disappeared from every patient respectively and concurrently afflicted with any or all of these diseases, after the third box.

Mr. Smith's ingenuity was not even ex-

hausted with these arrangements. He understood his business perfectly, and felt that, in order to make his pill go down, it was necessary to secure the patronage of a peer of the realm. With this view he entered into negotiations with a poor nobleman residing abroad. The transaction was a long time pending, but at length it was signed and sealed between Mr. Smith and the Earl of Rottenborough, that his lordship should, for and in consideration of the sum of six hundred per annum, to be paid to him, the Earl of Rottenborough, by the said Mr. Smith, consent to be cured in public advertisements, by means of Mr. Smith's Omnipotent Pill, of any disease of which the said Mr. Smith might choose to call upon him, the Earl aforesaid, to testify he had been cured. Under these auspices Mr. Smith's Pills had thrived exceedingly, but it was not till Mr. Smith conferred upon himself a diploma, and inducted himself into the chair in a college which he endowed, for that single purpose, somewhere, that the Universal Pill was found in every respectable house in the three kingdoms, as the special and particular pill of Professor Smith, M.D., without whose signature all others were spurious.

Poor Prattles! how could he, who had not twenty pounds in the world, hope to compete with the rich Professor Smith. When he recounted the advantages which his rival possessed, and reflected upon his own moneyless condition, he was ready to give up his idea in despair. At this crisis of his fate his wife, one day in purest jest, told him that care would soon make him look as old as Methusaleh. This simple remark, he affectingly tells at the present time, decided him. He would have a Methusaleh Pill! His wife tried hard to dissuade him from embarking in so expensive a speculation, but he was deaf to her pleading. He wrote forthwith to his cousin, who was a chemist at Bath, and asked him to mix him a harmless pill. "Let the properties it contains neutralise one another." This was the simple direction. A bribe of a third share in the speculation decided his cousin, the chemist, to set to work immediately. The next step was to frame a very learned history of the pill—to trace its descent from Methusaleh to Prattles. With this object, Prattles consulted a battered old schoolmaster of his acquaintance, whose scraps of ancient lore sufficed for the printer's purpose. In a few hours a very interesting story, narrating the history of the receipt, was fabricated and ready for the press. It ran as follows:—

"It is well known to most people that the venerable Methusaleh lived to the good old age of NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTY NINE YEARS. The secret of so long a life has for ages remained an IMPENETRABLE MYSTERY. In these degenerate days men seldom live to gaze upon their grandchildren; but in the days of Methusaleh matters were very different. Men lived for centuries. What potent power—what subtle elixir—held body and soul together for so long a period? 'That is the question.' About two years ago two gentlemen were travelling in THE ARID DESERTS OF ASIA MINOR. They fell in, one evening, with an encampment of Arabs. They were most hospitably received by the Mussulmen. The first peculiarity they remarked among the Arabs was that there were several men in the encampment who, though they looked very old, were nevertheless active in their gait and lively in conversation. Our travellers entered into conversation with one of these hoary sons of the desert; the old man was very communicative.

"'I was in your country many years ago, when Charles the Second was King. I played tricks before him:—he was a jovial fellow. Ah! I was young then.' And the old man heaved a deep sigh. The travellers, it may well be imagined, were surprised; and, at first, somewhat incredulous.

"'There is a man—but he is very old now—who fought in Palestine when one of your king's sons helped in a foolish war—I think you Christians called it the Holy War.' The old man pointed to a figure crouched to the earth. It was that of a very old man, whose hair was white as silver. 'That man,' continued the Arab, who was addressing the travellers, 'is upwards of six hundred years old!'

"'Incredible!' our travellers exclaimed.

"'Hush!' the old Arab continued; 'you of the degenerate West know nothing of this matter. The secret remains with us—to you it is unknown—an undiscovered mystery. Have you ever heard of Methusaleh?'

"The travellers replied in the affirmative.

"'Do you know by what secret he prolonged his life to the ripe old age of nine hundred and sixty nine-years?'

"The travellers confessed their profound ignorance. Forthwith the old Arab fumbled, with his ebon hands, about the folds of his turban, and presently drew therefrom a tattered piece of parchment, so dirty, besmeared with grease, and discoloured by age, that the Arabic characters written upon it could be deciphered only by the most practised Arabic scholar. One of the travellers happened to be a proficient in Arabic. He begged the old man to allow him to peruse the precious document. To this the wily Arab consented, on the conditions that it should be read in his own hands, and that he should receive a large sum of money for allowing the travellers to transcribe its contents. These preliminaries having been arranged, the party entered the nearest tent, and the travellers became possessed of the invaluable life-preserver. On their return to England the travellers entered into a negotiation with the present proprietor of the recipe, who offers his

METHUSALEH PILLS

to the British public at thirteenpence-half-

penny per box. None are genuine unless signed by the proprietor, John Prattles. Agents wanted for every part of the world. N.B. The Methusaleh Pills are carefully made up after the Methusaleh Receipt, from particular herbs known only to the proprietor of this invaluable medicine. As a proof of the efficacy and wonderful properties of the Methusaleh Pill, Her Majesty's Government have granted to the proprietors, to the exclusion of all pretenders, the use of a splendid RED AND BLACK STAMP. All pills pretending to be Methusaleh Pills without this stamp are forgeries, and all imitation of it is felony."

This notable prospectus was concocted in the back parlour of Mr. Prattles's house. Mr. Prattles had not been a printer all his life for nothing; he had picked up with his types, the trick of editorship, and revised the schoolmaster's rough-draught with skill. Mr. Prattles then wore a paper cap and an apron. He published his prospectus, adding now and then new bits, to give it additional zest. At one time it was headed

"CHEAT THE UNDERTAKERS, AND LIVE SIX HUNDRED YEARS!"

Another, the prospectus began with

"LIFE PROLONGED TO AN INDEFINITE PERIOD BY THE METHUSALEH PILLS!"

In a few years Mr. Prattles was a man of property. In time he was even able to sneer at Professor Smith, with his tool, my Lord Rottenborough.

When some foolish old man, in a remote rural district, died at an advanced age, public attention was particularly called to Prattles's patent, by a statement on the part of the firm, that the instance of longevity in question was undoubtedly the effect of the Methusaleh receipt. Prattles pocketed his shillings, and smiled at the world: he laughed and won. To make all square, as far as possible, he even went to the length of eating a few charity dinners, and subscribing a few pounds in aid of hospital and other funds.

Prattles's Pills sold prodigiously. Whenever a doubt was expressed respecting their efficacy, it was silenced by reference to the sanction of Her Majesty's Government, whose mark picturesquely adorned each box, to prove the genuineness of the Methusaleh Pills; just as plate and jewellery are stamped by the assay authorities to show the standard excellence of the gold or silver. Publicly, Mr. Prattles complained that the Government charged him threehalfpence per impression, for these "Hall Marks;" privately, he whispered that to them he owed his fortune.

Like all those who have much, Mr. Prattles wanted more. After he had exported millions of his Methusaleh Pills to every corner of the Queen's Colonial dominions, he attempted to introduce them into foreign medicine markets. To his chagrin, he found that in *no other country in the world* but in these dominions (except the United States of America) were articles of that description allowed to be vended—much less are they sanctioned for the sake of a paltry revenue. On the contrary, individuals, Mr. Prattles learnt, who were discovered selling such things on the Continent, are severely punished; even newspapers who advertise them, are fined. Although he met with native patent medicines during his travels on the Continent, yet they are real remedies; having all been submitted to a Board of Government Officers distinguished for their proficiency in pharmacy and medicine, who decide whether the non-professional public can be safely trusted with them or not. Mr. Prattles, however, made a brilliant fortune by his gullible countrymen.

MR. VAN PLOOS ON PENMANSHIP.

I AM a Dutchman. My father, Mr. Lastman van Ploos was, for many years, one of the principal writing-masters in Amsterdam. He taught ladies and gentlemen, as well as lawyers' clerks, with much credit to himself, and advantage to them. But the class among whom he was considered to be the most expert and successful, was that of the merchants' and traders' apprentices, whom he taught to write a free, bold, rapid, legible hand. Some few were not so good, of course; and no two were exactly alike; I speak, however, of the great balance in his favour. The most part of those who had learned to write of Mr. Lastman van Ploos could be known by their hands, which were accounted the most excellent, for good, quick writing and easy reading, in all Amsterdam.

There was a large family of us. I am afraid to say how many brothers and sisters I had, especially sisters; but all of them were taught writing by my father, and though some wrote better than others, the whole family of the van Plooses wrote good hands—with one exception. That melancholy one, was I. What pain it was to my father to receive the letters I wrote to him! Yet it was not his fault; for he did not teach me.

I will explain how this was. A few words will show why my writing did not, and to this day does not, deserve to be called a "hand," but rather a claw—and a broken claw, too, sometimes.

My father having made a considerable sum by his lessons in writing, entered into a small trade in pipes and tobacco. He was so successful in this that he soon became a merchant; abandoned pens and paper for meerschaums and kanaster; and determined that one of his sons should be educated in England, and become his agent there as soon as he was old enough for so important an office. I was the son selected for this purpose, and at the age of eight I was consigned, together with a large stock of Dutch pipes, to

the care of a friend of my father's, Mynheer Trunkenbooms, a dealer in petticoats and other woollen articles,—a most prudent and respectable man.

Arrived in London, I was placed under the care of Mynheer Trunkenboom's agent's aunt, from whom I received the first rudiments of instruction, till one day the good lady's eye was attracted by the advertisement of a country schoolmaster who undertook to board and educate young gentlemen at the sum of six and twenty pounds a year, feeding them upon the best of diet, and teaching them everything requisite to be known. This seemed so excellent a thing that she represented the case in the most eloquent manner to Mynheer Trunkenbooms on his next visit to London, who thought it would be just what my father wished. Accordingly I was sent to the school of Mr. Simon Spiphlicate, of Minerva House, Ponderwell, Hertfordshire.

I shall say nothing about my general education. I shall speak only of the writing department of this academy. Oh, it was very different in its method to that of my father. There were two classes; the big boys' class, and the little boys' class. I was in the latter. At twelve o'clock every day we were called to writing, and placed at the same desk as the upper class had used before us, and on the same forms. These forms, to save the expense of two sets suited to the different heights and sizes of the two classes, were so contrived as to suit neither, being too high for the big boys, and too low for us little ones. Thus, the upper class always presented a long row of hunched backs, and boys' noses pointing perpendicularly down their quills; while the lower class presented a long row of stiff necks, and small noses pointing *up* their quills. This arrangement was well enough for a few intermediate sized boys; but the great majority were in the position I have described. We wrote with quills; steel-pens had not then come into use. Our pens seldom suited us; we could not mend them ourselves, and we dared not ask to have them mended, because when this favour was granted by Mr. Spiphlicate, the acquiescence was almost always accompanied by a slap on the cheek directly the pen was returned, or a crack on the crown by one hard knuckle as the boy received it. A crack on the tender crown of a little boy from the bony knuckle of a man's hand who does not measure the respective powers of giving and receiving, is not only something to feel at the time, but never to forget afterwards. I always had a singing in my head, and a mist over my eyes, for a quarter of an hour after it. The same knuckle-crack was also administered for a bad method of holding the pen, or for thick up-strokes, crooked down-strokes, and blots and smears. The sudden blow generally caused a large drop of ink to start out from the pen, and then you had a second crack on the nob for this new blot, the crack coming, perhaps, exactly in the same place, all sore and dinging as it was; and this made me sick to death, or else it was a mad pain.

Mr. Simon Spiphlicate was a preacher, and had a subscription meeting-house. He stood six feet two, out of his shoes. He was very thin, but had large bones. His face was an unhealthy pale, with a mouldy tint in each cheek, and his great nose was swollen, and red at the end. He had weak eyes, and wore silver spectacles with immense round glasses. The upper parts of his legs were thin, but from the knees downwards they were extremely large, and always cased in long black gaiters, strapped under the shoe, and buttoned all the way up to the bend of the knee. This dreadful figure, (which, to the apprehensions of a little boy, under my circumstances, was not so much like that of a being of his own species, as of some gigantic foreign bird,) stalked up and down behind our backs all the time we were writing. The suddenness with which a blow would fall—or the horrible expectation of it, as he stood breathing down through his nostrils upon the back of my head—made the whole time of this lesson a torture of the mind. We all wrote as in fear of our lives.

When the lesson was over—oh, what a moment this was! True, it was over; but then we all had to show up our copies to him in succession. He now stood twirling a short ruler in his fingers. When the writing was very bad, or blotty, he seized one of the culprit's hands—often the right hand—and, bending the fingers down, beat it over the knuckles; so that in a few minutes afterwards they were swollen as large as marbles, and all of a red and purple hue. This it was often my fate to receive. I was four years at Minerva House Academy. Of the methods of instruction in English grammar, in Latin and Greek rudiments, in arithmetic, and in geography and the abuse of the globes, I will say nothing; but as for writing, I came away with no epistolary "hand" of any kind, no notion of how it was to be acquired, and with a mortal hatred of the fine art of penmanship in which all our family excelled.

Mr. Spiphlicate gave me cake and wine on the morning I left; and, all smiles, shook hands with me at parting; but my heart shuddered within me at his touch. The recollection of his smiles, and the subdued and tender sound of his voice in saying "Good-bye, van Ploos," puzzled my conceptions of human nature for years afterwards. "Good" with a soft tone, and a rising inflection—"*Good* bye!"—and the sallow smile of the griffin!—when I think of it now, though twenty-seven years have elapsed, I sometimes feel as if I should like to smash his spectacles upon his face, and assault him with a new pen.

At the age of about thirteen I left the academy of Mr. Simon Spiphlicate, and after

being refused admission into several merchants' counting-houses on account of my "hand," I was placed with a wholesale tobacconist in Oxford Street, to learn the business. My education was at an end, and my penmanship being left to itself, to proceed upon the beautiful no-foundation just described, I gradually fell into a sort of writing of the very worst kind—slow and shapeless, or rapid and illegible, and seldom twice alike. This continued through years, under various circumstances of life, till here I am, a tobacconist of forty, who can't write his wife's Christian name in a manner fit to be read!

It may here be asked, by those who consider this matter of hand-writing in a mechanical light, whether there is not something awkward or unsuitable in the shape of my hand and fingers, or a certain inflexibility, inapt at all neat and curious manipulations? Not so; but the contrary. I inherit from my father an artist's hand—not elegant in shape, but small, flexible, and having a natural instinct and cunning for any nice operations. My father, besides his matchless "penmanship," was not only a devout admirer of Gerard Dow, and all the Dutch painters, who finished everything to the minutest touch, but often amused himself with making copies of some fine etchings from these. This I also did, and attained such proficiency with my pen in making pen and ink drawings that they could scarcely be known from copper-plate etchings. I likewise took readily to musical instruments; and I did not find the same degree of difficulty in the manipulation of strings, the stopping of "ventiges," or the touching of keys, that is common to nearly all beginners. I began with ease, and always improved rapidly in proportion to finding time to practise. I have a turn for cabinet-making, am a good plain carpenter (I had almost said "cook"), have some skill in practical mechanics, and the use of all the tools and instruments, and believe that if I had been a dentist I could have taken out a double tooth in a manner that would have delighted you.

But is there no other reason, besides early misdirection and cruel treatment, for the infamous scrawl I write? Is there nothing in my nervous temperament and character which may account for it, or at least bring in a new and important element to the consideration?

If my father was a slow, skilful, painstaking, fine-finishing, phlegmatic Dutchman, what was my mother? I shall say briefly, that Madam van Ploos was a fiery-spirited Spanish lady, who always very much looked down upon my father, and despised his "hand." Her parents had made up the match, she being quite a girl at the time. She was my father's opposite in most things. She had no patience, no sort of application, no natural skill in anything; she had extraordinary energies and animal spirits, did everything upon impulse, and alternated the warmest affections and tenderness with frequent bursts of fury that sometimes made my father's pen fly clean out of his hand!

But let us now consider a little as to what is going on "within." Now must come my statement of what I feel—of my natural ordinary sensations, in the act of writing. My thoughts, ideas, or in short, the impressions and opinions I wish to convey upon paper, come upon my mind with such a rush—all at the pit entrance, and all trying at once to get through the door—that I have absolutely no patience to make a letter, but rush scrawling along, so that it often happens I cannot myself read what I have written, on turning to it a few days afterwards. The reason is—it is not writing at all, but a set of strange marks and cyphers of no system. Would any good early teaching have superseded this? I think, in a great degree, it would. It would not have prevented a rapid scrawl, which is the result of a peculiar character in mind and temperament; but it would have a strong tendency to render the scrawl legible.

The question of how far the character of men is to be known by their handwriting, involves many very curious and interesting considerations. By some it has been regarded as a matter of divination or conjuring; but in any case there is *something* true to be made of it. We see advertisements, from time to time, in the newspapers, offering to divine and divulge the character of any unknown person whose handwriting is brought to them, at the small charge of five shillings per character. By these means men, about to engage in partnership, or to have important transactions with any one, may know before-hand the character of the person with whom they will have to do; in like manner lovers may be made wise beforehand, and those who have secret enemies may be warned and enabled to prepare for the worst. Is this all nonsense? Not *all;* but it is simply pushing, as we commonly see, a fact beyond its legitimate bounds, till it becomes an absurdity, and no fact at all worth a pinch of snuff.

Sitting in the little back parlour of my shop at Knightsbridge, trying the merits of several new cases of pipes from Holland, to see how they performed, I fell into a long meditation, the other day, on this very subject, and, as cloud after cloud rose with august placidity into the air, and bowed its volume down from the ceiling, to expand and disperse itself all over the room, it seemed to me that I had elaborated and mastered the comprehension of the whole of the subject,—though I had lost several customers in consequence, who, I believe, had entered my shop, and gone out again, none the wiser.

In the proposition that character can be discovered by the handwriting, there is some truth, which may be considered under several distinct heads:—

1st. Physiologically. As the nervous system

has of necessity an influence on the hand-writing, the amount of excitability in the system is displayed, more or less, according to the feelings of the moment. You may often recognise the physical temperament very plainly. The cold man, whose blood moves slowly, will generally write slowly, carefully and neatly, if not formally. The pen of the man whose blood moves quickly, dashes along, heedless of the shape of letters, or of making letters at all. The man of impulse and the man of deliberation are thus very often made apparent. It must, however, be borne in mind that the impulsive man may be very capable of the most serious deliberation, and the deliberative man (though this is less likely) be capable of impulse. A general impression is all that can be arrived at, in most cases.

Secondly. Let us look at this Metaphysically. That the mind influences the body, nobody doubts; and it is only reasonable to admit that the peculiarity of individual minds of any strength, will communicate itself to the action of the hand in writing. Those who employ the reasoning powers chiefly, will usually write slowly and legibly—(perhaps not with any regularity, for that depends upon mechanical aptitude)—while those whose imagination, passions, or fancy, is chiefly called into play, scrawl rapidly and seldom very legibly. We expect the logician to write every word with clearness and precision; we expect nothing of the sort from the dramatist. But even logicians are sometimes in a hurry; may occasionally scrawl wildly as the dramatist, so that a judgment on general principles is all that can reasonably be expected.

Thirdly, we will look at the question Biographically. How were my previous positions borne out? I found, by reference to Nichols's and Smith's collection of Autographs, and the *Isographie des Hommes Célèbres* (which I one day went to see at the British Museum, leaving my shop in charge of a youth), that in many cases the writing was very much what I should have expected; in others, it was just the opposite. Here are a few of those I most especially noted.

Queen Elizabeth. She was taught writing by Roger Ascham. Her first copy-book is to be seen in the Bodleian Library. She began well, and improved rapidly. While Princess, she came to write a beautiful engrossing hand —clear and regular almost as an engraving of letters. I turned to another signature after she had been queen a long time,—and what was my dismay! Melancholy change! The letters were now thin, spiteful,—the lines irregular—an ugly old maid's version of her former hand—and the signature was a thing to make one bless one's self! It was an immense, thin, mountebank's letter—and then another such letter, with a signature worked between, —the whole having the appearance of an outline of some wild scaffolding whereon stood the pale grotesque skeletons of fireworks, as they look before explosion.

Martin Luther. The writing was firm and legible, though not very equal nor very straight. This I thought a true version; as he had strong passions, as well as strong reasons for what he did.

Sir Thomas More. By no means displaying the calm firmness he possessed; the lines crooked, and tumbling down hill.

Rubens. Manly, bold,—with a careless ease and clearness denoting mastery of hand.

Lord Bacon. Very like an elegant modern short-hand. Clear, neat, and regular. The signature involved with broken lines, as if a fly had struggled and died in a spider's web.

Voltaire. Very clear, regular, steady, and straight; evidently not written rapidly, but with a continuous ease, which might go on writing book after book in just the same way.

Oliver Cromwell. Large, bold, legible, steady, sharp, and straight. The signature made up of halberds and pointed palisades. But another letter of his was not at all of this character. It displayed a perplexed and undecided mind—at the time it was written.

Prince de Condé. Not at all in accordance with the strong expression and buffalo-features of his face.

Charlotte Corday. Firm, clear, steady, but not without emotion.

Cuvier. Very like the writing of Charlotte Corday, but not so strong and compact.

Danton. Wilful, daring, without method or care.

George the Fourth. Not at all the very gentlemanly hand most people would expect—rather like a housemaid's.

Pope. Very bad, small, full of indecision; a very hedge-row of corrections and erasures.

Cardinal Wolsey. A good hand, disturbed only by nervous energy and self-will.

Porson. Correct and steady; the reverse of his personal appearance and habits.

Shakspeare. A very bad hand indeed, confused, crowded, crooked in the lines, and scarcely legible.

Napoleon. Still more illegible. No letters formed at all; the signature a mere hasty "scrimmage" with the pen.

A few words of general gossip on the subject. Of women's hand-writing not so much can be said, at least, in our own day, when the system of writing a fine hand of a particular kind renders so many of them all alike—hands which seem to be very beautiful and legible, but which are often not at all so, from the letters *m*, *n*, *u*, *i*, and very often *a*, *s*, and *r*, being a mere series of up and down elegancies, which are indistinguishable. But among those which display character, it has often been of a very different kind to the one expected. On the other side, see what Shakspeare's experience has noticed—

Malvolio. By my life, this is my lady's hand!—These be her very *c*'s, her *u*'s, and her *t*'s; and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question my lady's hand.—*Twelfth Night.*

It was a forgery! Still the fact of imitation showed there were characteristics to imitate, though whether answering to the actual character of the lady is the great point at issue.

Here are two very characteristic observations of two very celebrated men. Locke says, in a letter to Benjamin Farly, that "the quicker a man writes, the slower others read what he has written!—this," he pointedly adds, "being a remark that may concern the writers of *books* as well as letters." Lord Chesterfield says in one of his letters to his son—"Every man who has the use of his eyes, and of his hand, can write whatever hand he pleases."

I had made notes at the Museum for many more remarks, but, on returning home to Knightsbridge, I found that the little black Virginian boy, with feathers, who hangs on the left-hand side of my door, had been stolen, which has so disheartened me, with the study of human nature, for the present, that I shall drop my pen. I will merely conclude with a story from a French historian I have lately read, which I think admirably to the point, and will now translate.

In the early part of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, a Bolognese, named Primi, who possessed a handsome face, and was a man of wit, and an adventurer who had no objection to make his fortune by the best means that offered, came to France to see what good luck might befall him. During his journey from Lyons to Paris he made the acquaintance of one Claude Duval, a particularly clever enterprising person, who on their arrival presented him to the Abbé de la Baume, afterwards Archbishop of Embrun. This reverend personage suddenly conceived the idea of playing off a novel and ingenious hoax, which has been called *une singulière mystification*. Finding in the boldness and finesse of Primi, together with his dialect, made up of Italian and French, his adroitness and personal address, all the qualities desirable for the execution of his project, he shut himself up with him for six weeks, seeing nobody else, excepting the Duke de Vendôme, and the Grand Prior of France, his brother, to whom he presented Primi. All three employed the whole of this time in teaching Primi the private history of persons of the Court—their intrigues, their friendships, their loves, their hatreds, &c. As soon as they considered him sufficiently indoctrinated, the Abbé de la Baume spread it abroad that he knew an Italian from whom nothing in the past or future was hidden, the moment he set eyes on the handwriting of any person concerning whom anything was sought to be known. They took care that the first signature should be that of a person whose history was fully known to Primi, by their instructions. Lords and ladies, all the wealthy middle-class, men and women, the court and the city, hurried to Primi with autograph letters and signatures in their hands, and all came away dumb-founded at his answers! From what he told them of the past, they fully believed all he told them of the future. The Countess of Soissons, above all, took him under her patronage. From her he incidentally extracted all sorts of intrigues of the Court, the whole of which he most promptly turned to good account. From the wonderful things that Primi told her about herself, she described him to the king as a man of preternatural gifts, and begged his majesty to allow Primi to examine his handwriting. After some hesitation the king sent a letter, apparently in his own hand, which the Countess immediately took to Primi. The Italian examined it carefully, and informed the Countess that this writing was that of an old miser, a usurer, a sort of old pawnbroker,—a fellow incapable of any good action. The lady stood confounded. She assured him that this once he had blundered most stupidly; but Primi persisted in assuring her that he had made no mistake. The Countess took back the letter to the king, and in courtly language conveyed to him Primi's interpretation of the character of his Majesty's handwriting. His Majesty was astonished, for the letter was, in fact, not his handwriting, but that of M. le Président Rose, his private secretary, who so closely imitated the king's handwriting, that Louis continually made him write letters which he wished to be supposed in his own hand. This fact Primi had previously learnt from one of his instructors, the Duke de Vendôme, together with the private character of M. le Président Rose. The king was determined to fathom the mystery. It was too deep and perplexing to be endured. The next morning he ordered his chief *valet de chambre* to bring the Italian to him in his private cabinet. "Primi," said his Majesty, "I have only two words to say: —your secret!—for which I will give you a pension of two thousand pounds:—if not, the gallows!" It is hardly necessary to say which of the two was chosen by the Italian.

GOSSIP ABOUT BRUSSELS.

The numerous heterogeneous traits in the Belgian character (assignable, of course, to the mixed races of which the people are composed), are, in the opinion of the most amusing of travelled gossips, Herr Kohl, typified in the outward physiognomy and local site of the Belgian capital. He even traces corresponding peculiarities in the other great European capitals, most of which he conceives exhibit tolerably correct types of the character of the nations to which they respectively belong; that character being manifest in the locality and building of the cities themselves, no less than in the social and political relations of their inhabitants.

"In St. Petersburgh, with its gew-gaw palaces, its newly constructed streets, running in straight parallel lines, its total deficiency of historic monuments, observes our tra-

veller, "we see plainly typified the arrogant despotism and the backward state of taste and civilisation of Imperial Russia. In gloomy Madrid, and its uncultivated environs, may be recognised the gravity and the aristocratic exclusiveness of the Spaniards of Old Castile. Does not the very first glance of Berlin reveal to the shrewd observer the whole spirit of Prussian policy? In picturesque Edinburgh do we not behold a miniature reflection of all Scotland? Her history may be read in the ruins of Holyrood, and in the many-storied houses of the Old Town, where the narrow wynds and closes may be regarded as emblematic of Highland poverty, whilst the broad streets and splendid squares of the New Town seem to represent the thriving Lowlands, enriched by newly awakened industry and trade. In Vienna, in Venice, in Florence, in almost all great cities, we may, without much stretch of imagination, view the streets, houses, and public buildings, as so many hieroglyphics, which, being decyphered, reveal the history and character of the nation and people to which each city belongs."

This notion may possibly be somewhat fanciful; but, nevertheless, Mr. Kohl supports it by some very ingenious reasoning, and illustrates it by a multitude of curious facts in relation to the Belgian capital, some of which we here collect.

Brussels may be said to be a fruit which very plainly indicates the tree whereon it has grown and ripened. The mingled elements composing the Belgian people are distinctly manifest in the whole outward aspect of their capital.

Many exquisite old specimens of architecture, Byzantine as well as Gothic, bear evidence of the great antiquity of Brussels. The city contains buildings connected with every phase of the national history, from the periods of Burgundian and Spanish dominion to the times of Austrian and Dutch rule; and from thence to the present Belgian monarchy. In passing from one district of the city to another, it is most interesting to observe these monuments of different ages as they successively appear in view.

The Belgians are a people, who, whilst they cling with reverential feelings to what is old, nevertheless manifest great aptitude in the adoption of what is new; and they are animated by an eager desire for progression and improvement. Accordingly their capital exhibits a singular combination of the antiquated structures of past ages, and the elegant buildings of modern times;—poetic and historic tradition are found side by side with modern comfort and convenience.

In Belgium, the wealth of a rich and productive country is poured into its capital; and is visible in the markets, in the shops, and in the houses. Everywhere, without doors as well as within, the Belgians show their wealth in the aspect of their capital.

The scenery of Belgium is pleasing rather than grand; consisting chiefly of cultivated plains, here and there varied by gentle eminences. These features characterise the country in the immediate environs of Brussels. At a little distance from the city, the valley of the Senne expands into an extensive plain, overspread with rich pasture and woodland. This plain is encircled by fertile hills; so that Brussels may be said to unite, in its immediate proximity, the wooded and hilly Walloon country and the marshy land of Flanders; the former represented by the Forest of Soigné, and the latter by the swampy meadows along the Senne.

Brussels is not only surrounded by parks and gardens, but even within the city walls the eye is continually refreshed by the sight of shady trees and blooming flower-beds. The stranger, on first setting foot in the city, is impressed with the conviction that he is in the heart of a highly cultivated and fertile land. Madrid, the capital of a country in which agriculture and gardening are in a very backward state, is unadorned with vegetation; and, as far as regards trees and flowers, the Spanish capital, compared with Brussels, is like a city in the midst of a desert.

In marked accordance with the elements of the population, and with the natural features of the country, are the occupations of the Belgians in their capital. Art and science, manufactures and handicrafts, flourish in Brussels, and an enterprising and speculative spirit in trade is a distinctive trait in the Belgian character. Many branches of manufacture have been brought to the highest point of perfection in Brussels, which is not merely the residence of the Belgian court and nobility, but has from the most remote times been an active trading and manufacturing city. It is not less celebrated for lace-making and cloth and carpet-weaving, than for scientific and artistic efforts, and their successful results.

Among the residents of Brussels we find rich bankers, merchants, and manufacturers, as well as retired capitalists and land-owning nobles. In passing through the city, one frequently finds a spacious garden adjoining a densely-built group of houses; or an elegant newly-erected building abutting on a venerable old wall, the vestige of past centuries; or, after passing a range of stately houses, deserving the name of palaces, one suddenly enters a manufacturing quarter of the city, with its tall towering chimneys; then, proceeding a little further, we arrive at a canal, where ever-plying boats keep up continuous intercourse between the busy trading districts of the city. Nobles who are proud to trace their lineage, even in the twentieth degree, to John of Brabant and Margaret of Parma, drive their emblazoned equipages through the same streets in which the humble lacemakers sit at work, and in which carpet-weavers, goldsmiths, turners, &c., display at

the doors and windows of the houses the products of their industry and skill.

It is a fact highly honourable to the Belgians, that they have earned distinction in almost every branch of human industry; and that every effort turning to a useful purpose, obtains from them ready encouragement and protection. Another fact, no less creditable to the nation is, that no class or profession constituting a part of the great European family, is depreciated or despised in Belgium. This trait of the national character is strongly marked in Brussels, where priests, soldiers, government officials, noblemen, tradesmen, merchants, and mechanics, live in close contact, not only undisturbed by hostile feelings, but on a footing of mutual respect.

This state of things has, as may naturally be imagined, given rise to a vast degree of religious toleration. In Brussels the Jews have their synagogue; Protestants of various sects have their respective places of worship, and all are free to follow their own religious observances without interference or molestation. On her emancipation from Austrian and Dutch dominion, Belgium began to enjoy a reasonable share of political freedom; and since the restoration of national independence and the establishment of the Constitution of 1831, Brussels has been the favourite asylum of political refugees from all parts of Europe. During the last twenty years, great numbers of foreigners have settled in Belgium; and among them are persons of all ranks and professions; pleasure-seeking men of wealth, poor artists, and authors, princes, noblemen, and ecclesiastics.

It is scarcely possible for any one writing on Brussels, to omit some notice of its principal squares, streets, and public buildings, several of which excel all similar objects of interest in many other European capitals. The Grand Square, called the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, has not its equal in any city of northern Europe, and is only excelled by the great open places in the towns of Italy; as, for example, the Piazza of St. Mark, at Venice.

The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville is a spacious parallelogram, surrounded by buildings remarkable for their grandeur and beauty, and deeply interesting for their antiquity. In other parts of Brussels many old streets have been entirely pulled down, and whole districts have been newly built: but here, in the centre, and as it were the *sanctum sanctorum* of their capital, it would seem that the citizens of Brussels have preserved every object with a sort of religious care. This may be, because it is the spot on which all their most fondly-cherished national recollections rally; or, because it would be extremely difficult to operate any change in that part of the city, owing to the solid and substantial nature of the buildings. Several of the houses in this great square are of genuine old Spanish structure; others are Gothic and Flemish buildings: all bear the stamp of venerable antiquity; and time has wrought upon them much fewer ravages than are discernible in the Piazza of St. Mark in Venice.

The Stadhuis, or to call it by its more generally adopted French name, the Hôtel de Ville, exceeds in architectural beauty any similar building in the Netherlands, where in every city the Stadhuis is an imposing and handsome structure. The slender tower which surmounts the roof of the Brussels Hôtel de Ville is one of the most elegant creations of architectural skill; on its summit stands a statue of the Archangel Michael, which, strangely enough, is made to perform the functions of a weather-cock. Even the private houses in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville are all more or less profusely decorated with architectural ornaments. Some have been the scenes of great events which hold a prominent place in the world's history; with others are associated traditionary tales of strange domestic incidents, which have been preserved in the memory of the inhabitants, from generation to generation, during three or four centuries.

I saw the window from which the Counts Egmont and Hoorn stepped forth to the scaffold prepared for their execution. We Germans, whithersoever we go, find our thoughts wandering to Goethe and Schiller. In Switzerland we seek the spot rendered memorable by Tell's renown, and we wend our way to Kussnacht and Zwinguri. In Genoa, Fiesco's palace is our grand object of attraction, and in Belgium our sympathies are absorbed in everything associated with Goethe's Egmont.

It was in the great Hall of the Brussels Stadhuis that the Emperor Charles the Fifth performed his solemn act of abdication; his son Philip kneeling at his feet, and a numerous assemblage of Princes and Nobles grouped around him. This abdication is a subject for which Belgian artists would seem to cherish a strong predilection, and in many of their paintings this scene is ably and powerfully pourtrayed. Few historical subjects exhibit a deeper and more varied interest, or afford better opportunity for the employment of grand pictorial accessories.

One of the most remarkable of the old historical houses on the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville at Brussels, is that now distinguished by the name of the *Hôtel de Brasseurs*. It is said to have been the residence of Charles the Fifth. Another house known by the appellation of *le Pot d'Etain*, is that in which the Duke of Wellington established his head-quarters in the year 1815, and where he gave a ball on the eve of the battle of Waterloo.

But the house which most firmly rivets the observer's attention, is one fronted by a balcony. From that balcony the Duke of Alba witnessed the execution of Egmont and Hoorn. There, whilst the fatal axe was raised over the head of the noble Egmont,

Alba is recorded to have shed those crocodile tears adverted to by Schiller in his History of the Fall of the Netherlands.

When I visited the Hôtel de Ville, I was shown the keys of the city gates, which it is customary to present (as a mark of honour) to sovereigns and other distinguished personages on their solemn entry into Brussels. These keys are made of silver, and are masterpieces of workmanship. On the handle of one of them, the city itself is represented in most artistic carving. If these keys had tongues what strange tales might they not tell of the many changeful events of which Brussels has been the scene! During the last fifty years, the keys of Brussels have been presented under very various circumstances to three very different masters;—Napoleon, William of Nassau, and Leopold of Saxe-Coburg.

"GOOD INTENTIONS."

A STORY OF THE AFRICAN BLOCKADE.

No one can question the good intentions of our country in persisting in the slave blockade. Putting out of consideration the enormous sums an over-taxed people are made to contribute to this African slave war, the question remains, whether such intentions are productive of the end they have in view. That the horrors of the passage from Africa to Brazil are often frightfully aggravated by the dread of pursuit and capture by our cruisers, is well known. That, instead of providing something like a convenient space for their human cargo, and endeavouring to land all in health and safety, the traffickers in human flesh now only build the smallest and slightest "clippers" in which they stow as many slaves as they can possibly pack together, and only strive to make the run as fast as they can, is equally well known. And why? Because our cruisers have raised the price of black flesh in the Brazilian market, and the slave trader knows that, if he can only escape capture once in three voyages, and on that occasion land only a third of his cargo alive, he will have made an excellent profit on the three "ventures."

How hard a slaver will strive to escape capture, and how easily she will tumble to pieces, the following sketch will show. It is a true story in every-thing but names.

On a glorious day, with a bright sun and a light breeze, Her Majesty's brig Semiramis stood along under easy sail, on a N.W. course up the Channel of Mozambique. Save the man at the wheel and the "look-outs" in the tops, every one seemed taking it easy. And indeed there was no inducement to exertion; for the sky was cloudless, and the temperature of that balmy warmth that makes mere existence a luxury. The men, therefore, continued their "yarns" as they lounged in little groups about the deck; the middies invented new mischief, or teased the cook; the surgeon divided his time between watching the flying-fish and reading a new work on anatomy (though he never turned a fresh page); while the lieutenant of the watch built "châteux-en-Espagne," or occasionally examined with his telescope the blue hills of Madagascar in the distance.

"Sail ho!" shouted the look-out in the foretop.

"Where away?" cried the lieutenant, springing to his feet, while at the same moment every man seemed to have lost his listlessness, and to be eager for action of any kind.

"Over the starboard quarter, making Sou'-West."

The captain hastened on deck, while the second lieutenant ran aloft to have a look at the strange craft.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Saunders?" asked the captain.

"A fore-and-aft schooner, Sir, hull down."

"'Bout ship," cried the captain; and in an instant every man was at his post.

"Helm's a lee"—"raise tacks and sheets"—"mainsail haul," &c.; and in five minutes the Semiramis was standing in pursuit of the stranger, while the men were employed in "cracking on" all sail to aid in the chase.

What is it that makes a chase of any kind so exciting? The indescribable eagerness which impels human nature to hunt any-thing huntable is not exaggerated in "Vathek," in which the population of a whole city is described as following in the chase of the black genie, who rolled himself up into a ball and trundled away before them, attracting even the halt and the blind to the pursuit. But who shall describe the excitement of a chase at sea? How eagerly is every eye strained towards the retreating sails! how anxiously is the result of each successive heaving of the log listened for! how many are the conjectures as to what the stranger a-head may prove to be! and how ardent are the hopes that she may turn out a prize worth taking? For be it remembered that, unlike the chase of a fox on land, where no one cares for the object pursued, cupidity is enlisted to add to the excitement of a chase at sea. Visions of prize-money float before the eyes of every one of the pursuers, from the captain to the cabin-boy.

The Semiramis being, on the tack she had now taken, considerably to the windward of the stranger, there was every chance of her soon overtaking her, provided the latter held the course she was now steering. But who could hope that she would do that? Indeed, all on board the brig expected every moment to hear that she was lying off and running away. If she did not do so, it would be almost a proof that she was engaged in lawful commerce, and not what they had expected, and, in truth, hoped.

An hour had passed, and the Semiramis had visibly gained on the schooner; so much so, that the hull of the latter, which was long,

low, black, and rakish-looking, could now be seen from the brig's tops.

"Surely they must see us," said the captain.

"She's just the build of the Don Pedro we took off this coast," said the second lieutenant, from the maintop.

"I hope she will turn out a better prize," replied the captain.

The truth is, they had captured that same Don Pedro, condemned her, and broken her up. The captain and owners of her had appealed; proved to the satisfaction of the Admiralty that she was *not* engaged in the slave trade; and, consequently, every man on board the Semiramis who had assisted at her capture, was obliged to cash up his quota of "damages" instead of pocketing prize-money. The Don Pedro, therefore, was a sore subject on board the Semiramis.

Another hour elapsed: the hull of the schooner began to be visible from the deck of the cruiser. She was a wicked-looking craft; and Jack slapped his pockets in anticipation of the cash she would bring in to them.

"Well, it's odd she don't alter course, anyhow," said the boatswain on the forecastle; "may be she wants to throw us off the scent, by pretending to be all right and proper, and not to have a notion that we can be coming after her."

"Show the colours," cried the captain on the quarter-deck; "let's see what flag she sports."

The British ensign was soon floating from the Semiramis; but the schooner at first showed no colours in reply.

Presently the first lieutenant, who was watching her through the glass, cried out, "Brazilian, by Jove!"

There was a short pause. Every sort of spy-glass in the ship was in requisition. Every eye was strained to its utmost visual tension. The captain broke the silence with "Holloa! She's easing off; going to run for it at last."

"She's a *leetle* too late," said the lieutenant. "Before the wind these fore-and-aft schooners are tubs, though *on* the wind they're clippers."

However, it was clear that the schooner had at last resolved to run for her life. By going off with the wind she got a good start of the brig; and, although it was her worst point of sailing, still the breeze was so light that, while it suited her, it was insufficient to make the heavier brig sail well.

For three hours the chase continued, and neither vessel seemed to gain on the other; but the breeze was now freshening, and the Semiramis at length began to diminish the distance between herself and the Brazilian. Right a-head, in the course they were pursuing, lay a point of land projecting far into the sea, and the chart showed a tremendous reef of rocks extending some three miles beyond it. It was certain that neither vessel could clear the reef, if they held the course they were then steering.

"Keep her a little more to windward," cried the captain. "We shall have her; she will be obliged to haul up in about an hour's time, and then she can't escape, as we shall be well to windward."

The hour went by; and still the schooner showed no signs of altering her course. The captain of the Semiramis again examined his charts; but the reef was clearly laid down, and it seemed utterly impossible that the schooner could weather it by the course she was then steering. Yet, either from ignorance of the danger, or from the determination to brave it, she tried; knowing that if she escaped it and cleared the point, she would have gained an immense advantage over her pursuers.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which all on board the Semiramis now watched the little Brazilian. She was literally rushing into the jaws of destruction; and, as she rose over each successive wave, it seemed as if she must be dashed on the treacherous reef at the next dip. Still she stood bravely on; and, though doubtless the lips of those on board her might be quivering at that moment in the agony of suspense, the little craft looked so beautiful, and sailed so gaily, her white sails and slender spars flashing in the sunlight, that even her pursuers mentally prayed for her safety, quite irrespective of the prize-money they would lose by her destruction on the rocks. Jack does not like to see a pretty craft run ashore, at any price.

They began almost to think the schooner "bore a charmed life;" for she seemed to be floating over the very reef itself, and the white foam of the breakers could be seen all round her.

"Blessed, if I don't think she's the Flying Dutchman," said one blue-jacket to another.

"Gammon, Bill—ain't we round the Cape? and don't you know that's just where the Flying Dutchman never could get to?" replied his messmate.

The little schooner bounds onwards merrily—suddenly she staggers, and every spar shivers.

"She has struck!" cry twenty voices at once.

Now she rises with a coming wave, and now she settles down again with a violence that brings her topmasts on the deck.

"Out with the boats," is the order on board the Semiramis, and the men fly to execute it.

Another wave lifts the schooner—another fearful crash—she rolls over—her decks are rent asunder—her crew are struggling in the water—and with them (every man shudders at the sight) hundreds of negroes, manacled to each other and fettered to the lower deck, are shot out into the foam.

Bravely pulled the seamen in the boats of the Semiramis; but two strong swimmers, who had fought their way through the boiling surf, were all they saved. So slight was the

build of the little schooner, that she had gone to pieces instantly on striking; and, within sight of the Semiramis, within hearing of the death-shrieks that rent the air from *six hundred and thirty human beings*, who, shackled together with heavy irons, were dashed among the waters, and perished a slow and helpless death, two only of their gaolers survived to tell of the number that had sunk!

Surely this sad tale may at least be added to the catalogue of ills produced by England's "good intentions" in striving to suppress the slave trade.

HINTS ON EMERGENCIES.

An innocent-looking little book lies on our parlour-table, an extensive demand for which would imply that English households abound in perils, and are hourly at the mercy of emergencies. Harmless as it looks, its purpose is alarming. It is called "Household Surgery; or, Hints on Emergencies." Its object appears to be to establish a surgery in every house, as Buchan introduced a Domestic Medicine Chest into every dressing-room. It is meant to arm the heads with power over the limbs of families; but it teaches masters and mistresses, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, the theory of what they can never learn without practice; yet the very aim, end, and purpose of their existence—their prayers at night, their smallest actions by day—are all so much anxious prudence, so many fervent hopes, that they may have *no* practice. Happily their caution is nearly always rewarded, and their prayers granted; for although it is said that accidents happen in the best regulated families, they don't happen often.

If staircases were precipices, door-steps glaciers, coal-cellars powder-magazines, and kitchen-ranges steam-boilers continually bursting; if shower-baths were cataracts, lucifer-matches blunderbusses, and if copper flues made a point of exploding on washing-days; if little girls preferred swallowing pins to plums, and little boys liked oil of vitriol better than almond hardbake; if half-sovereigns were coined expressly to choke little children with, and flat-irons forged only to burn fingers; if good plain cooks were seized with frequent propensities to sweeten apple-pies with sugar of lead; if carving-knives were daggers for footmen to wound inflexible housemaids with; if an impulse natural to nurses impelled them to throw babies out of window—then "Household Surgery" would be a very useful manual. But in the present mode of arranging houses, and conducting domestic establishments, the occasions for such knowledge as it conveys, occurs too seldom to provoke occasion for the book itself.

What is the use of Hints on Emergencies that only happen once in a life-time; or pages of precautions against accidents which do not afflict one in a hundred? As a linendraper won't learn navigation in case he may be ever called on to pilot a ship; nor a tinker master pneumatics lest somebody may some day ask him to construct a diving-bell; so a gentleman in easy circumstances will assuredly not acquire the science of surgery, lest himself, or somebody belonging to him, might at some moment between this and this day twenty years break a leg. Indeed if either of these works of super-erogation were to be called into action, and drawn into either emergency, the ship would inevitably founder; the diver would be smothered, and the patient lamed for life. In operative surgery, especially, a little learning is not merely a dangerous, it is a fatal thing.

Theodore Hook's "Cousin William" has already painted the perils of domestic medicine in the proceedings of that bold Buchaneer his aunt, who robbed everybody within her power of their health, as thoroughly as Dick Turpin cleaned out everybody in *his* power of their wealth: but she was a harmless nuisance compared with an Uncle Thomas, a Mr. Briggs, or an Aunt Margery, armed with a pair of forceps, a lancet, or a scalpel. Euphemia has swooned! "Open an artery!" exclaims Uncle Tom, and rushes to his text-book, ties up the arm, opens his lancet, then the vein; and lastly, being perfectly innocent of its existence—the artery below. This is a mortal injury. Euphemia lingers, and only revives after the application of much professional skill and a year's illness.

How very straight-forward and mechanical appears the act of tooth-drawing! Mr. Briggs tries his hand on the dentals of his heir; but breaks down the gums, lacerates the cheeks, and fractures the jaw-bone of his eldest-born. Everybody supposes it easy to lance an infant's gums, or divide, with a pair of scissors, the little membrane which holds down the tongue and causes what is called "tongue tie," but there are blood-vessels around, which cannot be wounded without danger. Aunt Margery brings the sweetest of her nieces to death's door by trying that very operation. The art of surgery is so much a matter of tact and manual dexterity, that even some professionals cannot always practise it with certain impunity to patients. It is not every member of the Royal College of Surgeons who can apply a common bandage with the requisite evenness, smoothness, and neatness. The hand of the surgeon should be of this peculiar character; it should combine muscular power with very great delicacy of touch. The late Mr. Liston's hand was likened to the trunk of the elephant. Its grasp was all powerful, but the delicacy of his touch was so exquisite, that he could lay distinct hold of the minutest object. But where is this exquisite combination of manual aptitude to be found in families? Mrs. Briggs may be very clever in picking up pins, and Mr. Briggs's grasp has possibly all

the power of a vice; but of what use are these accomplishments, unless combined, in one person, with a Listonian knowledge of anatomy, and dexterity in the use of the Lisfranc-knife, the gum-fleam, the lancet? Yet all these instruments are committed and commended, by the author of Household Surgery, to the hands of parents and guardians (together with the probe, the scalpel, and the forceps,) as freely as if they were knives and forks—as remorselessly as if their darling "younger branches'" little locomotives were legs of lamb!

We must not, however, forget that cases and emergencies do occasionally occur in domestic life, in which some knowledge of medicine and surgery is demanded, and may be most effectually put into practice. Such are the occasions when "a little knowledge" is *not* "a dangerous thing," for we may thereby mitigate suffering, and even save human life. The line of demarcation, however, must be drawn between those cases which an unprofessional person may deal with "*pro tem*," and those which it would be dangerous for him to meddle with at all. "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Every good housewife should know as well how to make a poultice as a plum pudding, and whether made of bread-and-water, linseed-meal, bran, yeast, treacle, or mustard, she should bear in mind the emphatic words of Abernethy, "Poultices are either blessings or curses as they are well or ill-made." She should have some knowledge of embrocations, she should be learned in liniments and lotions—hence, with hartshorn and oil, opodeldoc, soap-liniment, and Goulard Water, her acquaintance should be intimate. She should be able to dress a blister, put on leeches, apply poor man's plaister, bandage a sprain, foment chilblains, put on sticking plaister, and administer other harmless styptics, including burnt and intact rag. She might also be allowed to dispense simple medicines like senna-tea, magnesia, rhubarb, Epsom salts; but we should strictly prohibit her from using opiates, mercurial preparations, including that eternal "hydrarg." which appears at the top of every preliminary prescription of every routine practitioner, besides iodine, and many other potent remedies which may be seriously misapplied. It should always be remembered that Medicines differ from poisons only in their doses, in other words all medicine is poison if administered ignorantly and in excess.

For advice and instruction in these harmless helps in need, the little work we are now considering will be found exceedingly efficacious. It is to the surgical operations it recommends and describes that the force of objection is greatest.

The practice of domestic surgery, ought to be exceedingly limited. The idea of "Every man his own Surgeon," which we now contend against, would be curiously absurd, if it were not a problem how far any man may be trusted to deal surgically with his own frame. Our own opinion is, that his legitimate agency is extremely contracted, and that all conceivable "Hints on Emergencies" of that nature are entirely thrown away. We candidly confess that we see no objection to certain self-surgical operations in which men, from long practice, have, more or less, attained a certain degree of proficiency. We see not the slightest objection to the operation of shaving: a man may pare his own nails; if he be blessed with strong nerves, and a steady hand, he may cut his own corns; and if he be a stoic and don't mind ridicule, or being mistaken now and then for an escaped convict, he may cut his own hair; but we do most emphatically protest against his setting his own broken thigh, or drawing his own teeth, or cupping himself, or reducing the fracture of his own arm; or actively treating *tetanus* instead of hastening to a professional surgeon, and, till then, resolutely holding his jaw. Cowper, the poet, vowed, that if any son of his ever made himself wings and flew from Exeter to Falmouth he would be excessively angry with him; the same motive for indignation would exist from precisely the same cause towards any person who should attempt on his own person any of the surgical feats we have named.

Amateur surgeons should be equally chary of their advice and interference with the limbs and diseases of their neighbours. They should not be appointed Surgeons to the household without a regular training; but in some stations and non-medical professions that training is necessary. Clergymen living in remote districts, who may not have even a village doctor to consult in a case of emergency; captains on board ships, who may be deprived of the services of their medical officers; travellers on land, especially in the East: intelligent emigrants taking their families into a thinly populated colony, should be provided with certain surgical instruments and such articles as may be found in every well-stored medicine chest. To this extent we must enlarge the prescribed boundary, and recommend that all such persons should acquire as much knowledge of household surgery and medicine as they possibly can; there is no secret mystery to unravel, for happily, the principles of medical science have been so clearly elucidated that any man of ordinary intelligence may, with application and study, soon acquire sufficient knowledge to guide him on his way to alleviate human suffering, and restore health to the afflicted. As a manual, such persons, but such only, will find "Household Surgery; or, Hints on Emergencies," very useful.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE "GOOD" HIPPOPOTAMUS.

OUR correspondent, the Raven in the Happy Family, suggested in these pages, not long ago, the propriety of a meeting being held, to settle the preliminary arrangements for erecting an equestrian statue to the Hippopotamus. We are happy to have received some exclusive information on this interesting subject, and to be authorised to lay it before our readers.

It appears that MR. HAMET SAFI CANNANA, the Arabian gentleman who acts as Secretary to H. R. H. (His Rolling Hulk) the Hippopotamus, has been, for some time, reflecting that he is under great obligations to that distinguished creature. MR. HAMET SAFI CANNANA (who is remarkable for candour) has not hesitated to say that, but for his accidental public connexion with H. R. H., he MR. CANNANA would no doubt have remained to the end of his days an obscure individual, perfectly unknown to fame, and possessing no sort of claim on the public attention. H. R. H. having been the means of getting MR. CANNANA's name into print on several occasions, and having afforded Mr. CANNANA various opportunities of plunging into the newspapers, MR. CANNANA has felt himself under a debt of gratitude to H. R. H., requiring some public acknowledgment and return. MR. CANNANA, after much consideration, has been able to think of no return, at once so notorious and so cheap, as a monument to H. R. H., to be erected at the public expense. We cannot positively state that MR. CANNANA founded this idea on our Correspondent's suggestion—for, indeed, we have reason to believe that he promulgated it before our Correspondent's essay appeared—but, we trust it is not claiming too much for the authority of our Correspondent to hope that it may have confirmed MR. CANNANA in a very noble, a very sensible, a very spirited, undertaking.

We proceed to record its history, as far as it has yet gone.

MR. HAMET SAFI CANNANA, having conceived the vast original idea of erecting a Public Monument to H. R. H., set himself to consider next, by what adjective H. R. H. could be most attractively distinguished in the advertisements of that Monument. After much painful and profound cogitation, MR. CANNANA was suddenly inspired with the wonderful thought of calling him the "Good" Hippopotamus!

This is so obviously an inspiration,—a fancy reserved, through all the previous ages of the world, for this extraordinary genius,—that we have been at some pains to trace it, if possible, to its source. But, as usually happens in such cases, MR. CANNANA can give no account of the process by which he arrived at the result. MR. CANNANA's description of himself, rendered into English, would be, that he was "bothered;" that he had thought of a number of adjectives, as, the oily Hippopotamus, the bland Hippopotamus, the bathing Hippopotamus, the expensive Hippopotamus, the valiant Hippopotamus, the sleepy Hippopotamus, when, in a moment, as it were in the space of a flash of lightning, he found he had written down, without knowing why or wherefore, and without being at all able to account for it, those enduring words, the "Good" Hippopotamus.

Having got the phrase down, in black and white, for speedy publication, the next step was to explain it to an unimaginative public. This process, MR. CANNANA can describe. He relates, that when he came to consider the vast quantities of milk of which the Hippopotamus partook, his amazing consumption of meal, his unctuous appetite for dates, his jog-trot manner of going, his majestic power of sleep, he felt that all these qualities pointed him out emphatically, as the "Good" Hippopotamus. He never howled, like the Hyena; he never roared, like the Lion; he never screeched, like the Parrot; he never damaged the tops of high trees, like the Giraffe; he never put a trunk in people's way, like the Elephant; he never hugged anybody, like the Bear; he never projected a forked tongue, like the Serpent. He was an easy, basking, jolly, slow, inoffensive, eating and drinking Hippopotamus. Therefore he was, supremely, the "Good" Hippopotamus.

When MR. CANNANA observed the subject from a closer point of view, he began to find that H. R. H. was not only the "Good," but a Benefactor to the whole human race. He toiled not, neither did he spin, truly—but he bathed in cool water when the weather was hot, he slept when he came out of the bath; and he bathed and slept, serenely, for the

public gratification. People, of all ages and conditions, rushed to see him bathe, and sleep, and feed; and H. R. H. had no objection. As H. R. H. lay luxuriously winking at the striving public, one warm summer day, Mr. Cannana distinctly perceived that the whole of H. R. H.'s time and energy was devoted to the service of that public. Mr. Cannana's eye, wandering round the hall, and observing, there assembled, a number of persons labouring under the terrible disorder of having nothing particular to do, and too much time to do it in, moistened, as he reflected that the whole of H. R. H.'s life, in giving them some temporary excitement, was an act of charity; was "devoted" (Mr. Cannana has since printed these words) "to the protection and affectionate care of the sick and the afflicted." He perceived, upon the instant, that H. R. H. was a Hippopotamus of "unsurpassed worth," and he drew up an advertisement so describing him.

Mr. Cannana, having brought his project thus far on its road to posterity, without stumbling over any obstacle in the way, now considered it expedient to impart the great design to some other person or persons who would go hand in hand with him. He concluded (having some knowledge of the world) that those who had lifted themselves into any degree of notoriety by means of H. R. H., would be the most likely (but only as best knowing him) to possess a knowledge of his unsurpassed worth. It is an instance of Mr. Cannana's sagacity, that he communicated with the Milkman who supplies the Zoological Gardens.

The Milkman immediately put down his name for ten pounds, his wife's for five pounds, and each of their twin children for two pounds ten. He added, in a spirited letter, addressed to Mr. Cannana, and a copy of which is now before us, "You may rely on my assistance in any way, or in every way, that may be useful to your patriotic project, of erecting a Monument to the 'Good' Hippopotamus. We have not Monuments enough. We want more. H. R. H.'s consumption of milk has far exceeded, from the first moment of his unwearied devotion of himself to the happiness of Mankind, any animal's with which I am acquainted; and that nature must be base indeed, that would not vibrate to your appeal." Emboldened by this sympathy, Mr. Cannana next addressed himself to the Mealman, who replied, "This is as it should be," and enclosed a subscription of seven pounds ten—with a request that it might be stated in the published list that the number of his house was one hundred and seventy-four B, at the right-hand corner of High Street and Blue Lion Street, and that it had no connexion with any similar establishments in the same neighbourhood, which were all impositions.

Mr. Cannana now proceeded to form a Committee. The Milkman and the Mealman both consented to serve. Also the two Policemen usually on duty (under Mr. Cannana's auspices), in H. R. H's den; the principal Money-taker at the gardens; the Monkey who, early in the season, was appointed (by Mr. Cannana) to a post on H. R. H's grounds; and all the artificers employed (under Mr. Cannana's directions), in constructing the existing accommodation for H. R. H's entire dedication of his life and means to the consolation of the afflicted. Still, Mr. Cannana deemed it necessary to his project to unite in one solid phalanx all the leading professional keepers of Show Animals in and near London; and this extensive enterprise he immediately pursued, by circular-letter signed Hamet Safi Cannana, setting forth the absolute and indispensable necessity of "raising a permanent monument in honour of the Good Hippopotamus, which, while it becomes a record of gratitude for his self-sacrifices in the cause of charity, shall serve as a guide and example to all who wish to become the benefactors of mankind."

The response to this letter, was of the most gratifying nature. Mr. Wombwell's keepers joined the committee; all the keepers at the Surrey Zoological, enrolled themselves without loss of time; the exhibitor of the dancing dogs, came forward with alacrity; the proprietor of "Punch's Opera, containing the only singing dogs in Europe," became a Committee-man; and the hoarse gentleman who trains the birds to draw carriages, and the white mice to climb the tight rope and go up ladders, gave in his adhesion, in a manner that did equal honour to his head and heart. The Italian boys were once thought of, but these Mr. Cannana rejected as low; for all Mr. Cannana's proceedings are characterised by a delicate gentility.

The Committee, having been thus constituted, and being reinforced by the purveyors to the different animals (who are observed to be very strong in the cause) held a meeting of their body, at which Mr. Cannana explained his general views. Mr. Cannana said, that he had proposed to the various keepers of Show Animals then present, to form themselves into that union for the erection of a Monument to the "Good" Hippopotamus, because, laying aside individual jealousies, it appeared to him that the cause of that animal of "unsurpassed worth," was, in fact, the common cause of all Show Animals. There was one point of view (Mr. Cannana said) in which the design they had met to advance, appeared to him to be exceedingly important. Some Show Animals had not done well of late. Pathetic appeals had been made to the Public on their behalf; but the Public had appeared a little to mistrust the Animals—why, he could not imagine—and their funds did not bear that proportion to their expenditure, which was to be desired. Now, here were they, the Representatives of those Show Animals, about, one and all, to

address the Public on the subject of the "Good" Hippopotamus. If they took the solid ground they ought to take; if they united in telling the Public without any misgiving that he was a creature "of unsurpassed worth," that "his whole life was devoted to the protection and affectionate care of the sick and the afflicted;" that his self-sacrifices demanded the public admiration and gratitude;" and that he was "a guide and example to all who wished to become the benefactors of Mankind:"—if they did this, what he MR. CANNANA said, was, that the Public would judge of their representations of their Show Animals generally, by the self-evident nature of these statements; and their Show Animals, whatever they had been in the past, could not fail to be handsomely supported by the Public in future, and to win their utmost confidence.

This position was universally applauded, but it was reduced to still plainer terms, by the straight-forward gentleman with the hoarse voice who trains the bird and mice.

"In short," said that gentleman, addressing MR. CANNANA, "if we puts out this here 'Tizement, the Public will know in a minute that there isn't a morsel of Humbug about us?"

MR. CANNANA replied, with earnestness, "Exactly so! My honourable friend has stated precisely what I mean!"

This distinct statement of the case was much applauded, and gave the greatest satisfaction to the assembled company.

It was then suggested by the Secretary, to MR. TYLER's tiger, that several thousand circulars, embodying these statements (with a promise that the collector should shortly call for a subscription) ought to be immediately signed by MR. HAMET SAFI CANNANA, addressed, and posted. This work, MR. CANNANA undertook to superintend, and we understand that some ten thousand of these letters have since been delivered. The gentleman in waiting on MR. WOMBWELL's Sloth (who is of an ardent temperament) was of opinion that the company should instantly vote subscriptions towards the Monument from the funds of their respective establishments: considering the fact, that the funds did not belong to them, of secondary importance to the erection of a Monument to the "Good" Hippopotamus. But, it was resolved to defer this point until the public feeling on the undertaking should have had an opportunity of expressing itself.

This, as far as it has yet reached, is the history of the monument to the "Good" Hippopotamus. The collector has called, we understand, at a great many houses, but has not yet succeeded in getting into several, in consequence of the entrance being previously occupied by the collector of the Queen's Taxes, going his rounds for the annuity to the young Duke of Cambridge. Whom Heaven preserve!

THE IRISH USE OF THE GLOBE,

IN ONE LESSON.

ONCE on a sultry summer's day a traveller halted for rest in a thick wood, beside a mountain stream. Delighting in the grateful shade and lulled by the cool ripple of the water at his feet, he then considered himself happy among mortals. "Vain world," he said, "have I at last escaped you? Men, busy gnats, who would be eagles in your flight, have I your hum no longer in my ears? The gossip of the rivulet, the whisper of the wood, replace the cries of passion and the heart-grating jest. Here is water; were there bread-fruit on a single tree, here I would lie down and live; here I would live in peace, and toil no more."

A troubled sigh, more human than the sigh of wind among the foliage, disturbed the traveller. "Be thankful to your guardian angel," articulated the same voice, "be thankful to your God, young stranger, that in this forest you have not escaped the sound of a man speaking." The traveller yawned restlessly, and felt within himself by no means thankful.

The person who had interrupted his enjoyment was a hermit of the mountain, not yet old. He said, "Will you come with me?"

"Why, really"— answered the traveller.

"I have a sight to show that you will long remember."

"A sight!" said the young man; "but I assure you I have seen so many exhibitions and things of that sort—Venice, the Cosmorama, the Industrious Fleas, the Pope, the Eruption of Vesuvius, Tom Thumb, Simplon, Jenny Lind, that really"—

"What I will show you is a thing that you have not yet seen."

"O yes, some relic—some skull, or a saint's finger-nail; I assure you, my dear fellow, I have seen tons of relics."

"Still I will show you something that you have not seen in all your travelling."

"What is it then?"

"The World."

"The—what?" ejaculated the traveller, with a slow elevation of his eyebrows. "The world? Well, now, that is particularly cool. No, no; it won't do: you can't show me any up or down, in or out, corner or square acre of the world I have not already seen. From the Cider Cellars in London to High Mass in Saint Peter's at Rome I am equally at home. All over Europe I am as familiar with Welch rabbits as with Lachrymæ Christi. No, no. I know the world quite well enough already."

"You do not; come along with me."

"I'll tell you what," said the traveller, holding out his open hand; "I'll lay you a new hat that you can show me nothing new. Is it a bargain? Done then. So come along."

As they went up the mountain side the young man chattered idly.

"Why do you talk thus frivolously with me?" asked the hermit. "When you were

speaking only to yourself, your words were earnest, though they were not true; why do you speak differently to a fellow-creature?"

"Fellow creature! ha! ha! What a way to talk to a gentleman!" exclaimed the traveller. "I see how it is, I'm in for a sermon." He stopped suddenly. "So, out with it at once—sudden death is my motto. I hate lingering agony. Where's your text?"

The hermit was silent. They continued to climb the steep.

"You talk of teaching me to know the world!" continued the traveller. "Why you don't know even the rudiments of education in it. We don't have our hearts given us to keep them in our pockets, and bring out on all occasions; they are packed up out of sight in a bony case, not to be come at easily. You, for example, look as dry and harmless as a dead leaf; and I might take you and talk to you as part and parcel of the woodland scenery, a log of it, I may say—a piece of *lignum vitæ;* or perhaps a male nymph; if I stopped here as I wished to do, I might talk my heart out to you, and we might be very sober upon brookwater: by the by, do you drink that, and does it give you *goître?*"

The hermit paused before an overhanging rock. A rude porch overgrown with passion-flowers sheltered the entrance to a cave, and under this there was a stone bench placed. The traveller sat down.

"Now, hospitable friend," he said, "can you refresh a pilgrim with some hermit's fare? Produce your pumpkins."

"Presently. But this is not my home. First let us"—

"Oh! by all means; first let us see the curiosities. This, I suppose, is your museum."

The hermit with a grave look passed into the cave, and his companion followed. Within the cave there was a dim light and an earthy smell; across one part of it there hung a curtain beside which the hermit stood. "What you are now about to see"—— he said.

The young man interrupted him. "This really is too bad. I suppose you've got there thirty miles of Nile or Mississippi, rolled up in a few yards of paint and canvas. I might as well have stepped in out of Piccadilly. Spare the lecture. Draw the curtain. Well, what's here? A globe? Pooh, man, I learned the globes at school. Odd, though, certainly." And the young man approached the spectacle quite silently. It was a simple globe, revolving slowly, without visible support, suspended in the air, and all around it the air glittered with a strange, inexplicable mist. The mist spread rapidly throughout the cave, enveloping the hermit and the traveller; but through it the revolving globe appeared to shine with new distinctness. The traveller had some fear to conceal, for it appeared to him that on that little orb the land was land, the rocks were rocks, the seas were seas, although incomprehensibly minute. The glitter of the little seas attracted him, but as he gazed on any spot it grew. His eye was fixed with terror. Waves grew under it. He knew no more about the cavern, or the hermit, or the wondrous mist; there were but two things present to his mind, himself and the great panting ocean underneath a hot bright sun. A boat with spread sails floated by so close before him, that he drew back suddenly as if to stand out of its path. Sailors were in it, one was jesting with his wife; their child, a blue-eyed flaxen-headed little man of five years old, was playing at the stern, and dabbled with his rosy fingers in the water. Suddenly he lost his balance, there was a splash, a cry—another cry, the mother's—and the father leapt into the sea to save him. Our traveller strains forward with a beating heart, they struggle vainly; he will leap in to the rescue, but an unknown power binds him, as a nightmare, and he stands motionless, and can only turn his eyes away. When next he looks, there is no ocean, but the little globe revolving in its mist.

"How it glistens—glares at us. It is too much: drop the curtain, hermit!"

The hermit draws the curtain, and they are together in the cave again. "I have been eating wild grapes in the wood, and made myself a vision," said the traveller, "or were you playing tricks with ether vapour? Pooh, friend! I have breathed chloroform a dozen times; I am not to be cheated with mere druggery."

"Shall I explain?" asked the hermit.

"Certainly—confess."

"When I was a young man," said the hermit, "indolent and careless, I soon thought that I had seen the world. All its excitements were run through, and I felt wearied; I was what the French pronounce *blasé*, just as you are now."

"Just as I am. Yes, very good. A strong comparison."

"And so I said to myself, 'I will abjure the world. For all purposes of amusement, it is a failure.'"

"For all purposes of amusement it *is* a failure!" echoed the traveller.

"I had read all the novels" (the traveller groaned), "seen all the exhibitions, knew what were the stock-themes in the newspapers, and I thirsted after something new."

"And thirsting vainly," said the traveller, "you shrivelled up into the dry thing I now behold."

"Pardon me," said the hermit, "I did not thirst vainly. I betook myself to antiquities, there found the novelty I required in studying black letter. I bought books of magic, and became"—

"Upon my word, I honour you," the traveller once more interrupted. "You fell back upon the forgotten wisdom of our ancestors. Wore a white waistcoat, did you not? You

ground yourself in the Disraeli-Smyth-Manners mill, and came out a Young Englander."

"No; I grew a beard. I learned the secret of the Egyptian sorcerer!"

"What! the blot of ink, the little boy, the sweeper, the cup of coffee, the sultan in his camp, and the anything and anybody you ask to see that is going on or existing in any part of the world, presented to your wondering eyes in the black magic of a blot of ink?"

"Precisely."

"For a full account of which see"—continued the lively visitor—"neither the cabala, nor any other mysterious volume of antiquity, but Lane's 'Modern Egyptians.'"

"But mine is *not a* shining blot of ink. It is as you have seen, a globe."

"Ah, we live in an age of improvements. Magic is done much better now than it was in the times of the Magi. I'd back Döbler against Trismegistus any day."

"Mine," continued the hermit, "is simply a mimic world. Whatever part you gaze upon will grow under your eyes, and you will see whatever may be taking place in that spot at that moment. The condition of possession was, that I must abide by my seclusion from the world; the spell would bind me to it."

"All the better. Well?"—

"Well, I came hither, put my globe where you have seen it, fixed my hermitage close by. Alas! alas!"

"O bother! Why alas?"

"I find I was mistaken, traveller. I study the globe and find I did not know the world, as I pretended. I see a thousand things in it that tempt me to rush out of my seclusion, and to join my labour to the labour of my fellows; and when I try to fly, the spell retains me. I see that there is need of earnest speaking, hearty action, stirring love; speech, action, and love I have renounced; to me the world is made a hermit's toy, and I am miserable."

"A worse reason for misery I never heard," the traveller said, laughing. "As for your globe it's just a newspaper, a sort of illustrated journal. Well, now I understand the thing, we'll dip into it again, and this time take it easily. Let me sharpen the point of my cane. There, friend, there's an exhibiting rod. Point where you please, and let us both look at the same thing. You shall show me some of the things that grieve you. Heigho!" The traveller here yawned prodigiously; the hermit again drew aside the curtain. Presently he touched a point upon the globe, and not precisely finding what he meant to show, moved the cane slowly. As the pictures grew and faded, the traveller, with some impatience beat his foot upon the ground.

"Pooh," said he, "bog and waste. I have seen better dissolving views at the Polytechnic. Yes, now you stop, I see what you are at. Paddies and pigs, more than half naked children, a mud hut with a hole for a door and a hole for a window, and one room inside for the pig-sty, parlour, bedrooms, drawing-room, and kitchen. My dear fellow, that is Ireland, one of the most hackneyed and tiresome of all subjects. As an M.P., I have read blue-books for a new excitement; read Lord Devon's Commission, heard everlasting speeches, spoken myself, know facts and figures. Oh, it's too bad; indeed it is! I know, out of speeches in parliament, precisely what that hut contains. A kettle (that's to boil potatoes in), just a few plates, a heap of straw and a bench."

"You know that?" said the hermit.

"To be sure I do. Here are statistics for you, from Sir Robert Peel's speech on the Irish famine. In these mud cabins, or mud sheds, without a second room;—places unfit for human habitation, and which rather compromised the character of pigs, who happened to be joint tenants—there lived forty-seven per cent. of the inhabitants of Donegal, ditto of Leitrim and Roscommon; fifty per cent. of Sligo men, and fifty-two of Galway; fifty-five per cent. of Limerick folks, and fifty-six per cent. of Cork and Clare; sixty-two per cent. of the inhabitants of Mayo, and sixty-six per cent. of the inhabitants of Kerry."

"You know that?" said the hermit.

"To be sure I do. And glad enough the people are to have even these mud huts, and chance enough there is of an eviction even from them. Fifty thousand families were turned out of such homes in 1849, unable to pay rent."

"The little rent that it must be!"

"The little rent! You undertake to tell me of the world. Why, my good man, the people bid against each other recklessly to get a holding. If they get a bit of ground and plant potatoes, they can eat them. If they have no land, they can have no potatoes, and they cannot eat. Men are known to have bid six times more for a small bit of land than the amount that could be got from it by the most skilful management. See Mill's Political Economy. O pooh, why I am teaching *you* the world."

"They cannot pay this rent?"

"Pay it! They pay all their surplus, and they owe the rest, and are of course always liable to eviction. If a windfall comes, it pays arrears of rent. Nothing can better them, so they are reckless, and we laugh at them for their improvidence."

"Why do they bid so recklessly?"

"Six hungry mouths are offering against each other famine prices for a plateful of potatoes."

"But are they not hot-blooded reckless Celts, do you not think?"

"Ah, you mean satire, but I'll answer plainly. Facts, history, are all clear against the theory of an inherent perverseness in the Irish race. The Edinburgh Review, Jan. 18[illegible] refers you, my dear fellow, to witnesses from

all our colonies, examined before the Colonisation Committee. Mr. Pemberton and Mr. Brydone attest the success of Irishmen in Canada. Mr. Perley speaks for them in New Brunswick. In Nova Scotia they are vouched for by Mr. Uniacke; by Mr. Mintern in the United States; in Australia and Van Dieman's Land by Colonel Mitchell, Colonel M'Arthur, Mr. Verner, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Besnard, Mr. Justice Therry, and the Rev. C. D. Lang. Count Strzelecki answers for them in the United States, Canada, and Australia;—they get to prosper and to grumble quite as readily as Anglo-Saxons."

"You know that?" the hermit said.

"What do you mean by asking whether I know that? I know it and say it. The fervid character of the Irish makes them as apt for hope as for despair; in their mud cabins they have never received Hope for guest; *she* never said a grace to the potatoes. The Irish character has not a small resemblance to the temperament of the ancient Greeks; and when her years of misery are over, Ireland may run a race of honour with the sister isle. Speeches and books cannot be read for nothing," said the traveller, perceiving that the hermit smiled.

"Pardon me," said the hermit, "I respect your earnestness. I only wonder that you, feeling thus and knowing so much, take no interest in home affairs."

"Familiarity, oh most innocent hermit, has bred—Heigho!" The traveller here yawned. "To think that I have come into the woods to talk about 'the Irish Difficulty.' Well, go on, Mr. Showman, I'll be lecturer, and let you see that I don't need your lessons. Pray forgive these yawns. Yes, there, we have dissolving views again. Ah, now it grows. I see, I understand. Thady is working on a patch of waste land on the outskirt of a farm. He is allowed that patch of waste land for his own for three years, Mr. Hermit, during which time he may eat what he can grow upon it. At the end of three years he will have turned it into tolerable land, and then it goes into the farm, and Thady starts fresh with another bit of moor. Delicious fruit of labour to the farmer, but I would as soon be Sisyphus as Thady—Silence, hermit, I will discharge now for your benefit a vast amount of knowledge:—

"Ireland's a fine country, 'first flower of the earth,' and so on, has fine harbours, noble rivers, and a fertile land. Of this rich land nearly one-third is bog, moor, waste, totally uncultivated. The cultivated land has not increased in quantity, but dwindled. The land was held by few men, bound by the laws of land, encumbered, and almost unable to sell; hundreds of thousands of acres have gone out of cultivation. In one barony in the county of Cork, Sir Robert Peel told us in 1849, extending over eighty thousand acres, all the lands were thrown waste. A recent act facilitates the sale of encumbered property, and will in some degree check this evil. But of the waste land, while the Irish bid their famine prices for potatoes, there are a million and a half of acres reclaimable for spade or plough—(here, Hermit, I quote the report of Mr. Griffith to Lord Devon's Commission); two and a half millions reclaimable for pasture. Two and a half millions Mr. Griffith calls hopelessly waste, but there is no soil hopeless to a small proprietor. Here, Hermit, I quote John Stuart Mill. Were these wastes bought by Government and sold again, or sold at once by their possessors, in small freehold properties, to the poor Irish tenants, each would spend such energy upon his own domain as would soon turn the mass of waste into a little home Australia. Not only would thousands be fed and raised into comfort upon what is now mere useless ground, but a new thing would be seen,—a multitude of happy peasants in the sister island. I have been in Zurich, and have seen how men who own a bit of ground, love it and nourish it, plant every corner, water solicitously every single cabbage, rise with the sun, and even spend their holidays upon the cherished soil. When people come to love the land after that fashion, the land loves them, and makes them handsome presents."

"But," said the hermit, "has not this a tendency to root men to one spot—to stick them as firmly into a small patch of the earth as the vegetables they grow? does it not smother energy and check enterprise?"

"Every tree must have a root," replied the "fast" young traveller, "or it spreads no branches; so with man. Give him a *status*, and he educates his family to respect that standing and to support it. He sends his children out into the world to find similar standing places for themselves; he trains them to expect this, and not to live to snatch away some of his hard-earned acres, or to become his neighbouring rival. His branches are spread till they extend to other parts of the earth; where they, in turn, take root, and thus become centres of the same sound and beneficial expansion of population."

"Look here," said the hermit, moving the globe.

"Flanders, the Campine," said the traveller. "Yes, I know all about it. There we have a waste of sandhills. Look to the right and you perceive some spaces where the sandhills have been levelled and surrounded by a trench; broom is sown there; a few potatoes straggle up, and here and there some clover. Keep your eyes about you, Hermit, and you will see some patches where the broom is cut; they cut it after three years' growth, and sell it then for faggots—by that time fallen broom leaves have enriched the sand a little, and the roots have given it consistency. Then, Hermit, the industrious proprietor will plough it up, or turn it with the spade, and buckwheat, or even rye, will grow without manure. And after this is reaped the ground will pay the

price of some manuring; clover and potatoes flourish, and keep cows, and the cows yield more manure; regular cropping goes on from that time, and all the fertile plain which you see there to the left of you, O Hermit, has been made thus out of sandhills, by the solicitude of small proprietors. Them it remunerated, because they gave their own care and toil, their own leisure. It would have answered the purpose of no estate owner to pay men wages for the reclaiming of this land; but when it was acquired in patches by hard-handed men, then by such labour it was practicable, as Arthur Young has it, "to turn sand into gold." These men all thrive. They live, it is quite true, with close economy; but that is not because (unless in extraordinary years of famine) they are pinched by want, but because they have a motive for acquiring money; they have a hope of raising themselves higher in the scale of wealth, by adding other little acres to their patrimony. It is this labour, with keen interest in the work, and with a fair hope of such return as human nature prompts us all to look for, that makes men contented and industrious; this sense of property, that it is possible by hard work to acquire, that makes the peasant peaceable and gives him a conservative interest in the maintenance of law and order. It is because a labouring Irishman, in Ireland, can, by no labour, human or super-human, living in Ireland, raise himself in the social scale, that all his energy of character has been perverted, when at home, into an energy of recklessness."

"But," said the hermit, "how can you convert these wretched men into proprietors upon waste land? They cannot buy land; would you have it given to them?"

"No," said the traveller, "not given certainly. It is not one thing only that Ireland wants; it is not one provision that will remedy all her complaints. She wants a course of treatment, which has been most properly commenced. The Encumbered Estates Courts are now taking out of the hands of practically insolvent landlords numerous estates which, being sold for the benefit of creditors, come into the hands of men able to work them properly. This checks one symptom of disease; for hitherto, instead of wastes becoming cultivated, we have had cultivated land becoming waste. Lands properly attended to, give work and wages. Now, if the wastes were, we will say, purchased by Government, their marketable value being small, they would be saleable in parcels of a few acres in extent, at prices which a labourer might compass by a few years' industry. Facilities could easily be given; but the great thing would be an inducement to labour and to save, a possibility of rising in society above the lowest step. The ground acquired would engage much of the leisure of contented men; and for the rest, in point of character, despite the common error of prejudice, in equal circumstances of encouragement, I would back any Irishman against a Fleming."

"Are these your private notions?" asked the hermit.

"No: what I think about the Irish character, I think in common with all men who have paid unprejudiced attention to the subject. What I say of waste lands is political economy, for the grinding of which I always use a Mill much and deservedly esteemed in England."

"And so you get your Irish panacea?"

"So I get no panacea, Mr. Hermit—there is no single panacea for a social evil. Bodies politic are complex things; but so I get a good prescription, which may advantageously be worked into the treatment of a case which certainly is not incurable. Now you may just let down your curtain, friend. I told you there was nothing to be taught me of the world. As for your globe, as I before said, it is just an Illustrated Newspaper. I'm sick of news. As for your magic, pooh! What magic of the past would not be clumsy, if put next door to the common-places of to-day. Well, it's no fault of yours. And so this toy of yours has made you miserable."

"Yes, Traveller, this vivid picture of the world has made me fret against the spell which keeps me bound to know and never use my knowledge. What reality of heaven can there be for me, to whom this earth, and all the men and women loving, suffering, and labouring upon it, are but a hermit's toy? Yet you profess to know the world, and fly it!"

"Certainly, my friend. For you must understand that habit, chance of education, temper, and a thousand accidents of life, all fly to a man's eyes, and there is no such thing as the possibility of five men seeing every thing alike. One sees a ball, and says it's round; two says it's square; three considers it a pyramid; four says it's like a marlinspike; and five says there is nothing to be seen at all. They are not perverse. There are not many perverse people now-a-days, but we do see things so very differently, that I consider eyes to be of no use in the world at all."

"But other senses"——

"Well, it's extremely hard for a man to feel a thing and own that it feels round, when he sees positively that it's square. He goes by rule of square, and then we call it prejudice; a pardonable matter after all."

"But prejudices yield?"

"Not very often in adults, they yield in the next generation. Slow work, Hermit."

"Slow, but sure. You who were impatient to leap into the water for a phantom child, refuse to fight the tide of difficulty, even to help a nation in distress."

"There are plenty of men at work, my friend, trying their strength against the waves. Now let me try my appetite. 'Tis easier to see the world than find one's dinner in it."

So the stranger ate a dinner in the hermit's cell, and, the same evening, resumed his travels. Had he grown weary of the woods?—We met him, ten days afterwards, in London.

ADVENTURES OF A TRANSLATION.

Most English people acquainted with modern German literature have heard of Bettina Brentano, (Frau von Arnim,) a name familiarly known in Germany, through her publication of "Goëthe's Correspondence with a Child." In 1835, in Berlin, this singular production of a most enthusiastic imagination issued from the press. The idolised Poet had been pleased to say, that every line of Bettina's letters contained materials for a poem; he had read them daily; and, as every thing that threw light, or promised to throw light, on aught appertaining or relating to Goëthe was zealously sought for and cherished by his countrymen, this work was eagerly caught at, and universally read throughout Germany.

It is not our intention to comment on the publication. Many of our readers may have read it in the original; but it may be interesting to them to know how it fared with Bettina's earnest desire of appearing before the British public, as she had the three volumes translated in 1838, printed off seven thousand copies forthwith in Berlin, at a cost of seven hundred pounds, and dispatched them to England, buoyed with the hope of a cordial welcome on British ground. The adventures of the work may not also be devoid of general interest, as in them we have another proof of how hard our international restrictions tell upon individuals. To get the work translated at all, Bettina had battled with difficulties against which only a will strong as her own, and her peculiarly sanguine temperament, could have held out; but no English person could she find willing to undertake the third volume of her "Diary." Still bent, however, on carrying out her object, she continued the translation herself, with no further knowledge of our language than what she had acquired by comparing her German manuscript with the achievements of her translators, with which she appears to have been anything but satisfied. To give any idea of the difficulties of such an undertaking, we must be allowed, presently, to quote what the authoress herself says in her preface, or Preamble, as she terms it, and let a few extracts from the "Diary" bear witness to her numerous perplexities.

After much trouble, and great expense, the work was dispatched to England. The British authorities honoured its arrival by demanding a high import duty on the seven thousand copies, bearing no certificate of being printed in Prussia. After lengthy correspondence to and fro, they were sent back with fifty pounds cost of freight and warehousing. The Prussian custom-house, in its turn, demanded a high import duty, which is nowise to be shirked. The catastrophe of these terrible adventures was, that when the packages are opened, their contents are found to be utterly spoilt; which could hardly be otherwise, as the cases were not calculated for twelve years' sojourn in the damp of our London docks. Worst of all, while mildew and custom-house authorities were doing their worst upon poor Bettina's literary venture, her book was pirated in America, and very coolly turned into cash for the enrichment of the pirates.

Bettina begins her third volume with an apostrophe to "The English Bards." "Gentlemen!" She writes, "The noble cup of your mellifluous tongue, so often brimmed with immortality, here filled with odd, but pure and fiery draught, do not refuse to taste, if you relish its spirit to be homefelt, though not homeborn." And in her "preamble" she says, "I was not acquainted with the English tongue, therefore relied on the consciousness of my translators. The recapitulating of their version I tried to follow, with comparing it to the German text. Often my ear was hurt by words lack of musical rhythm, that in the German text, by their harmonious sounds, and even by the union of their single parts, awake poetic sensation; I must yield to have them supplied by such as want all lofty strain. To all my objections, my relentless translator opposed the impossibility of translating it, the rigour against any arbitrariness in that language, and, besides, its penury, that allows no great choice, it consisting but in thirty thousand words. I thought, if I only did know them, to be sure I would find the right."

Whether Bettina always found the right words, or whether they were such as are calculated to awaken "poetic sensation"—what in short the exactions of the Custom House have lost to the British public—a few specimens of Miss Von Arnim's English will show.

Speaking of her qualifications as a translator, and of the difficulties of the task, she writes:—

"Unconsciously, I pursued my task, confiding in my genius, that would preserve me from doing any harm by unfit, or even unusual expressions, and persisted often in my wrong way, when my advisers would have subverted my construction, as they were absurdities. Often my version, larded with uncommon expressions, gave way to misunderstanding; then I could not ally the correction with my meaning, and would not be disputed out of my wits, impassioned as I was for my traced-out-turn, for which I had rummaged dictionary and poetry, and never would yield till the last sheet, which to-day will come in the press; and I am like one to whom, after a long prison, spring is bestowed in the free air. Forsooth, I saw in the last year no roses,—no tree blowing. My intelligence lay narrowly grated up in the dictionary of good Johnson, and the grammars that I took to my couch, and fell asleep on them; and had also a very

hard bed to no boot; for I had unfortunately in no language a grammatical learning. . . . . Those who would advise me frightened me out of my wits. I struggled for my version as does an animal for its young,—it suffers them not to be touched by an indiscreet hand, but licks them clean again. So it was with me. Instinctively, and with great labour, I tried to overcome all the corrections by a deeper inducement, while people laughed at my relucting, and said that I would never come to a good issue. . . . . Had Byron still lived, he would have praised my attempt,—praised and loved me for the book's sake; for he was of a generous mind, propending to all uncommon affections. He would have bestowed on me his gentle, goodly graces; and this would have exceedingly blessed me. But now, as I have no friend yonder, and no connexion, I am like a bird that flies from its nest over the ocean, or a plant to climate in a foreign land, must dole till it is rivetted in the soil. Therefore, I beseech Mr. Longman, who grants me the honour of publishing my book, to get this little preamble inserted in the Quarterly or Edinburgh Reviews, for informing, that if there are still other Englishmen who, as Byron would have done, are inclined to preserve in their deep mind, and protect such faithfully inspired feelings, I should like they seen the pages of my Diary."

Describing in the body of her book the ruins which are scattered on the banks of the Rhine and the Main, Bettina hopes to awaken poetical sensation in the following among many similar passages:—

"The sun wheedlingly gets from our Lord, that he may ripen hundredfold ears for the children of men. Everything was contemplated, considered, explained. The wondering about former times, and that they reached so palpably into ours, made us quite stupefied people; yea, I was afraid this old, coarse-bony Time, would suddenly come over the moment of presence, and swallow it up. . . . . Yesterday the sky was blue, to-day, ruby-died, and emeraldy, and then in the west, where it covers the earth, it chases the light in saffron garb out of its couch. For a moment, desirous love may disport, seeing whole nature slumbering soak."

At another place the friend of Goëthe describes herself as "fancy's poor deluded child warbling very wild and ardent notes to the moon through the nubiferous gales that bring her a cloud-cap or a beard, and again snatch it away."

The following sample is from the last of Miss Arnim's epistles to Goëthe, done into English by herself:—

"Multitudes have passed by thee, hailing thee with loud shouts of fame; the banners they have flourished; kings have come and touched the skirts of thy mantle, and brought thee golden vessels, and laid chains of honour on thy free neck. Thou knowest no more that I planted all the gathered flowers, the wild herbs in thy bosom, and laid my hand upon it to fix them there. Thou knowest no more of my hand withheld mid thy breast, and that thou calledst me the wild hop which would root there to wind its tendrils growing up around thee, that nothing might be seen of thee but only the wild hop. Lo! in this double-wall of rock and mountain-depths abides of echo the joyful call. Lo! my breast is such an artfully framed double wall, that ever and anon a thousand times the joyous shouts of so sweet a tale echoes across thy breath in which God-immortality hath blown the breath of inspiration. Be pleased to hear me sing once more the melodies of my fairest paths of life, and in the excited rhythm of momentary joy, where of spirit and sense the vital sources stream into each other, and so exalt each other, that not the inexperienced alone become sensible and visible, but the unvisible, unheard of too, be known and heard of.

"Is it of drums and trumpets the jubilating chime which shakes the clouds?—is it of harps and cymbals?—is it of thousand instruments the tumult, that at command's call disposing solves itself into the measure of pure strains, forms warbling shapes, pronounces accents of celestial influences, penetrates into man's spirits, with hue and light espouses sense and mind? Is it this genial power, which running through the veins conjures the blood the earthly to reject, to nurse, to bring forth of supernal love, of supernal light, the genuine fruit? Is it not thou who has consummated it in me, when it fulgurates within my soul? Yes, it fulgurates when I think of thee! Or is it only *shalms*—museful and weening, only gazing phantasy, not espousing with its revelations what I have to confide to these leaves? Whatever it be! all into death this music of the first love may lead me. At thy feet I plant the bass; it shall pullulate a palm-grove for thee to wander in its shades; all what of lovely and sweet thou hast said to me, that I shall whisper from twig to twig like soft carols of twittering birds: be your kisses, your caresses, between us the honey-dropping fruits of this grove: but the element of my life, harmony with thee, with nature, with God, of whose loss arises the abundance of generation upwards to light into light, decaying into light—be that the torrent the most powerful, which encompasses this grove to make it lonely with me and thee.

"Thou lookest upon me from celestial heights; let it be unknown to me, for I would not bear it; thou hast taken me from myself—where stand I firm? The ground reels—I feel myself no more on earth. My soul buoys up, I do no more know any one, I have no thought—I have no will but to sleep, bedded in clouds, on the steps of thy celestial chair. Thy glance keeping over me fire-vigil, thy all-inarming spirit bending over me in the blossom-carouse of thy love-carols. Thou! lisping over me, nightingale-fluting the groans of my languishing pants. Thou storming

over me, weather-stressing the frenzy of passion. Thou, shouting—heaven-urging the eternal hymns of love, that warbling rebound on the heart. Ay! at thy feet I will sleep, while thou, valiant one—Poet! Prince! lightsomely grazing the clouds, evolvest your harmonies rooted within my heart."

A little further on Bettina Brentano gives it as her opinion, that "Beauty, by divine spirit, inculcates itself to human features, through which inspiration perspires a halo, and, unhurt by lowness, its fragrance freely evolves." Goëthe's personal beauty at forty was "immarcessible," and at sixty was "requeened" by genius.

Some of the thoughts in the original are of the highest order of fervent poetry; yet they are much marred in English by the comparative ignorance of their author of our language. It would never do to apply to a fair poetess who translates her own work into a foreign language, the proverb which defines what a client is who becomes his own lawyer. In the case before us it would hardly be just; for every allowance should be made for the difficulties she had to overcome.

HOW WE WENT WHALING OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

At Algoa Bay, in the eastern provinces of the Cape Colony, there is, and has been for thirty years, a whaling establishment. By what instinct these monsters of the deep ascertain the settlement of man on the shores they frequent, it would be difficult to say. But that they do so, and that they then comparatively desert such coasts is undoubted. Where one whale is now seen off the south-eastern coast of Africa, twenty were seen in former times, when the inhabitants of the country were few. It is the same in New Zealand, and every other whale-frequented coast. Nevertheless, the whaling establishment I have mentioned is still kept up in Algoa Bay—and with good reason. *One* whale per annum will pay all the expenses and outgoings of its maintenance; every other whale taken in the course of a year is a clear profit.

The value of a whale depends, of course, upon its size—the average is from three hundred pounds to six hundred pounds. The establishment in Algoa Bay consists of a stone-built house for the residence of the foreman, with the coppers and boiling-houses attached; a wooden boat-house, in which are kept three whale-boats, with all the lines and tackle belonging to them; and a set of javelins, harpoons, and implements for cutting up the whales' carcasses. Then there are a boat's crew of picked men, six in number, besides the coxswain and the harpooner. There are seldom above two or three whales taken in the course of a year; occasionally not one.

The appearance of a whale in the bay is known immediately, and great is the excitement caused thereby in the little town of Port Elizabeth, close to which the whaling establishment is situated. It is like a sudden and unexpected gala, got up for the entertainment of the inhabitants, with nothing to pay.

A treat of this sort is suddenly got up by the first appearance of a whale in those parts. Tackle-boats and men are got ready in a twinkling. We jump into the stern-sheets of the boat. Six weather-beaten, muscular tars are at work at the oars, and there, in the bows, stands the harpooner, preparing his tackle; a boy is by his side. Coils of line lie at their feet, with harpoons attached to them, and two or three spears or javelins.

"Pull away, boys; there she blows again!" cries the coxswain, and at each stroke, the strong men almost lift the little craft out of the water. The harpooner says nothing: he is a very silent fellow: but woe to the unlucky whale that comes within the whirl of his unerring harpoon!

Meantime, our fat friend of the ocean is rolling himself about, as if such things as harpoons never existed; as if he were an infidel in javelins. We are approaching him, a dozen more strokes and we shall be within aim. Yet the harpooner seems cool and unmoved as ever; he holds the harpoon it is true, but he seems to grasp it no tighter, nor to make any preparation for a strike. He knows the whale better than we do—better than his crew. He has been a harpooner for thirty years, and once harpooned twenty-six whales in one year with his own hand. He was right not to hurry himself, you see, for the whale has at last caught sight of us, and has plunged below the surface.

Now, however, the harpooner makes an imperceptible sign to the coxswain. The coxswain says "give way boys," scarcely above his breath, and the boat skims faster than ever over the waves. The harpooner's hand clutches more tightly the harpoon, and he slowly raises his arm; his mouth is compressed, but his face is as calm as ever. A few yards a-head of us a wave seems to swell above the others—"Whiz"—at the very moment you catch sight of the whale's back again above the water, the harpoon is in it eighteen inches deep, hurled by the unerring arm of the silent harpooner.

The red blood of the monster gushes forth, "incarnadining" (as Macbeth says) the waves. "Back water," shouts the harpooner, as the whale writhes with the pain, and flings his huge body about with force enough to submerge twenty of our little crafts at one blow. But he has plunged down again below the surface, and the pace at which he dives you may judge of, by the wonderful rapidity with which the line attached to the harpoon runs over the bows of the boat. Now, too, you see the use of the boy who is baling water from the sea in a small bucket, and pouring

it incessantly over the edge of the boat where the line runs, or in two minutes the friction would set fire to it.

You begin to think the whale is never coming back; but the crew know better. See too, the line is running out more slowly every instant: it ceases altogether now, and hangs slackly over the boat's side. He is coming up exhausted to breathe again. There are a few moments of suspense, during which the harpooner is getting ready and poising one of the javelins. It is longer, lighter, and sharper than the harpoon, but it has no line attached to it. The harpoon is to catch—the javelin to kill. Slowly the whale rises again, but he is not within aim. "Pull again boys"—while the boy is hauling in the line as fast as he can. We are near enough now. Again a whiz—again another—and the harpooner has sent two javelins deep into the creature's body; while the blood flows fast. Suddenly, the whale dashes forward. No need of pulling at the oars now: we are giving him fresh line as fast as we can, yet he is taking us through the water at the rate of twenty miles an hour at least. One would fancy that the harpoons and the javelins have only irritated him, and that the blood he has lost has diminished nothing of his strength. Not so, however; the pace slackens now: we are scarcely moving through the water.

"Pull again, boys," and we approach; while another deadly javelin pierces him. This time he seems to seek revenge. He dashes towards us—what can save us?

"Back water," cries the harpooner, while the coxswain taking the hint at the same moment, with a sweep of his oar the little boat performs a kind of curvet backwards, and the monster has shot past us unharming, but not unharmed; the harpooner, cool as ever, has hurled another javelin deep into him, and smiles half pityingly at his impotent rage, which, he knows full well, bodes a termination of the contest. The red blood is spouting forth from four wounds, "neither as deep as a well, nor as wide as a church-door," but *enough* to kill—even a whale. He rolls over heavily and slowly; a few convulsive movements shake his mighty frame; then he floats motionless on the water—and the whale is dead!

Ropes are now made fast round him, and he is slowly towed away to shore, opposite the whaling establishment. A crowd is collected to see his huge body hauled up on the beach, and to speculate on his size and value. In two days all his blubber is cut away and melting in the coppers. Vultures are feeding on his flesh, and men are cleansing his bones. In two months, barrels of his oil are waiting for shipment to England. The fringe-work which lined his mouth, and which we call whalebone, is ready for the uses to which ladies apply it. His teeth, which are beautiful ivory, are being fashioned into ornaments by the turner; and his immense ribs are serving as landmarks on the different farms about the country, for which purpose they are admirably adapted. Meanwhile our friend the harpooner and his crew are reposing on their laurels, and looking out for fresh luck; while the proprietor of the establishment is five hundred pounds the richer from this "catching a whale."

A LAMENT FOR THE FAIRIES.

Beautiful fictions of our trusting youth,
(Visions we sigh that we have only dreamed!)
When Fancy mocked the searching gaze of Truth,
And the whole earth with bright enchantments teemed:

How have we loved to forest glades to flee;
By haunted streams (in thought) to take our stand;
To watch you circling round the greenwood tree,
Or trace your gambols on the moonlit strand!

Or, when in gorgeous panoply arrayed,
To grace some pageant of the Elfin Queen,
You pricked along, a gallant cavalcade,
Painting the verdant turf a livelier green!

Nor less we loved you, when, with pitying air,
And hand beneficent, around you showered
Gifts, might the world's and nature's spite repair,
And leave the homeliest maiden doubly dowered.

But the bright realm of Fairyland is gone;
Its iris-tinted train hath passed away;
And Ariel, Mab, Titania, Oberon,
But grace the painter's scene, or poet's lay.

E'en Puck, dear imp of mischief and of mirth,
"O'er hill and dale," at length hath ceased to range;
Though long-eared "Bottoms" cumber still the earth,
Whose "asses' nowls" he is not here to change!

The "Sword of Sharpness" is no longer keen;
The "Seven League Boots" we distance now, at will;
Our sole surviving "Giant" is the Spleen,
Which, we, like David, with a stone can kill! *

No more, no more, upon the velvet mead,
On mushroom tables are your banquets spread;
No more with flying feet the dance you speed,
Till dimming glow-worms hint 'tis time for bed!

No "fairy favours" now reward the fair;
Nor pearls nor diamonds from her lips are told;
No elfin matron makes her bliss her care,
With purse exhaustless, filled with fairy gold.

Your unseen aid, like angel-help, in vain,
The toil-worn hind may, in his strait, implore;
The "shadowy flail" to ease his task will rain
Its stalwart blows in his behoof no more!

Virtue no longer, in her sorest needs,
By fairy hands is rescued from her thrall;
And rampant Vice, how dark soe'er his deeds,
Your well-earned frowns may now no more appal!

* Green in his excellent poem, "The Spleen," says:—
"Fling but a stone, the giant dies."

The superstitions sweet that charmed our youth;
The large belief that bade us still dream on;
The dear illusions we mistook for truth;
The "shaping power" that gave them grace—
are flown!

Yet these fair fictions of our earlier day
We have but changed for guides less kind and
bland;
The glittering cheats that lead us now astray,
Are falser far than those of Fairy Land!

Love, Friendship, Hope, Ambition, Glory, Pride,
All, ignis-fatuus-like, by turns, invite,
But when we follow, make a circuit wide,
Where fields are dank, and there withdraw their
light!

Though poets still, as they were wont of yore,
With filial love to fairy legends cling:
The charm is half-dispelled, for they no more
"Believe the magic wonders that they sing!"

Yet, till the Muse from earth is driven away,
And young Romance hath broken too *her* wand;
Will elfin lore still grace the poet's lay,
And his heart's home be still in Fairyland!

GUNPOWDER AND CHALK.

Sir Valentine Saltear was a worthy gentleman, who had made a large fortune by constantly exporting Irish linens and lawns to France (from whence they came over to England as fine French goods), for which service to the trade of the three countries a discerning minister had obtained him the honour of knighthood. This fortune he had in part expended in building for himself a great mansion on the sea-coast of Kent, commanding a fine view of the country from the back windows, and the great ocean from the front. Every room on the first and second floors was furnished with a brass telescope, that could be screwed on to the window-sash, or by means of a pedestal, into the window-sill.

In the front of his house was a great field, in which he and his visitors used to play at cricket. It was bounded by the high, white chalk cliffs, which descended precipitously to the sea.

The cliffs, however, were unfortunately much undermined by natural caverns; so that every year, and, in fact, every time there was a storm at sea, a large portion of the chalk-rock fell down, and in the course of six or seven years he was obliged to rail off as "dangerous" a part of the already reduced field in front of his house. He could now only play at trap-ball, or battledore and shuttle-cock.

Still the sea continued its encroachments, and in a few years more the trap-ball was all over,—it was too perilous, even if they had not continually lost the ball,—and he and his sons were reduced to a game at long-taw, and hop-scotch.

Clearly perceiving that in the course of a few years more his field sports would be limited to spinning a tee-totum before his front door, he engaged the services of an eminent architect and civil engineer to build him a sea-wall to prevent the further encroachment of the enemy. The estimate of expense was five thousand pounds, and, as a matter of course, the work, by the time it was finished, cost ten thousand. This was nearly as much as Sir Valentine Saltear had paid for the building of his house.

But the worst part of the business was, that the very next storm which occurred at sea, and only a few weeks after, the waves dashed down, and fairly carried away the whole of this protective wall. In the morning it was clean gone, as though no such structure had been there, and a great additional gap was made in the cliff, plainly showing that the watery monster was quite bent on swallowing up Sir Valentine's house. He brought an action for the recovery of the money he had paid for his wall; but while this was pending, he saw his house being undermined from day to day, and in sheer despair felt himself obliged to apply to a still more eminent civil engineer. The estimate this gentleman made for the construction of a sea-wall—one that would stand—was ten thousand pounds. It might be a few pounds more, or less—probably less. But the recent experience of Sir Valentine making him fear that it would probably be double that amount, he hesitated as to engaging the services of this gentleman. He even thought of sending over to Ireland for fifty bricklayers, carpenters, and masons, and superintending the work himself. He was sure he could do it for six thousand pounds. It never once occurred to him to pull down his house, and rebuild it on high ground a quarter of a mile farther off.

In this dangerous yet undecided state of affairs, Sir Valentine one morning, breakfasting at his club in Waterloo Place, read in a newspaper a notice of the grand mining operation and explosion that was to take place at Seaford, the object of which was to throw down an immense mass of chalk cliff, the broken fragments whereof would, at a comparatively small cost, form a sea-wall, at an elevation of about one-fifth the height of the parent rock. Why, here was Sir Valentine's own case! His house was upon a very high chalk rock, and a sea-wall of one-fifth the height would answer every purpose. The only difficulty was his present proximity to the edge of the cliff. Still, he thought he could spare thirty feet or so, without losing his door steps, and this width being exploded down to the base of the cliff, would constitute, by its fall, a very capital mound of protection which might last for a century or more. He therefore determined to see the explosion at Seaford, and if it proved successful, to adopt the very same plan.

Sir Valentine, accordingly, on the nineteenth of September, swallowed an early cup of chocolate, and hurried off to the Brighton railway terminus, and took his place in the Express train for Newhaven. It was a return-

ticket, first class, for which he paid the sum of one pound four shillings. An Excursion train had started at nine o'clock, the return-ticket, first class, being only eleven shillings; but Sir Valentine fearing that it would stop at every station on the way, and might not be in time for the great event, had prudently chosen the Express at Express price; namely, one pound four per ticket. There was some confusion in the arrangements of the terminus, apparently attributable to extensive additions and alterations in the buildings; but there was no difficulty in receiving the money.

The train started; its speed, though an Express, being nothing particular. When it arrived at Lewes, the passengers all had to alight, and wait for another train which was to take them on. At last a train arrived. It was declared to be full!

"Full!" cried Sir Valentine, "why, I have paid for the Express!—first-class—one pound four."

Full, however, this long train was. Presently a guard shouted out that there was room for three in a second class-carriage.

"I secure one!" shouted Sir Valentine, holding up his fore-finger in a threatening manner to the guard, and jumped in. In due time, and by no means in a hurry, the "Express" train arrived.

Out leaped Sir Valentine, and demanded of the first person he met how far it was to Seaford? The man said he didn't know! to the utter astonishment and contempt of the excited knight. He asked the next person; who replied that he hadn't the very least idea, but they could tell him at the "tap." Sir Valentine looked on all sides to see if there were any cabs, flies, or vehicles of any kind, and descrying several in a group at some little distance, made towards them at long running strides—a boy who had overheard his question as to the distance, following at his heels, and bawling—"Two miles as a crow flies!—four miles by the road!—two miles as a cro-o-o-o!—four by the ro-o-o-o!"

Arrived amidst the vehicles, the knight found nearly all of them either engaged, or full, and it was only as a matter of favour that he was admitted as "one over the number" to the inside of a small van without springs; where, beside the heat and crushing, he had to endure a thorough draught and three short pipes, all the way.

The road wound round the base of a series of hills and other rising ground, and a line of vehicles might be seen all along this serpentine road, for two or three miles' distance; while a long unbroken line of pedestrians were descried winding along the pathway across the fields. After a very jolting and rumbling drive, Sir Valentine found himself "shot out" with the rest of the company, in front of a small "public" knocked up for the occasion, with a load or two of bricks and some boards, and crowded to excess. Private carriages, flies, cabs, carts, waggons, vans, were standing around, together with booths and wheelbarrows, set out with apples, nuts, bread and cheese, and gingerbeer of a peculiarly thin stream. Sir Valentine having breakfasted early, hastily, and lightly, was by this time—a quarter to two—extremely sharp set; he endeavoured, therefore, to make his way into the house to get a bottle of stout and some ham or cold beef for luncheon. But after ten minutes' continuous efforts, he found he was still between the door-posts, and the noisy, choked-up window of the "bar" as far from his hopes as ever. He abandoned the attempt in disgust—but not without addressing himself to a seafaring man who was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking on:—

"Is this sense?" said the Knight. "Do you call this common sense? Do you think you are acting with any more reason than a dog possesses, to treat the public in this way? Then, your own interest—look at it!" (pointing to the crowd struggling in the door-way). "If you had any foresight, or a head for the commonest arrangements, would you not have a barrel of ale on wheels outside here?"

The sea-faring man swung round on his heel with a smile, and Sir Valentine, having made his way into the field, obtained six pennyworth of gingerbread and a dozen of small apples, with which provender he in some sort revived his exhausted frame. He now bustled on towards the foot of a broken embankment leading up to a lofty rising ground, the summit being the cliffs, a large portion of which was shortly to be detached, and thrown down by the explosion of a mine. The part to be blown off was marked out by broad belts of white, where the chalk had been thrown up, which made an imposing appearance even on the distant heights.

The sun shone brightly. All over the fields and fallow ground that lay between the halting-place just described, and the foot of the steep mount, the visitors were scattered,—pedestrians, with here and there a horseman: sight-seers,—the old and the young—men of science from various parts of the world,—infantry soldiers, sappers and miners, ladies and gentlemen, sailors, marines, country people, railway labourers, policemen, boys and girls, and—far in the rear of all, with disapproving looks—two or three old women in spectacles. Renovated by his gingerbread and apples, Sir Valentine made his way manfully up the steep grassy ascent of the hill,—chalk mountain, it might be more properly termed,—and, in the course of a quarter of an hour, he found himself at the spot where the explosion was to take place.

It was a tolerably level surface, of some hundred yards in diameter. Transverse belts of excavated chalk, with several trenches and pits half filled up, marked out the huge fragment of the solid mass which was to be separated. The boundary was further indicated by small flagstaffs, and also by sentinels, who prevented any of the visitors from trespassing

on the dangerous ground, whereon, of course, they all had a half-delightful tingling wish to perambulate, and to feel themselves liable to be blown to atoms by a premature explosion.

Beneath the part marked off by the flag-staffs and sentinels, at a great depth in the chalk rock, were buried many thousand (the Brighton Herald said twenty-seven thousand!) pounds of gunpowder, distributed in different chambers and galleries, one communicating with another by means of a platina wire. This wire was carried up through the rock into a little wooden house, in which certain chemical mysteries were being secretly carried on by engineer officers. There was a little window in front, out of which the mysterious officer now and then half thrust his head,—looked out with profound gravity upon the belts of chalk on the space before him, and, without appearing to see any of the crowding visitors, withdrew from the window. Presently another officer came, and did the same. "Come like shadows," muttered Sir Valentine, "so depart!"

But, wishing that they might "show his eyes" the mysterious operations in the little wooden house, however grievous it might be to his feelings, our anxious knight hurried round to the back, where he took it for granted there was some means of entrance, as he had seen no officer get in at the window. He was right. There was a small narrow door of planks, with a sentry standing before it, who wore a forbidding face of much importance. And now, a gentleman in blue spectacles approached, and nodded to the sentinel, who tapped at the door. The door was unlocked, and the favoured man of science entered. Through the closing door, Sir Valentine caught sight of a sort of long, shapeless table, covered with chemical instruments and utensils,—in short, an apparatus exciting great curiosity. The door closed, just as Sir Valentine handed up his card to the sentinel. The door was opened again,—his card given in; somebody took it, and it seemed to fly over a row of small white porcelain painters' pallettes, standing mid-deep in water, and then disappeared, as the door was suddenly closed again. A voice within was heard to say, impatiently, "I really am afraid we can't be disturbed!"

"Can't you!" exclaimed Sir Valentine, addressing himself to a servant girl, with a child in her arms, who was trying to get a peep in at the door:—"Can't you, indeed! What treatment do you call this? Do you think gentlemen would take the trouble to come *down* here, such a distance, and *up* here, such a height, if they did not expect to see all that could possibly be seen? Is this your duty to the public who pays you? Why should you conceal any thing from me? Am I not a person of sufficient wealth and respectability to be allowed to know of all your doings up here? What brings you here but the public service? Who is your master? tell me that!"

"Edward Smith, of Seaford," answered the girl, with an angry face; "but I don't know as it's any business of yours!"

Sir Valentine brushed past the girl with a "Pooh, pshaw!" Observing it was announced, by a placard on one side of the little wooden house, that the explosion would take place at three o'clock, he took out his watch, and found that it was already half-past two. It became important to decide on the most advantageous place to take up a position, in order to have the best view of the grand explosion. Some of the visitors—in fact, a considerable number—had ascended to the very highest part of the rock, which swept upwards, with its green coating of grass, to a distance of a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards beyond the dangerous spot. Another crowd took their posts at about the same distance below the fatal spot, each crowd being widely scattered, the boldest in each being nearest, the most timid the furthest off. Another crowd—and this was the largest by far—had descended to the beach, to see, from below, the fall of the great mass of lofty rock. Many had taken boats, and rowed, or sailed out, to behold it from a more directly opposite, yet safer position.

Now, Sir Valentine Saltear, being an enthusiast in sight-seeing, had not the least doubt but the way really to *enjoy* the thing, would be to stand upon the portion of the cliff that was to be thrown down; and, leaping from crack to crack, and from mass to mass, as it majestically descended, reach by this means the sea, into which a good dive forwards would render your escape from danger comparatively safe and easy. On second thoughts, however, he saw that it was precarious, because if the charge of powder were in excess of the weight to be separated, a great mass of fragments might fly upwards into the air, and who could say but one of these might be the very place on which he himself was standing? He, therefore, contented himself with advancing to the extreme edge of the cliff, and peering over upon the beach below. The height was prodigious; the crowds walking about below were of pigmy size. The boats that were hovering about on the sea looked no bigger than mussel shells. Sir Valentine once thought of going out in a boat, but immediately recollecting that by doing so he should lose the fine effect of the trembling of the earth, he at once abandoned the idea. If he mounted above the scene of action he should lose the grandeur of the descent of the mass; if he stood on the mount at some distance below it, he could not see the surface crack and gape, though he might be exposed to flying fragments. He, therefore, decided forthwith on going down to the beach, and accordingly he hurried along the grassy slope, and then made his way down a precipitous zig-zag fissure in the sand hill below, till he found his feet rattling and limping over the stones of the beach.

Here he was amidst six or seven thousand people—many more than he had seen from above—some walking about, some sitting in long rows or in groups, on the damp shingles, some standing in knots—all speculating as to how soon it would now be before the great explosion. A few flag-staffs were planted, with several sentinels, to mark the line which no one was allowed to pass; and this line was very strongly marked besides by a dark crowd of the most fearless of the visitors. According to their several degrees of apprehension, the crowds were scattered over the beach at various distances, some of them being at least a mile and half off.

Sir Valentine, after an examination of all the bearings of the case, elected to have a place in the front row, close to the flagstaff; but, taking into consideration the possibility that the explosion might send up a great mass of fragments, which might come flying over that way, and crush numbers by their fall, he looked round to try and secure a retreat the instant he should see a black cloud of fragments in the air. The front line would not be able to retreat in time, because, being crowded, they would, in the panic of the moment, stumble over each other, and falling pell-mell, become an easy prey to the descending chalk. Sir Valentine, therefore, being not only an enthusiast, but also a man of foresight, took his post to the extreme right of the line, so that he could, if he saw need, retreat into the sea; to make sure of which, and at the same time to have an unimpeded view, he now stood half up to his knees in water.

It was three o'clock—the hour of doom for the chalk in its contest with gunpowder. A bugle sounded, and a movement of the sentries on the top of the rock was discerned by the thousands of eyes looking up from the beach. Many, also, who were above, suddenly thought they could better their positions by moving further off. Below, on the beach, there was a hush of voices; not a murmur was heard. Everybody stood in his favourite attitude of expectation. All eyes were bent upon the lofty projecting cliff; and nearly every mouth was open, as if in momentary anticipation of being filled with an avalanche of chalk. Again a bugle sounded—and all was silence. Not a shingle moved.

Presently there was a low, subterranean murmur, accompanied by a trembling of the whole sea-beach—sea and all;—no burst of explosion; but the stupendous cliff was seen to crack, heave outwards, and separate in many places half-way down; the upper part then bowed itself forward, and almost at the same instant the cliff seemed to bend out and break at one-third of the way from the base, till, like an old giant falling upon his knees, down it sank, pitching at the same time head foremost upon the beach with a tremendous, dull, echoless roar. A dense cloud of white dust and smoke instantly rose, and obscured the whole from sight.

Everybody kept his place a moment in silence—the front line then made a rush onward—then abruptly stopped, bringing up all those behind them with a jerk. Who knows but more cliff may be coming down. In the course of half a minute the cloud of dust had sufficiently dispersed itself to render the fallen mass visible. It formed a sort of double hill about one-fifth of the height of the rocks above, the outer hill nearest the sea (which had been the head and shoulders of the fallen giant) being by far the largest. It was made up of fragments of all sizes, from small morsels, and lumps, up to huge blocks of chalk, many of which were two or three feet in thickness, intermixed with masses of the upper crust, having grass upon the upper surface.

Towards this larger hill of broken masses of chalk, the front rank of the crowd below, on the beach, now rushed. But after a few yards, they again stopped abruptly, bringing every body behind them bump up against their backs. Again, they moved on waveringly, when suddenly a small piece of cracked rock detached itself from above, and came rolling down. Back rushed the front line,—a panic took place, and thousands retreated, till they found the cliff was not coming after them, when they gradually drew up, faced about, and returned to the onset. At length it became a complete charge: the front rank made directly for the large broken mound, in the face of clouds of drifting chalk-dust, and fairly carried it by assault,—mounting over blocks, or picking their way round about blocks, or between several blocks, and through soft masses of chalk, and so upwards to the top,—two soldiers, three sailors, a boy, and Sir Valentine, being the first who reached it. Thereupon they set up a shout of victory, which was echoed by thousands from below. Fifty or sixty more were soon up after them; and one enthusiast, who had a very clever little brown horse, actually contrived to lead him up to the top, and then mounted him, amidst the plaudits of the delighted heroes who surrounded him. Every body, horse and all, was covered with the continual rain of chalk-dust. The heroes were all as white as millers.

It was almost as difficult to descend as it had been to get up. However, Sir Valentine managed to effect this with considerable alacrity, and made his way hastily across the field to the little "public," with intent to secure a fly, or other conveyance, before they were all occupied by the numbers he had left behind him on the beach. Nothing could be had: all were engaged. He walked onwards hastily, and was fortunate enough to overtake a large pleasure-cart, into which he got, and, after suffering the vexation of seeing every vehicle pass them, he at length arrived at the Newhaven railway station.

There, every body was in confusion, and no

information about the Express-train—for which Sir Valentine had a return ticket—could be obtained from any body. Nobody knew any thing. Meantime the crowd began to increase twofold.

Sir Valentine was dying with thirst. He made his way into a large waiting-room, and saw bottles of wine, and stout, and soda-water, bobbing and sailing over peoples' heads; but it was in vain to try and get near the window; and as to waiters, not a fellow or shadow of the kind was to be found. He was recommended to "try the tap" outside. Here it was still worse—though some fortunate individuals had, nevertheless, contrived to get drunk. Sir Valentine held up a shilling in the air for a glass of porter, till his arm was ready to drop off; and then he abandoned all hope.

"Have you heads upon your shoulders?" cried he to a tall young farmer who was leaning with his back against the wall:—"You want to make money with all your souls; and you are too stupid to know how, when the money is ready to be thrown into your mouths. Look at your tap, there? Look at all those struggling outside. Why should not a beer-cask, as easily as a water-cask, be set on a truck and wheeled out here—two or three of them—and so accommodate the public and take all the money that could be offered? But no; not *you!* not *you!* You want some clever Frenchman or German, to come and show you the way—the simple means—and then you'll bawl and scream against foreigners coming and taking the bread out of your mouth! Here have I, for instance—"

A whistle sounded from the railway platform, and Sir Valentine hurried away from the tall young farmer, who had just awoke to a belief that the gentleman was mad.

The confusion on the platform had by this time increased tenfold. A long train of carriages was there—and on the line or rail on the other side, there was another. But nobody could tell Sir Valentine which was the Express-train. This state of things continued at least a quarter-of-an-hour beyond the time when the Express-train ought to have started. At length a railway officer was able sufficiently to collect himself to listen to Sir Valentine, and inform him that *this* was the Express which was now going. Up and down struggled Sir Valentine amidst the crowd; but every first-class carriage was full of faces—all looking so comfortable and smiling, as he thrust his anxious face in at the windows. Finally, the whistle blew again, and in despair Sir Valentine scrambled into the only vacant seat remaining in one of the second-class carriages. The engine-whistle screamed, and onward they rolled.

"This is the way you treat gentlemen!" exclaimed he, looking round at his fellow-passengers. "You make them pay one pound four shillings for a first class Express-train—and you oblige them to get into a second-class carriage!"

"In an Excursion-train!" drily added one of the passengers, a grazier, who was buttoned up to the chin in a grey duffel coat.

"The Excursion-train!" ejaculated Sir Valentine. There he stopped; partly for want of breath; partly from rage; but still more because of the ridicule he perceived he should encounter from his fellow-passengers. He therefore endeavoured to join in their laugh. "Ha, ha!" said he, in a hollow tone.

Arrived at Lewes, the train stopped. The stoppage continued a long time, and then the whole train was thrust backward at least a mile, when again it stopped. After another quarter-of-an-hour some of the passengers got out and looked about them. They informed their friends inside that the engine had been taken away. So, here stood the train in the bend of the railway, forming an immense crescent of carriages all crowded—with no apparent chance of advancing—and no explanation of the cause of the delay! The passengers now began to make all sorts of noises—shouts, hootings, hisses, whistles, yells, and stamping with the feet. Still, not a word of explanation from any officer or porter—indeed, only one or two appeared, and hurried away, refusing to reply to the simplest questions.

After half an hour of this "fun," a train came up on the furthermost line. It paused a few minutes—then went on before the one which had been so long delayed.

"No doubt but *that* is the 'Express,'" said the man in the duffel coat.

The vociferations and noises now increased. The passengers banged with sticks against the panels of the carriages, and uttered screams and cat-calls innumerable. In the midst of this, up comes another train—also going to London. After waiting a few minutes, this also rolled onward. As it passed the dark, stationary crescent of carriages, all manner of yells, hisses, hoots, and ha-a-as of rage and disgust followed the happy train, the passengers of which answered by a victorious cheer.

This was too much to bear, and the deserted crescent now uplifted its voice in a most furious manner, and several of the most outrageous endeavoured to smash panels and seats with their sticks. At length somebody with heavy boots fell to drumming, and this gradually took a measured cadence, till all along these fifty or sixty compartments resounded the heavy drumming of a monotonous tune, with which the performers grew so pleased, that it put them into good humour, notwithstanding this abominable treatment, which they had now endured upwards of three-quarters of an hour.

Certainly, Englishmen *en masse* are very ready to be pleased, and very good-natured under trying circumstances. Here, now, were

a set of men who had been uttering the most obstreperous noises, and were ready to commit violence; who yet, it was manifest, were in so good a frame of mind, that one word of reasonable explanation of the cause of this delay would have quieted them in a moment. "But no"—as Sir Valentine said—"No—this one word of reasonable explanation, is just the thing you will not give!" The train had been stationary, as described, a whole hour, by several watches.

A third train now came up, on the way to London. This time, the first to move was the long-suffering crescent, whose passengers, in passing the other train, gave a loud cheer of victorious triumph over them; which was answered by the crowd in the third class with a prolonging ba-a-ing and other lugubrious imitations of a train to Smithfield.

Nothing further occurred till the train paused near the London terminus, in order to take the passengers' tickets. When the guard came with his lamp, and received the tickets from Sir Valentine's carriage, he made a stop as he looked at the latter, and then said, with rather a suspicious look—"This is not correct!"

"You'll have to pay over again," said the man in the duffel coat.

"Correct!" exclaimed Sir Valentine, "Of course it's not correct. I paid one pound four for a first-class carriage in the Express-train; and here I am in a second-class carriage of the Excursion-train, in which these gentlemen have paid eight-and fourpence! I'll thank you for the balance!"

"Well, well;" said the guard, with an easy, accommodating air, "I dare say this will do." And he moved on to the next carriage.

"This," said Sir Valentine, addressing the grazier in the duffel coat, "this is the cool way in which you impose upon the public! Whether you build a man a sea-wall, set up a small public-house, or carry people in a train to see a contest between gunpowder and chalk—Porter! Call Sir Valentine Saltear's carriage—You are never satisfied unless you have committed some stultified oversight, by which everybody is made uncomfortable and nobody benefited!"

"Then call it yourself!" said the porter.

A LESSON FOR FUTURE LIFE.

Every present holds a future in it,
  Could we read its bosom secret right,
Could we see the golden clue and win it,
  Lay our hand to work with heart and might.

True it is we shall not live in story,
  But we may be waves within a tide,
Help the human flood to near the glory,
  That shall shine when we have toil'd and died.

Therefore, though few praise or help or heed us,
  Let us work—with head, or heart, or hand,
For we know the future ages need us,
  We must help our time to take its stand.

That the after day may make beginning
  Where our present labour hath its end;
So each age, by that before it winning,
  To the following help in turn shall lend.

Each single struggle hath its far vibration,
  Working results that work results again;
Failure and death are no annihilation,
  Our tears, absorb'd, will make some future rain.

Let us toil on; the work we leave behind us,
  Though incomplete, God's hand will yet embalm,
And use it some way: and the news will find us
  In heaven above, and sweeten endless calm.

SPIDERS' SILK.

Urged by the increased demand for the threads which the silk-worm yields, many ingenious men have endeavoured to turn the cocoons of other insects to account. In search of new fibres to weave into garments, men have dived to the bottom of the sea, to watch the operations of the pinna and the common mussel. Ingenious experimentalists have endeavoured to adapt the threads which hold the mussel firmly to the rock, to the purposes of the loom; and the day will probably arrive when the minute thread of that diminutive insect, known as the money-spinner, will be reeled, thrown, and woven into fabrics fit for Titania and her court.

In the early part of last century, an enthusiastic French gentleman turned his attention to spiders' webs. He discovered that certain spiders not only erected their webs to trap unsuspecting flies, but that the females, when they had laid their eggs, forthwith wove a cocoon, of strong silken threads, about them. These cocoons are known more familiarly as spiders' bags. The common webs of spiders are too slight and fragile to be put to any use; but the French experimentalist in question, Monsieur Bon, was led to believe that the cocoons of the female spiders were more solidly built than the mere traps of the ferocious males. Various experiments led M. Bon to adopt the short-legged silk spider as the most productive kind. Of this species he made a large collection. He employed a number of persons to go in search of them; and, as the prisoners were brought to him, one by one, he enclosed them in separate paper cells, in which he pricked holes to admit the air. He kept them in close confinement, and he observed that their imprisonment did not appear to affect their health. None of them, so far as he could observe, sickened for want of exercise; and, as a gaoler, he appears to have been indefatigable, occupying himself catching flies, and delivering them over to the tender mercies of his prisoners. After a protracted confinement in these miniature Bastiles, the grim M. Bon opened the doors, and found that the majority of his prisoners had beguiled their time in forming their bags. Spiders exude their

threads from papillæ or nipples, placed at the hinder part of their body. The thread, when it leaves them, is a glutinous liquid, which hardens on exposure to the air. It has been found that, by squeezing a spider, and placing the finger against its papillæ, the liquid of which the thread or silk is made may be drawn out to a great length.

M. Reaumur, the rival experimentalist to M. Bon, discovered that the papillæ are formed of an immense number of smaller papillæ, from each of which a minute and distinct thread is spun. He asserted that, with a microscope, he counted as many as seventy distinct fibres proceeding from the papillæ of one spider, and that there were many more threads too minute and numerous to compute. He jumped to a result, however, that is sufficiently astonishing, namely, that a thousand distinct fibres proceed from each papillæ; and there being five large papillæ, that every thread of spider's silk is composed of at least five thousand fibres. In the heat of that enthusiasm, with which the microscope filled speculative minds in the beginning of last century, M. Leuwenhoek ventured to assert that a hundred of the threads of a full-grown spider were not equal to the diameter of one single hair of his beard. This assertion leads to the astounding arithmetical deduction, that if the spider's threads and the philosopher's hair be both round, ten thousand threads are not bigger than such a hair; and, computing the diameter of a thread spun by a young spider as compared with that of an adult spider, four millions of the fibres of a young spider's web do not equal a single hair of M. Leuwenhoek's beard. The enthusiastic experimentalist must have suffered horrible martyrdom under the razor, with such an exaggerated notion of his beard as these calculations must have given him. A clever writer, in Lardner's Cyclopædia, notices these measurements, and shows that M. Leuwenhoek went far beyond the limits of reality in his calculation.

M. Bon's collection of spiders continued to thrive; and, in due season, he found that the greater number of them had completed their cocoons or bags. He then dislodged the bags from the paper boxes; threw them into warm water, and kept washing them until they were quite free from dirt of any kind. The next process was to make a preparation of soap, saltpetre, and gum-arabic dissolved in water. Into this preparation the bags were thrown, and set to boil over a gentle fire for the space of three hours. When they were taken out and the soap had been rinsed from them, they appeared to be composed of fine, strong, ash-coloured silk. Before being carded on fine cards, they were set out for some days to dry thoroughly. The carding, according to M. Bon, was an easy matter; and he affirmed that the threads of the silk he obtained were stronger and finer than those of the silk-worm. M. Reaumur, however, who was dispatched to the scene of M. Bon's investigations by the Royal Academy of Paris, gave a different version of the matter. He found, that whereas the thread of the spider's bag will sustain only thirty-six grains, that of the silkworm will support a weight of two drachms and a half—or four times the weight sustained by the spider-thread. Though M. Bon was certainly an enthusiast on behalf of spiders, M. Reaumur as undoubtedly had a strong predilection in favour of the bombyx; and the result of these contending prejudices was, that M. Bon's investigations were overrated by a few, and utterly disregarded by the majority of his countrymen. He injured himself by rash assertions. He endeavoured to make out that spiders were more prolific, and yielded a proportionably larger quantity of silk than silkworms. These assertions were disproved, but in no kindly spirit, by M. Reaumur. To do away with the impression that spiders and their webs were venomous, M. Bon not only asserted, with truth, that their bite was harmless, but he even went so far as to subject his favourite insect to a chemical analysis, and he succeeded in extracting from it a volatile salt which he christened Montpelier drops, and recommended strongly as an efficacious medicine in lethargic states.

M. Bon undoubtedly produced, from the silk of his spiders, a material that readily absorbed all kinds of dyes, and was capable of being worked in any loom. With his carded spider's silk the enthusiastic experimentalist wove gloves and stockings, which he presented to one or two learned societies. To these productions several eminent men took particular exceptions. They discovered that the fineness of the separate threads of the silk detracted from its lustre, and inevitably produced a fabric less refulgent than those woven from the silkworm. M. Reaumur's most conclusive fact against the adoption of spider's silk as an article of manufacture, was deduced from his observations on the combativeness of spiders. He discovered that they had not arrived at that state of civilisation when communities find it most to the general advantage to live on terms of mutual amity and confidence; on the contrary, the spider-world, according to M. Reaumur (we are writing of a hundred and forty years ago), was in a continual state of warfare—nay, not a few spiders were habitual cannibals. Having collected about five thousand spiders (enough to scare the most courageous old lady), M. Reaumur shut them up in companies varying in number from fifty to one hundred. On opening the cells, after the lapse of a few days, "what was the horror of our hero," as the graphic novelist writes, "to behold the scene which met his gaze!" Where fifty spiders, happy and full of life, had a short time before existed, only about two bloated insects now remained—they had devoured their fellow spiders! This horrible

custom of the spider-world accounts for the small proportion of spiders in comparison to the immense number of eggs which they produce. So formidable a difficulty could only be met by rearing each spider in a separate cage; whether this separation is practicable—that is to say, whether it can be made to repay the trouble it would require—is a matter yet to be decided.

Against M. Bon's treatise on behalf of spider's silk, M. Reaumur urged further objections. He asserted, that when compared with silkworm's silk, spider's silk was deficient both in quality and in quantity. His calculation went to show that the silk of twelve spiders did not more than equal that of one bombyx; and that no less than fifty-five thousand two hundred and ninety-six spiders must be reared to produce one pound of silk. This calculation is now held to be exaggerated; and the spirit of partisanship in which M. Reaumur's report was evidently concocted, favours the supposition that he made the most of any objections he could bring to bear against M. Bon.

M. Bon's experiments are valuable as far as they go; spider's silk may be safely set down as an untried raw material. The objections of M. Reaumur, reasonable in some respects, are not at all conclusive. It is of course undeniable that the silkworm produces a larger quantity of silk than any species of spider; but, on the other hand, the spider's silk may possess certain qualities adapted to particular fabrics, which would justify its cultivation. At the Great Industrial Show, we shall probably find some specimens of spider's silk: such contributions would be useful and suggestive. The idea of brushing down cobwebs to convert them into ball-room stockings, forces upon us the association of two most incongruous ideas; but that this transformation is not impossible, the Royal Society, who are the possessors of some of M. Bon's spider-fabric, can satisfactorily demonstrate.

FATHER GABRIEL; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A FARMER.

A BACHELOR'S station in the Bush, or even a bachelor's farm, is generally a wretched place. Founded to make money and nothing else, decency and comfort are little cultivated. A rude bark-covered hut for the overseer or master; another, still ruder, for the servants; the ground bare beaten with the feet of cattle, not a vestige of garden, although the soil be ever so fertile. A stockyard, ankle deep in dust, are the usual characteristics. The head of the station being a young man, who may often be found, dirty, barefooted, in his shirt sleeves, sitting alone, in melancholy state, on an old tea-chest, with a mess of salt meat and tea without milk before him, longing for a visit from a neighbour or traveller, without books or newspapers, obliged, if he would keep up his authority, to hold very little communication with his men.

As for the men, harassed and haggard looking, ragged, unshaven, unwashed, they crowd together in an evening, perhaps fifteen or twenty in number, smoking, and swearing, and jabbering with two or three black gins, their only female companions, purchased, stolen, or strayed from a neighbouring tribe. But on the stations of married squatters, or where small settlers of a good sort have settled either on grants or purchases, as dairy and grain-growing farmers, a very different sight is presented,—wives and gardens, children and green vegetables, improve the fare, the scenery, and the society. Thank heaven, every day fixity of tenure is making its way, and in a few years there is no reason why pastoral Australia, with immense advantages of climate, should not resemble that pastoral Scotland whose domestic virtues have afforded so many exquisite pictures for poets and romancists.

When I first landed in the Colony, agriculture was reckoned very *low*, the Highland spirit of contempt for rural toil had descended on our nomadic aristocracy. Not being bred to it, I could not share the feeling; and after months of men-companions, and salt meat and damper fare, grateful to my eyes was the view of what I will call (to mention real names would not be fair) "Father Gabriel's Happy Valley." A bright oasis, that within the memory of the oldest settler had not been touched by drought; green, and corn-waving, when all around the other side of the range was brown and barren; cheerful and alive too, with fat children running and riding in play, for children with us ride almost as soon as they walk; handsome young wives, and nice tidy old women busy washing under the verandahs of their cottages, or in their gardens, or making cheese in the open air under a great tree, converted into part of a machine for cheese pressing.

From a great field of oaten hay, "The mowers' scythes sent back a flickering silver sheen," where Father Gabriel, a hale old man, led the way before a long string of sons and sons-in-law, while the little ones followed and bound the sheaves. It was almost a home scene, beneath a brighter sun and clearer blue sky than is ever found in England.

Father Gabriel, having been one of the early free-farmer settlers, had obtained a grant in this favoured spot, and made the most of it by growing wheat in increasing quantities, which during a four years' drought, he sold at 14*s.* and 15*s.* a bushel. With the help of a long family he became really rich; but instead of turning "*gentleman*," after the vulgar colonial fashion, or entering into wild speculations, he had pursued his plain Yeoman style of life, collecting round him as many as possible of his neighbours from his native country, so that he had formed a sort of

North-country settlement, cut off by barren land and rocky ranges, from near contact with smaller stations, until they pushed on beyond them. He and his friends had built a stone chapel, from which on Sundays the powerful voice of Father Gabriel might be heard expounding the Scriptures, something in the manner of a Presbyterian of Cromwell's day. He discontinued this practice when a dissenting minister reached the district a few years after my arrival. This chapel was very like a barn, roofed with wood slabs or shingles; being the only stone building in the district, it used to be very much admired. During service there were sometimes fifteen or twenty horses, with a fair share of side-saddles, tied up in waiting, belonging to families who had ridden ten and even twenty miles, to service. But they were seldom allowed to return any great distance without sharing the hospitality of the elders.

I made the acquaintance of one of the sons, (the old man had twelve children, and twice that number of grandchildren) at a Kangaroo hunt, and we became intimate, as he was always asking questions about England, English farming, English sports, and I was glad to learn Bushmanship, in which Kit Gabriel was a perfect master. One day he asked me over to a shearing feast. We had to cross a country, which I will describe, because it is a fair specimen of the grand but monotonous scenery of Australia. I love Australia; there I spent my happiest days, triumphing over the ill-fortune that drove me from England; there I found friends of the warmest and truest; there I quaffed deep the cup of hospitality, and found no dregs. With that bright land are associated the memory of cheerful days of toil and nights of harmless revelling, of delicious gallops over far rolling plains, of slow-pacing rides through miles of silent forest, of thought-inspiring reveries, within sight and sound of the broad calm waters of the Pacific. But although I can recal scenes of horrid grandeur, worthy of the pencil of Salvator, and of wild joyous beauty, to which even the imagination of a Turner or Danby could scarcely do justice, I must own that the sameness of the scenery for hundreds of miles, and, still more, the sameness of the evergreen foliage, except in the tropical zones, and the absence of perfect cultivation, renders the greater part of Australia inferior in natural beauty, and the power of calling up pleasing associations, to the districts of England, where wild scenery and high cultivation may be viewed at one glance beneath a summer or autumnal sun. As, for instance, in Derbyshire, with its rose-covered cottages and wood-crowned hills; in Nottinghamshire, with its trim farms and forests of old oak; in Gloucestershire, with its green valleys streaked with silver streams, where even the fulling mill and the factory, become picturesque. And then, again, Australia has no *Past*:—but she has a *Future*, and it should be the endeavour of every colonist to make that Future read well.

But to return to my ride. Our way lay over a hard sand-track; on one side, a river, or rather chain of pools; on the other, steep hills (Colonially, *ridges*), covered with Australian Pine—a beautiful tree, with excellent qualities for working freely, with a colour and smell like sandal-wood, but useless for house use, as it breeds vermin. After an hour, we turned up stony ridges, thinly sprinkled with iron-barktrees for three miles, until the range broke off short, in sight of a broad creek, which we forded, and, leaving the river, rode over undulating ground, timbered with box and iron-bark; then over a thickly-wooded, sandy, scrubby ridge, at the end of which our course lay for a mile through an open box forest, beautifully grassed, like an English meadow, which opened upon a splendid plain, as thinly dotted with trees as a nobleman's park, which extended almost as far as the eye could reach, until, just on the horizon before us, appeared a dark boundary line, formed by a dense forest. But after riding several miles, during which we were constantly, but almost imperceptibly, descending, we came to a river never known to fail.

It was in a valley, intersected by this river, that Father Gabriel's settlement lay. Soon we could hear the lowing of the heifers, answered by their calves in the home-station pens; the swash-swashing of an oxen-driven threshing-machine, a recent investment of the patriarch's; and presently, amid other farmyard sounds, the shrill moaning of a fiddle. I don't know which was most pleasant and homelike. A lot of horses, still hot, with saddle-marks, in a paddock; two young fellows and a girl in a nankin habit, cantering in front of us; and a lot of men, washed, shaved, and in holiday costume, gave notice of the gathering.

A young Bushman, in his broad-leaved hat, with two yards of taffeta flying; his brown, intelligent face, hair, beard, and moustachios neatly trimmed; blue or red woollen shirt, loose trousers, broad belt; seated like a centaur on his half-bred Arab; is, perhaps, as picturesque a figure as you may see anywhere in a voyage round the world. On this afternoon, not one, but some dozen such, were at the gathering.

We passed the chapel, and came in sight of the house, planted on a declivity, in sight of the river, but out of reach of winter's floods: a composite building, which first consisted of a mere hut and garden; then grew, by addition, to a good, six-roomed, one-storied cottage, of sawn boards, with glazed windows, a verandah all round, covered with beautiful creepers, eventually increased by a large double room of stone, the work of the stonemason colonist, who, having easy-working material within reach, thus paid off a debt to Father Gabriel. It was most comfortable, convenient, and capacious as a barrack; but,

as a whole, I never saw anything like it, before or since.

From a detached kitchen, on the side of the original hut, with a monstrous chimney, came a delicious smell and flare of wood-fire, accounting clearly for the excessive warmth of the fat woman cook—a rare and blessed sight—who, surrounded by male and female assistants, was at that moment engaged in fanning herself with an old cabbage-tree hat.

A twinge of mortification shot through me as I looked down on my patched fustians, and regretted too late the snow-white ducks and sky-blue plaid shooting-jacket which lay neglected at the bottom of a sea-chest.

The shearing was concluded. The wool of twenty thousand head had been washed, clipped, sorted and packed, and the Clan Gabriel were gathered together with all friends and neighbours within seventy miles, who could spare time to celebrate a feast at the house with the best garden on that side the Blue Mountains. Father Gabriel towered even among the tall Australians, but one could distinguish at a glance the British from the Colonial born of his family; slight, fair, and small-featured were the younger brood as compared with the elder. Father Gabriel had one of those faces and forms you often see in the wolds of Yorkshire; powerful, large limbed, broad chested, with rather high cheek bones, a ruddy complexion, which the Australian sun had not been able to burn out; a bold hooked nose, eyes grey, and rather larger and less cunning in expression than most men of the same stamp; hair, whiskers, and eyebrows almost grey; a bold, capacious forehead gave benevolence to a countenance which would otherwise have been chiefly distinguished, like his fellow countrymen, by acuteness. Hard work and the climate seemed to have melted every ounce of fat out of a frame that, at his age, we commonly find full and fleshy, if not unwieldy. His wife was delightful; little, plump, active, of middle age, perfectly fair, without wrinkle, and with smooth, auburn hair without a touch of grey, that kind of hair that never gets grey, and a mouth full of unspecked teeth, an advantage which several of her married daughters could not boast. A better looking lot I never saw. The women were all clustering round a stranger cousin from England; the men, I grieve to own, just as they do in England, were gathered all together discussing stock, the merits of their horses, and the price of wool. Two little boys, the eldest not ten years of age, who had been tailing cattle all day, gallopped up after us, Bushmen in miniature.

As dusk came on, the room, which went clear up to the roof, rough and unfinished, was lighted with home-made dips, stuck in bottles and bark sconces.

Presently the tuning I had heard on arrival recommenced from a corner. Mr. Budge, blacksmith and clerk, the universal genius of the settlement, took up his beloved bass, which unglued and flat, had travelled all the way from "the North Countrie," and recommenced the concert our presence had interrupted. Polly Gabriel, his god-child and favourite, a sweet little thing in the bloom of fifteen, tucked a violin under her chin. Bob Grundy, bootmaker and shepherd, blew away on the flageolet, while Jack Rackrow, an evergreen veteran pensioner of engineers, farmer and joiner, drew shrill notes from a home-made tin instrument, a cross between a penny-whistle and piccolo flute.

One, two, three, four, reels were formed, and off we went in double quick time, for by instinct I soon joined, as by degrees did a good many, without distinction of age or station; Mother Gabriel, as active as any; Dora O'Grady, the red-headed maiden, in a red and yellow gown without shoes or stockings. Famously we jigged, thumped the floor, and snapped our fingers, and wonderful were the steps in toe-and-heel, and weave-the-blanket, there and then performed, amid due shouting, while at door and window, with large admiring eyes, the shepherds and other Bush servants looked on approvingly, as may be seen when polka is performed in some English manor-house; the balance of surprise and admiration being however with our Bushmen. Then we changed to country dances; up the middle and down again; and all the company, but two or three elders, including a little, lame, old man, with a crutch-handled stick, got in motion, and it did strike me that one or two of the outsiders joined in a sort of voluntary accompaniment at the door end of the room. When I pulled up in my turn, red and breathless, I was close to the musicians, rare birds in the Bush, and this lot right-down enthusiasts. Little Polly, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, her brown curls hanging all manner of ways, cuddled her fiddle as if she loved it, and ran up and down the strings with the taperest, if not the whitest fingers that ever patted butter,—lost to dances and admirers, everything but her own music,—but, while Budge sawed away as solemnly and earnestly as if he had been blowing his own bellows, and Grundy blew as if his life depended on his exertions, Jack Rackrow found time to admire his own performance and give directions as to the figures, to which no one paid the least attention. "I 'me blessed," I heard one of the Stockmen say, "if I b'lieve the governor and the bishop have got such music." And all the bye-standers seemed of the same opinion, in which, indeed, I fully agreed.

All things must have an end, so did the dancing, from sheer exhaustion; then came supper: the table, sheets of bark laid on bushes, on which, ranged in glorious profusion, were mutton chops, boiled beef, honey, potatoes, melons, grapes, pumpkin pie, eels, parrot pie, figs, roast piglings, and dampers a yard in diameter, serving often for bread and plates too. Jorums of tea, strong and sweet; bowls

of milk, and a cask of wine, home-made wine, formed the drinkables: rum, which on such occasions is usually introduced as a treat, being excluded by the scruples of our hosts. In compliment to me, as a stranger, a bottle of porter was uncorked, its cost exceeding old crusty Port at a Richmond dinner. When I add that every man pulled out his own clasp-knife, that only six forks could be mustered, and that no particular order was observed in the eating, I have said everything. Soon after supper, the ladies retired; the men took their smoke; those living near saddled up, the far away ones unrolled their blankets and stretched out on the floor. Before and since I have attended balls and suppers more refined, but never so enjoyable, because it was a real luxury, no other Bush-establishment having so much music or so many pretty girls for partners.

The next day a party set out to form a new station in the interior, which had been previously explored. The sheep, in two flocks of six hundred each, had gone forward two days previously. The young men having come up from Father Gabriel's out-stations, there was a great gathering. The head of the party was Harry Granby, husband of Polly Gabriel's sister Myra. The old folks had contributed fortunes for the young people in stock, and they had determined to push on quite outside the furthest stations on ground lately discovered.

Two bullock drays were loaded with everything needed for a station. The little old lame man, with the crutch-handled stick, came up riding a half-bred Timor pony, with a pair of draught bullocks, which he insisted on presenting to the young couple as regular "good uns," instead of a pair that seemed not quite steady. A mixed herd of six hundred head of cattle were collected in a stock-yard, to go forward under charge of Granby's brother, one of the young Gabriels, and an experienced stockman, with four volunteers; the other splitters and fencers and servants had gone with the sheep.

The strangest sight, and the prettiest, was Myra Granby on her grey mare, with a great yearling colt running alongside, all ready with blankets, tin pots, holster, and provision-bags, strapped on, to march into the interior. Contrary to all precedent, a shepherd's wife, riding on one of the drays, was the only other woman. This move of Myra's created a universal outcry, but she made no answer to the last words, except cracking her stock-whip: and, looking at her firm, though rosy, mouth, and very decided eyebrows, it was clear that when Myra made up her mind, Harry had nothing to do but give way.

Amid the prayers of the fathers and mothers, good wishes of the young ones, a volley of old shoes from Dora and Molly the maid-servants, the reports of the bullock-drivers' whips, the shouts of the stockmen, and the barking of the cattle-dogs,—the party moved off into the wilderness. To see them winding along in the distance, was almost a scene from the days of Abraham and Lot.

As the last straggler passed over the brow of the range, "There," said Father Gabriel, "there, young gentleman, that's the way we swarm off our young bees in this country. No landlord, no rent worth speaking of, no taxes. But come, let us mount and see my farm."

The skill and industry of a North-country farmer, with a large supply of labour in his own family, applied to fertile soil, ready for the plough without clearing, under a climate without winter and without droughts, had done wonders. The crops were splendid; but, to an eye accustomed to good Scotch or English farming, everything seemed rude, slovenly, and unfinished. But, as the old man truly observed, "Good, neat farming, don't pay in a colony: labour is dear, and land cheap. A crop might be got out of five acres while you were stumping one acre. For the same reason, no man can make a living as a farmer who cannot work with his own hands, and get help in his own family. Gentlemen like you, sir, should keep to squatting with sheep or cattle; and then, if you look after your men, you can do. Spend nothing you can help, and do all you can for yourself. That's the secret of Colonial success.

"I have spent more time and labour on my garden than is the custom in the colony, but then I wished to keep my family round me, and for years only hired two men; I with my sons did all the rest. We began our garden on the same day as our hut, and we eat our own cabbage and bacon the first year."

Thus chatting, we reached an eminence, where I could look down on the wild and reclaimed land, "A lovely scene," I observed; "how bright and clear everything comes out under these cloudless skies."

"Why yes," said Father Gabriel, "it does look very pretty; and perhaps you might have liked it even better the first time I saw it; the grass breast high, full of kangaroos, and the water holes alive with black swans and pelicans: but pretty as it was, I can assure you it made my heart sore to think I had brought my family into such a wilderness, so lonely, surrounded by bloodthirsty savages, so far from help, and such a deal of new kind of work to do before I could make it anything like the place where we were all reared. If my old woman had not had a good heart, and the young ones been all such hard-bitten ones and hopeful, I think I should never have pulled through. There were not many immigrants in those days, and England seemed a great deal further off than it does now. But, thank God, I would not change places now with the owner of Brancepeth Castle."

"But," said I, "you speak so fondly of Old England; you seem so glad to welcome any

English face, whether from the north or south; that I almost wonder you could ever find heart to leave home, especially as people were not crowding out as they are now, fancying fortunes are to be picked up on the beach?"

"Why, that's true, it was a wonder; I'm astonished, although I've never been sorry since my son Ralph helped me to fell the first tree; but the fact is, I came for the only reason that a man ever ought to leave his country, to my thinking—because I was going down hill fast, with a long family coming, and in an evening sitting over the fire, trying to make out what would be left after rent was paid, I used to think I could see a gaol or a workhouse in the hot coals."

The Patriarch then told me his story, which I will tell to the reader in another paper.

A GERMAN PICTURE OF THE SCOTCH.

Some notion of what stands for an Englishman on the Continental stage was conveyed to our readers in the last number of our first volume; we are now enabled to add a few faint lines of such a portrait of Scotchmen, as obtains currency and credence amongst the Germans.

A new play was, about the time we were writing the former article, produced at the principal theatre of Vienna. The scene is laid in St. Petersburgh; the real hero is a little animal, known to dog-fanciers as a Scotch terrier; but the nominal chief character is a banker from Glasgow, named Sutherland. He had failed in his native place, but in Russia he became a great man; for he was the favourite money-dealer of the Empress Catherine.

We all know the strength of a Scotch constitution, but we also know the severity of a St. Petersburgh winter: yet Mr. Sutherland presents himself to his audience, amidst the frozen scenery of that ice-bound city, in what is believed abroad to be the regular everyday costume of a citizen of Glasgow; namely a kilt, jack boots and a cocked hat, with a small grove of funereal feathers. Mr. Sutherland, despite his scanty nether costume, appears to be in excellent health and spirits. He has thriven so well in the world that, in accordance with a tolerably correct estimate of the Caledonian national character, his relations at home begin to pay court to him and to send him presents. One indulges him with the hero of the piece; the small, ugly, irate, snuffy, quadruped before mentioned. The Banker takes it with a good-humoured "Pish!" little dreaming of the important part the little wretch is destined to play. He had scarcely received the gift when the Empress passes by, sees the dog, and desires to possess it, while the grateful Sutherland is too glad to be able to gratify a royal caprice at so light a cost.

She, in the fervency of her gratitude, named the dog after the donor—a great compliment.

Alas! one day, the dog, who had eaten too plentifully of *zoobrême* (chicken stewed with truffles), was seized with apoplexy and died; though not without suspicion of having been poisoned by the prime minister, a piece of whose leg he had digested the day before. The Empress sighed far more over the loss of her dog, than she would have done for that of the minister. The one might have been easily replaced; she knew at least twenty waiting open-mouthed for the vacancy. But who could replace her four-footed friend!—she mourns him as a loss utterly irreparable. She orders the greatest mark of affectionate respect it is possible to show to be performed on the dead terrier.

The scene changes; it is night. The fortunate banker is seated at dessert, after an excellent dinner of "mutton rosbif," and "hot-a-meale pour-ridges, and patatas," indispensable to a North Briton; his legs are crossed, his feet rest upon a monstrous fender, which he takes care to inform us he has received from England, as he sits sipping his "sherri port bier," and soliloquising pleasantly over the various chances of his life. He is just about to finish his evening with some "croc," the English name for the pleasant invention of Admiral Grogram; his servant enters, to announce that the chief executioner with a file of soldiers have just dropped in, to say a word on a matter of business from the Empress.

The awful functionary, on stalking into the room, exclaimed, "I am come—"

"Well, I see you are," replied the Banker, trying to be facetious, but feeling like a man with a sudden attack of ague.

"By command of the Empress!"

"Long may she live!" ejaculates Sutherland, heartily.

"It is really a very delicate affair," says the executioner; who, like the French Samson, is a humane man; "and I do not know how to break it to you."

"Oh, pray, don't hesitate. What would you like to take?" asked the Banker, spilling the grog he tried to hand to the horrid functionary, from sheer fright.

The Envoy shakes his head grimly. "It is what we must all come to some day," he adds, after a short pause.

"What is? In Heaven's name do not keep me longer in suspense!" cries the Banker, his very visible knees knocking together with agonising rapidity.

"I have been sent," answers the awful messenger; again he stops—looks compassionately at his destined victim.

"Well!"

"By the Empress"—

"I know!"

"To have you"—

"What?"

"Stuffed!" saith the Executioner mournfully."

The Banker shrieked.

"Stuffed!" repeats the man, laconically pointing to a bird in a glass case, to prevent there being any mistake in Sutherland's mind as to the nature of the operation he is to be called upon to undergo.*

The Executioner now lays his hand significantly on poor Sutherland's collar, and looks into his face as if to inquire if he had any particular or peculiar fancy as to the mode in which he would like to go through the preparatory operation of being killed.

"I have brought the straw," he says, "and two assistants are without. The Empress cannot wait; and we have not got your measure for the glass case yet."

The Banker looks the very picture of abject misery; but Britons in foreign comedies, are always ready to buy everything, and the Banker had lived long enough in Russia to know the value of a bribe. He therefore offers one so considerable, that his grim visitor is touched, and endeavours to lull his sense of duty to sleep by a sophistry.

"I was told, indeed, to have you stuffed," he reasons, "and got ready for the Empress; but nothing was said about time; so I don't mind giving you half-an-hour if you can satisfy these gentlemen—and he turns to his associates.

It is briefly done. The Banker pays like a man whose life depends on his liberality—we suppose several millions—for the Executioner remarks that he cannot forget that a groom in England frequently receives several thousands sterling a year; this is a very prevalent idea among the Frankish and Teutonic nations of the Continent. We once heard a Spanish general assert, in a large assembly, that the usual pay of an English ensign was five hundred pounds a month, an idea doubtless derived from some Iberian dramatist; and therefore a public functionary like the Executioner must be remunerated proportionably higher. The enormous pecuniary sacrifice gets for Sutherland some half-hour's respite; which he wisely uses by flying to the British Ambassador, Sir Bifstik, and awaits the result with great anguish.

Sir Bifstik goes to the Empress. He is admitted. He asks if Her Majesty be aware of the position of a British subject named Sutherland?

"Excellent man," says Her Majesty, "No! What is it?"

Sir Bifstik bows low at the tones of the Imperial voice, and now begins to explain himself with something more than diplomatic haste; thinking, perhaps, that already the fatal straw may be filling the Banker's members.

Imperial Catherine does not, of course, consider the putting to death of a mere Scotch Banker, and making him in reality what some of his brethren are sometimes called figuratively—a man of straw—worth this fuss; and sets the ambassador down in her mind as a person of wild republican ideas, who ought to be recalled as soon as possible by his Government, and placed under proper surveillance; but nevertheless, she causes some enquiries to be made, and learns that it is in consequence of her having ordered "Sutherland" to be stuffed that he is probably then undergoing that operation.

Sir Bifstik expresses such horror and consternation at this intelligence, that the Empress believes his mind to be disordered.

"What possible consequence can the accidental stuffing of a Scotch banker be to you, milor?" she saith.

"'The ac-ci-den-t-al stuff-ings of a Scotcher Bankers!'" in a German idiom not generally used by our nobility, gasps Sir Bifstik, mechanically, with pale lips and bristling hair.

"Take him away! He is mad!" screams the Empress, thinking that no sane person could be concerned about such a trifling affair, and in another moment the most sacred of international laws would have been violated (on the stage), and Great Britain insulted by profane hands being laid on the person of her ambassador, when all at once a light breaks over the mind of Her Majesty;—the recalling of something forgotten. She exclaims, with a Russian *nonchalance* quite cheering to behold, "Oh, I remember; now it is easily explained. My poor little dog (I had forgotten him too) died yesterday, and I wished his body to be preserved. *Cher chien!* His name was the same as that of the Banker, I think. Alas! that cruel Death should take *my* dog!"

"But Mr. Sutherland has, perhaps, already been murdered!" gasps the ambassador. "I pray that your Majesty will lose no time in having him released, should he be still alive!"

"Ah, true! I never thought of that;" returns the Empress.

The order is finally issued and Sutherland rescued, just as the Executioner, grown angry at his unreasonable remonstrances, resolves to delay no longer in executing the Imperial commands. To put the *coup-de-grace* on the comic agony of the poor banker, his immense red crop of hair has, in that half hour of frightful uncertainty, turned white as snow!

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A POOR MAN'S TALE OF A PATENT.

I am not used to writing for print. What working-man that never labours less (some Mondays, and Christmas Time and Easter Time, excepted) than twelve or fourteen hour a day, is? But I have been asked to put down, plain, what I have got to say; and so I take pen-and-ink, and do it to the best of my power, hoping defects will find excuse.

I was born, nigh London, but have worked in a shop at Birmingham (what you would call Manufactories, we call Shops), almost ever since I was out of my time. I served my apprenticeship at Deptford, nigh where I was born, and I am a smith by trade. My name is John. I have been called "Old John" ever since I was nineteen year of age, on account of not having much hair. I am fifty-six year of age at the present time, and I don't find myself with more hair, nor yet with less, to signify, than at nineteen year of age aforesaid.

I have been married five and thirty year, come next April. I was married on All Fools' Day. Let them laugh that win. I won a good wife that day, and it was as sensible a day to me, as ever I had.

We have had a matter of ten children, six whereof are living. My eldest son is engineer in the Italian steam-packet "Mezzo Giorno, plying between Marseilles and Naples, and calling at Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia." He was a good workman. He invented a many useful little things that brought him in—nothing. I have two sons doing well at Sydney, New South Wales—single, when last heard from. One of my sons (James) went wild and for a soldier, where he was shot in India, living six weeks in hospital with a musket ball lodged in his shoulder-blade, which he wrote with his own hand. He was the best looking. One of my two daughters (Mary) is comfortable in her circumstances, but water on the chest. The other (Charlotte), her husband run away from her in the basest manner, and she and her three children live with us. The youngest, six year old, has a turn for mechanics.

I am not a Chartist, and I never was. I don't mean to say but what I see a good many public points to complain of, still I don't think that 's the way to set them right. If I did think so, I should be a Chartist. But I don't think so, and I am not a Chartist. I read the paper, and hear discussion, at what we call "a parlor" in Birmingham, and I know many good men and workmen who are Chartists. Note. Not Physical force.

It won't be took as boastful in me, if I make the remark (for I can't put down what I have got to say, without putting that down before going any further), that I have always been of an ingenious turn. I once got twenty pound by a screw, and it 's in use now. I have been twenty year, off and on, completing an Invention and perfecting it. I perfected of it, last Christmas Eve at ten o'clock at night. Me and my wife stood and let some tears fall over the Model, when it was done and I brought her in to take a look at it.

A friend of mine, by the name of William Butcher, is a Chartist. Moderate. He is a good speaker. He is very animated. I have often heard him deliver that what is, at every turn, in the way of us working-men, is, that too many places have been made, in the course of time, to provide for people that never ought to have been provided for; and that we have to obey forms and to pay fees to support those places when we shouldn't ought. "True," (delivers William Butcher), "all the public has to do this, but it falls heaviest on the working man, because he has least to spare; and likewise because impediments shouldn't be put in his way, when he wants redress of wrong, or furtherance of right." Note. I have wrote down those words from William Butcher's own mouth. W. B. delivering them fresh for the aforesaid purpose.

Now, to my Model again. There it was, perfected of, on Christmas Eve, gone nigh a year, at ten o'clock at night. All the money I could spare I had laid out upon the Model; and when times was bad, or my daughter Charlotte's children sickly, or both, it had stood still, months at a spell. I had pulled it to pieces, and made it over again with improvements, I don't know how often. There it stood, at last, a perfected Model as aforesaid.

William Butcher and me had a long talk, Christmas Day, respecting of the Model. William is very sensible. But sometimes

cranky. William said, "What will you do with it, John?" I said, "Patent it." William said, "How Patent it, John?" I said, "By taking out a Patent." William then delivered that the law of Patent was a cruel wrong. William said, "John, if you make your invention public, before you get a Patent, anyone may rob you of the fruits of your hard work. You are put in a cleft stick, John. Either you must drive a bargain very much against yourself, by getting a party to come forward beforehand with the great expenses of the Patent; or, you must be put about, from post to pillar, among so many parties, trying to make a better bargain for yourself, and showing your invention, that your invention will be took from you over your head." I said, "William Butcher, are you cranky? You are sometimes cranky." William said, "No John, I tell you the truth;" which he then delivered more at length. I said to W. B. I would Patent the invention myself.

My wife's brother, George Bury of West Bromwich (his wife unfortunately took to drinking, made away with everything, and seventeen times committed to Birmingham Jail before happy release in every point of view), left my wife, his sister, when he died, a legacy of one hundred and twenty-eight pound ten, Bank of England Stocks. Me and my wife had never broke into that money yet. Note. We might come to be old, and past our work. We now agreed to Patent the invention. We said we would make a hole in it—I mean in the aforesaid money—and Patent the invention. William Butcher wrote me a letter to Thomas Joy, in London. T. J. is a carpenter, six foot four in height, and plays quoits well. He lives in Chelsea, London, by the church. I got leave from the shop, to be took on again when I come back. I am a good workman. Not a Teetotaller; but never drunk. When the Christmas holidays were over, I went up to London by the Parliamentary Train, and hired a lodging for a week with Thomas Joy. He is married. He has one son gone to sea.

Thomas Joy delivered (from a book he had) that the first step to be took, in Patenting the invention, was to prepare a petition unto Queen Victoria. William Butcher had delivered similar, and drawn it up. Note, William is a ready writer. A declaration before a Master in Chancery was to be added to it. That, we likewise drew up. After a deal of trouble I found out a Master, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, nigh Temple Bar, where I made the declaration, and paid eighteenpence. I was told to take the declaration and petition to the Home Office, in Whitehall, where I left it to be signed by the Home Secretary (after I had found the office out) and where I paid two pound, two, and sixpence. In six days he signed it, and I was told to take it to the Attorney-General's chambers, and leave it there for a report. I did so, and paid four pound, four. Note. Nobody, all through, ever thankful for their money, but all uncivil.

My lodging at Thomas Joy's was now hired for another week, whereof five days were gone. The Attorney-General made what they called a Report-of-course (my invention being, as William Butcher had delivered before starting, unopposed), and I was sent back with it to the Home Office. They made a Copy of it, which was called a Warrant. For this warrant, I paid seven pound, thirteen, and six. It was sent to the Queen, to sign. The Queen sent it back, signed. The Home Secretary signed it again. The gentleman throwed it at me when I called, and said, "Now take it to the Patent Office in Lincoln's Inn." I was then in my third week at Thomas Joy's, living very sparing, on account of fees. I found myself losing heart.

At the Patent Office in Lincoln's Inn, they made "a draft of the Queen's bill," of my invention, and a "docket of the bill." I paid five pound, ten, and six, for this. They "engrossed two copies of the bill; one for the Signet Office, and one for the Privy-Seal Office." I paid one pound, seven, and six, for this. Stamp duty over and above, three pound. The Engrossing Clerk of the same office engrossed the Queen's bill for signature. I paid him one pound, one. Stamp-duty, again, one pound, ten. I was next to take the Queen's bill to the Attorney-General again, and get it signed again. I took it, and paid five pound more. I fetched it away, and took it to the Home Secretary again. He sent it to the Queen again. She signed it again. I paid seven pound, thirteen, and six, more, for this. I had been over a month at Thomas Joy's. I was quite wore out, patience and pocket.

Thomas Joy delivered all this, as it went on, to William Butcher. William Butcher delivered it again to three Birmingham Parlors, from which it got to all the other Parlors, and was took, as I have been told since, right through all the shops in the North of England. Note. William Butcher delivered, at his Parlor, in a speech, that it was a Patent way of making Chartists.

But I hadn't nigh done yet. The Queen's bill was to be took to the Signet Office in Somerset House, Strand—where the stamp shop is. The Clerk of the Signet made "a Signet bill for the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal." I paid him four pound, seven. The Clerk of the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal made "a Privy-Seal bill for the Lord Chancellor." I paid him, four pound, two. The Privy-Seal bill was handed over to the Clerk of the Patents, who engrossed the aforesaid. I paid him five pound, seventeen, and eight; at the same time, I paid Stamp-duty for the Patent, in one lump, thirty pound. I next paid for "boxes for the Patent," nine and sixpence. Note. Thomas Joy would have made the same at a profit,

for eighteen-pence. I next paid "fees to the Deputy, the Lord Chancellor's Purse-bearer," two pound, two. I next paid "fees to the Clerk of the Hanaper," seven pound, thirteen. I next paid "fees to the Deputy Clerk of the Hanaper," ten shillings. I next paid, to the Lord Chancellor again, one pound, eleven, and six. Last of all, I paid "fees to the Deputy Sealer, and Deputy Chaff-Wax," ten shillings and sixpence. I had lodged at Thomas Joy's over six weeks, and the unopposed Patent for my invention, for England only, had cost me ninety-six pound, seven, and eightpence. If I had taken it out for the United Kingdom, it would have cost me more than three hundred pound.

Now, teaching had not come up but very limited when I was young. So much the worse for me you'll say. I say the same. William Butcher is twenty year younger than me. He knows a hundred year more. If William Butcher had wanted to Patent an invention, he might have been sharper than myself when hustled backwards and forwards among all those offices, though I doubt if so patient. Note. William being sometimes cranky, and consider Porters, Messengers, and Clerks.

Thereby I say nothing of my being tired of my life, while I was Patenting my invention. But I put this: Is it reasonable to make a man feel as if, in inventing an ingenious improvement meant to do good, he had done something wrong? How else can a man feel, when he is met by such difficulties at every turn? All inventors taking out a Patent MUST feel so. And look at the expense. How hard on me, and how hard on the country if there's any merit in me (and my invention is took up now, I am thankful to say, and doing well), to put me to all that expense before I can move a finger! Make the addition yourself, and it'll come to ninety-six pound, seven, and eightpence. No more, and no less.

What can I say against William Butcher, about places? Look at the Home Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Patent Office, the Engrossing Clerk, the Lord Chancellor, the Privy Seal, the Clerk of the Patents, the Lord Chancellor's Purse-bearer, the Clerk of the Hanaper, the Deputy Clerk of the Hanaper, the Deputy Sealer, and the Deputy Chaff-wax. No man in England could get a Patent for an India-rubber band, or an iron hoop, without feeing all of them. Some of them, over and over again. I went through thirty-five stages. I began with the Queen upon the Throne. I ended with the Deputy Chaff-wax. Note. I should like to see the Deputy Chaff-wax. Is it a man, or what is it?

What I had to tell, I have told. I have wrote it down. I hope it's plain. Not so much in the handwriting (though nothing to boast of there), as in the sense of it. I will now conclude with Thomas Joy. Thomas said to me, when we parted, "John, if the laws of this country were as honest as they ought to be, you would have come to London—registered an exact description and drawing of your invention—paid half-a-crown or so for doing of it—and therein and thereby have got your Patent."

My opinion is the same as Thomas Joy. Further. In William Butcher's delivering "that the whole gang of Hanapers and Chaff-waxes must be done away with, and that England has been chaffed and waxed sufficient," I agree.

THE NEW ZEALAND ZAUBERFLÖTE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

EVERYBODY who loves wonderful music knows, or ought to know, Mozart's Magic Flute (*Zauberflöte*); but we are quite sure there are few, indeed, who know anything about the Magic Flute which a certain New Zealand chief invented for a special and original occasion, and played upon in a very grim and original manner. This story, though a curious mixture of the grand and grotesque, and, perhaps, the improbable, is not without its serious moral meaning. It claims to be regarded as historical. For the authenticity of its foundations we refer the reader to an extremely interesting work, entitled, "Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand," * by George French Angas, who, in the course of a journey of eight hundred miles on foot through the latter country, actually saw the chief, who is the hero of the tale, together with the Magic Flute on which, many years ago, he was so unintentional, yet so extraordinary, a performer.

"Taöuui, King of Mokau," says our traveller "was one of the most powerful and superstitious of the old heathen chiefs, and was scrupulously attached to the religion of the Tohunga. Around his neck he used to wear a small flute, constructed out of the leg-bone of Pomar, a northern enemy of his tribe; and upon this instrument he at one time played with peculiar satisfaction." Vol. ii. p. 86.

We have also heard that this barbarian chief had in his possession a suit of armour which was given by one of the kings of England to the Bay of Islands chief, the valiant Shongi, or E. Hongi, when that warrior visited England on some question of territory. The subsequent history of the armour since the time of Shongi is very curious, but by no means so extraordinary and interesting as the subsequent history of the flute, which we have obtained from private sources, and now present to our readers.

Taöuui was a great chief in Mokau, when the king of that country was at war with a neighbouring potentate named Te Pomar, of the tribe of Waikatoto. The king being very

* *Or, an Artist's Impressions of Countries and People at the Antipodes.*—Two vols.; Smith, Elder, and Co., 1847.

ill on the morning of a battle, ordered himself to be carried to the field on a litter, and set down in the thick of the fight. In this state, with the darts, and clubs, and tomahawks of friends and foes all whirling about his head, he sang his war-song, and so died. A terrible contest then took place over his body, which was eventually carried off by Te Pomar, notwithstanding all the furious efforts of Taönui. But the great warrior Te Pomar, knowing how much the old king had been beloved, and also greatly revering him for the heroic manner of his death, nobly restored the body, and sent a present of honour with it for the funeral ceremonies. He also proposed honourable terms of future peace, which were accepted by a majority of the chiefs of both tribes. This nobleness of Te Pomar galled the pride of Taönui as much as the carrying off the body from the battle-field had enraged his warlike spirit. However, he bore it all with haughty and unbroken silence.

But a contest over the body of a very different kind now ensued. Several Catholic missionaries had been for some time in Mokau, where by their skill in medicine and surgery they had much ingratiated themselves with the people, and they had contrived gradually to make a great many converts. Hitherto they had managed all this very gently, and by reasoning, and strong appeals to the imagination; but the death of the king was a great opportunity for a bold effort at a wholesale conversion. They, therefore, stepped forward, and declared that the permission which had been given them by the old king to dwell in his country, and teach their religion to those who chose to listen to them, was a sign that he himself had been a convert in his heart,—consequently, he should be buried according to their rites and ceremonies. At this, Taönui rose in anger, and insisted that the body of the king should be buried in a secret cave, according to their old heathen custom with the greatest chiefs. He prevailed. But while they were bearing the body to a place from whence it was to be taken by night to the secret cave, there suddenly arrived the daughter of Te Pomar. Her name was Teöra; she was a beautiful girl of thirteen, and had just become a convert to Christianity. She came with many attendants, and presents, and proposals of lasting peace between the tribe of her father, the Waikatotos, and that of Mokau. These were accepted by the majority of the chiefs; but a missionary who accompanied her, then proceeded to request that the late king should be buried after the forms of the new religion that had been brought among them. Aided by the young Teöra, he was so far successful with the chiefs and people, that the body was placed in a shell of basket-work and broad leaves, by way of a coffin, and, being hoisted on the shoulders of six of the converts, they were bearing it off, attended by a large concourse. They approached the entrance of a wood, where a grave had been dug. At this juncture, Taönui, in his war-mat, and with all his arms, met them on the pathway. He darted at the coffin,—overthrew it with so violent a shock, that four of the six bearers rolled over with it on the grass; he then tore the body of the old king out of the coffin, and calling upon all those who revered the old heathen faith of their fathers and their ancestors, to rally round him, carried off the body, after a brief struggle, in which many were wounded on both sides, and several killed. Teöra returned to Te Pomar with the bad news; and Taönui, for this act of decision and valour, was immediately declared King of Mokau. The missionaries, together with many of the converts, were driven away; and the religion of the Tohunga, with all the old heathen forms, was re-established in its original barbarity.

Te Pomar held a council of chiefs to determine what amount of reparation they ought to demand of the Mokaurie tribe for the recent outrage on their offers of peace; this question, however, was speedily settled by Taönui, who declared war upon the Waikatotos, for their interference with the old religious ceremonies;—and all the former hostilities were immediately resumed.

In the first pitched battle that occurred, Taönui, with a view to giving the most alarming importance to the occasion, caused the suit of rusty armour (steel, inlaid with brass) which had been given to one of his great predecessors by the English king, to be carried amidst the front line of the bravest warriors. It may be matter of surprise that King Taönui did not invest himself in the armour, but the thought never once occurred to him, because it was held in superstitious reverence, as coming from the chief warrior of a great and distant warlike nation, who, they took for granted (little dreaming that his Britannic Majesty of that date had worn a great powdered wig, but never smelt any other sort of powder), had always worn it in battle. For anybody else, therefore, to wear it, would have been irreverent to their "great friend over sea;" it must also be confessed that Taönui, being well aware of the weight; (having once, in secret, tried the armour on, after he became king); had found that it would impede all those movements of active skill and chivalrous daring which characterise the battles of the aborigines. He therefore displayed it simply as a "terror," and to show that the spirit of the great over-sea English warrior aided the righteous battles of the people of Mokau.

The result, however, was far from gratifying to the superstitious feelings of the Mokauries. They won this first battle, it is true, but not without considerable havoc among their warriors; while, to add to the chagrin of a disastrous victory, Te Pomar himself carried off in his embrace the suit of sacred armour. The spears on which it had been elevated were broken and cast upon the earth, and the

armour was finally dragged by ropes through the boundary river, and so lost to the Mokauries.

Taõnui, on his return, assembled all his chief warriors that same night, and led them to the dark wood in which was the cave of their great Idol. After sacrificing some of the prisoners taken in battle, according to their custom, while the priests sung one of their barbarous hymns, the king made all his chiefs swear with him a solemn vow of vengeance against Te Pomar, and that they never would cease to make war upon the Waikatotos, till he was slain, and his male relations also, while the women were made the slaves of Taõnui. This was accordingly sworn by the assembled chiefs; and the priests informing them that the whispers of the Idol assured them of success, they went home very much exalted.

From this night, scarcely a week passed without some skirmishes of wandering parties, and never a month without either a battle in one or other of the *pahs* (villages), or an attempt of the Mokauries to surprise Te Pomar amidst his chiefs. Te Pomar acted grandly in the affair of the armour. He said he preferred peace to war, and did not like his warriors to be killed on account of a battle-dress which nobody could wear; he therefore offered magnanimously to return it to Taõnui with presents of honour, and proposed that they should then bury the war-club and hatchet, and be friends. Te Pomar merely stipulated that the King of the Mokauries should consent, in a friendly way, to his retaining the armour for the legs, simply to show that he had not been compelled to surrender the battle-dress, but had done so of his own free will and good feeling, and with a desire that all old animosities should be forgiven and forgotten.

To this proposal of the renowned Te Pomar, so great, and, though coming from a heathen, so Christian-like in its spirit, Taõnui sent the most haughty and provoking reply he could invent, viz. this: "Taõnui will rub the heads of Te Pomar's warriors with cold potatoes and fish; and as for the leg-armour, he will take Te Pomar's legs away from him at the same time."

From this day, war to the death became inevitable between these two great chiefs. Ferocious descents upon each other's villages were made continually, during which time Taõnui was secretly planning a general attack by all the warriors and fighting-men he could muster. As soon as he was ready, he assembled his entire force one night,—crossed the boundary lines with speed, then over a broad river, and then through a wood,—by which means he came with all his force upon Te Pomar, who thought it was only a small skirmishing party, until surrounded by his enemies. A great slaughter was the consequence, Te Pomar falling among the number, by the hand of Taõnui, who also carried off his daughter, Teõra, with other women of his household, to become slaves. Furthermore, in fulfilment of his vow, and to gratify his vengeance, for what he chose to call his wrongs, and the indignities put upon him, Taõnui cast the remains of Te Pomar among a heap of broken and worn-out war weapons, and domestic utensils and refuse, preserving only the large bone of one leg. This he carefully dried and prepared, and then manufactured into a native flute. He made some rude carvings over it, describing his last great battle and victory.

Upon this flute the king sometimes amused his savage fancies in playing; and on great occasions he even wore it round his neck attached by a leathern thong. The sound of the instrument was truly strange and doleful. If a leg-bone could have memory, and lament its fallen state, a lamentation to that effect was the only impression that the ear of a properly-constituted human being could derive from the sound. But the savage feeling of Taõnui was far from appeased by the death of the great Te Pomar, whose noble character and actions were well remembered by the chiefs of both the tribes; and however silent the Mokauries might be on the subject (because after a chief is dead his name must never be mentioned), what was in their minds now and then glanced forth accidentally, which renewed the rage of the king. He, therefore, took a wicked pleasure in playing this doleful flute, with which he often celebrated the memory of his final victory over the departed chief. In a very short time, he took to wearing it constantly dangling from his neck; and whenever he sat still, and was not smoking, or after he had remained thoughtful for half an hour, he always solaced himself with a tune upon this unfortunate flute. He even taught his son, Waipata, a fine youth of seventeen, to play the same hideous tune, and exhorted him to treasure up the same vindictive feelings.

Meanwhile Teõra, the daughter of Te Pomar, now a beautiful young girl of fifteen, was a slave to Kaitemata, one of the wives of the king—the oldest of them, the ugliest, the most ill-tempered, and the one he most hated. He could not venture to get rid of this wife, because, according to a superstition of his nation, very ugly old women who were wives of chiefs, often became witches, and he did not know what mischief Kaitemata might be able to do him, or his goats and poultry, to say nothing of his great droves of wild pigs. So, to keep her mind occupied, and also to gratify his hatred of the race of Te Pomar, he gave Teõra into her charge.

To the surprise, however, of the king, he found that this cross old wife neither beat, nor even scolded Teõra. The old woman was in truth, brought into an amiable state towards this young girl by her sweet and forgiving disposition. But Taõnui attributed this to a different cause—that of want of

respect to himself; and, having removed Teōra to another of his wives, he ordered his son Waipata to give her a beating over the shoulders every day with a whip made of strips of dogskin.

Now, the youth did not dare to disobey; but as he had the utmost repugnance to strike this young girl, he contrived to administer the blows in a way not to give the slightest pain—in fact, after a few mornings, Teōra ceased to shed tears at the indignity, but only held down her head, and smiled amidst her blushes. She even, after a few days, entered into conversation with him, during the beating, on the subject of her conversion to Christianity.

The king was not long in finding out how he was again cheated. He sent his son off to a distant hunting-ground, with orders not to speak for three months and three days; and then sat himself down to consider what cruelty he should inflict upon Teōra. He could not condescend to raise his hand against her, considering it beneath his dignity as a king and a valiant warrior; but, after mature reflection, he resolved to wound her in another way. With this view, he ordered her into his presence and made her dance, amidst her deep sighs and lamentations, while he played upon the doleful flute, in its loudest and most discordant tones, in celebration of his triumph over her noble-spirited father.

Having gratified his remorseless love of vengeance, he betook himself to a wood at some distance, and seating himself at the foot of a tree, began to smoke and meditate on all that had occurred before he became king of Mokau; till gradually he fell into a train of speculations on his present state, and laid plans for provoking fresh hostilities with the Waikatotos, in the hope of ultimately subjugating them under his own rule, or else driving them away, and seizing upon their country. The sun had now set, and his pipe was laid aside, but he still continued occupied with these thoughts.

The tree beneath which the king was sitting commanded a treble prospect. There was the dark forest itself, with its great trunks, its winding ways, deep nooks, and down-sweeping masses of thick, broad-leaved foliage; and there was an open space on the left, that led downwards to a grassy glen, covered with rich beds of the greenest grass, over which, at intervals, lay clusters of the tea-tree shrub in full bloom, and the crimson fuchsia, overrun by a creeper with little white, bell-shaped blossoms, the glen terminating in several vistas of wild loveliness and changeful colour in the fading light. To the right, there was a large break in the forest, through which an undulating sweep of land appeared, clothed with numerous armies of feather-leaved ferns, of red and of russet hue, that stood in separate divisions, over which continually went fluttering a number of black and white moths, like bean-flowers dancing adrift on the wind; and beyond the curling crests of the dense arrays of these vegetable warriors, stretched away long swamps of *tohi-tohi* grass, flanked by a dark wall of bulrushes, till the swamp reached the foot of a range of lofty indigo-shaded mountains—over the heads of which, pale blue and grey mountains were seen,—over whose heads again, snow-white tops and peaks were just visible, mingled with soft clouds and filmy vapours.

Let it not be supposed that the mind of the king was at all occupied with this beautiful scenery; he had only chosen this spot as his favourite smoking and meditating seat, on account of its distance from any *pah*, and the little chance of being disturbed. But now, as the shades of evening were coming on, he prepared to depart; for, though a thoroughly valiant warrior, and also one of the bravest of men in his mind, considering the amount of his superstitious belief, he shared a portion of the alarm common to all his nation at any prospect of being left alone in the dark. Before he rose, however, he took up his flute, performed his usual tune of triumph upon it, and, being in a state of considerable elasticity of spirit, finished with a long insulting squeal—a despicable quavering of the doleful instrument, expressive of his splenetic scorn and contempt for the memory of the dead king, Te Pomar. As he concluded, however, and before he had arisen from his seat, the last part of the strain, or rather, the vile squealing, was repeated by the forest echoes—then by the echoes from the glen, each time with certain modifications—then from the vistas beyond the glen—then, from the undulating land, with its armies of ferns—still with gradations that had now become harmonious—till finally, the echoes took it up from various parts of the distant mountains, and gradually modulated and swelled into a noble strain of music. It was grand, martial, and solemn, like the lofty death-march of some great hero.

Taōnui sat listening with a puzzled expression of awe. The march was not repeated; all around was silent. He did not know what to understand, nor what he should fear. Yet, somehow or other, he associated it with the tune of triumph he had just been playing, and consequently with the memory of Te Pomar. Should he fear any one dead, whom he had defied and overthrown while living? No:—and yet,—the dead were often able to come back, and then they were *tapu* (sacred), or at all events able to do harm, and particularly when the air was getting dark.

It was now twilight, and as the king had no means immediately at hand of procuring a lighted stick, without the protection of which no Mokaurie likes to be out at night alone, he started up, and strode out of the forest.

He had not proceeded far, before he became ashamed of his recent discomposure of mind, and proportionately indignant at the cause. Recovering himself with a scornful toss of the head, he presently arrived at the opinion that

he had really heard no such thing—it was a dream—he had fallen asleep without knowing it, and was asleep when he had fancied himself awake. How should such music proceed from the vile flute? It was not possible. He would play again, as he walked homeward; and following up this intent, his fingers dropt mechanically upon the flute. But his hand was instantly withdrawn, and his eyes stared down at the instrument,—for the bone was in a state of vibration from one end to the other.

Taönui gave a short cough,—deliberated a moment—then, passing the thong over his head, by which the flute was suspended, he raised his hand behind his head, and flinging it as far from him as possible, hastened homeward with long strides.

Fifty or sixty paces—and he came to a pause. Stamping on the earth with rage, he turned about, and hurried back to the spot where he had flung the flute—found it—snatched it up in his grasp, and raising his arm high in the air, he shook the flute at the distant mountains with furious gesticulations of menace and defiance. All the vibration in the bone had now ceased, and hanging it round his neck as before, he again turned his steps towards his village, which he just managed to reach before dark.

From this time Taönui did not lead a very pleasant life. His mind was not at ease; he scorned the whole thing, and yet he could not dismiss it from his mind. He did not feel a wish for some time to play his old tune again upon the flute,—in fact, though nothing could have made him own it to himself, he did not exactly like to venture. Very soon this thought presented itself to his mind. It was unbearable; and he instantly took the flute, and played as before. Nothing came of it. Ah, but would he play in the evening, in some distant place, near the echoes, and alone? Yes, undoubtedly he would—not now, perhaps—not this instant—but whenever he took it into his head.

Meanwhile, he would not revoke nor relax the punishment of exile and silence, to which he had sentenced his favourite son, Waipata; and as for Teöra, though he did not again order her to dance to the sound of the doleful flute, he devised a new cruelty towards her, by compelling her to live in a hut within sight of the unburied remains of Te Pomar.

But, why not play the flute again in some solitary spot, and in the evening, by way of defiance to his dream, and setting the troublesome recollection at rest, for ever? Why not, indeed—why not, then, at once?

Taönui accordingly walked forth the next evening to a remote, open space, which had once been subject to volcanic eruptions, and presented the strange appearance of a number of small funnel-shaped craters. The track was surrounded by russet-coloured regiments of ferns, sow-thistles, swamps of peat-bogs, with here and there a dragon-tree. The only other object was the ruined tomb of a great chief, visible at some three hundred yards distance in the back-ground. It was half overgrown with rank vegetation. Its form was that of a log-hut without a door, and having a huge projecting roof, supported with heads of hideous figures, carved out of tree-trunks, whose eyes were formed of *pawa*, or pearl shells, which had a most grisly melancholy effect in the distance. The intervals in the wood-work of the tomb were filled up with decorations of coloured stones, shells, and the feathers of the green and golden cuckoo and the albatross. To keep off the sacrilegious, there had been a row of low palings all round it, painted red—the New Zealand colour for mourning; but as it is a rule never to repair a tomb, they had nearly all fallen to decay, and only presented here and there a prong or fang of dingy red.

This mausoleum being *tapu*, or sacred, Taönui had selected it, with a vague feeling, that if the ghost of Te Pomar, or any devilish spirit should come, in consequence of his performance on the flute, it would be a good thing to have a tomb in the background into which he might thrust the devil, or retreat himself, if the evil one was too strong for him. He thought this a perfectly legitimate use of the tomb, because all spirits understood one another. The king defied all mortal men, and spirits too—only he did not feel so secure as to the results of a contest with the latter.

To this desolate track came the King of Mokau, a number of wild hogs rushing gruffly away at his approach, and taking his stand among the volcanic remains, where great stones of pumice and ledges of lava, half-covered with rank moss, interspersed with white violets and the New Zealand daisy, or half hidden in brushwood, formed a sort of centre to the uncouth region, he turned himself on all sides, to ascertain that he was alone, and that nothing could come upon him by surprise. He then took up the doleful flute—and commenced playing. Nothing came of it for some time, except that the bone began to vibrate under his fingers in a manner that much disturbed him: still, he would not desist, and concluded with a squealing flourish of insult to the memory of Te Pomar.

The flute vibrated with electrical force, and shot forth sparks at every pore. Taönui's fingers had instinctively dropped it; and, after a moment's pause, he distinctly heard the same grand death-march as before, not by an accumulation of modulating echoes, over distant mountains, but appearing to issue from the flute itself, though with a dim and smothered sound, as if buried in the recesses of the bone.

Taönui shuddered from head to foot, as well he might, with such a flute hanging from his neck. The music ceased. The king, in moveless astonishment, continued staring down at the flute for some minutes after it had become silent. It was again a flute as before—the leg-bone of his former enemy. He

slowly approached his hand down to it,—and touched it with one finger. No sound came from it, and it had no vibration. He glanced all round him with a rapid stare—then a deliberate scrutiny—and then his eyes were again rivetted upon the flute.

Presently, his savage pride, and all the recollections of his warrior-deeds, came to make him boil with rage at the dismay he had been made to feel,—and, seizing the flute with fury, he began to blow into it, and play with all his might.

In spite of himself, and of all his intentions and efforts, the tune of scorn and triumph, he began with, by long wailing notes, echoes, and moaning transitions, modulated into the grand death-march of a hero!

He dropped the flute; but the strain was instantly repeated all round his head, in tones of thunder! It swelled—it rolled—it was in the air all round him—its great gongs and shell-cymbals were now thundering and bashing and booming round his feet—it came in ear-crashing bursts from the funnel mouths of the volcano-craters—it again became measured and sustained, and swept away over the blocks of lava and pumice, and over all the rank vegetation, and settled above the roof of the ruined mausoleum. Taõnui staggered hither and thither with each change of place in this tremendous orchestra, and, glaring at the roof of the mausoleum, he gasped for breath, and whirled his arms aloft, with a sort of madly-defying dismay. Whereat, the tall wooden-carved figures with pearl-shell eyes, all dropped their lower jaws, and extended their arms—seeing which, Taõnui, with a yell of horror, fled fast away, followed by a long succession of similar yells from the fallen jaws of the figures of the tomb!

Without intending to imply that any of these extraordinary scenes were the work of the renowned witches of New Zealand, we shall content ourselves with stating the fact that *makutu*, or witchcraft, was most implicitly believed in by the Mokaurie tribe, as by nearly all the other tribes, and is, to this day, most fully believed in by all who remain unconverted, and even by some of these,—who say "the dibble (devil) is too strong to let go." Even so recently as 1844, a celebrated witch of Waikato, named Eko, possessed such power over the imaginations of the people, that having been insulted by a gay young Maori fellow, she calmly told him a few days afterwards that she had taken out his heart—it was gone! Fully impressed with this belief the poor young fellow actually died.

From whatever cause he conjectured the recent events to have proceeded, not one word to anybody, of any part of them, spake the king. In deep and sullen silence he brooded over the business, and the more he thought of it, the less he understood it, and the less could his haughty and overbearing nature endure the sense of defeat which he felt he had suffered from the flute. Of course he identified this leg-bone instrument with his ancient foe, Te Pomar. But, what was to be done? Here was he, the King of the Mokauries—and here was the leg-bone of his slain enemy, who had several times triumphed over him:—which was to be the master, and make the other tremble and do his bidding? The answer was simple. The King of Mokau must be the master. Is he to be alarmed by his own music—the loud sounds he chooses to produce? And if witches have meddled with the wooden images of the *tapu* house of a dead chief, so as to make them gape and yell—let the witches go and live in the tomb, if they like, and dare to do so. All this is nothing to Taõnui, who is a great warrior, and lord of all Mokau.

Thus did the king silently reflect, while seated alone on the roof of his royal house; solacing himself, however, with a pipe, or by chewing *cowdie* gum and roasted bull-rush root. Sometimes he condescended to relieve his spleen by abusing his queen—the lady who enjoyed the honour of being regarded as his chief wife;—but never did he deign to breathe a word of the mixed wonder and awe of his recent affair with the flute.

While seated in this way, one evening, he saw a chief hastening towards his house with manifest signs of alarm—and presently another—and soon a third. The king came down from his seat on the roof, and went out to meet them. They all came with the same story. The unburied remains of the late King of the Waikatotos (they avoided mentioning his name aloud) which had been cast to perish among rubbish within sight of the hut where his daughter the slave Teõra dwelt, were coming to life again—not in the form of a warrior, but in the form of a spirit.

Taõnui was about to cry out angrily that he did not believe it—but he checked himself, and accompanied the chiefs in silence; for he *did* believe it.

When they arrived within view of the mound of rubbish on which the body of the once great Te Pomar had been flung, they all stopped abruptly. Luminous mists and violet-coloured flakes of light were gleaming all over the mound, and beautiful meteors were dancing above it. The chiefs who had accompanied the king decamped with sudden ejaculations—for it is considered no disgrace in a warrior to be afraid of spirits. But Taõnui, though he heartily wished himself a hundred miles away, firmly held his ground, and watched the spectral appearances.

Perplexed to the utmost, he mechanically bent his steps towards the hut with a vague notion in his mind, or rather in his impulses, of killing Teõra as the probable cause of all this. Arriving at the door, who should he see but his old discarded wife Kaitemata, who had taken up her abode with Teõra! This seemed to explain everything to the king. All the recent magical events were revealed

to him as by a flash of lightning. He immediately walked away with a lofty scowl. Is Taōnui, then, the victim of *makutu* (witchcraft),—and is the mind of a great chief to be rent and tortured by devils?

Feeling convinced that old Kaitemata was at the bottom of all the mischief—for had she not favoured the slave-daughter of his enemy from the first?—the king came to the resolution of destroying both of them at one blow. He, however, desired to do this by some means which should take effect so unexpectedly, and without his laying a hand or weapon upon either of them, that there should be no excuse for spirits to interfere in their favour. Such was the sophistry with which he deceived himself. As for the plan itself, his territory offered several local advantages for any purpose of, apparently, accidental destruction.

The interior of New Zealand contains so many natural wonders, that it need not require any great stretch of imagination among the natives to pass over to the supernatural. As one, among the various proofs of this which might be adduced, we will present the reader with an extract from the travels of Mr. George French Angas, in New Zealand, whose unpretending volumes are crowded with curious facts and interesting information.

"I visited the boiling springs which issue from the side of a steep mountain above Te Rapa. There are nearly one hundred of them; they burst out, bubbling up from little orifices in the ground, which are not more than a few inches in diameter, and the steam rushes out in clouds with considerable force: the hill-side is covered with them, and a river of hot water runs down into the lake. The soil around is a red and white clay, strongly impregnated with sulphur and hydrogen gas: pyrites also occur. Several women were busy cooking baskets of potatoes over some of the smaller orifices; leaves and fern were laid over the holes, upon which the food was placed; I tasted some of the potatoes, and they were capitally done.

"About two miles from this place, on the edge of a great swampy flat, I met with a number of boiling ponds; some of them of very large dimensions. We forded a river flowing swiftly towards the lake, which is fed by the snows melting in the vallies of the Tongariro. In many places in the bed of this river, the water boils up from the subterranean springs beneath, suddenly changing the temperature of the stream, to the imminent risk of the individual who may be crossing. *Along whole tracks of ground I heard the water boiling violently beneath the crust over which I was treading.* It is very dangerous travelling, for if the crust should break, scalding to death must ensue. I am told the Roturua natives, who build their houses over the hot springs in that district, for the sake of constant warmth at night, frequently meet with fatal accidents of this kind:—it has happened that when a party have been dancing on the floor, the crust has given way, and the convivial assembly have been suddenly swallowed up in the boiling cauldron beneath! Some of the ponds are ninety feet in circumference, filled with transparent pale blue boiling water, sending up columns of steam. Channels of boiling water run along the ground in every direction, and the surface of this calcareous flat around the margin of the boiling ponds is covered with beautiful encrustations of lime and alum, in some parts forming flat saucer-like figures. Husks of maize, moss, and branches of vegetable substances were encrusted in the same manner. I also observed small deep holes or wells here and there amongst the grass and rushes, from two inches to as many feet in diameter, filled with boiling mud, that rises up in large bubbles as thick as hasty-pudding: these mud pits send up a strong sulphureous smell. Although the ponds boiled violently, I noticed *small flies walking swiftly, or rather running on their surface.* The steam that rises from these boiling springs is visible at a distance of many miles, appearing like the jets from a number of steam-engines." Vol. ii. pp. 113, 114, 115.

To a certain cavern, beneath which the king knew there was one of these boiling springs, he determined to send both Teōra and Kaitemata, as soon as he had hewed away the pumice floor to so thin a substance, that it would be certain, before long, to crack and fall in with their weight. He should thus be rid of two witches—for that they were such, he now regarded as an ascertained fact.

Of this, if any additional proof were needed, the king received further confirmation that very evening. A Maori runner came from the distant hunting-ground where Taōnui had exiled his son Waipata, on account of the favour he had shown to Teōra, to inform him that Waipata had secret communications with the young slave-girl, who had induced him to abandon the religion of Tohunga, and become a Christian; and, finally, that his son had gone mad, and wore trousers!

Taōnui, smothering his indignant fury, still preserved a haughty silence, not untouched with an air of melancholy, as he reflected on the humiliating fall of Waipata. He entertained no doubt but his son had gone mad. Vengeance and the boiling springs were, however, at hand; and he now hastened to his preliminary work in the cavern.

THE PENNY SAVED;

A BLUE-BOOK CATECHISM.

Rising Young Operative. "Please, father, what is a blue-book?"

Paternal Operative. "A blue-book is a thick heavy catechism done up in blue covers."

"What is it for?"—"Why, when Parliament sets some of its Members to inquire about a subject, and hear evidence quietly in a room for to get at facts, they print the evidence and so on, and send it to all the other Members, so that they may read and know the facts."

"What is that blue-book you have borrowed to read?"—"It is all about Savings Banks."

"But do not the Parliament men know

all about Savings Banks already?"—"Not a bit. That's why they have to make these huge blue-books to tell 'em. This one is on the 'Savings of the Middle and Working Classes.' As secretary to our shop-savings' club, I was examined as one of the witnesses."

Inquisitive Shop-mate. Don't you think it is a blest hardship that if a man saves enough to buy a bit of land he is not able by law to do so?"—"Why, for sums between one hundred and five hundred pounds it's shockingly difficult to get good and safe investments of any sort from the present state of the law."

"If you want to buy a bit of land you can't, —especially if it is mortgaged,—can you?" —"Not by no means. Why it costs more than the land is worth to what they call 'investigate the title.'"

"Then people can't club small sums and be partners in an enterprise, can they?"—"Oh, bless you, no! If they do so without a Charter or an Act of Parliament, every one of them is responsible to no end of money."

"And people who know what they're about don't, eh?"—"No, indeed. If a man has fifty pounds, he can't say he will subscribe five to a concern and lose so much if it fail. He must be ready to lose all his fifty if it fails. People with five hundred pounds to invest, can't invest fifty as a share in such an enterprise and go no further. They must risk all their five hundred on the venture, though they are sure of only getting profit on the five. So they don't invest in that way when they're prudent; but the reckless do."

"What is the cause of that?"—"The Law of Partnership."

"But does not that affect the rich as well?" —"Yes, but a larger enterprise, with money at command, affords to buy an Act of Parliament or Charter, but that luxury is too expensive for a little undertaking."

"What do you call a little undertaking?"— "A Society for the Improvement of Dwellings of the Poor; or a Society for Building Baths and Washhouses, or anything of that sort— any local improvement of a humble character is too small to afford a Charter."

"Why, what then does a Charter cost?" —"Some hundreds. The Charter of the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes cost one thousand one hundred and thirty-nine pounds, seven shillings, and eightpence; out of which seven hundred and twenty-four pounds, ten shillings, and eightpence went in pure fees to the Crown officers. Here it is all down in the blue-book."

"Indeed! Well, well, what next?"—"Why the next thing was that six or a dozen similar societies in different parts of the country, finding the cost of a Charter, abandoned their benevolent designs."

"What good would a Charter have done them? Why couldn't they go on without it?"—"A Charter would have placed them out of the law of partnership, and enabled the projectors and supporters of the charity to contribute to it according to their means. Without it they would be responsible for its success with all their property."

"Is that the law of partnership?"—"Yes. By the English law of partnership, all partners are answerable with their whole substance for the acts of any one."

"You say by the English law; but does not the same law exist in other countries?"— "Certainly not. All civilised countries differ from England in the law of partnership. They have either partnerships in which the responsibility is altogether limited, the limit being in each case known; or they have a kind of partnership called *commandite*."

"And what is *commandite* partnership?" —"Here you have it: The partnership *en commandite* allows any number of men to subscribe money to an undertaking in a limited amount; they are the *commanditaires*, and they are not allowed to perform any act of management; the managers of any partnership *en commandite* become responsible with all their property."

"Is not that the same as if the managers of an English partnership borrowed the money supplied elsewhere by *commanditaires*?"—"No, it is not. The lender is a creditor with other creditors, but the *commanditaire* can have no claim until all other creditors are paid. A firm that borrows, multiplies its liabilities; monies advanced *en commandite* multiplies strength."

"Does the English law deter people from speculation?"—"Quite the contrary, it perverts wholesome enterprise into a gambler's risk, and converts numerous undertakings into speculations which would otherwise be fit for prudent men to patronise, to an extent suited to their means. It filters out sensible people, and lets the reckless pass through into the management of valuable projects."

"How does this act upon us handicraftsmen and operatives?"—"Not directly, in this latter point of view. His labour is his capital. It is not much to him to lose his all of cash. But it deters people of the middle class—people with three hundred pounds or four hundred pounds capital, and others of a higher class than that—from sharing in a great number of small undertakings which are of true value to the poor. The law of partnership in England needs revision, and will be revised; but the direct wants of the poor man can be met without revising it."

"How does it act directly on the poor?"—"It is a rich man's law. If working-men combine for any purposes of industry, one may defraud the rest of all the common stock, or any part of it, and there is no redress for the defrauded parties—no redress of any certain kind, or of a kind cheaply attainable."

"What sort of law ought we to have, then?"—"An extension of an Act that they already have to protect Friendly Societies, which should protect also Industrial Associa-

tions; make them legal under a law all their own, enable them to bring disputes before a magistrate, and summarily punish any one among them who should act dishonestly towards the rest."

"And these Industrial Associations, what do the workmen want with them?"—"Well, I'll tell you. Look at my case. Once I worked as journeyman to a rich man, who established with his capital a large shop, and bought for himself a country-house. He lives in his country-house, and seldom sees his shop; he pays wages to a large number of workmen, receives their work, and sells it to the public at a price which enables him to pay a manager for overlooking us, and live at ease upon the surplus, doing nothing. That made us think that if some of us, who were steady, clubbed together to maintain a shop, we might sell our work in it ourselves, and so divide among ourselves the profit of our labour; it goes now to a master who does nothing, and whose sole advantage over us is that of having capital."

"But your Associations might not answer?"—"Perhaps not; but what we say is, that the law gives to a rich man power to use us, and compels us to be used. It is at our own peril if we club our work together and try to get the entire value of our labour for ourselves; no law protects us against one cheat among a hundred companions. We say that we are not free men, if we have not a right to earn our bread in any honest way we can. It's very likely most of us would still prefer to work for certain wages; and we'd be well content to do so if we did so by our own free choice; but we are not content because we have not liberty of action."

"What do you want, then?"—"Why we cannot now associate without making ourselves a Joint-Stock Company, and coming under a parcel of laws made for people who can wrap up every penny we have in a five-pound note. We want extended reading of the Friendly Societies Act, so that we may have liberty to combine our labours if we please, and cheap protection, when we do so, against one another. We want no special advantages. We only want our arms untied; free-trade in labour. Let us find out for ourselves what is good for us; don't hinder us from any fair attempt to turn our money to advantage; don't compel us to work for a master and put by our money in the Savings Banks, or Three per Cents. It may be some of you are right in saying that is best for us. Perhaps it is. If it is, we shall find it out also, never fear. But let us find it out; don't dictate to us, leave us free to act; and then, if we go wrong, we shall know it's our own fault, or a thing that can't be helped; and not put down a part of it to your denial of our honest wishes. Fustian don't envy Broadcloth; each lives best in the society to which he has been born; but fettered men envy the free. The way to spread content among the working-classes, is to show them that you look on them as men and not as children, and to give them choice to earn their bread on any path they like, that is an honest one.

"Do you think we ought to have what we want?"—"Of course, I do. Whether the plan of Industrial Associations would succeed is, of course, yet uncertain, but it well deserves a trial. More than that,—we ought to have the right of trying it. Then, if we fail, we should know who is to blame; and those few (for there would not, at first, be a large number probably) who commenced with the experiment would go back to the old plan of wages."

"But if they succeeded and this system spread?"—"Then that would be a blessing to this country. The class of middlemen who live upon the work of others is now very large; that would decrease, and the country would be enriched by a far larger number of producers. The loss of intermediate profit-takers would also cheapen produce, and a more extended sense throughout the country that each man was working for himself would impart to the whole body of the people a free manly tone, and give to all a greater interest in peace and order. I think, that although the result may possibly not realise a sanguine vision, yet, that it is unjust to forbid attempts which point in a right direction. If we neglect these wishes of the working-classes, we cannot wonder if they say that rich men make rights for themselves which do not fit the uses of the poor, and give the poor man no equivalent."

"What are they going to do about Savings Banks?"—"Government says, it intends to be responsible for their security, and that will take away a prevalent impression that they are unsafe. Possibly, as they are the safest, so they are the best investment for the savings of the working-classes, but we have no right to drive them to this kind of hoarding. The mere sense of so much money being kept for them by other people, out of their sight, has not so great a moral hold upon their minds as would be had by something which they every day could see and use. If they invested savings in their daily work, in cottages, or, better still, a piece of ground, which they could call their own, man is so constituted as to be more usefully acted upon by that visible fruit of his exertion than by the abstract idea of possessing its equivalent in money. That is truer of a man the more you find him unsophisticated. I would, therefore, have the workman's labour and the money, or the fruit of it, to be his own, and remove all removable impediments to his free use of either."

"You think much of investment in a cottage or a piece of land?"—"Yes, all experience abroad, and all we know of history, and all we see doing about us, show how beneficial such investments are."

"All this being the case, what do you mean

to say at the next meeting of our Shop Savings Bank?"—"Why, I mean to make a speech. I mean to say, that both the middle and the working-classes of men desire to invest money in land. That the uncertainty and complexity of titles, the length and expense of conveyances, together with the cost of stamps, place such investments beyond common reach. ('Hear, hear!' from the Rising Young Operative and the Shop-mate). That simplifying titles, shortening conveyances, would be a good thing for the landowners themselves, by increasing the available value of their property. And then I shall wind up by saying, that I know, from what I was told by a lawyer, yesterday, that it would be easy enough to simplify the present law."

A GUERNSEY TRADITION.

The Bailiff's * home was a lordly hall,
 And his land stretch'd far and wide,
And many stout serving-men came at his call,
 And great were his pomp and pride.

Near this mansion there stood a neat little cot,
 Nestling in bush and tree;
The owner, a peasant of humble lot,
With one vergee † of land from his forefathers got,
 None happier seem'd than he.

He loved his children, he loved his wife,
 Their words and their acts were right;
So they led in the cottage a peaceable life,
 Though they labour'd from morn till night.

No spring there was on the peasant's ground,
 But, whoe'er in the cot might dwell,
(It was known to the country folks many miles round)
 Had a right to the rich man's well.

When his earthen pitcher the villager brought
 At the rich man's well to fill;
How the Bailiff grudged, he little thought,
 His draughts from that limpid rill.

And why was he vex'd when the man he saw?
 Oh, why for the water care?
'Twas because the man had a *right* to draw,
 That he hated to see him there.

'Twould not perchance have been e'er denied,
 Had he begg'd it eve and noon,
But it sadly offended the Bailiff's pride
 That he had not to ask the boon.

"Thy land and hut I desire to buy,"
 He said one day with a frown;
"Name the sum you expect, be it ever so high,
 I will instantly pay it down."

Poor Massey bow'd as he humbly spake—
 "My father first drew his breath
In this cottage; I prize it for his dear sake,
 And will never resign it till death.

"I lost my mother while yet a child,
 But once it was her abode;
Could I part with the home where my mother smiled—
 Where she taught me the fear of God?

"'Tis here I've lived with my loving wife,
 And little ones, now in Heaven;
And those who survive me shall have it for life,
 To them by the law it is given."

On this fancied grievance the Bailiff dwelt,
 As Massey his pitcher fed;
Such hatred at length to the peasant he felt,
 That he wish'd the poor man dead!

But he knew the cottage would then by law
 Descend (and it vex'd him sore)
To those who would come for the water, and draw
 As their father had done before.

But if he perish'd with infamy,
 The land would never be theirs;
By the Sovereign claim'd, no relations could be
 Accounted a felon's heirs.

At length there came to the Bailiff's heart
 A plan—"and it must succeed,"
So he said to himself, for he dared not impart
 To any the shameful deed.

In the vraiking * season he went one day,
 And a rich silver cup he bore,
When the peasant and family all were away,
 And he enter'd the unlock'd door.

He approach'd the timeworn oaken chest,
 And lifted the unlock'd lid,
And under the raiment, their holiday best,
 The bright silver tankard hid.

He went away with a hurried pace,
 And closed the door with care;
But the eyes of the Lord are in every place,
 And they surely beheld him there.

In the dead of night he went forth once more,
 To a corn-stack that stood hard by,
And a heavy burthen of plate he bore,
 And conceal'd it from mortal eye.

The morning dawn'd and the Bailiff rose,
 And summon'd his menials soon;
"In order my costliest service dispose,
 For guests will be here at noon."

Each man has now his appointed task;
 For the service of plate they go;
Then questions in whispers they fearfully ask,
 And are hurrying to and fro.

The Bailiff listens—at length a page,
 In the tremulous voice of fear,
Announces the loss; and his well-feign'd rage,
 It was dreadful (they said) to hear.

Like a savage man, of sense bereft,
 With oaths he reviled them all;
And threaten'd, if no one acknowledg'd the theft,
 His vengeance on each should fall:

But promised pardon to every one
 Who by noon had the crime confess'd;—
They were innocent all, so ere setting of sun
The constables came, and the search was begun
 In the presence of many a guest.

The stately mansion below, above,
 And the arbours for pleasure round,
Are search'd, and the servants their innocence prove;
 No plate can be anywhere found.

* The Bailiff, or chief judge, in the Royal Court of Guernsey is named by the English sovereign. Gualtier de la Salle, the first Bailiff, was appointed in 1284.

† *Vergee*, about half an English acre.

* *Vraik* is sea-weed used as fuel and manure.

And then, pursuing his wicked plan,
  (And, oh, with what vile intent !)
To the cottage of Massey, good peaceable man,
  The Bailiff his constables sent.

The man's surprise was, indeed, extreme,
  Though assured there could be no cause ;
Their visit appear'd like a troublesome dream
  To him who ne'er broke the laws.

"My friend," said one, in a kindly tone,
  "Our errand I 'll briefly state ;—
In this cottage it seems not as yet to be known
  That the Bailiff has lost his plate.

"Throughout his mansion and grounds we sought;
  Not even a cup was seen ;
And though to search here we a warrant have brought,
  We shall find nothing here, I ween."

He straightway went to the oaken chest,
  And lifted the unlock'd lid ;
Then forward with wonder they every one press'd,
For under some raiment, the countryman's best,
  A rich silver cup was hid.

'Twas the great man's tankard, beyond mistake;
  His arms were engraven fair ;
With a truthful look Massey solemnly spake,
"I pray that the Lord may my children forsake,
  If I know how the cup came there !"

At the stately mansion the news they hear,
  That the tankard is found at last :
The Bailiff and guests at the cottage appear,—
  And now the plot ripens fast.

He orders Massey at once to jail,
  Right glad that he had the power ;—
They who heard the poor wife and her little ones wail,
  Could never forget that hour.

And joy was seen in his eyes to shine,
  As he saw the good man depart ;—
"The vergee of land shall surely be mine,"
  He said, in his wicked heart.

In her lonely cottage the mother kneels,
  The little ones round her cry ;
She speaks not a word, for too keenly she feels;
  Her prayer is a deep-drawn sigh.

The cell held not the captive long,
  The Bailiff brook'd no delay ;
He felt like a tiger, so savage, so strong,
  Impatient to seize his prey.

The Court is summon'd, they meet in haste,
  The Bailiff as Judge presides ;
Accused as a thief at the bar there is placed
  The man who in God confides.

The case is stated, and clear his guilt,
  So most in the Court believe,—
"Now prove thyself honest, or surely thou wilt
  Be hang'd—there is no reprieve."

"With the learned (said Massey) I argue not,
  To their skill I make no pretence ;
But from childhood till now a good name I have got,
I cannot tell how the cup came in my cot ;—
  And that is my sole defence."

"A poor defence !" was on many a tongue,
  "If Massey can say no more ;
And guilty or not the poor man will be hung,
  And the sooner his pangs be o'er."

The Bailiff rises, to pass no doubt
  The sentence of shameful death,
When proceedings are stopp'd by a cry without ;
Men, women, and children, unite in the shout,—
  In rushes a man out of breath.

He gasps awhile, he is faint and weak,
  And wondering they gather round ;
His errand to learn they all eagerly seek,
Then faintly he utters, scarce able to speak,—
  "The plate of the Bailiff is found !"

Up rose the Judge with an angry frown
  (Yet his terror was great to see),
"*That* was not the stack which I bade them take down—
  What man has done this to me !"

On leaving home that important morn,
  He had given his men command
To remove from the threshers a large stack of corn
  To which he then waved his hand.

Which stack their master was pointing at,
  The men did not rightly know ;—
In one was the plate, they began taking that ;
  It was God who had order'd it so.

The Judge forgot that his words of ire
  Would surely himself condemn ;
And no stronger proof did the Jurats* require,
  His guilt was quite clear to them.

Poor Massey his eyes was seen to raise
  With a grateful look to heaven ;
No word did he speak, but acceptable praise
  To God from his heart was given.

"And now, good man, you may go in peace,
  No longer detain'd you are."
The Jurats are happy to give him release,
  And the Bailiff is placed at the bar.

That just and right in that ancient time
  Was the law of the Isle, we find :
He was sentenced to die for his terrible crime ;
  The doom for Massey design'd.

FATHER GABRIEL'S STORY.

"You see my family had been farmers and freeholders in the county for more than two hundred years ; but my father being a more forward and colonial-like man than the rest of his neighbours made a good bit of money. He was fortunate enough to get some of Mr. Collings's calves, the beginning of the celebrated Durham breed, and to know their value before other people did. Then a coal field being found near his farm, and part of it wanted for works, he was able to sell that for a good price, and keeping our old house took a lot of additional land as a tenant on the V—— estate. He held at last near a thousand acres, and had all the benefit of war prices at an easy rent. It was like coining money in those days. We didn't set up to be gentlefolks like some, but we kept on steadily. There were ten of us, but as it happened, all girls but me, and I was the youngest but two. My elder sisters were married off quick, being well-favoured lasses, as likewise well-portioned.

* The twelve Jurats are chosen by the Members of the States.

"I was five-and-twenty turned when I met my missis at Tynemouth one summer; she was a neighbour's daughter; but he being a widower, she had lived away with an aunt, in Northumberland! We soon settled to be married in the autumn, but my mother dying put it off till the winter. Well, this death and my being the only son, brought it about that, instead of my father stocking a farm for me, I took my wife to live with him, and took a share of his farm, and I often think that, under Providence, this was the road that led me to Australia.

"Having a fancy that way, I took special charge of the horned stock; to please my missis I had given up hunting, and so set to work to follow Mr. Collings's example, and try what could be made of the short-horns; partly, perhaps, because our neighbours laughed at the notion, and I always like to think for myself. My head herd was a Yorkshireman, by the name of Tom Birkenshaw; he had been our head carter, but having broken his ankle bone, which set stiff lame, and so bad for travelling, he was made bullherd.

"Tom was, indeed, I may say he is, for he don't live far off, although he's getting old now, as knowing a fellow about cattle or horses as ever walked in shoe-leather. You'll mind a little man in a blue night-cap, with a crutch-handled stick. That was Birkenshaw. He had but two faults: he was apt to get a drop too much beer now and then, and he couldn't leave the game alone. There were preserves all round us, and if he'd been content with what was found on our farm it would not have mattered so much; but that did not suit him—he must be poaching in the very midst of the preserves. Then he had two dogs that could do anything but speak, as regular poachers and as fond of it as Tom himself was.

"Well, father warned him, and I warned and threatened, but it was no use. Go into his cottage when you would between August, when the leverets are so tender, and February, you were sure to smell game, though not a bit of fur or feather was to be seen; he used to say to me, 'Bless your heart, Master Gabriel, it's not the beasties I care for; it's going after them.' His lame leg rather interfered with his sport; for before that accident, there was not a man in the county could get nigh him if he got a fair start. Well, as I told him, to make a long story short, he was caught, one moonlight night, by the earl's gamekeeper, when he and his brindled dog Patch were enjoying themselves in a twelve-acre meadow of the Earl of D——'s; Patch driving the hares into the gins, and Birkenshaw taking them out and resetting them. The gamekeeper shot the dog from behind a hedge where he had been lying waiting, and chased my man, overtook him, and knocked him down. John jumped up, his blood boiling at the loss of Patch, caught the keeper a crack with a short cudgel, that laid him flat, took to his heels, and ran home and told no one.

"Two hours afterwards a party of watchers found the keeper lying where John had stretched him, groaning, bloody, and insensible. The next day he recovered his senses, and by midnight poor John was in Durham Castle, heavily ironed. He was tried at the next assizes, and sentenced to be transported for life. It was only by very strong interest that he escaped being hanged. Birkenshaw told the judge he would sooner be hanged, and many of his friends agreed that hanging could not be worse—so blind are we poor mortals to what is best for us. We promised to take care of his wife and two little boys. John was taken away ironed, on the top of the coach for London.* He passed through the village and our farm, and there was not a dry eye. The miners wanted to rescue him, but we persuaded them it would do no good. Years passed before we ever heard whether he was dead or alive. His poor wife soon pined away and died, and the two little boys came to us. You'd scarcely believe it; but, 'fore their father had been gone six months, I caught them and my eldest son Ralph in the hay-loft making gins for hares. You may be sure I threshed them all well.

"Just before the war ended, when my two eldest were growing up, nice boys, big enough to ride to market with me, my father and I agreed to take another large arable farm, that had been very badly done by the last tenant, on a long lease; we thought we had a good bargain, and that it would be ready by the time my son Ralph was old enough to take to it; for although my father was getting on in years, he was as hale and as hearty as many a man of fifty. But the very week after signing the lease, as the old man was returning from Durham on his mare, that had carried him without shying or stumbling for nigh fourteen years, she slipped up in coming along a bridle-road and threw him against a stone wall, breaking his collar bone and cutting his head open; there he lay, through a frosty night, for many hours before he was found; he lingered several weeks, but never rallied. Long as we had lived together; I seemed to have lost him just when I needed him most.

"Before the year was out peace was signed, and down went prices. I had to pay off my sisters' fortunes, fixed by will when wheat was at 120s. a quarter. Then came a heavy bond to pay as security, that my father had given for a relation, who had taken contracts and made great sums through the war, but ended by a great mistake. All my troubles came at once; a coalpit we had a heavy stake in, and which I took from my sisters, because they had married far away, burst out with fire-damp, was filled with water, and then could not be cleared. So one way or another, what with the heavy sums needed for stocking and putting in heart the new farm, my ready money all melted away. Then came, after a

short gleam of sunshine, a regular fall of prices of agricultural produce. The landlords spoke fair; they gave us an act of parliament that they said would keep corn at 80s., though even that would scarcely do for some of us; but we dined and drank toasts, hurrahed, and went home satisfied. Meat, wool, and corn all went down; it was quite plain, that if such times continued, at the same rents, break we all must. Those that had lived fast with small capital, began to go first. But you know, sir, a farmer dies as hard as a fox or a dingee; he can't shift his pivot so easy as a tradesman or a manufacturer; and he takes a longer time to break, for the landlord who's the chief creditor, will wait a long time, knowing he can come in at last and sweep away all. Well, I could have managed to make a good fight with my old farm, by cutting down expenses, wearing an old coat, putting my hand to the plough; but how was I to save money for the children? Besides, the other farm, with so much money sunk on it, was a regular dead weight; and my father being gone, I was obliged to leave much to a bailiff.

"Things got very black indeed; and although they talked very loud in parliament and at county meetings, I could not see any real chance of good prices.

"Well, one day who should come up with a letter of introduction from Mr. Lambton but a sun-burnt foreign-looking gentleman, 'from New South Wales,' a Mr. M——, wanting to buy a lot of good short-horns, both bulls and heifers, thorough-bred horses and Cleveland bays, and implements, to take out; and likewise to hire a good farm-bailiff, and a man to take care of his horses out. He was sent to me, as one likely to tell him where to get the best of every thing. I rode about with him, sold him some stock, and naturally had a good deal of talk with him, was surprised to find that Botany Bay, the only place we'd ever heard of, was in New South Wales. When he found by my grumbling that I was not quite satisfied, he offered to use his influence if I would go out with my family and some labourers, to get me a grant of land where there would be scarcely a rent, and no taxes, if I would sail in the ship with his stock. He said I could, he was sure, make my fortune in ten years, and a lot more about what a country it was for cattle and sheep. Well, I didn't take much heed of it at first; I did not like the idea of leaving Old England, or taking my wife and family to Botany Bay. But I told all to my wife, and she did not say much, but she listened hard.

"The Lord be thanked, my father never made a gentleman of me; I took my turn at all farming work, from driving to ploughing, from cutting and plashing hedges to building a wheat-stack; likewise, I went into our forge and learned to make a set of horse-shoes and put them on, as well as to sharpen and mend all implements.

"I brought up my own lads the same way, and I found the use of it, and so have they.

"Well, as things got worse, I cut down all I could, worked early and late, and lived as hard nearly as my grandfather; and my wife never grumbled, or even looked sad, when I was by, but I used to see the tears running down her cheeks as she lay asleep, for we both knew there would be but one end, unless some great change took place in rents and price of corn, and that end was *ruin*. We were both thinking of what Mr. Lambton's friend had offered; but we said nothing to each other, for at that time people in the country looked on emigration and transportation as much the same thing, and Australia was thought a country of thieves and savages.

"It was a few days after I had paid my rent, I had tried to get a reduction, but the landlords of the second farm were only trustees, and said they could not do it; for the third year, the rent had come out of my capital, and I was sitting smoking a pipe, and wondering what was to become of us all, and whether Botany Bay was as good a place for a farmer as what Mr. M—— had told me, when the post-boy comes up on his pony, on his way to the castle, and whistles as having a letter. He was a new post-man (Bob Spurrier, that other lad, enlisted in the dragoons and was killed at Waterloo;) the lasses were all in the dairy, so I stept out myself. Says he, 'Is there a woman here by the name of Molly Birkenshaw, 'cause I've a letter for her, and it's four and elevenpence, a letter from furrin parts, I take it.'

"When he said this you might have knocked me down with a feather. I knew in a moment where it was from,—the very place I had been thinking on that minute. So I stared at him a bit, and then I said, quite slow, 'There was a wench o' that name, but she's dead, but you can give me the letter, for her lads are here.'

"'Aye,' says he, 'but you must pay for it.'

"With that I snatches the letter from him, and throws him a crown piece, and off he goes, and I stood looking on it as if I was in a dream. There it was, plain enough, 'Molly Birkenshaw, Gnarledoak Farm, L[illegible]croft, near Durham, England,' and stamped 'Sydney, New South Wales, Ship-letter.' Chris. Birkenshaw came in soon after with a team, and we broke it to him gently. The poor lad cried above a bit. Well, we opened the letter, and, sure enough, it was from his father. I can show it you, for I keep it safe locked up; I call that letter my title-deed, for without it I should never have womed here.

"He told how he had written several times, but his letters never came to hand, as he guessed himself. It seemed he had done well, having got assigned to a master that treated him well—he being valuable from his knowledge of cattle and horses; and that after a few years he had got his pardon for shooting a Bushranger. About this, he said (I'll show

you the letter when we get home) 'he put two balls through my hat; but I fetched him down with one of my snap shots, without putting the gun to my shoulder, as he looked round a tree. You mind, Moggy, how I used to knock the rabbits that way, holding the gun across my knees; but there's no rabbits here, nor game worth speaking of, which is a great pity; but perhaps it is all for the best.' Then he went to tell how he'd got a fifty-acre grant and a small lot of cattle, and had made money by his wages and by attending to the great Mr. L——'s herd of breeders, and had bought grants of land from drinking fellows; and what a good country it was for all kinds of live stock; and what a profit wheat paid, the government wanting such a quantity of meal for the prisoners; and how land could be had on grant by a farmer with some money; and how drunken many of the people were, and how well sober people got on; 'for,' says he, 'I've given up drink, Moggy, ever since I got my liberty!' Then he asked after his old friends, and even the gamekeeper, hoping he had got over that clout; and after his old master, that was me, and wished Master Bowsted, a wild young gentleman that used to go poaching with Tom, might think of coming out; and then he gave a list of prices of cattle and sheep, and wages; and ended by saying he had sent 50*l.*, to be paid through the Durham bank, to Mister Gabriel, that's me, for the passage of his wife and family; and if he did not hear this time, he should not write no more, but give it up for a bad job. And, sure enough, three days after came a notice that the money had come.

"Well, we spelled it over again and again; the two lads wept, and so did my wife; and I could scarcely help weeping myself, to think what a comfort it would have been to poor Moggy Birkenshaw if she had lived, and to think, too, what a help and warning this letter seemed. Well, I got on my nag, and took a turn round the farm, just to give me time to consider what or whether I should say any thing about emigrating to my wife. The time was come for me to make up my mind. Tom Birkenshaw's letter had turned the scale with *me;* but when I looked round, and saw in the distance the spires of the cathedral that had so often been a glad sign of home near, after a long absence, my heart almost failed me The thought of a farewell for ever to the country and the county and the parish where I was born; of seeing no more the fields in which I had laboured and sported for nearly forty years, seemed indeed a draught too bitter. Then, again, I recalled my present position, sliding surely, in spite of my struggles, in spite of my clingings to every twig of stay—down, down to ruin; and my heart was hardened for any change that offered fair hopes of an honest living.

"At length, my mind was made up. I would speak to my wife that very evening, and find whether she would cross the seas, or fight it out with poverty at home. With this resolution I rode back, firmer in my saddle than I had been for many a day. It was dusk, and supper laid out: they were waiting for me for prayers; it was my second son Barnard's turn to read a chapter. My wife (it was not her custom) went herself, fetched the Bible, a lighted candle, and, putting her finger on a place, said to Barnard, in a voice that sounded as if she was swallowing her tears, '*There*, read *there*,' and the boy read:—

"'Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee.'

"Then I looked at her and with a sad and serious smile, her eyes answered me, and I knew we were agreed.

"The next day we began to prepare for our long journey. Weary work it was and painful, deciding what to take and what to sell. Many a treasure was sacrificed; old oak presses, chairs, and bedsteads, that had belonged to our family for centuries, had to go under the auctioneer's hammer. But we went at the work with a will, and cleared away wholesale. We, who were old and the full-grown, were sad; but the children played and enjoyed the confusion, which made us still sadder.

"Having chosen what furniture would be useful, as well as what would take up little room and sell for nothing, and made a careful muster of tools and agricultural implements, half of which turned out useless, I selected three of my finest yearling bulls, and made a barter of other stock for a cart and a blood stallion.

"The sorest trial was the day of sale, and the remarks of my friends and neighbours. No criminal was ever considered more a doomed man; and on looking back, I often wonder how I had courage to persevere. I got rid of my farms at a great sacrifice; but having made up my mind to go, I thought the sooner I was gone the better.

"The only parties who would join me in emigrating were two young men, small farmers, Granby's father and Will Blackwood, who was killed by the Blacks near where we stand; he's buried by the chapel, but you can see the mounds where we covered over the savages. Budge and Grundy followed us two years afterwards. It was only those very hard up that would think of crossing the sea.

"As for the Squires they were very angry; they did not like the example set to tenants, and abused me as if I had been a deserter or a traitor. Emigration was not in fashion as it is now.

"Of friends of my own standing, one did not like the sea, another thought times would mend, another was getting ready when his wife stopped him, and so they stayed. Out

of a dozen all came down to the workhouse or day-labour, except one, and he went to Canada and did well. Mr. M——, the gentleman from New South Wales, was delighted to hear of my going with such a useful party, and got me a cheap passage, on condition of our looking after his bulls, rams, and horses.

"We were a large party, and every one able to work, except the baby; but my capital had dwindled to a few hundred pounds. Every one of my servants has done well. Bill Bouser, my head farm-servant, paid his own passage; he 's one of the richest men in the colony now. The two young Birkenshaws married two of my daughters; one of them is in Port Philip. Betty Ludlow, the dairy-maid, married my second son, Barnard. Hugh Sands, my ploughman, has a nice farm on the river; you saw him last night, a dark, stout little man; and Dolly Russell, our nurse, has married the rich Mr. N——, and lives in greater style than the governor's lady, which she deserves, for she was as good as she was pretty.

"We sailed to London from Newcastle in a smack, and sent the stock with the men and two of my lads by land. The misery of the voyage and the lodging in London would almost have turned us back if it had not been too late. Only my wife never gave in; and depend upon it, sir, in emigrating, a wife of the right sort is half the battle.

"We were five months from London to Port Jackson, calling in at the Cape for water and fresh provisions, but we only lost one bull. We were ready to kiss the ground when we landed. My third son George took a fancy to the sea; and though he stayed at home until we were settled, he went off, and now commands a whaler out of Sydney. I found it best to sell my live stock, for which I got great prices. Mr. M——'s letters put me pretty right; but within a week of landing, Tom Birkenshaw limped into our lodgings. We had written to him when we made up our minds, but the letter did not arrive much sooner than ourselves. Tom was much older, worn and grey, with downcast look, but still something that gave the idea of money in both pockets, and he rode a tidy nag. The meeting between him and his orphan lads was a very moving sight. It seemed curious that times should so turn round, that my best friend should be my herd, and he a prisoner too. I had influence to get a good grant, and Birkenshaw put me up to what land to ask for, and what official gentleman to conciliate by letting him have one of my horses on his own terms. Birkenshaw bought my team of oxen and waggons; I had a tent; he engaged me my hands, a bullock-driver, a stockman and two others, all from our neighbourhood, all prisoners.

"I came down to this place when there was not a settler within a hundred miles, and literally pitched my tent, a three-poled one, on the river side. Having been accustomed to find house and outbuildings, fences, fields, gardens, beside shops for all clothes and implements, ready to our hands, we had every thing to make, and very little to make it with. But I pulled off my coat and began, and for fifteen years, from daylight to dusk, never left off for six days a-week, besides teaching the children in the evening, when they were not too sleepy to listen to me. After fifteen years, I found I could rest a little, and now I only give a hand's turn at harvest or shearing time. But then I have had six more children born to me, besides grandchildren; and in this country truly we may say with the Psalmist, 'Children are an heritage of the Lord. As arrows in the hand of the strong man, so are children; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them,' for food grows faster than mouths, and they are well earning their worth, when at home they would want a maid to look after them.

"It is true I have been very fortunate; there will never be such times again for making money—since the free grants of land and the assignment of prisoners have both been done away with. Then my land has always been free from drought, and is right down good land, needing little work for clearing; although, as for that, you may take my word, there is more good land than the squatters like to own. Why, I have had four sets of servants that have done well, besides a lot of idle drinking fellows. There was my first bullock-driver, Frank Fetlock; he was transported for stealing corn to feed his master's horses; when he was before the magistrates they offered to let him off if he would enlist, as he was a very fine-looking fellow. He often laughed about it, saying what a good job it was he wouldn't consent, although he rued his answer when first sent to the hulks for transportation. Frank was an ingenious fellow, always at work on straw hats or stockwhips, or something, when not busy for me. When he left, he had a mare, a few head of stock, and a little money saved up to begin with. Yorkshire-like, he was a rare hand at chopping and swapping, and now he is one of the richest men in the district. Then there was Tom Nash, a stockman of mine; he came out as groom to Colonel I——, quite a fine gentleman flunkey when he arrived, a cockney too; he threw up his livery, because he saw where money was to be made, gave up all expenses, saved money, and is a squatter now, with perhaps as fine a stock as any in the colony. Those of my old neighbours from Gnarledoak, that have come out and laid down to work, have done well; go where you will, the hard workingman, with a large family, is thriving. But then there are failures. Farmer Cudworth had 3000*l.* when he landed; he was always grumbling, hated the country, hated the people, and made them hate him, spent as much money on clearing and fencing twenty acres as should

have gone to crop a hundred; would stick to all his old country notions, lost his money, took to drinking, and died. Squire Brand's son came to me with a letter of introduction; he had 5000*l*., would not wait to learn any thing, bought sheep the Sydney bank had a mortgage on—a regular bad lot; then left all to his overseer while he was dancing at the governor's balls, playing the fashionable, and made a complete failure; he went home. And so you see, sir, the long and short of it is, that for a man that can work himself, this is a famous country, and likewise money is to be made by carefully laying out money in stock and waiting for the increase; but as a general rule the money made by gentlemen who have not much capital, and have not been accustomed to soil their hands, is by saving, living being cheap and neither shop nor fashions in the Bush to tempt into spending money idly. I could tell a score of stories about settlers I've known, of all sorts, that have done well, and that have made a regular mull of it. Fair words and hard work will carry you through; it's better to say *come* than *go*, if you want work done in the Colony. There was young C——. But what's that by the fallen gum-tree; as I live there's a dingoe at a sick ewe. Loo Boomer, Loo Bounder! at him, good dogs!" The hounds caught sight just as master Dingoe began to steal across the plain, just like a great hill fox, only, instead of carrying his brush gallantly in the air, it was tucked miserably between his legs; away went the hounds, at full speed; we followed, leaping fallen trees and cracks, the old man standing up in his stirrup, with his hat in his hand, cheering the dogs at the top of his voice; after a sharp burst, just as master Dingoe was getting into a scrubby thicket, Boomer turned him, and Bounder pulled him down, not without receiving a grab that nearly cut off his fore leg; in one minute my knife laid the brute's throat open. This ended our gossip for that day, as I suspect Father Gabriel was rather ashamed that old sporting instincts and hatred of the Bushman's curse, the native dog, should have made him forget his position as an elder at Gabriel's Chapel.

THE MODERN ROBBERS OF THE RHINE.

"How picturesque!" says Mrs. Smith, as she stands in the centre of a group on board a Rhine steamer, all of whom are looking up at the ruined castles along the choice portion of the banks near Pfaltz.

"How poetical!" says her daughter, Miss Smith (just budding sixteen), who has been reading the scraps of Byron and Southey quoted in that ubiquitous red volume, Murray's "Handbook."

"Crack wines grow hereabouts, I believe?" says the son of twenty-two, who smokes, and wishes to be able to talk about what he has tasted, when he gets back to London and his untravelled companions.

"Ah! ah!" says Smith, senior, to his friend Jones, who forms one of the party of forty or fifty English people daily seen—now steam-travelling is so cheap—making a holiday on the Rhine. "Ah! ah! Sir, I flatter myself we now-a-days know a great deal better how to manage things than our forefathers did. Talk of the wisdom of our ancestors, Sir! it's all moonshine; bosh, Sir; why every one of those tumble-down places that my wife thinks *so picturesque*, and my daughter calls *so poetical*, used to be full of thieves. People who write novels, and that sort of trash, may colour them up into heroes, Sir; but they were nothing but thieves, footpads, highwaymen; nests of roystering vagabonds, who got along by robbing on the highway and plundering the boats that came down this river. But now-a-days we manage these things better. Policemen and newspapers have stopped that sort of thing. Depend upon it, our brave ancestors, our wise ancestors, were nicely beaten and robbed. They put up with it; but we, Sir, know better." And so saying, Smith drew up his head in a very significant way.

Mr. Smith used to go every year to Margate or to Brighton; but cheap trains and cheap steamboats have lured him to the Rhine, where he thanks his stars that he lives in 1850—in these our later days, when the robbers of that famous stream are supposed to exist only in its legends. Simple Mr. Smith!

The bold robber-barons of the older period, and the famous Schinderhannes of more modern date, are gone, it is true; but just change an English sovereign on a Rhine steamer, speak English at a Rhine hotel, or stay but one day at Wiesbaden, Homburg, or Baden-Baden, and it will soon be evident enough that we have modern types of the old originals—real, living, breathing, cunning, unscrupulous robbers of the Rhine.

Smith and family had changed English gold for Belgian silver and German copper, and they had found some difficulty in solving the knotty problem, "How to make it right?" They had stopped, too, at Belgian and at Rhine hotels, and had been still more puzzled than ever by the mysterious reckonings sometimes made in Bavarian florins of twenty pence and sometimes in German florins of two shillings; they had tried in vain to unravel the difficulty of kreutzers and silber groschen, of thalers and gulden, and, more than all, to make up their minds what could be the values of the numberless varieties of little dirty coins they received in change for their handsome English gold. Young Smith, with an eye to realities, had discarded descriptions and inquiries, and had determined upon a plan of his own for the study of Continental numismatics. He had changed a sovereign when he landed at Ostend into the money of Belgium, asking

for pieces of different denominations. Into a pocket by itself he put the change so taken, made up, as it was, of pieces of five francs, francs, half-francs, quarter-francs, two sous, sous, and centimes. On his road he studied these; and when he got to the frontier of Prussia, at Verviers, and whilst the custom-house and eating-house formalities were in progress, he found time to change the Belgian money for Prussian coins. Now he found his special pocket laden with thalers and silber groschen. A day's steam took them to Biberich, and when there, a third series of coins were in request. The money of Frederick William was converted into that of the Grand Duke of Nassau, and this again, next day, was changed into the gulden of Frankfort. At Heidelberg (Bavaria) another set of moneys were obtained for the often re-converted produce of the sovereign; and only one day later, the contents of the special pocket were from the mint of the Duke of Baden. The very cheap and excellent railway of that potentate took them towards Basle, whence Schauffhausen was within easy reach. Here, at the Falls of the Rhine, the young numismatic investigator changed his money into the popular currency of Switzerland—batzen and rappen. At each stage of this progress—at each step in this practical illustration of changing a pound upon the Rhine—the whole contents of our friend's special pouch had been turned out, and had been replaced by innkeepers or other traders with the moneys of the place where the transaction was completed.

At Schauffhausen there were, as usual, many Englishmen who, also as usual, had a growl about the moneys and the hotels. "I have been making myself practically acquainted with the currency in a way of my own," said Smith, junior.

"How so?" inquired one of the group of travellers who were gossipping on the subject.

"I changed a sovereign," explained our hero, "at Ostend; and then changed what I got for it in Prussia; then changed that in the Duchy of Nassau; and that again in the free city of Frankfort; and so on repeated the process in Baden and Bavaria—in fact, in each separate jurisdiction through which we passed."

"Practical man," said one.

"Capital notion," said another.

"Knowing dog," cried a third.

"Rather costly experiment, I fear," suggested a German, who spoke good English, and had been one of the listeners. "Pray, what shape has your pound assumed at last?"

"There it is," said Smith, as he suited the action to the word, by emptying the contents of his experimental pocket upon the table.

The exhibition looked very unpromising, certainly. The glittering twenty-shilling piece left at Ostend was now represented by as ugly a collection of dirty, worn, counterfeit-looking, a jumble of silver and copper as ever an Israelite counted out in the Jews' Lane, at Frankfort.

"Count it up," said Smith the younger.

"Very good," said the German, and he began.

"Five francs—ten—" said Smith.

"Stop," said the German, "Swiss francs and French francs are different things—different values. I will tell you the worth of this heap." He went to work to tell them over, and stated the result in batzen and rappen.

"And how much is that worth in English sterling coin?" asked a bystander.

"Just fourteen shillings and a penny farthing," replied the German.

"What?" shrieked Smith.

"Fourteen shillings and a penny farthing English," repeated the German.

And so it was, sure enough. Exactly five shillings and tenpence three farthings was the price of changing a sovereign between Ostend and Schauffhausen. That was the trifling toll taken by one section of the modern robbers of the Rhine!

Expressions of surprise and indignation were numerous upon this discovery, and straightway each of the party began to detail his own special grievance, with such warmth that all were speaking and scarcely one listened. The enormous charges for luggage on the railways had raised the ire of one traveller; a second groaned over the payment of so much a package for insurance of his portmanteau on board the steamer from Cologne to Bonn, from Bonn to Coblentz, and so on at every stage, till the costs for baggage were almost greater than the fare of its owner. A third vented his wrath upon the system of charging every innocent English tourist *salon fare* at the offices of the Rhine steamer, the said *salon* being a mere means of getting an extortionate price which no German paid, because everybody who paid second-class had precisely the same cabin, the identical accommodation and attendance, bestowed on the victim of *salon* prices. Another growled out that the dearest wines came from the same bin with those of moderate price; another, that an Englishman was charged one-third more for everything than a Frenchman, and twice as much as a German; but the grievance of grievances came from a middle-aged country squire, who was travelling with his wife and a party of relations. They were six, and the ladies, being unwilling to endure great exertion, had made short stages, and thus consumed three weeks on the way from Ostend to Schauffhausen. "Three beds appear in every bill, of course," growled the elderly gentleman; "and in every bill one bed, I find, involves two wax lights. I have reckoned up, Sir," continued the matter-of-fact squire most emphatically; "I have made an exact calculation, Sir; and I find that on the Rhine, between Cologne and Schauffhausen, in eighteen days, it has taken just one hundred

and eight wax candles, price one hundred and eight francs, to light us to bed!"

Here was another slight glimpse of the presence of modern robbers on the Rhine. But the great men of the plundering trade are not to be found hidden in the guise of *maître d'hôtel*, money-changer, or steam-boat *conducteur;* they wear another costume, and assume a loftier dénomination.

In literature, in science, in art, we find Germany quite on a level with the present age. She has produced men and books equal to the men and books of England or France, as the names of Goëthe, Schiller, Humboldt, Liebeg, and a score of others bear testimony. But whilst in poetry, philosophy, and science, she is on a par with the best portions of modern Europe; in politics—in the practical science of government—she is an indefinite number of centuries behindhand. Governmentally, she is now where the English were during the Saxon Heptarchy, with seven or more kingdoms in a space that might be well governed by one sceptre. Where she might get along very well with two, she has a dozen petty kings, and petty courts, and petty national debts, and petty pension-lists, and paltry debased and confusing coinages, and petty cabals, quarrels, and intermixture of contending interests. England, long ago, was relieved of separate Kings of Wessex and Kings of Mercia, Kings of Scotland and Kings of Wales; France has no more turbulent Dukes of Burgundy or Alsace claiming sovereign power over portions of a fine country, naturally one and indivisible; but poor Germany yet suffers from such troublesome divisions of dominion. Imagine a King of Lancashire, with two free cities of Manchester and Liverpool in its confines; a King of Yorkshire and a Grand Duke of the Midland Counties; an Emperor of Middlesex; a Sovereign Elector of Kent and Sussex; with reigning Dukes of Hampshire and Gloucestershire and Wiltshire; a King of Scotland, and then a King of Wales, who claimed besides all the little odds and ends of territory, got—some by marriage, and some by conquest—in various disjoined parts of the country. Imagine some of these petty divisions Romanist, and some Protestant, and some of mixed faiths; different coinages, opposed interests, each backed by standing armies, in which every man, high and low, was for some years compelled to serve. Imagine all this to exist in our country, and we have some idea of the governmental condition of Germany in 1850.

Out of this division of territory arises, of course, a number of small poor princes; and as poor princes do not like to work hard when their pockets are low, we find them busy with the schemes, shifts, and contrivances, common from time immemorial with penniless people who have large appetites for pleasure, small stomachs for honest work—real, living, reigning Dukes though they be, they have added to the royal "businesses" to which they were born, little private speculations for the encouragement of *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. These small princes have, in fact, turned gambling-house keepers—hell-keepers in the vulgar but expressive slang of a London police court—proprietors of establishments where the vicious and the unwary, the greedy hawk and the silly pigeon, congregate, the one to plunder and the other to be plucked. That which has been expelled from huge London, as too great an addition to its vice, or, if not quite expelled, is carried on with iron-barred doors, unequal at times to protect its followers from the police and the infamy of exposure—that which has been outlawed from the Palais Royal and Paris, as too bad even for the lax morality of a most free-living city—that huge vice which caters to the low senses of cunning and greediness, and tempts men to lose fortune, position, character, even hope, in the frantic excitements of, perhaps, one desperate night—such a vice is housed in fine buildings raised near mineral springs, surrounded by beautiful gardens, enlivened by music and sanctioned by the open patronage of petty German princes holding sway in the valley watered by the Rhine. In fact, unscrupulous speculators are found to carry on German gaming-tables at German spas, paying the sovereign of the country certain thousands of pounds a year for the privilege of fleecing the public.

The weakened in body are naturally weakened in mental power. The weak in body are promised health by "taking the waters" at a German bath. The early hours, the pleasant walks, the good music, the promised economy, are inducements. The weakened mind wants more occupation than it finds, for these places are very monotonous, and the gaming-table is placed by the sovereign of the country in a noble room—the Kursaal, to afford excitement to the visitor, and profits—the profits of infamy—to himself.

There are grades in these great gaming-houses for Europe. Taking them in the order in which they are reached from Cologne, it may be said that Wiesbaden is the finest town, having very pleasant environs, and the least play. The Grand Duke of Nassau, therefore, has probably the smallest share of the gaming-table booty.

Homburg, which comes next in order, is far more out of reach, is smaller, duller—(it is indeed very, very dreary)—and has to keep its gaming-tables going all the year round, to make up the money paid by the lessees of the gambling-house to the Duke. The range of the Taunus is at the back of the "town" (a village about as large, imposing, and lively as Hounslow), and affords its chief attraction. The rides are agreeable if the visitor has a good horse—(a difficult thing to get in that locality)—and is fond of trotting up steep hills, and then ambling down again. In beauty of position, and other attractions, it is very far below both Wiesbaden and Baden.

Baden-Baden is the third, and certainly most beautiful of these German gambling-towns. The town nestles, as it were, in a sheltered valley, opening amongst the hills of the Black Forest. In summer its aspect is very picturesque and pleasant; but it looks as if in winter it must be very damp and liable to the atmosphere which provokes the growth of *goître*. At Baden there is said to be more play than at the other two places put together. From May till the end of September, *roulette* and *rouge et noir*—the mutter of the man who deals the cards, and the rattle of the marble—are never still. The profits of the table at this place are very large. The man who had them some years ago retired with an immense fortune; and one of his successors came from the Palais Royal when public gaming was forbidden in Paris, and was little less successful than his predecessor. The permanent residents at Baden could alone form any idea of the sums netted, and only such of those as were living near the bankers. They could scarcely avoid seeing the bags of silver, five franc pieces chiefly, that passed between the gaming-tables and the bank. A profit of one thousand pounds a fortnight was thought a sign of a bad season; and so it must have been, when it is calculated that the gambling-table keeper paid the Duke a clear four thousand pounds a year as the regal share of the plunder, and agreed to spend two thousand a year in decorating the town of Baden. The play goes on in a noble hall called the Conversations House, decorated with frescoes and fitted up most handsomely. This building stands in a fine ornamental garden, with green lawns and fine avenues of tall trees; and all this has been paid for by the profits of *roulette* and *rouge et noir*. Seeing this, it may cause surprise that people play at all; yet the fascination is so great that, once within its influence, good resolutions and common sense seem alike unequal to resistance. All seems fair enough, and some appear to win, and then self-love suggests, "Oh, my luck will surely carry me through!" The game is so arranged that some win and some lose every game, the table having, it is said, only a small percentage of chance in its favour. These chances are avowedly greater at *roulette* than at *rouge et noir*, but at both it is practically shown that the player, in the long run, always loses. It is whispered that, contrary to the schoolboy maxim, cheating *does* thrive at German baths; and those who have watched the matter closely, say a Dutch banker won every season by following a certain plan. He waited till he saw a heavy stake upon the table, and then backed the other side. He always won.

Go into one of the rooms at any of these places, and whom do you see? The off-scourings of European cities—professional gamblers, ex-officers of all sorts of armies; portionless younger brothers; pensioners; old men and old women who have outlived all other excitements; a multitude of silly gulls, attracted by the waters, or the music, or the fascination of play; and a sprinkling of passing tourists, who come—"just look in on their way," generally to be disappointed—often to be fleeced. Young and handsome women are not very often seen playing. Gaming is a vice reserved for middle age. Whilst hearts are to be won, dollars are not worth playing for. Cards and rouge, and dyspepsy seem to be nearly allied, if we may judge by the specimens of humanity seen at the baths of Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden. The players—and player and loser are almost synonymous terms—are generally thin and anxious; the bankers, fat and stolid. As the brass whirls round, the table-keeper has the look of a quiet bloated spider, seemingly passionless, but with an eye that glances over every chance on the board. At his side see an elderly man, pale and thin, the muscles of whose lower jaw are twitching spasmodically, yet with jaded, forced resignation, he loses his last five pounds. Next him is a woman highly dressed, with false hair and teeth, and a great deal of paint. She has a card in her hand, on which she pricks the numbers played, and thus flatters herself she learns the best chances to take. Next to her see one of the most painful sights these places display. A father, mother, and young girl are all trying their fortune; the parents giving money to the child that they "may have her good luck," reckless of the fatal taste they are implanting in her mind. Next is a Jew, looking all sorts of agonies, and one may fancy he knows he is losing in an hour, what it has cost him years of cunning and self-denial to amass. And so on, round the table, we find ill-dressed and well-dressed Germans, French, Russians, English, Yankees, Irish, mixed up together in one eager crowd; thirsting to gain gold without giving value in return; risking what they have in an insane contest which they know has destroyed thousands before them; losing their money, and winning disgust, despondency, and often despair and premature death. Never a year is said to go by without its complement of ruined fools and hasty suicides. The neighbouring woods afford a convenient shelter; and a trigger, or a handkerchief and a bough, complete the tragedy.

Let us say no more of our civilisation having banished Schinderhannes, and his predecessors, the half-soldiers, half-thieves, who built the stone towers now crumbling up above the vineyards of the noble German river. Their booty in a year could not have equalled the plunder of a single month at Wiesbaden, Homburg, or Baden-Baden. The real freebooters of the place are still extant, and carry on their trade under the banner of chieftains who share the spoil—the reigning Dukes of Nassau, Homburg, and Baden—who are the veritable grand modern robbers of the Rhine.

CHIPS.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE IRISH POOR LAW.

We may introduce the following Chip by premising that, at the introduction of the Poor Law into Ireland, the workhouses were built by means of loans, advanced by the Government, on the security of the rates. Constructed generally in that style of architecture called "Elizabethan," they were the most imposing in the country in elevation and frequency, and placed usually in the wretched suburbs of towns and villages, formed amongst the crumbling and moss-green cottages, a pleasing contrast in the eye of the tourist. They were calculated to accommodate from five hundred to two thousand inmates, according to the area and population of the annexed district, but some of them remained for years altogether closed, or, if open, nearly unoccupied, owing to the ingenious shifts of the "Guardians," under the advice of the "Solicitor of the Board." Their object was to economise the resources of the Union, to keep the rates down, and in some instances they evaded the making of any rate for years, after the support of the destitute was made nominally imperative by the law of the land.

As there was a good deal of patronage in a small way placed at the disposal of the "Guardians," great anxiety was manifested by those eligible to the office. Most Justices of the Peace were indeed, *ipso facto*, Guardians, but a considerable number had to be elected by the rate-payers, and an active canvass preceded every election. A great deal of activity and conviviality, if not gaiety, was the result, and more apparently important affairs were neglected by many a farmer, shopkeeper, and professional man, to ensure his being elected a "Guardian," while the unsuccessful took pains to prove their indifference, or to vent their ill-humour in various ways, sometimes causing less innocuous effects than the following sally:—

At a certain Court of Quarter Sessions, during the dog-day heat of one of these contests, a burly fellow was arraigned before "their worships" and the jury, charged with some petty theft; and as he perceived that the proofs were incontestably clear against him, he fell into a very violent trepidation. An attorney of the court, not overburdened with business, and fond of occupying his idle time in playing off practical jokes, perceiving how the case stood, addressed the prisoner in a whisper over the side of the dock with a very ominous and commiserating shake of his head.

"Ah, you unfortunate man, ye'll be found guilty; and as sure as ye are, ye'll get worse than hangin' or thransportation. As sure as ever the barristher takes a pinch of snuff, that's his intention; ye'll see him put on the black cap immaydiately. Plaid guilty at once, and I'll tell ye what ye'll say to him afther."

The acute practitioner knew his man: the poor half-witted culprit fell into the snare; and after a short and serious whispering between them, which was unobserved in the bustle of the Court-house usual on such occasions, the prisoner cried out, just as the issue paper was going up to the jury, "Me lord, me lord, I plaid guilty,—I beg yer wortchip's an' their honours' pardon!"

"Very well," said the assistant-barrister, whose duty it was to advise upon the law of each case, and preside at the bench in judicial costume; "very well, Sir. Crier, call silence."

Several voices immediately called energetically for silence, impressing the culprit with grave ideas at once of his worship's great importance, and the serious nature of the coming sentence.

"Withdraw the plea of not guilty, and take one of guilty to the felony," continued the assistant-barrister, taking a pinch of snuff and turning round to consult his brother magistrates as to the term of intended incarceration.

"Don't lose yer time, ye omodhaun!" said the attorney, with an angry look at the prisoner.

"Will I be allowed to spake one word! yer wortchips?" said the unfortunate culprit.

"What has he to say?" said the assistant-barrister with considerable dignity.

"Go on, ye fool ye!"—urged the attorney.

"My lord, yer wortchips, and gintlemin av the jury," exclaimed the culprit, "sind me out o' the counthry, or into jail, or breakin' stones, or walkin' on the threadmill, or anything else in the coorse o' nature, as yer wortchips playses; but for the love o' the Virgin Mary, *don't make me a 'Poor Law Garjin.'*"

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

Some of these treasures were fished up, and brought to our readers' knowledge in our article on Billingsgate in our tenth number. We received an additional illustration of the subject from a correspondent:—"People talk of the 'treasures of the deep' with generally a very confused notion of their own meaning, if, indeed, they have any meaning at all. Probably they have some incoherent ideas of rich merchantmen that have gone down with their costly cargoes, mingled with coral reefs and pearl fisheries, as forming no inconsiderable portion of those treasures. But how often do they think of the countless riches which the sea produces in the living things that dwell in it? Take, for illustration, the whale alone. For ten days the writer of this was becalmed in the latitude of the Azores or Western Isles. During the whole of that period huge whales were incessantly 'blewing' in every direction round the ship. As many as twenty or thirty at a time might be seen rolling their unwieldy bodies half out of the sea, and puffing up large fountains of spray into the air. At a moderate calculation, two hundred and fifty whales were seen from

the deck in those ten days. At an equally moderate calculation, each whale was worth four hundred pounds. Their gross value was, therefore, one hundred thousand pounds!"

THE MONSTER PROMENADE CONCERTS.

"CHARMING place this," said a mad lady to us while looking out of a window of the finest Lunatic Asylum in North Britain; "so retired, so quiet, so genteel, so remote from the busy hum of men and women. The view you perceive is lovely—quite sylvan (there were two trees in the remote distance); 'Silence reigns around,' as the poet says, and then you see, Sir, *we do not allow street bands to come here.*"

On inquiry, we were told that this patient was a London literary lady. Her mania, like Morose in Ben Jonson's Epicure, was against noise. She constantly prayed for deafness. She walked in list shoes, and spoke in a whisper as an example to others. The immediate cause of her confinement had not been ascertained, but we have no doubt that she had been driven stark mad by the street discord of the Metropolis. We firmly believe her case is not singular. Judging from our own experience of the extremest brink of insanity, to which we have been occasionally driven by the organic and Pandean persecutions to which we have been subjected, we should say that much of the madness existing and wrought in this County of Middlesex originates in street music. If Dr. Connolly cannot bear us out in this opinion, we shall be rather astonished.

A man of thoughtful habit, and of a timid, or nervous temperament, has only to take apartments in what lodging-house keepers wickedly call in their advertisements, "a quiet neighbourhood," to be tolerably sure of making his next move in a strait waistcoat to an asylum for the insane. In retired streets, squares, terraces, or "rows," where the more pleasing music of cart, coach, and cab wheels does not abound, the void is discordantly filled up by peripatetic concerts, which last all day long. You are forced, each morning, to shave to the hundredth psalm groaned out from an impious organ; at breakfast you are stunned by the basses of a wretched waltz belched forth from a bass trombone; and your morning is ruined for study by the tinkling of a barrel piano-forte; at luncheon acute dyspepsia communicates itself to your vitals in the stunning *buldering* of a big-drum; tuneless trumpets, discordant cornets, and blundering bass-viols form a running accompaniment of discord to your afternoon walk: hurdy-gurdies, peradventure, destroy your dinner; fiddles and harps squeak away the peace of your whole evening; and, when you lay your distracted head on your pillow you are robbed of sleep by a banditti of glee singers, hoarsely croaking, "Up rouse ye then, my merry, merry men!"

Yet this is a land of liberty, and every man's house is his castle!

A man may have every comfort this world can afford—the prettiest house, the sweetest wife, the most unexceptionable cook, lovely children, and a good library—but what are these when the enjoyment they afford is destroyed by an endless *charivari*; when domestic happiness is made misery by street discord; when an English gentleman is denied what is insured to every Pentonville prisoner—peace; when a wise legislation has patented the silent system for convicts only, and supplies no free-born Briton with a defence from hideous invasions of his inmost privacy: a legislature which, here, in London, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty, where civilisation is said to have made some advances—permits bag-pipes?

This is a subject upon which it is impossible, without the most superhuman self-control, to write with calmness.

Justice is supposed in this country to be meted out with an even hand. A humane maxim says, "Better let ten guilty men escape, than one innocent man suffer." Yet what have the public, especially of "quiet neighbourhoods," done; what crimes have we committed; what retribution have we invoked; that we are to be visited with the indiscriminating punishment, the excruciating agony, squealed and screeched into our ears out of that instrument of ineffable torture, the Scotch bagpipe? If our neighbour be a slanderer, a screw, a giver of bad dinners, or any other sort of criminal for whom the law has provided no punishment, and a bag-pipe serenade be your mode of revenge on him, shut him up with a piper or pipers in the padded room in Bedlam, or take him out to the Eddystone lighthouse; but for the love of mercy, do not make us, his unoffending neighbours, partakers of his probably just, but certainly condign, punishment!

We have, however, a better opinion of human nature than to believe in such extreme vindictiveness. We rather attribute these public performances of sonorous savagery to the perverted taste of a few unfortunate individuals, who pretend to relish the discords, and who actually pay the kilted executioners of harmony. The existence of such wretched amateurs might be doubted if we did not remember that the most revolting propensities are to be found among mankind. There *are* people who chew tobacco; a certain tribe of Polynesian aborigines deem assafœtida the most delicious of perfumes; and Southey, in his Travels in Spain, states that the Galician carters positively refused to grease their wheels because of the delight the creaking gave them. Yet although the grating of wooden axles, or even the sharpening of saws, is music to the pibroch, it appears from a variety of evidence that bad taste can actually reach, even in the female mind, to the acme of encouraging and patronising street bagpipers.

We scarcely believed our eyes when we read, some days since, the following police report:—

"MARLBOROUGH-STREET. — Two boys, named Campbell, dressed as Highland pipers, and each provided with a pair of bagpipes, were charged with having refused to quit Suffolk-street, where they were playing, when requested to do so.

"A clerk to Mr. Garratt, an inhabitant, said, about 11 o'clock the boys put their pipes at work, and kept up such a concert of groaning and screeching with them, that his employer gave him directions to tell them to remove. Witness did so, and the boys refusing to comply with the request, a constable was employed, and they were brought to this court.

"The boys said they were the sons of a Scotch piper. They got their living by playing on the bagpipes, and they had been employed by *a lady who liked bagpipe harmony*, to play before the door of the hotel in Suffolk-street, where she was staying.

"MR. HARDWICK told the boys they must not adopt such a mode of getting their own living as would hinder other people from getting theirs. It would be impossible for professional men or tradesmen to carry on their daily avocations in the hearing of such a din of discordant sounds as would be caused by a couple of pairs of Scotch bagpipes. To the street musical abominations of the Italian boys had recently been added that of Scotch bagpipers,—a kind of concert sufficient to drive invalids and ordinary people crazy. The street musicians must be told that the law obliged them to go away whenever they were told to do so by any housekeeper in streets where they were playing. For the present offence he would inflict a fine of one shilling only, which should be made twenty shillings on the next occasion."

Mr. Hardwick did the best he could. If he could have transported the patroness of bagpipes for life to Staffa or to the lesser Cumbraes, the justice of the case would have been fully met. But, as we have before complained, the law, as applicable to nuisance-noises, is exceedingly defective.

Do we wish to banish all music from the busy haunts of men? By no means. Good music is sometimes emitted from our pavements—the kerb sends forth here and there, and now and then, sounds not unworthy of the best appointed orchestra. Where these superior street performers received their musical education it is not our business to inquire about their arrangements of some of the most popular opera music, show that their training has been strictly professional. Quintette, Sestette, and Septette bands of brass and string are occasionally heard in the open street, whose performances show that the pieces have been regularly scored and rigidly rehearsed. "Tune, time, and distance" are excellently kept; the pianos and fortes are admirably coloured—there is no vamping of basses; no "fudging" of difficult passages. We look upon such players as musical missionaries who purvey the best music from the opera houses and from the saloons of the nobility to the general public, to the improvement of its musical taste. But where even these choice *pavé* professionists have us at a disadvantage is in their discoursing their excellent music at precisely the times when we do *not* want the sounds of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The habitant of the "quiet neighbourhood," fond as he is of *Casta Diva* or the *Rosen Waltz*, would rather not be indulged with them just as he is commencing to study a complicated brief, or while he is computing the draft of a difficult survey. When he wants music he likes to go to it; he never wants it to come to him.

Upon this premise we propose, for the benefit of the world at large, a sweeping street-music reform; and any enterprising member of Parliament is quite welcome to the draft of a bill on the subject, with which we now conclude:—

The bill should be entitled,

"An Act for the better Preservation of the Public Peace by the better Regulation of some certain kinds of Street Music, and by the utter Abolition of certain other kinds of Street Music."

The first proviso should give authority to certain competent musicians, and bands of musicians, to play at certain appointed places at certain appointed hours of the day, and under certain regulations.

That the places appointed shall be, in summer, the Parks and Public Gardens in and around London; and in winter certain covered spaces, to be set apart and appointed by the proper authorities.

That the performers shall have no other remuneration than the contributions of their listeners, which will be naturally regulated by the pleasure they give, consequently, by their proficiency.

That no unauthorised grinder of organs, music-mills, or hurdy-gurdies; no blower of bagpipes, Pan's-pipes, horns, cornopeans, trombones, trumpets, clarionets, or bassoons; no scraper of fiddles or violoncellos; no scratchers of harps or guitars; no beaters of drums, dulcimers or tambourines,—be allowed to disturb the public thoroughfares, under pain of various penalties, to be afterwards agreed and settled on; whereof the lightest shall be imprisonment and hard labour for no less a period than ten days (for, say illicit flutes, hautboys, or Pan's-pipes), and the heaviest—only applicable to bagpipes—transportation for life beyond the Border.

Vivat Regina!

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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LIVELY TURTLE.

I HAVE a comfortable property. What I spend, I spend upon myself; and what I don't spend I save. Those are my principles. I am warmly attached to my principles, and stick to them on all occasions.

I am not, as some people have represented, a mean man. I never denied myself anything that I thought I should like to have. I may have said to myself "SNOADY"—that is my name—"you will get those peaches cheaper if you wait till next week;" or, I may have said to myself, "Snoady, you will get that wine for nothing, if you wait till you are asked out to dine;" but I never deny myself anything. If I can't get what I want without buying it, and paying its price for it, I *do* buy it and pay its price for it. I have an appetite bestowed upon me; and, if I baulked it, I should consider that I was flying in the face of Providence.

I have no near relation but a brother. If he wants anything of me, he don't get it. All men are my brothers; and I see no reason why I should make his, an exceptional case.

I live at a cathedral town where there is an old corporation. I am not in the Church, but it may be that I hold a little place of some sort. Never mind. It may be profitable. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. It may, or it may not, be a sinecure. I don't choose to say. I never enlightened my brother on these subjects, and I consider all men my brothers. The Negro is a man and a brother—should I hold myself accountable for my position in life, *to him?* Certainly not.

I often run up to London. I like London. The way I look at it, is this. London is not a cheap place, but, on the whole, you can get more of the real thing for your money there—I mean the best thing, whatever it is—than you can get in most places. Therefore, I say to the man who has got the money, and wants the thing, "Go to London for it, and treat yourself."

When *I* go, I do it in this manner. I go to Mrs. Skim's Private Hotel and Commercial Lodging House, near Aldersgate Street, City, (it is advertised in "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," where I first found it), and there I pay, "for bed and breakfast, with meat, two and ninepence per day, including servants." Now, I have made a calculation, and I am satisfied that Mrs. Skim cannot possibly make much profit out of *me*. In fact, if all her patrons were like me, my opinion is, the woman would be in the Gazette next month.

Why do I go to Mrs. Skim's when I could go to the Clarendon, you may ask? Let us argue that point. If I went to the Clarendon I could get nothing in bed but sleep; could I? No. Now, sleep at the Clarendon is an expensive article; whereas sleep, at Mrs. Skim's, is decidedly cheap. I have made a calculation, and I don't hesitate to say, all things considered, that it's cheap. Is it an inferior article, as compared with the Clarendon sleep, or is it of the same quality? I am a heavy sleeper, and it is of the same quality. Then why should I go to the Clarendon?

But as to breakfast? you may say.—Very well. As to breakfast. I could get a variety of delicacies for breakfast at the Clarendon, that are out of the question at Mrs. Skim's. Granted. But I don't want to have them! My opinion is, that we are not entirely animal and sensual. Man has an intellect bestowed upon him. If he clogs that intellect by too good a breakfast, how can he properly exert that intellect in meditation, during the day, upon his dinner? That's the point. We are not to enchain the soul. We are to let it soar. It is expected of us.

At Mrs. Skim's, I get enough for breakfast (there is no limitation to the bread and butter, though there is to the meat) and not too much. I have all my faculties about me, to concentrate upon the object I have mentioned, and I can say to myself besides, "Snoady, you have saved six, eight, ten, fifteen, shillings, already to-day. If there is anything you fancy for your dinner, have it. Snoady, you have earned your reward."

My objection to London, is, that it is the head-quarters of the worst radical sentiments that are broached in England. I consider that it has a great many dangerous people in it. I consider the present publication (if it's "Household Words") very dangerous, and I write this with the view of neutralising some of its bad effects. My political creed is, let us be comfortable. We are all very comfortable as we are—*I* am very comfortable as I am—leave us alone!

All mankind are my brothers, and I don't think it Christian—if you come to that—to tell my brother that he is ignorant, or degraded, or dirty, or anything of the kind. I think it 's abusive, and low. You meet me with the observation that I am required to love my brother. I reply, "I do." I am sure I am always willing to say to my brother, "My good fellow, I love you very much; go along with you; keep to your own road; leave me to mine; whatever is, is right; whatever isn't, is wrong; don't make a disturbance!" It seems to me, that this is at once the whole duty of man, and the only temper to go to dinner in.

Going to dinner in this temper in the City of London, one day not long ago, after a bed at Mrs. Skim's, with meat-breakfast and servants included, I was reminded of the observation which, if my memory does not deceive me, was formerly made by somebody on some occasion, that man may learn wisdom from the lower animals. It is a beautiful fact, in my opinion, that great wisdom is to be learnt from that noble animal the Turtle.

I had made up my mind, in the course of the day I speak of, to have a Turtle dinner. I mean a dinner mainly composed of Turtle. Just a comfortable tureen of soup, with a pint of punch; and nothing solid to follow, but a tender juicy steak. I like a tender juicy steak. I generally say to myself when I order one, "Snoady, you have done right."

When I make up my mind to have a delicacy, expense is no consideration. The question resolves itself, then, into a question of the very best. I went to a friend of mine who is a Member of the Common Council, and with that friend I held the following conversation.

Said I to him, "Mr. Groggles, the best Turtle is where?"

Says he, "If you want a basin for lunch, my opinion is, you can't do better than drop into Birch's."

Said I, "Mr. Groggles, I thought you had known me better, than to suppose me capable of a basin. My intention is to dine. A tureen."

Says Mr. Groggles, without a moment's consideration, and in a determined voice, "Right opposite the India House, Leadenhall Street."

We parted. My mind was not inactive during the day, and at six in the afternoon I repaired to the house of Mr. Groggles's recommendation. At the end of the passage, leading from the street into the coffee-room, I observed a vast and solid chest, in which I then supposed that a Turtle of unusual size might be deposited. But, the correspondence between its bulk and that of the charge made for my dinner, afterwards satisfied me that it must be the till of the establishment.

I stated to the waiter what had brought me there, and I mentioned Mr. Groggles's name. He feelingly repeated after me, "A tureen of Turtle, and a tender juicy steak." His manner, added to the manner of Mr. Groggles in the morning, satisfied me that all was well. The atmosphere of the coffee-room was odoriferous with Turtle, and the steams of thousands of gallons, consumed within its walls, hung, in savoury grease, upon their surface. I could have inscribed my name with a penknife, if I had been so disposed, in the essence of innumerable Turtles. I preferred to fall into a hungry reverie, brought on by the warm breath of the place, and to think of the West Indies and the Island of Ascension.

My dinner came—and went. I will draw a veil over the meal, I will put the cover on the empty tureen, and merely say that it was wonderful—and that I paid for it.

I sat meditating, when all was over, on the imperfect nature of our present existence, in which we can eat only for a limited time, when the waiter roused me with these words.

Said he to me, as he brushed the crumbs off the table, "Would you like to see the Turtle, Sir?"

"To see what Turtle, waiter?" said I (calmly) to him.

"The tanks of Turtle below, Sir," said he to me.

Tanks of Turtle! Good Gracious! "Yes!"

The waiter lighted a candle, and conducted me down stairs to a range of vaulted apartments, cleanly whitewashed and illuminated with gas, where I saw a sight of the most astonishing and gratifying description, illustrative of the greatness of my native country. "Snoady," was my first observation to myself, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!"

There were two or three hundred Turtle in the vaulted apartments—all alive. Some in tanks, and some taking the air in long dry walks littered down with straw. They were of all sizes; many of them enormous. Some of the enormous ones had entangled themselves with the smaller ones, and pushed and squeezed themselves into corners, with their fins over water-pipes, and their heads downwards, where they were apoplectically struggling and splashing, apparently in the last extremity. Others were calm at the bottom of the tanks; others languidly rising to the surface. The Turtle in the walks littered down with straw, were calm and motionless. It was a thrilling sight. I admire such a sight. It rouses my imagination. If you wish to try its effect on yours, make a call right opposite the India House any day you please—dine—pay—and ask to be taken below.

Two athletic young men, without coats, and with the sleeves of their shirts tucked up to the shoulders, were in attendance on these noble animals. One of them, wrestling with the most enormous Turtle in company, and dragging him up to the edge of the tank, for me to look at, presented an idea to me which I never had before. I ought to observe that

I like an idea. I say, when I get a new one, "Snoady, book that!"

My idea, on the present occasion, was,—Mr. Groggles! It was not a Turtle that I saw, but Mr. Groggles. It was the dead image of Mr. Groggles. He was dragged up to confront me, with his waistcoat—if I may be allowed the expression—towards me; and it was identically the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. It was the same shape, very nearly the same colour, only wanted a gold watch-chain and a bunch of seals, to BE the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. There was what I should call a bursting expression about him in general, which was accurately the expression of Mr. Groggles. I had never closely observed a Turtle's throat before. The folds of his loose cravat, I found to be precisely those of Mr. Groggles's cravat. Even the intelligent eye —I mean to say, intelligent enough for a person of correct principles, and not dangerously so—was the eye of Mr. Groggles. When the athletic young man let him go, and, with a roll of his head, he flopped heavily down into the tank, it was exactly the manner of Mr. Groggles as I have seen him ooze away into his seat, after opposing a sanitary motion in the Court of Common Council!

"Snoady," I couldn't help saying to myself, "you have done it. You have got an idea, Snoady, in which a great principle is involved. I congratulate you!" I followed the young man, who dragged up several Turtle to the brinks of the various tanks. I found them all the same—all varieties of Mr. Groggles—all extraordinarily like the gentlemen who usually eat them. "Now, Snoady," was my next remark, "what do you deduce from this?"

"Sir," said I, "what I deduce from this, is, confusion to those Radicals and other Revolutionists who talk about improvement. Sir," said I, "what I deduce from this, is, that there isn't this resemblance between the Turtles and the Grogglesses for nothing. It's meant to show mankind that the proper model for a Groggles, is a Turtle; and that the liveliness we want in a Groggles, is the liveliness of a Turtle, and no more." "Snoady," was my reply to this, "You have hit it. You are right!"

I admired the idea very much, because, if I hate anything in the world, it's change. Change has evidently no business in the world, has nothing to do with it, and isn't intended. What we want is (as I think I have mentioned) to be comfortable. I look at it that way. Let us be comfortable, and leave us alone. Now, when the young man dragged a Groggles—I mean a Turtle—out of his tank, this was exactly what the noble animal expressed as he floundered back again.

I have several friends besides Mr. Groggles in the Common Council, and it might be a week after this, when I said, "Snoady, if I was you, I would go to that court, and hear the debate to-day." I went. A good deal of it was what I call a sound, old English discussion. One eloquent speaker objected to the French as wearing wooden shoes; and a friend of his reminded him of another objection to that foreign people, namely, that they eat frogs. I had feared, for many years, I am sorry to say, that these wholesome principles were gone out. How delightful to find them still remaining among the great men of the City of London, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty! It made me think of the Lively Turtle.

But, I soon thought more of the Lively Turtle. Some Radicals and Revolutionists have penetrated even to the Common Council —which otherwise I regard as one of the last strongholds of our afflicted constitution; and speeches were made, about removing Smithfield Market—which I consider to be a part of that Constitution—and about appointing a Medical Officer for the City, and about preserving the public health; and other treasonable practices, opposed to Church and State. These proposals Mr. Groggles, as might have been expected of such a man, resisted; so warmly, that, as I afterwards understood from Mrs. Groggles, he had rather a sharp attack of blood to the head that night. All the Groggles party resisted them too, and it was a fine constitutional sight to see waistcoat after waiscoat rise up in resistance of them and subside. But what struck me in the sight was this, "Snoady," said I, "here is your idea carried out, Sir! These Radicals and Revolutionists are the athletic young men in shirt sleeves, dragging the Lively Turtle to the edges of the tank. The Grogglesses are the Turtle, looking out for a moment, and flopping down again. Honour to the Grogglesses! Honour to the Court of Lively Turtle! The wisdom of the Turtle is the hope of England!"

There are three heads in the moral of what I had to say. First, Turtle and Groggles are identical; wonderfully alike externally, wonderfully alike mentally. Secondly, Turtle is a good thing every way, and the liveliness of the Turtle is intended as an example for the liveliness of man; you are not to go beyond that. Thirdly, we are all quite comfortable. Leave us alone!

HIRAM POWER'S GREEK SLAVE.

They say Ideal Beauty cannot enter
The house of anguish. On the threshold stands
This alien Image with the shackled hands,
Called the Greek Slave: as if the artist meant her
(The passionless perfection which he lent her,
Shadowed, not darkened, where the sill expands)
To, so, confront man's crimes in different lands,
With man's ideal sense. Pierce to the centre,
Art's fiery finger! and break up erelong
The serfdom of this world. Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty, against man's
wrong!
Catch up, in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs, but west, and strike and shame the
strong,
By thunders of white silence, overthrown.

THE DUTIES OF WITNESSES AND JURYMEN.

I AM not a young man, and have passed much of my life in our Criminal Courts. I am, and have been, in active practice at the Bar, and I believe myself capable of offering some hints towards an improved administration of justice.

I do not allude to any reform in the law, though I believe much to be needed. I mean to confine myself to amendments which it is in the power of the people to make for themselves, and indeed, which no legislature, however enlightened, can make for them.

In no country can the laws be well administered, where the popular mind stands at a low point in the scale of intelligence, or where the moral tone is lax. The latter defect is of course the most important, but it is so intimately connected with the former, that they commonly prevail together, and the causes which remove the one have, almost without exception, a salutary effect upon the other.

That the general diffusion of morals and intelligence is essential to the healthy working of jurisprudence in all countries, will be admitted, when it is recollected that no tribunal, however skilful, can arrive at the truth by any other way than by the testimony of witnesses, and that consequently on their trust-worthiness the enjoyment of property, character, and life, must of necessity depend.

Again, wherever trial by jury is established, a further demand arises for morals and intelligence among the people. It follows then, as a consequence almost too obvious to justify the remark, that whatever in any country enlarges and strengthens these great attributes of civilisation, raises its capacity for performing that noblest duty of social man, the administration of justice.

Let me first speak of witnesses and their testimony. It is sometimes supposed that the desire to be veracious is the only quality essential to form a trustworthy witness; and an essential quality it is beyond all doubt; but it is possessed by many who are nevertheless very unsafe guides to truth. In the first place, this general desire for truth in a mind not carefully regulated, is apt to give way, oftentimes unconsciously, to impressions which overpower habitual veracity. It may be laid down as a general rule that witnesses are partisans, and that, often without knowing it, their evidence takes a colour from the feeling of partisanship, which gives it all the injurious effects of wilful falsehood—nay, it is frequently more pernicious. The witness who knowingly perverts the truth, often betrays his mendicity by his voice, his countenance, or his choice of words; while the unconscious perverter gives his testimony with all the force of sincerity. Let the witness who intends to give evidence worthy of confidence, be on his guard against the temptations to become a partisan. Witnesses ought to avoid consorting together on the eve of a trial; still more, discussing the matters in dispute, and comparing their intended statements. Musicians have observed that if two instruments, not in exact accordance, are played together, they have a tendency to run into harmony. Witnesses are precisely such instruments, and act on each other in like manner.

So much with regard to the moral tone of the witness, but the difficulties which I have pointed out may be surmounted, and yet leave his evidence a very distorted narrative of the real facts. Consideration must be given to the intellectual requirements of a witness. It was the just remark of Dr. Johnson that complaints of the memory were often very unjust towards that faculty, which was reproached with not retaining what had never been confided to its care. The defect is not a failure of memory, but a lack of observation—the ideas have not run out of the mind, they never went into it.

This is a deficiency, which cannot be dealt with in any special relation to the subject in hand; it can only be corrected by cultivating a general habit of observation, which, considering that the dearest interests of others may be imperilled by errors arising out of the neglect to observe accurately, must be looked upon in the light of a duty.

A still greater defect is the absence of the power of distinguishing fact and inference. Nothing but a long experience in Courts of Justice, can give a notion of the extent to which testimony is adulterated by this defect. It is often exemplified in the depositions of witnesses, or rather in the comparison between the depositions which, as your readers know, are taken in writing before the committing magistrate, and the evidence given on the trial.

Circumstances on which the witness had been silent when examined before the magistrate shortly after the event, make their appearance in his evidence on the day of trial; so that his memory purports to augment inaccuracy in proportion to their time which has elapsed since the transaction of which he speaks!

I have observed this effect produced in a marvellous degree in cases of new trial, which in civil suits are often awarded, and which frequently take place years after the event to which they relate. The comparison of the evidence of the same witness as it stands upon the short-hand writer's notes of the two trials, would lead an unpractised reader to the conclusion that nothing but perjury could account for the diversities; and this impression would be confirmed, if he should find, as in all probability he would, that the points on which the latter memory was better supplied than the earlier, were just those on which the greatest doubt had prevailed on the former occasion; and which were made in favour of the party on whose side the witness

had been called. But the critic would be mistaken. The witness was not dishonest, but had failed to keep watch over the operations of his own mind. He had perhaps often adverted to the subject, and often discoursed upon it, until at length he confounded the facts which had occurred, with the inference, which he had drawn from such facts, in establishment of the existence of others, which had in reality no place except in his own cogitation, but which after a time took rank in his memory with its original impressions.

The best safeguard a witness could employ to preserve the unalloyed memory of transactions, is to commit his narrative to writing, as soon after the event as he shall have learnt that his evidence respecting them is likely to be required: and yet I can hardly recommend such a course, because so little is the world, and even that portion of the world which passes its life in Courts of Justice, acquainted with what may be called the Philosophy of Evidence, that a conscientious endeavour of this kind to preserve his testimony in its purity, might draw upon him the imputation of having fabricated his narrative; and this is the more probable, because false witnesses have not unfrequently taken similar means for abiding by their fictions.

It is worthy of note how much these disturbing causes, both moral and intellectual, fasten upon these portions of evidence which are most liable to distortion. Words, as contra-distingushed from facts, exemplify the truth of this position; every witness ought to feel great distrust of himself in giving evidence of a conversation. Language, if it runs to any length, is very liable to be misunderstood, at least in passages.

But supposing it to be well understood at the moment, the exact wording of it can rarely be recalled, unless the witness's memory were tantamount in minuteness and accuracy to the record of a short-hand writer. He is consequently permitted to give an abstract, or, as it is usually called, the substance of what occurred. But here a new difficulty arises; to abstract correctly is an intellectual effort of no mean order, and is rarely accomplished with a decent approach to perfection. Let the juryman bear this in mind. He will be often tempted to rely on alleged confessions of prisoners sworn to by witnesses who certainly desire to speak the truth. These confessions often go so straight to the point, that they offer to the juryman a species of relief from that state of doubt, which, to minds unpractised in weighing probabilities, is irksome, almost beyond description. Speaking from the experience of thirty years, I should pronounce the evidence of words to be so dangerous in its nature as to demand the utmost vigilance, in all cases, before it is allowed to influence the verdict to any important extent,

While I am on the subject of evidence, infirm in its nature, I must not pass over that of identity of person. The number of persons who resemble each other is not inconsiderable in itself; but the number is very large of persons who, though very distinguishable when standing side by side, are yet sufficiently alike to deceive those who are without the means of immediate comparison.

Early in life an occurrence impressed me with the danger of relying on the most confident belief of identity. I was at Vauxhall Gardens where I thought I saw, at a short distance, an old country gentleman whom I highly respected, and whose favour I should have been sorry to lose. I bowed to him, but obtained no recognition. In those days the company amused themselves by walking round in a circle, some in one direction, some in the opposite, by which means every one saw and was seen—I say in those days, because I have not been at Vauxhall for a quarter of a century. In performing these rounds I often met the gentleman, and tried to attract his attention, until I became convinced that either his eye-sight was so weakened that he did not know me, or that he chose to disown my acquaintance. Some time afterward, going into the county in which he resided, I received, as usual, an invitation to dinner; this led to an explanation, when my friend assured me he had not been in London for twenty years. I afterwards met the person whom I had mistaken for my old friend, and wondered how I could have fallen into the error. I can only explain it by supposing that, if the mind feels satisfied of identity, which it often does at the first glance, it ceases to investigate that question, and occupies itself with other matter; as in my case, where my thoughts ran upon the motives my friend might have for not recognising me, instead of employing themselves on the question of whether or no the individual before my eyes was indeed the person I took him for.

If I had had to give evidence on this matter my mistake would have been the more dangerous, as I had full means of knowledge. The place was well lighted, the interviews were repeated, and my mind was undisturbed. How often have I have known evidence of identity acted upon by juries, where the witness was in a much less favourable position (for correct observation) than mine.

Sometimes, a mistaken verdict is avoided by independent evidence. Rarely, however, is this rock escaped, by cross-examination, even when conducted with adequate skill and experience. The belief of the witness is belief in a matter of opinion resulting from a combination of facts so slight and unimportant, separately considered, that they furnish no handle to the cross-examiner. A striking case of this kind occurs to my recollection, with which I will conclude.

A prisoner was indicted for shooting at the

prosecutor, with intent to kill him. The prosecutor swore that the prisoner had demanded his money, and that upon refusal, or delay, to comply with his requisition, he fired a pistol, by the flash of which his countenance became perfectly visible; the shot did not take effect, and the prisoner made off. Here the recognition was momentary, and the prosecutor could hardly have been in an undisturbed state of mind, yet the confidence of his belief made a strong impression on all who heard the evidence, and probably would have sealed the fate of the prisoner without the aid of an additional fact of very slight importance, which was, however, put in evidence by way of corroboration, that the prisoner, who was a stranger to the neighbourhood, had been seen passing near the spot in which the attack was made about noon of the same day. The judge belonged to a class now, thank God! obsolete, who always acted on the reverse of the constitutional maxim, and considered every man guilty until he was proved to be innocent.

If the case had closed without witnesses on behalf of the prisoner, his life would have been gone: fortunately, he possessed the means of employing an able and zealous attorney, and, more fortunately, it so happened that several hours before the attack the prisoner had mounted upon a coach, and was many miles from the scene of the crime at the hour of its commission.

With great labour, and at considerable expense, all the passengers were sought out, and with the coachman and guard, were brought into court, and testified to the presence among them of the prisoner. An *alibi* is always a suspected defence, and by no man was ever more suspiciously watched than by this judge. But when witness after witness appeared, their names corresponding exactly with the way-bill produced by the clerk of a respectable coach-office, the most determined scepticism gave way, and the prisoner was acquitted by acclamation. He was not, however, saved by his innocence, but by his good fortune. How frequently does it happen to us all to be many hours at a time without having witnesses to prove our absence from one spot by our presence at another! And how many of us are too prone to avail ourselves of such proof in the instances where it may exist!

A remarkable instance of mistake in identity, which put the life of a prisoner in extreme peril, I heard from the lips of his counsel. It occurred at the Special Commission held at Nottingham after the riots consequent on the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords, in 1831.

The prisoner was a young man of prepossessing appearance, belonging to what may be called the lower section of the middle rank of life, being a framework knitter, in the employment of his father, a master manufacturer in a small way. He was tried on an indictment charging him with the offence of arson. A mob, of which he was alleged to be one, had burnt Colwick Hall, near Nottingham, the residence of Mr. Musters, the husband of Mary Chaworth, whose name is so closely linked with that of Byron. This ill-fated lady was approaching the last stage of consumption, when, on a cold and wet evening in autumn, she was driven from her mansion, and compelled to take refuge among the trees of her shrubbery,—an outrage which probably hastened her death.

The crime, with its attendant circumstances, created, as was natural, a strong sympathy against the criminals. Unhappily, this feeling, so praiseworthy in itself, is liable to produce a strong tendency in the public mind to believe in the guilt of a party accused. People sometimes seem to hunger and thirst after a criminal, and are disappointed when it turns out that they are mistaken in their man, and are, consequently, slow to believe that such an error has been made. Doubtless, the impression is received into the mind unconsciously: but although on that ground pardonable, it is all the more dangerous. In this case, the prisoner was identified by several witnesses as having taken an active part in setting fire to the house.

He had been under their notice for some considerable space of time: they gave their evidence against him without hesitation, and probably the slightest doubt of its accuracy. His defence was an *alibi*. The frame at which he worked had its place near the entrance to the warehouse, the room frequented by the customers and all who had business to transact at the manufactory. He acted, therefore, as doorkeeper, and in that capacity had been seen and spoken with by many persons, who in their evidence more than covered the whole time which elapsed between the arrival of the mob at Colwick Hall and its departure. The *alibi* was believed, and the prisoner, after a trial which lasted a whole day, was acquitted.

The next morning he was to be tried again on another indictment, charging him with having set fire to the Castle at Nottingham. The counsel for the prosecution, influenced by motives of humanity, and fully impressed with the prisoner's guilt on both charges, urged the counsel for the prisoner to advise his client to plead guilty, undertaking that his life should be spared, but observing at the same time that his social position, which was superior to that of the other prisoners, would make it impossible to extend the mercy of the Crown to him unless he manifested a due sense of his offences by foregoing the chance of escape. "You know," said they, "how rarely an *alibi* obtains credit with a Jury. You can have no other defence to-day than that of yesterday. The Castle is much nearer than Colwick Hall to the manufactory, and a very short absence from his work on the part of the prisoner might reconcile the evidence of all the witnesses, both for him and against him;

moreover, who ever heard of a successful *alibi* twice running?"

The counsel for the prisoner had his client taken into a room adjoining the court, and having explained to him the extreme danger in which he stood, informed him of the offer made by the prosecutors. The young man evinced some emotion, and asked his counsel to advise what step he should take. "The advice," he was answered, "must depend upon a fact known to himself alone—his guilt or innocence. If guilty, his chance of escape was so small, that it would be the last degree of rashness to refuse the offer; if, on the other hand, he were innocent, his counsel, putting himself in the place of the prisoner, would say, that no peril, however imminent, would induce him to plead guilty." The prisoner was further told, that in the course of a trial circumstances often arose at the moment, unforeseen by all parties, which disclosed the truth; that this consideration was in his favour, if he were innocent, but showed at the same time that there were now chances of danger, if he were guilty, the extent of which could not be calculated, nor even surmised. The youth, with perfect self-possession, and unshaken firmness, replied, "I am innocent, and will take my trial." He did so. Many painful hours wore away, every moment diminishing the prisoner's chance of acquittal, until it seemed utterly extinguished, when some trifling matter which had escaped the memory of the narrator, occurred, leading him to think it was possible that another person, who must much resemble the prisoner, had been mistaken for him. Enquiry was instantly made of the family, whether they knew of any such resemblance: when it appeared that the prisoner had a cousin so much like himself, that the two were frequently accosted in the streets, the one for the other. The cousin had absconded.

It is hardly credible, though doubtless true, that a family of respectable station could have been unaware of the importance of such a fact, or that the prisoner, who appeared not deficient in intelligence, and who was assuredly in full possession of his faculties, could be insensible to its value. That either he or they could have placed such reliance on his defence as to induce them to screen his guilty relative, is to the last degree improbable, especially as the cousin had escaped. Witnesses, however, were quickly produced, who verified the resemblance between the two, and the counsel for the prosecution abandoned their case, expressing their belief that their witnesses had given their evidence under a mistake of identity.

The narrator added, that an *alibi* stood a less chance of favourable reception at Nottingham than elsewhere, although in every place received with great jealousy. In one of the trials arising out of the outrages committed by the Luddites, who broke into manufactories and destroyed all lace frames of a construction which they thought oppressive to working men, an *alibi*, he said, had been concocted, which was successful in saving the life of a man notoriously guilty, and which had therefore added to the disrepute of this species of defence. The hypothesis was, that the prisoner, at the time when the crime was committed, at Loughborough, sixteen miles from Nottingham, was engaged at a supper-party at the latter place; and the prisoner having the sympathy of a large class in his favour, whose battle he had been fighting, no difficulty was experienced by his friends in finding witnesses willing to support this hypothesis on their oaths; but it would have been a rash measure to have called them into the box unprepared. And when it is considered how readily a preconcerted story might have been destroyed by cross-examination, the task of preparing the witnesses so as to elude this test, was one requiring no ordinary care and skill. The danger would arise thus:—Every witness would be kept out of court, except the one in the box. He would be asked where he sat at the supper? where the prisoner sat, and each of the other guests; what were the dishes, what was the course of conversation, and so forth—the questions being capable of multiplication *ad infinitum;* so that, however well tutored, the witnesses would inevitably contradict each other upon some matters, on which the tutor had not foreseen that the witness would be cross-examined, or to which he had forgotten the answer prescribed. The difficulty was, however, surmounted. After the prisoner's apprehension, the selected witnesses were invited to a mackerel supper, which took place at an hour corresponding to that at which the crime was committed; and so careful was the ingenious agent who devised this conspiracy against the truth that, guided by a sure instinct, he fixed upon the same day of the week as that on which the crime had been committed, though without knowing how fortunate it would be for the prisoner that he took this precaution. When, on cross-examination, it was found that the witnesses agreed as to the order in which the guests were seated, the contents of the dishes, the conversation which had taken place, and so forth; the counsel for the Crown suspected the plot; but not imagining that it had been so perfectly elaborated, they inquired of their attorneys as to whether there was any occurrence peculiar to the day of the week in question, and were told that upon the evening of such day, a public bell was always rung, which must have been heard at the supper, if it had taken place at the time pretended. The witnesses were separately called back and questioned as to the bell. They had all heard it; and thus not only were the cross-examiners utterly baffled, but the cross-examination gave tenfold support to the examination in chief, that is, to the evidence as given by the witnesses in answer to the

questions put by the prisoner's counsel in his behalf.

The triumph of falsehood was complete. The prisoner was acquitted. When however the attention of prosecutors is called to the possibility of such fabrications they become less easy of management. The friends of a prisoner are often known to the police, and may be watched—the actors may be surprised at the rehearsal; a false ally may be inserted among them; in short there are many chances of the plot failing. This however is an age of improvement, and the thirty years which have elapsed since the days of Luddism have not been a barren period in any art or science. The mystery of cookery in dishes, accounts, and *alibis*, has profited by this general advancement. The latest device which my acquaintance with courts has brought to my knowledge is an *alibi* of a very refined and subtle nature. The hypothesis is, that the prisoner was walking from point A to point Z, along a distant road, at the hour when the crime was committed. The witnesses are supposed each to see him, and some to converse with him, at points which may be indicated by many or all the letters of the alphabet. Each witness must be alone when he sees him, so that no two may speak to what occurred at the same spot or moment of time; but, with this reservation, each may safely indulge his imagination with any account of the interview which he has wit to make consistent with itself, and firmness to abide by under the storm of a cross-examination. "The force of *falsehood* can no farther go." No rehearsal is necessary. Neither of the witnesses needs know of the existence of the others. The agent gives to each witness the name of the spot at which he is to place the prisoner. The witness makes himself acquainted with that spot, so as to stand a cross-examination as to the surrounding objects, and his education is complete. But as panaceas have only a fabulous existence, so this exquisite *alibi* is not applicable to all cases; the witness must have a reason for being on the spot, plausible enough to foil the skill of the cross-examiner; and, as false witnesses cannot be found at every turn, the difficulty of making it accord with the probability that the witness was where he pretends to have been on the day and at the hour in question, is often insuperable; to say nothing of the possibility and probability of its being clearly established, on the part of the prosecution, that the prisoner could not have been there. I should add, that, except in towns of the first magnitude, it must be difficult to find mendacious witnesses who have in other respects the proper qualifications to prove a concocted *alibi*, save always where the prisoner is the champion of a class; and then, according to my experience, —sad as the avowal is,—the difficulty is greatly reduced.

These incidents illustrate the soundness of the well known proposition, that mixture of truth with falsehood, augments to the highest degree the noxious power of the venomous ingredient. That man was no mean proficient in the art of deceiving, who first discovered the importance of the liar being parsimonious in mendacity. The mind has a stomach as well as an eye, and if the bolus be neat falsehood, it will be rejected like an overdose of arsenic which does not kill.

Let the juryman ponder these things, and beware how he lets his mind lapse into a conclusion either for or against the prisoner. To perform the duties of his office, so that the days which he spends in the jury-box will bear retrospection, his eye, his ears, and his intellect must be ever on the watch. A witness in the box, and the same man in common life, are different creatures. Coming to give evidence, "he doth suffer a law change." Sometimes he becomes more truthful, as he ought to do, if any change is necessary; but unhappily this is not always so, and least of all in the case of those whose testimony is often required.

I remember a person, whom I frequently heard to give evidence quite out of harmony with the facts, but I shall state neither his name nor his profession. A gentleman who knew perfectly well the unpalatable designation which his evidence deserved, told me of his death. I ventured to think it was a loss which might be borne, and touched upon his infirmity, to which my friend replied in perfect sincerity of heart, "Well! after all, I do not think he ever told a falsehood in his life—*out of the witness box!*"

TWO ADVENTURES AT SEA.

Having made up my mind to sail for Australia, my next care was to select a vessel. They were not so plentiful, so punctual, or so much puffed as they are now. For want of knowing any better, and partly from a dislike to crowds that has always been part of my character, and perhaps did much toward making me happy in the Bush when friends and companions of the same age were miserable, I took a passage in a small, fast-sailing brig, under two hundred tons burden, which was intended to be sold for a coaster in the colony. The captain was going out to settle; he took his wife with him, but I was the only passenger. Captains on shore, and captains at sea are quite different creatures. This was one of the old school. On shore, he seemed like a jolly fellow, rough and good-natured—at sea, he was a perfect brute, got drunk every evening, thrashed his wife, and ill-used his men; but, although profoundly ignorant on most subjects, a thorough seaman.

On the morning we were to sail, we lay in the stream of the Mersey, blue Peter flying and anchor tripped; we waited for the captain and mate so long, it seemed as if we should miss the tide. At length he came, as fast as

two pair of oars could pull him, looking very red and angry; no mate, but a strange man sitting in the stern sheets beside him. It seemed the mate had given him the slip at the last moment, and he had been obliged to engage the stranger, with very little enquiry. This man was a, lanky north country man, with a deadly pale face, without whiskers, a bald forehead, an immense mouth, black eyes, with an awful squint, and a costume of seedy black, so that he looked much more like a hedge schoolmaster than a sailor. He carried a parcel of sea-faring clothes in his hand, which the captain had been obliged to buy for him at the nearest slopshop. He brought nothing else, but a large very light chest, and an enormous appetite. But, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance, and shore-going costume, the crew at once recognised him as a regular sea-dog. Indeed, by the time he got into his pea-coat and loose trowsers, and had a fortnight of our fare, if he did not grow handsomer, he seemed, at any rate, transformed into the style of man that attracts thunders of applause in a minor theatre as a wicked pirate. At least, that was my impression when, after a fortnight's landsman's misery, I crept on deck in the Bay of Biscay, to see the "seas" not "in mountains rolling," but as still as a mill-pool; and our mate, Mr. Clank, his complexion very much improved by sea air and salt water, taking his turn at the helm, in regular "old salt style."

I have now made the long sea voyage half-a-dozen times, and have come to the same conclusion I did at the end of my first—that there are very few who can do much real work at sea. On shore it is very easy to prepare journals, plan a course of study, lay in a store of scientific books, but when once you get into blue water, your berth becomes a very Castle of Indolence. What with sea-sickness, and the appetite that follows your recovery, you find your time pretty well consumed by eating, drinking, smoking, and dozing, relieved by reading a novel or playing a game at cards. There are exceptions, as, perhaps, on board a yacht, where you can go ashore when you please; but, as a general rule, gossip and brandy-and-water are the two great resources of a long voyage—more shame to the weakness of the passengers.

For my part, by the time I got my sea-legs I had every inducement to study, for the captain and his wife were no companions to me. I did read my store of books twice over, learned to splice a rope, and, after a fashion, to hand, reef, or steer; had a good deal of chat with an old sailor, who afterwards became one of my best hands in the Bush, but the end was, that, in spite of my instinctive prejudice, I was drawn into intimacy with the mate. He could talk, and, like most persons who can, was communicative to a degree that he must have often found disagreeable, if not dangerous, but conversation was a necessity to him, and I have no doubt he would have related his adventures to a Black gin or a Police officer, sooner than remain silent. So I used to sit smoking in the evening, and far on into the night, while he murmured away his adventures in his strong northern burr, like a talking mountain torrent.

I soon found that my companion was a finished scoundrel up to the chin, in every sort of rascality. On shore I should never have spoken to him twice: at sea he was amusing. He had been everywhere, and in every sort of craft, according to his own account; had had money and lived in great style, told stories of whales, slavers, Indiamen and pirates, by the dozen. He early confided to me that nothing but misfortune would have driven him to engage in such "a miserable little tub of a craft, under such a know-nothing lubber as Captain Glum. A misfortune, Sir, that any gentleman might have fallen into."

This misfortune he presently let me know, consisted in having been convicted of bigamy and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He had only been discharged a couple of days, when he joined us. To hear him, he was a victim,—just one of those heroic victims of London passions one meets with in French and German novels. He ended his story by saying,

"So I've paid the penalty; and now I'm free, and next time I shall manage better." For already he had his eye on a third wife. After this, before turning in for that night, he begged a couple of shirts of me.

A few days afterwards he again drew me into conversation, saying,

"Excuse me, but I've been thinking what a pity it is that a smart, clever young gentleman like you, should go to bury yourself up in the Bush, beyond Sydney there. I've been up there myself, once; but there's no life, no fun, nothing suitable—nothing go-a-head, as the Yankees say. The sea's the thing for a man of spirit."

"I thought there was very little to be done at sea, now-a-days."

"No more there is in the old jog-trot; but you have behaved very much like the gentleman, and I don't mind telling you a thing or two. I've been in a whaler hailing from Sydney; and it wasn't whales we made our money by, I can tell you. The time, it's about five years; we'd been out four months after sperm whale, and done next to nothing. I was second mate; the first mate was a Yankee, and the captain was a native Australian. The crew were a lot of all sorts and colours. One of our best harpooners was a New Zealander, and another a half-breed from Hudson's Bay. Some prime seamen among them, but not to be trusted ashore. Well there was a regular grumbling about our bad luck; for you see whalers are manned on the 'lay.' No wages, every man has a share in the take. I'd noticed the captain and the mate very thick, jawing together in a whisper

up and down the quarter-deck; and so one day, it was a Sunday, mind, the captain slips into the cabin and soon after sends for me. There was he with the spirit-case before him, and the mate sitting cheek by jowl. 'Take a seat. A glass of grog, Mr. Clank;' says he, quite civil, and the mate gets up and shuts the door; 'help yourself;' and with that he shoves the rum over to me, 'and don't spoil it with water.' You may believe I didn't wait for twice asking; and it was prime stuff, surely; slipped down one's throat like new milk. 'Take another,' says he; and when he said that, I knew there was mischief up, let alone his being so civil. When I'd drawed my breath, the captain began again—

"'Bad luck so far, Mr. Clank; we shan't have much to take home for our wives and sweethearts, at this rate.'

"'Why no,' says I, 'we couldn't have been more unlucky if we'd had a black cat or a parson aboard.'

"'And yet,' puts in the mate, 'there's better things than whales to be found in these seas sometimes for those that have the pluck to pick them up!' I could see the captain was watching me all the time.

"So I answers, rather slow, 'Well I'm game, as long as it's follow my leader.' The captain gives a deep '*ah*,' as if he was satisfied, and turning to the mate, with a wink, says, 'Well I think we may put her about,' and so he offered his box of Manillas to take my choice, which I took for a hint to back out.

"That night we shifted our course until we got right into the Straits of Sunda.

"One afternoon, a short time after this talk in the cabin, the mate calls to me, and puts his glass into my hand, and begs me to take a squint at something right aways on our starboard bow.

"'What do you make out?' says he.

"'John Chinaman,' says I, 'a regular Noah's ark; one, two, three, a regular fleet of junks.'

"'That's just it,' says the mate, 'these are better than sperm whales. That's the Monsoon fleet going down to buy goods at Singapore. There's a merchant in every one of those junks with a cabin like a parlour, a regular [illegible] all to himself. He has his goods all nic[illegible]ked in small packages, and his money [illegible]lver ingots and dollars in jars ranged [illegible]d like an apothecary's shop; so, as soon [illegible]it's dusk, I think we must go and do a bit [illegible] trade with the Chinaman.'

"I dropped down in a minute. You know, Sir, I would not, on any account, have done anything against Christians like ourselves, but you see to take anything from these Pagans, with their Idols and their Joss Houses, was only spoiling the Egyptian—spoiling the Egyptian, Sir."

My squinting friend, who had been drinking all the time, at my expense, said this with a sort of hypocritical snuffle, quite indescribable; perhaps he was afraid of going too far with me. He continued, "We kept edging off and on till it was dark, just keeping the junk fleet in view. I had a couple of boats all ready and some picked hands, a lot of cutlasses, and a dozen handspikes at the bottom of the boat under a sail. We said aloud we were going to have a trade with the Chinaman. The lights of the joss-houses served us to steer by; we did it as neat and comfortable as could be. The first junk the crew were all asleep until we were on deck, though it was a heavy climb, but we had hooks for that all ready.

"The mate knew where the merchant was to be found, walked straight there, while all but three kept guard forward, and in less than half an hour we had all the silver and half-a-dozen bundles of silk in the boats. The second junk we had to quilt one fellow, though generally a dozen will run like sheep before one of our sort. Altogether we made a very good night of it, and before morning were clean out of sight; and we played that game as long as the season lasted. The crew were very well satisfied; we put into South American Ports, and got rid of the most knowing. When we got back into Sydney my share was better than three hundred pounds. I don't know what the captain said to the owners, but they seemed very well content to ask no questions."

"Why, good heavens!" I involuntarily and foolishly exclaimed, at the end of this rascally relation, "that was rank piracy."

"Oh no, Sir, only not like cleaning out a square-rigged ship; those yellow pig-eyed fellows, with their pigtails, would not be believed on their oaths: only spoiling the Egyptians."

So saying, he took a huge gulp at the grog. It was too dusk under the shadow of the sail for me to see the expression of his countenance, or for him to see that of mine, as he mouthed his pet phrase as if it had been an answer to everything.

Warming with the grog, and my silence, which he took for consent, he recommenced, "Why, Sir, that's nothing to what a friend of mine did to get a cargo of sandal-wood. You see he was master of a small schooner in the sandal wood trade—that's a bartering trade with the South Sea Islanders, who are most of them fierce savages, and many of them cannibals. He'd sold his cargo pretty well and went into port to lay in a stock of articles for barter, and have a spree; and spree he did, to that extent that he not only spent all his money, but, when he came to be sober, he found he had married a lass that he certainly would not have chosen if he had known it; a regular vixen, above five feet ten, with a colour like a rose, and a lot of fair hair that hung to her waist nearly; a real beauty; but when her back was up, and that was about twice a day, she'd smash everything and everybody near. Well, here was a pretty concern, his money spent and a wife

on his hands that would run him in more debt in a month than he could pay off in a year. However, it was done; he could not give up the port, it was too profitable; so he thought his case over calmly, and soon made up his mind.

"He invited his wife to go to sea for a short trip, which she was very willing to do. Before many weeks she 'd given the captain a black eye and bred a mutiny. The men came aft and insisted on the lady being put ashore; however my friend managed to pacify them.

"At length they reached the Sandal Wood Island and King Kettle came on board; an Indian king, so called because he had made a crown of a bright copper kettle. The captain presented him with a second-hand drummer's coat, besides other valuables, and introduced him to his wife, who divided the savage's admiration with the coat; he had never seen any white woman but an old one before.

"The captain went on shore with King Kettle, and the next day without the usual delays, the natives began bringing a cargo of sandal-wood down to the beach; they got the finest lot I ever saw; when it was loaded, King Kettle invited the captain and his lady to go ashore to a feast and dance. I will say that for her, she was afraid of nothing; the captain, before all the crew, recommends her not to go, and that makes her positive that she would. She puts on a light green satin dress with short sleeves, scarlet satin turban with an ostrich feather, all her hair hanging in curls down her back, and a pair of pocket pistols in her belt. She looked so grand, for all the crew were so mad with her goings on, they gave her three cheers when she stepped into the boat. Well, the captain came back alone, and told the crew his wife would stop, a piece of news that vexed nobody but one young fellow, who was for arming a boat, but nobody heeded him. At any rate, they up anchor and made sail, for it was a place where more than one ship's company had been murdered. However, there were people that will have it he sold his wife to King Kettle for that cargo of sandal-wood; and when, twelve months after, news came that King Kettle, after worshipping his white wife for some time, had had his patience exhausted like many others, and not only killed but eaten her, according to the custom of the country; my friend's only remark was an expression of wonder whether he digested her, 'Because,' says he, 'if he did, King Kettle 's the only person she ever could agree with!'"

This story, so coolly told, quite finished me up. With a short good night and a very hollow laugh at King Kettle's digestion, I turned in, having first loaded my pistols and put them under my pillow. My dreams were not very pleasant. It would have been odd if they had been, transplanted so suddenly from the calm security of civilisation to the middle of the ocean, bound up in the space of a few square feet, certainly without a friend, and probably with a felon.

I was awakened by a fearful cry, and rushed upon deck at the same time as the captain. There was a large ship bearing right down upon us, the man at the wheel in his fright threw the brig up into the wind.

"Starboard," roared the captain to the stranger ship, snatching up a speaking trumpet. "Starboard" we all shrieked in chorus, the shrill voice of the captain's wife above all. Through the moonlight I saw something white dash at the wheel of the stranger, and just as her bowsprit was over us she paid slowly off, and past us, grinding along our stern with a sound that chilled me to my heart. We were saved. The captain's wife fell on her knees and returned thanks for our wonderful escape; most of us followed her example, but when the mate, who had been lying in a drunken sleep on deck, came up rubbing his eyes, the captain snatched up a handspike and knocked him down; the mate jumped and flew on him like a tiger, but the crew were too quick for him and got him down; in the mean time the captain had run for his pistols, but after a great row the mate went forward, and we all coiled down again in our berths.

A few days afterwards, the water turned bad. The owners, to save money, had given us half-cleansed beer-barrels, so it was decided to put into Rio de Janeiro. After the running-down night, the mate had been disrated, and sent forward among the men, for it was his watch, and it seemed as if the watches in both vessels had been asleep. From that time he was never sober. He had found out the way to bore a hole in a cask of rum, and suck at it through a thin bamboo tube every evening at dusk.

I was sitting one morning reading Don Quixote for the second time, when Clank came with a piece of wood in his hand, and asked me to lend him a large case-knife, that, among other foolish things stuck into emigrants, I had purchased for my outfit. I handed it to him without a word; he went straight to the grindstone and began to sharpen it. "*Halloa!*" cried impudent little Duds, the cabin-boy, "are you going to kill a pig this morning? A bit of fresh meat would be a treat." "You shall have fresh meat enough in five minutes," was the answer. "I'm going to cut that infernal captain's liver out!" and with that he sprang at the captain, who was just coming on deck. As luck would have it, one of the men, a sharp fellow, was coming aft, with a handspike. In an instant he threw it so cleverly, it took the mate between the legs and flung him flat; the knife flew out of his hand overboard, his head striking the captain in the middle of his fat paunch, upset him. Two or three of us jumped on top of the mate, who began to howl like a demon, and no wonder; for, in my anxiety to keep him

down, I never thought of the cigar in my mouth, and all the time the crew were making a spread eagle of him, I was burning a hole in the back of his neck with the red end of it.

We made him hard and fast, for he was raving mad with *delirium tremens*. To cool him, every time the watch was called, the captain had a bucket or two of salt water thrown over him.

Four days before we reached Rio, a low, long, black schooner hailed and asked very anxiously for news from Europe. They sent a boat aboard us, and we all fully thought we were in for a regular clearance. The officer in command, a black-bearded, neat-looking little fellow, spoke broken English with a French accent. Whether it was that they were only slavers, or that we were not worth robbing, or that they had better business on hand; after accepting a file of newspapers, and asking me especially, as I spoke French, what news from France, they were about to depart, when the officer's eyes fell upon our prisoner in chains.

With a start, and a French oath, he exclaimed, "T'ien c'est toi, Monsieur Louche, que diable fait-tu ici?"

Then followed a whispering, which ended by the Frenchman coolly saying to the captain, "Dis is a friend of mine; I vil save you de trouble of taking him any more." With that they hurried into their boat, and in a few minutes we had seen the last of the Dominie, as a Scotch sailor had named him.

Years passed before we met again.

THE TWO TREES.

I saw two trees. The one was fair and high,
  And threw its leafy branches round it wide;
So perfect was its shape, that ev'n the sky
  Seemed proud to have that space thus occupied:
Yet was it hollow; all its heart was gone;
But year by year it swell'd and flourish'd on.

The other was by grandeur so unmark'd,
  That it was scarce distinguish'd where it stood
With many more—sometime before impark'd
  From the last vestige of an ancient wood—
But though small glory clothed it as it grew,
Its heart was to the core still sound and true.

And as it pleased the lord of that domain
  At length to try the truth of those two oaks,
The proud one with a few sharp clefts was slain;
  The humble one sustained a thousand strokes;
And when at length at eventide it fell,
A nobler fall was not in all the dell.

The proud one, yielding little but its dress,
  Was left upon the spot to rot away;
The humble one lived still—in use to bless,
  In ornament to charm, from day to day—
Transferr'd into the mansion's fairest room,
Where Genius flings round Art immortal bloom.

Also I knew two men, like those two trees:
  The one was in profession great and high,
And scorn'd the other, who could not so please
  With much display the superficial eye.
Who does not see how meek true worth may stand,
Whilst great pretence would cumber all the land?
For he (the humbler) powerful was, but mild—
  Teacher of teachers, strong, profound, but clear;
Unostentatious as a little child,
  Yet in sagacity an ancient seer;
And though his days were not in public spent,
He gave again, through man, what God had lent.

And while an epitaph upon a wall,
  Which many criticise, but few believe,
Now of the faded Pharisee tells all—
  Excepting what he did to make us grieve—
His neighbour's uses dwell in Wisdom's heart,
And unto all his race their good impart.

PROTECTED CRADLES.

When the child of the Lancashire or Yorkshire operative first sees the light, it is assailed by every possible disadvantage that can stunt its growth and enfeeble its intellect. It is disarmed for the battle of life at the threshold of existence,—its limbs are palsied by drugs, and deformed by careless nursing, sometimes by criminal nursing. The expense of providing for her family drives the mother to the factory, and leads to the employment of an ignorant hireling nurse, who, to earn the pittance with a minimum of trouble, journeys to the chemist's shop, and purchases Godfrey's Cordial. With this notable mixture she returns to her charge, stupifies it, and so earns "peace and quietness." Gradually she finds that the Cordial has not the old effect,—that it is not strong enough; to remedy this, she adds a little laudanum, or, mayhap, some crude opium, to the mixture, and again is her charge as quiet, almost, as death. She extends her nursery; "takes care of," perhaps, eight or nine infants, and becomes a good customer to her neighbour, the chemist.

Indisputable facts prove the extent to which this system is adopted. Walking about Manchester and Birmingham, advertisements of "Mothers' quietness," "Soothing Syrup," arrest the attention at every turn. It is easy to perceive that the druggists are driving a good trade—that the quiet homes of the poor reek with narcotics. The Report of the Board of Health furnishes some appalling facts on this head. In Preston, twenty-one druggists sold, within the space of one week, no less a quantity than sixty-eight pounds of narcotics, nearly all of which were for the use of children; and the calculation of the quantity of Godfrey's Cordial sold in Preston, gave a weekly allowance of half an ounce to each family! Generally, Godfrey's Cordial is mixed in the proportion of one ounce and a half of pure laudanum to the quart, and the stronger it is the faster it is sold. It may be had at public-houses and general dealers', as well as at druggists'; and on market-days the people from the surrounding neighbourhoods regularly provide themselves with this "mother's comfort," as they purchase other household provisions. About two thousand gallons of Godfrey's Cordial are sold in Manchester alone every year. Mr. F. C. Calvert, at a

recent meeting at Manchester, stated that in one chemist's shop in Deansgate, two hundred and fifty gallons were sold in the course of a year, the same quantity in a shop, one hundred gallons per annum in another, the same quantity in a shop in Hulme, and twenty-five gallons each in two shops in Chorlton-on-Medlock.

These nurses, to whom the children of the factory people are entrusted, are either laundresses or superannuated crones. The more they drug the children entrusted to them, the greater number they can undertake to manage. This consideration acts as a powerful incentive to drug.

That wholesale death is the result, is fully proved. Among the gentry in Preston, for instance, the average number of deaths of children under five years old was seventeen per cent.; among tradesmen, about thirty-eight per cent.; and among operatives fifty-five per cent. Of every one hundred children born among the gentry, ninety-one reach their first year; eighty among the trading classes; and sixty-eight among the operatives. The vital statistics of Preston for six years show that no less than three thousand and thirty-four children were swept away before they had attained their fifth year, who, had they been the offspring of wealthy parents, would have survived that period of their childhood.

But, of all the localities specified in the return of the Board of Health, Ashton is the most fatal. The proportion of infant deaths in this Godfrey's stronghold is thirty-four per cent. In Nottingham it is thirty-three per cent.; in Manchester, thirty-two per cent.; Bolton, thirty-one per cent.; Leicester, Salford, and Liverpool, thirty per cent. These towns may be classed as the head-quarters of factory labour—the localities where mothers are away from their children from sunrise till after nightfall. In London the proportion of infant deaths is twenty-three per cent.; in Plymouth, twenty-one per cent.; and in Bath, Shrewsbury, and Reading, twenty-one per cent. In these places mothers generally attend to their own offspring. A vast proportion of the mortality in Manchester is that of children under the age to labour in the mills. More than forty-eight per cent. of the deaths in Manchester are those of sufferers under the age of five years; and more than fifty-five per cent. are under the age of ten years; while in the aggregate of purely rural districts the proportion is not more than thirty-three per cent. Dr. Charles Bell, in the course of a speech delivered in Manchester, at a meeting convened to consider the propriety of establishing Day Nurseries in that town, stated, that "thirty-eight per cent. of poor children died, who would not die if they were properly attended to." Mr. Clay's investigations showed, that, out of about eight hundred families of married men employed in the mills of Preston, the children living in each family averaged 2·7, dead, 1·6; and that seventy-six out of every hundred had died under five years of age. Yet this calculation does not give us a full conception of the ravages which death makes amongst the children of the poor; inasmuch as the investigator declares, that, of the eight hundred families he examined, only one hundred and thirty-three mothers appeared to be working.

We have adduced sufficient evidence, however, to prove two important facts; namely, that an extensive system of careless nursing and criminal drugging is pursued in the manufacturing towns of England, and that, amongst those classes by whom this system is carried on, the rate of mortality is thirty-eight per cent. higher than amongst those classes where children are properly clothed, fed, and cared for. Absence of sanatory precautions, insufficient food, and, in many cases, the nature of their employment, increase the rate of mortality amongst the artisan classes; but these, it would appear, from the mass of authentic evidence which lies before us, are influences of minor importance when taken in relation to the streams of laudanum and aniseed which stupify their childhood. Much has been lately written on the degeneration of race in our manufacturing towns. Many writers have placed this physical decline to the account of the loom; but it is fair to interpose the drugs upon which weavers are suckled. It is reasonable to attribute the stunted forms, the bloodless cheeks, the nerveless limbs, which are to be met in the great factories of England and France, to the forsaken cradle rather than to the labour of the workshop. Mr. John Greg Harrison, one of the factory medical-inspectors, thus describes the effect of the drugging system:—

"The consequences produced by the system of drugging children, are, suffusion of the brain, and an extensive train of mesenteric and glandular diseases. The child sinks into a low torpid state, wastes away to a skeleton except the stomach, producing what is known as pot-belly. If the children survive this treatment, they are often weakly and stunted for life. To this drugging system, and to defective nursing its certain concomitant, and not to any fatal effect inherent in factory labour, the great infant mortality of cotton towns must be ascribed."

Those who regard the rapid increase of the population with dismay, and are prone to foster any system which tends to diminish the great circle of the human family, will perhaps be inclined to throw a veil before this child-slaughter, and to let the deadly system effect an extensive emigration of souls from this world; but to those whose human sympathies are quickened at a tale of grievous social wrong committed upon helpless childhood, who acknowledge fully the sanctity of life—that life is to be cared for before all other human considerations—the drugging system, of which we have faintly sketched an

outline, will appear as an evil and a public stigma, to be removed at any risk or cost.

As it is impossible, in the present state of things, to remove the mother from the factory, the point to which attention must be concentrated, is to the means of providing the safest custody for her infant during her absence. The solicitude with which maternal duties are discharged, cannot perhaps be hired at any cost from a stranger; yet, as we shall show, a well regulated system of nursing, under scientific and other responsible supervision, may supply all the physical requisites of which infancy stands in need. Motherly tenderness cannot, perhaps, be guaranteed at so much per kiss, but a judicious selection of experienced and well-disposed nurses, under the control of ladies' committees, may be safely relied upon to provide all that is positively necessary to the health of unconscious infancy.

Some few years ago, M. Marbeau, who is known to political students as the author of various works on political economy, was employed by the civil authorities of France to report on the state of the infant schools of Paris. He pursued his investigations with enthusiasm. He saw how well the state provided for children from two to six years old; how admirably the primary schools for more advanced children worked, and finally the national gratuitous adult classes abounded, where the poorest—the pauper and the workman—might acquire sound and invigorating knowledge.

This admirable machinery struck him, however, as being essentially and radically defective. It provided for the mental growth of children above two years old; but where was the provision for the first two years of existence? In whose hands were the infants of those poor women who were employed from home throughout the day? His investigations into this matter, disclosed a system of infant training that sufficiently accounted for the large proportion of deaths amongst the children of the poor. He forthwith submitted to the authorities a scheme for the establishment of *crèches* (or cribs) in the different suburbs of Paris. These institutions were to be Day-Nurseries for the children of the poor. With the help of a few charitably-disposed individuals, M. Marbeau opened the first public *crèche*, which he describes in his work on the subject:—*

"The superior of the Sœurs de la Sagesse provided, near the house of refuge, which is under her care, a very humble place, but which sufficed for our first attempt. This place was put at our disposal on the 8th, and on the 18th of November our *crèche* was opened. Its furniture consisted of a very few chairs, some baby chairs, a crucifix, and a framed copy of the rules of the establishment. The cost of its fitting up was barely three hundred and sixty francs (nearly fifteen pounds). At first there were but eight cradles; but charity soon furnished means sufficient for twelve; and linen was plentifully supplied.

"The superintending committee chose two nurses amongst the poor women out of work; both were mothers, and worthy the confidence of other mothers. Agreeably to the rules laid down, the committee refused to admit any other children but those whose mothers were poor, well conducted, and who had work at a distance from their own homes. At first there were scarcely twelve children, but this number was soon exceeded. When the Crèche St. Louis d'Antin was opened, there was not one single child registered there; a week afterwards there were six candidates, and a month after that, eighteen. They were obliged to enlarge it. There can be nothing more interesting, than the sight of this little *crèche* between two and three o'clock, when the mothers come and suckle their children for the second time in the day; they seem so pleased to embrace their little ones, to rest from their work, and to bless the institution which procures them so many benefits. One of them used to pay seventy-five centimes (sevenpence-halfpenny) a day—half her own earnings—and the child was badly attended to; she now only pays twenty (twopence), and he as well taken care of as the child of a rich man. Another kept her little boy, eight years old, from school, to look after the baby, and now he is able to attend school regularly. Another is pleased to tell you that her husband has become less brutal since she paid ten sous less for her child—ten sous a day make such a difference in a poor family.

"There is another, who was only confined a fortnight ago, suckling her new-born child. She is asked how she would have done without the *crèche*?

"'Ah! Sir, it would have been as it was with his poor brother. I sell apples, and can scarcely earn fifteen sous a day; I could not spare fourteen to have him looked after. Poor little fellow! he died when he was fourteen months old, from want of care. Oh, Sir, my little angel would have been living now, if there had been a *crèche* six months ago!'"

M. Marbeau's experiment has been adopted in various parts of France and Germany, with uniform success. In Paris these day-nurseries open every morning at half-past five, and close every evening at half-past eight—that is, they open half-an-hour before the time at which work is usually commenced in Paris, and close half-an-hour after the time at which work is generally over for the day. The children are required to be under two years of age, and the offspring of poor and well conducted parents. No child is admitted till it has been vaccinated, or while it is ill. This latter cause of exclusion declares the infancy of the institution. Day-nurseries without an infirmary or sick ward attached to them, can be only a partial boon

* We quote the passage as we find it translated, by a lady, in an interesting pamphlet, entitled *Day-Nurseries*

to the industrious poor. The mother brings her child properly wrapt up and provided with linen for the day; attends punctually at appointed hours to suckle it, and fetches it before the close of the institution in the evening. The charge paid by the mothers per diem for one child is twopence, and threepence for two children. The nurses are appointed and directed by the lady managers. The room is carefully ventilated; and the diet and other arrangements are under the immediate direction of regularly appointed medical men and lady inspectors. In most of these nurseries there is a mattress in the middle of the chief apartment, where the children can be laid at any time with perfect safety. At the present time there are about twelve of these useful institutions in operation throughout Paris. In 1846, when a report on the subject was drawn up, there existed nine institutions, the number of children in which averaged from twenty-five to eighty, at a cost averaging, for each infant, from sixty to seventy centimes per diem.

M. Marbeau's experiment has been imitated in England, and it is to its extension that we desire to draw especial attention. Last March, a house was opened in Nassau Street, Marylebone, for the reception of infants; and lately a nursery, under the control of the parochial authorities, has been established at Kensington. The Nassau Street nursery contains two large airy rooms. It is furnished with eight wire-work cradles. All children admitted must be the offspring of respectable parents. They must be vaccinated, and be between the ages of three months and three years. The charge for daily food and attendance is threepence per child, and fourpence for two of the same family. The authors of the pamphlet entitled "Day-Nurseries," show very satisfactorily that these charges are not sufficient to maintain a self-supporting nursery; but that fivepence per diem will suffice for the proper care and feeding of an infant. A recent meeting of influential gentlemen at Manchester has elucidated in a most acceptable manner the subject of Day-Nurseries. The Bishop of Manchester very pertinently declared, that "it was not merely the awful per centage—the thirty-eight in every hundred who died—but the infinitely worse sixty-two who lived—lived to be trained to habits of idleness, and to be driven to habits of dissipation." The Bishop also supports the views of the authors of "Day-Nurseries" on the point that these nurseries should not be eleemosynary institutions, but self-supporting establishments, maintained by the co-operation of the working-classes. This is a judicious and a wholesome law. According to the calculation before us, a mother might send her child to a "Day-Nursery," where it would receive every comfort, including wholesome food and sound medical care, for the weekly charge of half-a-crown. Under the present drugging system, mothers usually pay the washerwomen, to whom they are obliged to commit their babes throughout the day, from four to five shillings weekly. On the score, therefore, of pecuniary economy, no less than in discharge of that sacred duty which the parent owes to the helpless being he has brought into the world, the working man whose wife is away from home throughout the day, is bound to aid, as far as he is able, in the immediate establishment of wholesome, well-directed Nurseries.

The Committee of influential townsmen now formed at Manchester to establish such Nurseries throughout their great manufacturing city, can do little if they be not supported by the workpeople.

It has been urged, in opposition to the establishment of Day-Nurseries, that such institutions tend to encourage the contracting of imprudent marriages or illicit connexions. This view cannot be supported by any evidence, nor be proved by the most tortuous logic; on the other hand, experience demonstrates that the destruction of infant life has the effect of increasing population, by lightening the probable obligations of marriage. Another objection raised by M. Marbeau's opponents is, that these Nurseries will inevitably relax the strength of domestic affections. This plea is so groundless that it is wonderful to find any voices raised in its support. In the first place, the proposed Day-Nurseries are not intended to be receptacles for the children of mothers who are able to take care of their own progeny. They are not intended to foster a system of rearing children away from home; no—the object aimed at is to provide the best and tenderest nursing for children who are *inevitably* deprived of the watchful attendance of a mother. In the place of an ignorant nurse, redolent of laudanum, it is proposed to place a skilful attendant under medical surveillance. Instead of a squalid apartment, reeking with all kinds of unwholesome and offensive emissions from the wash-tub, it is proposed to raise lofty, well-ventilated rooms; and, lastly, it is proposed to rock children to sleep in the careful arms of a nurse, rather than by the influence of opium and aniseed. To us, these propositions savour rather of that enlightened care which we are beginning to feel for every grade of the human family, than of that carelessness, in respect of the public morals, which the narrow-minded and the bigotted would fain attach to them. The atrocious practices at present openly pursued towards children, must justify the promoters of Day-Nurseries, in the opinion of all thinkers, be they on the opposition or majority benches of any house of assembly.

Advertisements of the readiness of certain Day-Nurseries to receive tenders for the supply of "tops and bottoms," rattles, baby-baskets, cradles, and cots, will form a new feature in the columns of the morning papers; and it is more than probable that the vicinity

of one of these establishments would not be chosen as the most quiet spot upon earth, by any nervous old gentleman, when a round dozen of the young inmates were teething. It is not difficult to imagine the look of horror with which the ghost of Malthus (if such things be) will rise to witness the ceremony of laying the foundation stone for the first Day-Nursery. As the advocate of mercenary matches, this suppositious spirit will assuredly make some kind of demonstration on the occasion. Yet it is hardly necessary to invite the ghost, since so many still cling to his crotchets, and a few would not even dash the cup of poison from an infant's lips. There cannot be many who would leave the cradle unguarded,—the hapless babe to die by slow degrees. A regard for the future—for the generations with which our children will work and live—is that to which the advocates of these Nurseries direct our particular attention. It is a question whether the artisan class shall dwindle, in physical stamina and in mental capacity, to poor, dwarfed images of God, under the laudanum doses of Preston and Manchester; or whether, by showing a parental solicitude for those children, whose parents are called away to the factory and the loom, by affording them, at a fair rate of remuneration, the advantages of scientific treatment and honest care, we will endeavour to give them a fair chance of becoming strong and intelligent Englishmen. The question of Day-Nurseries—the question of Protection for the Cradle—has an intrinsic importance which reaches beyond the exigencies of the hour; it is one that concerns every man, and will interest every man who acknowledges that social duty, which has never been publicly derided even in the darkest passages of the world's history—the duty of the adult to the infant.

A MEMORY.

SOMETIMES in halls of beauty and of love,
Where many fair and many proud ones be,
And where the reckless and the thoughtless move,
I picture thee.

Thy memory comes to my lone heart enfolden
In strains of sweetest music; murmuring low,
Strange tales of dames and knights in pageants olden,
And courtly show.

The lonely wind that sighs in murmurs deep
Round some old ruin dear to love and fame,
Luring the passer-by to pause and weep,
Might breathe thy name!

I picture thee the spirit of some spot
Beautifully haunted by an olden spell;
Some waving wood, or silver-streaming grot,
Or perfumed dell.

Ever retiring in thy simple grace,
A gentler, dearer presence, never shone
From mortal figure or from lady's face,
Than thy dear one.

A very rose-bud to the gazer's eye,
Yet to the sense thou art a blooming flow'r,
Pouring thy fragrance on the summer sky
At evening hour.

Ever in dreams thou com'st. I may not trace
In waking hours the presence of that spell
Which holds me bound with such a winning grace.
—Farewell!

THE NEW ZEALAND ZAUBERFLÖTE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE spot to which the king bent his thoughtful steps, was situated at some miles' distance from his village, and was, in fact, on the extreme borders of the country of the Mokauries, and not very far from the district to which he had banished his son Waipata. Not only was the place itself unfrequented, but the way to it was among the most lonely of the many lonely tracks that abound in this country. After some two hours' journey, you might, in passing across a moist slope of grass and reeds, or an undulating reach of ferns, come suddenly upon the motionless body of a Maori bird-catcher, lying upon his face, half covered with leaves and green tufts, having one hand extended with a piece of "odoriferous" pork, or shark's flesh, grasped in his fingers, to attract the bird—the other hand also embedded in the grass, being ready to seize the bird directly he had fixed his beak and claws in the bait. Or, in walking by the borders of a still river, you might see a thick mass of broken reeds, drift-wood, duck-weed, and decayed bullrush slowly floating down the stream, which is, in sooth, a native fisherman, who lies on his face, with his nose and mouth turned sideways now and then, for breath, in whose extended hand, a similar bait for fish, or bird, is grasped. These not very enlivening varieties, with a distant view of a party of wild hog-hunters, were the only interruptions to the unbroken solitudes through which the king wound his way. The loveliness of Nature had no voice for his ear; or rather he had no ear for Nature's voice. At every step, he either breathed vengeance upon Teōra and Kaitemata, or turned over in his mind his ingenious plan for its execution.

Full of this design of rendering the cavern over the boiling springs, to which he was now making his way, the efficient means of destruction, Taōnui arrived at the rapids of a river, which terminated in a series of cataracts. The gleaming waters shot, wavering and heaving along, till they reached the edge of the table-land, over which they rushed, and fell foaming from rock to rock in their descent—here a cataract, green and vivid; there, another one, grey and purple—now falling gloomy in the shadow of chasms and over-hanging ledges,—now one level sheet below of seething foam, hurrying to utter darkness. A narrow, flying-bridge, con-

structed by the Maories simply of plaits of tough flax-leaves knotted together, and fastened to bushes on one side, and to a fallen tree-trunk on the other, was the only means of crossing the gulf between the two precipices, beneath which rushed the succession of cataracts on their downward course. Trying the strength of this swinging bridge with one foot, to see if these flax-leaves were yet rotten, and deciding that it was sufficient for his weight, the king at once advanced upon it, with the light and hasty foot of his nation, when his progress was arrested, midway, by observing something black projecting from the rapids above, as they came hurry-scurrying onward towards the verge of the rocks. He could not take his eyes from this black object. It was a human leg of gigantic proportions—and nothing more. However magnified, he felt it was the leg of Te Pomar, the fellow to the one, the chief bone of which he now wore hanging to his neck, in form of a flute! The leg passed over the verge of the precipice, and disappeared. But looking down, and straining his eyes towards the onward-speeding foam at the bottom of the last of the cataracts, he again saw, through the mist and spray, the leg sticking upright and sailing away into the darkness.

The frail bridge swayed aslant with the bending form of Taönui, as he gazed after the horrid apparition of the leg—some of the knots cracked and gave way—and the bridge elongated and swayed down in the middle, so that the king had a narrow escape in hastily scrambling over, and catching the long, wiry *toki-toki* grass on the other side, to secure his safe arrival. These things, however, are common to savage life, and he walked onward without turning his head; but the vision of the other leg of Te Pomar—*that* was not an ordinary occurrence, and the king was not a little discomposed by it. Witchcraft! Of course, it was all witchcraft; and Teöra and Kaitemata should very shortly suffer for it.

Such sights as this are unpleasant, even to the strongest mind, and Taönui, as he sped onward, had more than once a tingling impulse to look behind him, fully expecting that he should see the gigantic leg making long hops after him, and perhaps with the addition of the half of the body belonging to that side; but his proud nature would not allow him to manifest any such signs of fear, and he accordingly pursued his course till he arrived at the entrance of the cavern.

The rock in which the cavern had been scooped, partly by age and decay, and partly by the natives, had once been used for some of the ceremonies and rites of heathen worship. Figures of men in various ugly attitudes had been carved in the rock; and some of them were painted in red and yellow, but all of them being destitute of mouths. The interior was gloomy; and on entering the inner part of the cave, a hand and arm, all black, appeared to be thrust through some hole in the side of the rock. This was not really so. The exact shadow of a hand and arm had been marked out on the side of the cave, and painted black, while the rock behind it was painted white, so that it gave the appearance, to any one suddenly entering, of a hand and arm being thrust through the rock, and thus admitting light. At this, the king was not at all surprised, having seen such things before in various caverns; he was, however, not at all pleased to find on the present occasion, that the hand and arm strongly reminded him of Te Pomar. As he stood looking at it, either the lights and shades from without gave it a vibratory appearance, or else the arm made a slight wavering motion. He stood awhile to contemplate this. No further movement took place. It lay fixed to the side of the rock. Being assured of this, he now proceeded to scrape away the rough upper-crust of the pumice floor of the cavern with a sharpened stone affixed to a handle which he had brought for that purpose. After working a short time, he distinctly heard the water of the springs boiling beneath.

Taönui was so rejoiced at this, from the speedy end which he now imagined there would be to all his troubles, that he paused in his labour, and took up the flute, to give a little flourish of joy expressive of his final triumph. With this intent he applied the aperture to his mouth. A strange expression passed across his features—and he withdrew it. A long black thorn had projected itself from the mouth-hole straight into his mouth, while a bright green and golden lizard wriggled itself out at the other end, and falling on the pumice-dust beneath, flashed out of sight. Also the thorn slipped back into the flute, and could not be got out by knocking or shaking, neither could anything like it be seen on holding the flute up to the light.

Now, the lizard is one of the *atuas*, or minor gods of New Zealand, and is accounted sacred. "Well," said the king, after a pause, "the *atua* is on my side, and has come to tell me so." He wilfully chose to overlook the fact that the black thorn had come to him, and the lizard-god had fled from him. He had a certain misgiving as to how the matter stood, but he would not permit the warning to have a true interpretation in his mind. "The *atuas* are on my side," exclaimed he, catching up his tomahawk, and resuming his work over the pumice-floor of the cave with renewed vigour.

He had not given many blows when he became aware of a shadow that wrought up and down in the corner of one eye—on the side next to the hand and arm. It seemed as though the black arm rose and fell at every stroke he made. When he looked directly at it, and raised his arm, the black arm was stationary; when he bent his eyes downwards and raised his arm, the black arm undoubtedly did the same. He looked up suddenly!—

there was the black arm in its place. He went on with his work slowly—and with his eyes turned to the floor of the cave—and he was sure that the black arm rose and fell with his. But he could not catch it. He tried till he was really sick with vexation and rage at the evasive nature of this new distress.

Taōnui sat himself down among the pumice dust, in the middle of the cave, to consider this unpleasant phenomenon. He actually vented groans at the impossibility of settling the question, one way or the other. And as he thus sat groaning, and plucking out the hairs from his chin, with a pair of mussel-shell tweezers, the pumice-crust of the flooring cracked all round him, and the next instant he fell through, and found himself in a huge natural cauldron of boiling water.

A great quantity of the floor having fallen with him, he had most fortunately landed upon a sort of protecting seat of pumice and sandstone, at no great depth from the surface; and there he sat upon a very novel and unpleasantly hot throne, with water boiling all round him in a hissing and bubbling circle. A great steam rose up through the chasm over-head, and filled the cave.

Being unable to reach the broken edges of the great hole through which he had fallen, even if the steam would have permitted him to see, Taōnui would have been parboiled on his seat before long, had not the steam issuing from the mouth of the cavern attracted a young hunter to the spot. This was no other than his son, Waipata; a circumstance very fortunate, though not very remarkable, as the district to which he had been sent was only a few miles distant from the cavern, but the fact of his having for his companions Teōra and Kaitemata, was, no doubt, a very curious accident. Previous to this event, Kaitemata had been followed for several days by a black pig who had lost one eye, and would never leave her, and this having made her restless in her mind, she had communicated her fears to Teōra that some evil spirits were besetting the king, whom she had accordingly watched, and followed to this place, having persuaded the amiable slave-girl to bear her company.

To the Maori bush-call of "*Koo-i, Koo-i!*" ("Where are you?") the half-smothered voice of the king responded from his hot vapour-bath below; and the three, with the help of a cord of twisted flax-leaves and grass, presently enabled Taōnui to emerge into the upper air. They assisted him to a seat on a ledge of rock outside the cavern, and here Teōra fanned him with a large fan, hastily made of leaves. He sat looking at each of them alternately in mute astonishment, until his eye became rivetted on the small black pig, that stood with its snout at Kaitemata's heels; a grim smile then passed over the king's features. For a familiar pig to follow a lady was no uncommon sight—but a pig with one eye denoted mischief. Directly he could speak, he bade them all begone!

They immediately obeyed; and Taōnui remained sitting with his back against the rock for several hours, after the manner of dignified chiefs in New Zealand, who often sit thus to meditate and smoke, but are yet more often in a state of utter apathy. The latter, however, was by no means the present condition of Taōnui; nor can we say the former, if, by meditation, is implied a certain degree of calmness. He sat, the spectacle of a hard heart humbled, but not softened.

After a long time, he arose, and bent his course homeward with long strides. If he had been humbled, this was over now. As he passed across the swinging flax-leaf bridge he shook his tomahawk at the water. Onward he sped, looking neither to the right nor to the left, his eyes glaring straight before him, yet scarcely noting any objects. By the time he approached his *pah*, not more boiling were the springs he had left than the blood of the New Zealand king; and his feelings at his late defeat, and equally at the humiliating manner of his deliverance, becoming quite unbearable, he caught up the fatal flute, and, with inflated cheeks and dilated nostrils, began his old tune.

Among some of the tribes of New Zealand, there is attached to the outer fence-work of a fortified *pah*, a war-bell, or a war-horn, the latter being known as the *putara-putara*, or pah-trumpet. This is only common to the fortified pahs. It is a huge wooden tube of seven feet long, carved at the mouth-piece, and widening out at the sound-end, which emitted a loud, deep, roaring noise, and was only used to denote alarm or warning of coming danger. From the pah-trumpet, then, of his village, did all manner of sounds proceed, at every effort made by Taōnui to play his flute. He stopped. The pah-trumpet stopped. He raised the flute to his mouth, and again endeavoured to play it. The pah-trumpet resounded with all he intended to play on the flute, and in prolonged and terrific tones.

That the king, in his barbaric way, was a valiant-hearted fellow has been sufficiently displayed; the utmost bravery is, in fact, indispensable to every great chief; but among all his chiefs there was certainly no one who possessed the same amount of mental courage as Taōnui. In the present instance he felt wrought up to a pitch that would have enabled him,—

"To look on that which might appal the devil."

He, therefore, attempted to bully his own common sense into the notion that the sounds last heard had been, not merely of his own making—for in an indirect way this was so—but of his own will and intention. "I blew with all my might," ejaculated he. "I *wished* to make the pah-trumpet echo; and I will do this thing again!"

Instead of the loud roaring noise of the war-horn, there was this time the grand death-march of a hero, sounding as if beneath the earth,

and continuing some time after Taōnui had withdrawn the flute from his mouth. It ceased.

"'Tis good!" said the king, addressing his flute, with a haughty, self-willed, purblind, patronising air; "thou hast played well this evening!"

He immediately received a tremendous kick on the shin, as if from some gigantic bony foot—but no one was visible. That it was a kick from a leg of some kind or other, he had reasons for knowing of too acute a kind to doubt for a moment. Where was the assailant? He turned round and round. There was nobody—nothing!

The king walked, or rather limped, towards his house very slowly. He presently met a chief. He was about to ask—but suddenly checked himself. The chief began a brief conversation with him on a new method of preparing the ground for *kumeras* (a sort of kidney potato), and then passed on. Not a word about seeing anybody with a skeleton leg—nor of the prodigious blowing of the pah-trumpet, which seemed at the time to shake the whole village.

The king met another chief, who, on seeing him, advanced with an air of more excitement than is usual with these dignified *rangatiras* (men of high rank), and Taōnui drew himself up, to hear what he would say. The chief informed him that the Australian kangaroos, which had been long expected as a present to him from a powerful chief living on the western sea-coast, had arrived only an hour ago, and were all in good health, and likely to thrive, and give him a capital breed. Not a syllable about seeing any apparition with a skeleton leg and foot—nor of the roaring noise of the village war-horn.

Arrived at home the queen met Taōnui beneath the broad red and white verandah of his royal house, where she had been busily engaged in preparing him an excellent supper after his hunting excursion, as she had supposed it. "Here," said she, "are *kumeras*, cooked with slices of deliciously stale shark" (only considered eatable when very "gamey"), "burnt fern-root, and mussels kept hot a long while for you. What do you say? But I have more than this. Here are maize-cakes, *hinau* cakes, bacon, and a leaf-full of roasted ghost-moths. What do you say? Still no word. Are not these enough for you?"

"Have you nothing else to speak about?" demanded the king, out of all patience. "Have you nothing else to tell me?"

"I can get you very quickly the heart of a fine young *nikau* palm-tree," said the queen, in alarm at his manner; "also some butter-milk and wild turnips. Oh, I see—it is the kangaroos. Yes—they have arrived."

Taōnui could endure it no longer, and stamped upon the ground. "Who blew the pah-trumpet?" bellowed he in the poor queen's ear—"and why was it blown?—tell me that!" His other wives, and the women and slaves of his household, all came rushing out to the verandah. "Tell me *that!*" he continued to say, "tell me who did it, and why!—tell me, all of you!—any one!—somebody!"

Nobody spoke. They all stood looking at each other. Nobody had heard it.

Inarticulate with the perplexity of his rage, Taōnui glared all round at the assembled group,—and continued to do so, till gradually the sense of being bewitched came upon him, and his passion began to subside into a strange confusion with himself. What he had seen, and heard, and felt, were all very real to him; yet nobody else appeared to have the least cognisance of it. Where were their senses—or, what had happened to his? As to his having caused the wonderful music of his own free will, if he had still wilfully endeavoured to persuade himself of that, he, at least, knew very well that he had not kicked his own shins. That violent blow came out of the air—out of nothing—but not from nobody. It was of no use to try and conceal his condition from himself any longer. He could not harden himself against so many odds.

From this point, the king's haughty and vindictive spirit began to topple on its barbaric elevation, and he felt most bitterly the want of human sympathy and friendly advice. He even once thought of opening his mind to the queen; which he might have done without any disgrace, because the estimation in which women were held by his people was by no means so low as is common with savage tribes; but this very natural and sensible thought was destroyed by his pride almost as soon as it had glanced across him. He refused to see or speak with any one for some days; he even would not go and look at the kangaroos. Finally he determined to call a council of the oldest and wisest chiefs of Mokau, and relate to them all that had happened.

Meanwhile, he retained enough of his tyrannical and revengeful feeling to give orders that his son Waipata, as he had embraced Christianity, should instantly leave the *pah* of his fathers, and go and dwell on the coast, near one of the missionary stations; directing, at the same time, that Teōra should be taken to a lonely and deserted house, once celebrated in accordance with its horrid name, viz. *kai tangata*, or Eat-man House. A supply of food and water for a certain period were to be placed within, and the door was then to be fastened, and Teōra left to her fate. As for old Kaitemata, he took no steps against her for the present.

There was no sort of doubt about the love that existed between Teōra and Waipata. They had roved away together for several hours every day while the king was secluded in his moody state at home—a proceeding undoubtedly opposed to New Zealand notions of propriety; but their circumstances were peculiar. They were now seated in the depths of a great forest at the mossy foot of a lofty *totara* tree, with the foliage of which the flowering clematis had mingled, and ascending to the

very summit, it fell down on all sides in snowy chains and garlands. A wreath of the white starry blossoms of this odorous creeper were bound round the dark tresses of the young girl, and fell with them over her shoulders and bosom. Around grew the mighty trees indigenous to the country, having, like the tree beneath which they sat, their own luxuriant foliage enwoven with bright and elegant parasitical plants rising to their very topmost crowns and pinnacles, and often hanging down in beautiful festoons, and gracefully swaying wreaths. One old and decayed tree, a grandsire of the woods, was visible among the others; but even his hoary sides, and broken mouldering bark, were clothed with mosses and orchids, and his dark hollows were filled with scarlet fungi. Beneath all this there was a prodigious undergrowth, among which appeared the tree fern, the *nikau* palm, the wild fuchsia—with its double set of flowers, one green and purple, the other purple and red, the pollen on the anthers of the former being of the most brilliant cobalt blue—shrubs and plants, some of yellow-tinted leaves, others of the darkest purple-green, almost like glossy black; while here and there lay fallen trunks, some nearly overgrown with grasses and lichens, and others with the exquisitely-scented *horopito*, straggling about in clusters of trumpet-shaped blossoms, varying from the deepest crimson to the most delicate pinky white. One opening through the foliage admitted a peep beyond, which consisted of a series of gentle hills, enclosed again at no great distance by the circling belt of the great forest; but the whole of these hills were covered with the wild cabbage in blossom, and presented beneath the sun one entire surface of shining gold.

In this equally magnificent and lovely scene of nature's profusion, sat Teōra and Waipata discoursing, in accents of love, the leading truths of that religion of deep-hearted humanity which they had so recently adopted in place of their native creed of ignorance and cruel passions.

These happy hours, however, were soon to be at an end. Even in this deep solitude the emissaries of Taōnui very speedily discovered them, and they were immediately disposed of, according to his directions—Waipata being sent to the sea-coast, and Teōra fastened up in Eat-man House, with the means of prolonging existence only for a certain time.

The day appointed for the council of chiefs having arrived, Taōnui attired himself in the most imposing manner for the occasion. Over his large, bony shoulders he threw his ample war-cloak of dogs'-hair interwoven with flax, flung aside, however, in such a manner as to display the rich tattooing of his chest and limbs, over which all sorts of lines, devices, and grotesque figures had been engraved in purple and black lines. His close-cropped black hair was adorned with a bunch of the feathers of the *kaka*, or brown parrot, indigenous to New Zealand, to which he had added, for this important occasion, a blossom of the *warrator*, a large flower of a deep crimson colour. Round his neck he wore a mighty necklace of boars'-tusks, while his ears were adorned with costly specimens of the teeth of the tiger-shark. Those parts of his legs which were not tattooed, he had painted with *kokowai*, a sort of red ochre; but Taōnui carefully avoided all covering or ornament on his feet, lest he should in any degree obscure or injure the effect of the six toes with which nature had especially honoured each foot,—a distinction, however, enjoyed by two or three other great chiefs in New Zealand at that period, and also at the present day.

The most eminent among the Mokaurie chiefs assembled as the king had commanded, and retiring to a forest they all seated themselves in a circle and began to smoke. At length the king stood up in the midst, and began a speech, in which he related the wonders and offensive performances of the flute, up to the period of the thunder-march in the vicinity of the ruined mausoleum. Seeing, or fancying he saw, doubts mingled with surprise in the grave features of the elder chiefs, Taōnui paused. A long silence ensued.

One of the oldest chiefs then proposed that the king should immediately play upon the flute as before, that they might be the better able to judge of the effect.

With this request the king immediately complied, and he distinctly heard the grand death-march, as before. "There!" said the king, with a look of grizzly satisfaction. But nobody else had heard it. He played again, and heard the march. Nobody else heard it. The chiefs all looked at each other, and then at the king.

Taōnui, now getting quite desperate, went on with passionate energy and volubility to narrate the rest of the events, till he came to describe the prodigious sounds that issued from the pah-trumpet; whereupon the chiefs began to exchange significant glances with each other, and some of them even touched their heads and nodded, clearly indicating their opinion that the king had gone mad. Secretly as all this was done, Taōnui had, in part, observed it, or rather become conscious of it, and snatching up the flute he was about to blow with all his strength, in the wild hope of producing some terrible result which should, at least, compel them to believe his tale, when a loud cry of women was heard to issue from the pah, followed by the actual blowing of the pah-trumpet in signal of alarm.

The council was broken up in an instant, and Taōnui, with all the chiefs, hurried out of the forest and flew towards the pah. At the outer stockade, beyond the last range of stiles and fences with which the king's pah was fortified, they met the queen and all Taōnui's household, together with many boys and a score of yelping dogs. The cause of this—and which the queen and a dozen voices in

chorus loudly related at the same instant, so that it was impossible to understand it—was the sudden breaking loose of all the kangaroos, who had made their escape, and were now in full flight across the country.

As soon as this intelligence became intelligible, Taōnui, who was only too glad to break up so unsatisfactory and maddening a conference, formed a hunting-party with several chiefs, and set out in pursuit of his property. He was reminded of Teōra by the queen, and asked whether he intended she should remain fastened up to be starved to death in Eat-man House; but he turned a deaf ear to this, and making no reply hurried away after his kangaroos.

It should be understood that kangaroos, not being indigenous to New Zealand, the arrival of such a present as nine of those creatures was an event of considerable importance, as it was to be hoped that the breed might be propagated, and thereby afford an admirable addition to the very limited live-stock of the country. Valuable, however, as these creatures were in the eyes of the king, it was not the excitement of their escape that rendered him unable to attend to the queen when she reminded him of Teōra, but rather that he wished her death to happen by a sort of indirect process, since he was withheld from killing her in an off-hand way, in consequence of the influence of the flute and all its witcheries.

So away the hunting-party sped, men and dogs, after the nine kangaroos, who with their long flying leaps were making their way across the country,—now secreting themselves in forests, now springing forward again in terror at the sound of their approaching pursuers,—till, finally, having turned their course to the more open spaces of the sandy scrub, over whose dry clumps and ridges, bushes and shrubs, they could rapidly make way in a direct line by leaps, while their pursuers were obliged to make all sorts of windings and semicircles, they completely distanced them, and, for a time, were lost.

"GIVE WISELY!"

AN ANECDOTE.

One evening, a short time since, the curate of B., a small village in the north of France, returned much fatigued to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolations of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved by rigid self-denial from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning on his stick, and thinking, with sorrow, how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamour of tongues, taking the form of a by no means harmonious duet,—an unknown male voice growling forth a hoarse bass, which was completely overscreeched by a remarkably high and thin treble, easily recognised by the placid curate as proceeding from the well-practised throat of his housekeeper, the shrewish Perpetua of a gentle Don Abbondio.

"A pretty business this, Monsieur!" cried the dame, when her master appeared, as with flashing eyes, and left arm a-kimbo, she pointed with the other to a surly-looking man dressed in a blouse, who stood in the hall, holding a very small box in his hand. "This fellow," she continued, "is a messenger from the diligence, and he wants to get fifteen francs as the price of the carriage of that little box directed to you, which I'm sure, no matter what it contains, can't be worth half the money."

"Peace, Nanette," said her master; and taking the box from the man, who, at his approach, civilly doffed his hat, he examined the direction.

It was extremely heavy, and bore the stamp of San Francisco, in California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him possessed of but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger.

He then opened the box, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Nanette an ingot of virgin gold, and a slip of paper, on which were written the following words:—

"To Monsieur the Curate of B.

"A slight token of eternal gratitude, in remembrance of August 28th, 1848.

"Charles F——.

"Formerly serjeant-major in the ——th regiment; now a gold-digger in California."

On the 28th of August, 1848, the curate was, as on the evening in question, returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier with a haggard countenance and wild bloodshot eyes, hastening towards the bank of a deep and rapid river, which ran through the fields. The venerable priest stopped him and spoke to him kindly.

At first the young man would not answer, and tried to break away from his questioner; but the curate fearing that he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed, and at length, with much difficulty, succeeded in leading him to his house. After some time, softened by the tender kindness of his host, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money which had been entrusted to him as sergeant-major of his company. This avowal was made in words broken by sobs, and the culprit repeated several times, "My poor mother! my poor mother! if she only knew——"

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof and counsel, such as a tender father might bestow on an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one

hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully dissipated.

"It is nearly all I possess in the world," said the old man, "but by the grace of God, you will change your habits, you will work diligently, and some day, my friend, you will return me this money, which indeed belongs more to the poor than to me."

It would be impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and after a pause, said:

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagement will be ended. I solemnly promise that, with the assistance of God, from that time I will work diligently." So he departed, bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man.

Much to the sorrow and indignation of Nanette, her master continued to wear through the ensuing winter, his old threadbare suit, which he had intended to replace by warm garments; and his dinner frequently consisted of bread and *soupe maigre*.

"And all this," said the dame, "for the sake of a worthless stroller, whom we shall never see or hear of again!"

"Nanette," said her master, with tears in his eyes, as he showed her the massive ingot, whose value was three thousand francs, "never judge hardly of a repentant sinner. It was the weeping Magdalen who poured precious ointment on her Master's feet; it was the outlawed Samaritan leper who returned to give Him thanks. Our poor guest has nobly kept his word. Next winter my sick people will want neither food nor medicine; and you must lay in plenty of flannel and frieze for our old men and women, Nanette!"

"CAPE" SKETCHES.

A WORD or two on the labour resources of the colony as existing in the ABORIGINAL AND NEIGHBOURING RACES, will show what kind of European labourers are most in demand.

There is perhaps no British colony in which so many varieties of the human race are to be constantly seen as at the Cape of Good Hope. Hottentots, Mozambiques, Kafirs, and Fingoes, Negroes, Bojesmans, Bechuanas, Griguas, and Malays, are to be seen every day; and although the uninitiated European might be contented to class them all together as "coloured people," they have each distinctive traits of character, colour, language—and in fact, almost every sign which marks a nation or a race. There is as much difference between the personal appearance of a Kafir and a Hottentot as between the latter and a Malay; and far more than between a German and an Italian. Yet the country of the Hottentots and that of the Kafirs border on each other. Of the eight varieties I have mentioned (for I reckon Kafirs and Fingoes as one race), seven have perfectly distinct languages.

Probably the most hideous language in the world, and the least articulate, is that of the Bojesmans. It is more like the chattering of apes than the tongue of man. Next to it, and only a few degrees better, is the Hottentot. It is, however, rarely spoken, or even understood by the Hottentots themselves, who have all learnt Dutch or English from their masters. The Kafir tongue is positively beautiful, as far as the sound is concerned, and is dignified and expressive at the same time. Yet the Kafirs themselves are very bad linguists; for although the Fingoes have been settled in the colony for the last fifteen or twenty years, I never met one who could hold a conversation freely in Dutch, and scarcely one who even understood a single word of English.

The Hottentots are the principal domestic servants (of all descriptions) in the colony—especially in the eastern province. They are a most eccentric race—a most extraordinary mixture of good and evil qualities. In fact, nearly every Hottentot is a kind of living paradox. He is a drunkard and a thief, and yet he will practise wonderful abstinence, and never rob his master. He will serve you for two or three months in sobriety and honesty, then he will give you warning, pocket his wages, walk off to the nearest canteen, and never be sober for a month, or for whatever time his money may last. While in your service you may intrust him with anything, and he will never be tempted to "pick and steal." After he has left you, he will as soon appropriate your Wellingtons (if he calls to see his successor in office) as wear his own untanned shoes. He is a very dirty fellow, and will neither clean your room, your boots, nor your knives and forks, unless you are eternally driving him to the work; yet he will wash his hands with the utmost care before he touches the food he is preparing for your dinner; though he has the greatest natural antipathy to the contact of cold water, and if he wears any linen at all, never changes it till it is worn out and in rags. He is consequently by no means a pleasant valet, nor are the women of his race by any means agreeable as cooks or housemaids. Unless your olfactory nerves are unusually obtuse, it is advisable never to go into any room which a Hottentot damsel has been putting in order for at least half an hour after her departure.

The Malays generally live by fishing or acting as carriers; some of them are men of considerable property. They follow the Mohammedan religion, are very clean in their persons and houses, very temperate and very industrious. Indeed, they are by far the best and the most civilised of the coloured races. Very few of them go into service. Some in Cape Town act as grooms, and are clever in their treatment of horses, and excellent riders. The religious festivals of the Malays are great sights. These people at the Cape by no means deserve the character of

treachery and dishonesty generally given them by travellers who have visited Malacca.

The Fingoes make very good herdsmen; and are also employed in landing goods from the surf boats in Algoa Bay. They are a fine, sturdy race, temperate and industrious, and extremely parsimonious. The money which they save they bury in the earth in some place known only to themselves, and as they often purchase cattle it is by no means unusual to see them tender in payment some hundred or two of shillings and sixpences encrusted in dirt, having been dug up after, probably, two years' interment. Many of them make a bargain with their masters to receive so many cows per annum instead of money, as this species of property is the highest of all in their estimation. And here I may mention a circumstance, probably not known to the general reader, and to which may be traced the late disastrous Kafir war.

It is the law among the Kafirs, that each man shall *purchase* his wife from her father, by payment of a certain number of head of cattle according to the young lady's rank in life. Now it often happened among Kafirs, as among civilised Europeans, that young men of very small means, or of none at all, fell in love with young maidens whose papas were men of high degree, and turned up their noses at poor suitors. The ardent youths thus repulsed, felt that something desperate must be done to win their beloved mistresses. Therefore, having no very great respect for the distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*, they would walk over the boundary into the colony, pick out the requisite number of cattle from the first herd they saw, drive them to their own kraals and then—claim their brides. The colonists, not taking a romantic view of the proceeding, called it theft; and one day, catching a lover thus employed, he was lodged in gaol. He was afterwards being conducted by a very small escort of soldiers to a town on the frontier for trial, and was handcuffed to a Hottentot prisoner. On the road, a large party of armed Kafirs rushed out of the Bush, attacked the guard, chopped off the arm of the Hottentot in order to free their countryman from his companionship, and before the guard could recover from the surprise of the attack, made their way back into the Bush—the Hottentot's amputated arm dangling to the wrist of the liberated Kafir! The Governor of the colony sent to the chief into whose territory they were tracked, to demand the delivery up of the offenders. The chief refused and told the Governor to come and fetch them "if he dared." The other chiefs joined in the defiance; and war, of course, became inevitable.

The other coloured tribes I have mentioned, are less numerous within the colony. The Hottentot is the most civilised of them all (except the Malay); but even he has hitherto learnt more of the vices than the virtues of civilisation. Nations emerging from barbarism pass through a transition state, which, though leading to good in the end, is worse, while it lasts, than the original savage condition.

The kind of EUROPEAN LABOUR required, must now be considered. It may easily be imagined from the above rough sketch of the aboriginal tribes of South Africa, that pending their arrival at a state of civilisation, the European settlers are very badly off in having to depend upon their labour and services in farming and domestic operations. The annoyance to good housewives in having a set of dirty and drunken servants, is beyond description. Therefore, on the arrival of every shipload of emigrants, (and they are far too few,) there is a perfect rush to the beach to offer engagements to the new comers. Twenty-five and thirty, or even thirty-six pounds a year are freely offered as housemaid's wages to any girl from England, without an inquiry whether she has ever been into service before. Unfortunately these girls have frequently been spoilt on the voyage by the idleness in which their days have been spent; besides being none the better for "Jack's" society, who, though an excellent fellow in his way, is by no means "the housemaid's best companion."

Farm servants are in great request. A shepherd will get from fifty to seventy pounds a year, a house to live in, and excellent rations for himself and family, however numerous. Few are the sheep-farmers fortunate enough to possess a good English or Scotch shepherd.

Very superior shepherds—men of some education—may become large sheep-owners themselves in time, thus:—Merchants and shop-keepers of property have generally farms in the country, which they cannot of course attend to themselves. They are glad, therefore, to select a competent person, one thoroughly acquainted with sheep, with a good knowledge of the country, and able to speak Dutch, to take charge of their farm, receiving as a remuneration one third of the increase of the flock each year. Dutch is indispensable, because half your neighbours and three-fourths of your servants speak no other language. It is easily acquired—especially by Scotchmen, who declare that it is "mickle like their ain bonnie tongue."

The lowest rate of wages paid to any journeyman artisan is five shillings per diem. Sawyers, carpenters, bricklayers and smiths, earn much more. Plumbers and glaziers are in great request. If you are unfortunate enough to break a pane of glass, you may frequently have to wait a week or ten days before *the* glazier can find time to come and mend it. When I was in Port Elizabeth, there was but a solitary glazier there (in a town of three thousand inhabitants), and if sent for, he would probably reply with great dignity and composure,

"Mr. C.'s compliments, and some day next

week he will see what he can do for you!" Mr. C. was very fond of cricket and Cape smoke.

One of the first things that strikes a newly-arrived settler in a colony is the position of "labour,"—exactly the reverse of what he has seen it at home. Here labour goes begging; in the colonies, it is the employers who are the petitioners. I have known a lady walk about the whole day, calling at Hottentot huts, and offering bribes to any dirty wench she might find there, to come and be her servant, and all without success. Yet the lady was considered the most popular mistress in the town. I have turned out in a new shooting-coat, and been immediately assailed with the question, "Who made it?" "S——," I have replied. "Oh, do you think he will make me one just now? Are you in favour with him? If so, put in a word for me," &c.; though my questioners were perfectly ready with their money to *pay* for the coat, if the tailor would only "be kind enough" to make it. A watchmaker once kept my watch three months, though he only had to put a new glass in it! He was very fond of hunting and horse-racing.

I have a great respect for "the rights of labour," and I think a day's work deserves a day's pay; but when the supply of work so far exceeds that of workmen, the employer stands in a very uncomfortable position, while idle fellows, by only working an occasional hour or two at their craft, get very decent livelihoods. The cricketing glazier and the horse-racing watchmaker were prosperous men.

The Settlers formerly had a mutual distrust and dislike of each other. The English and Dutch settlers were ever indulging in a rancorous domestic warfare; but that is rapidly disappearing and intermarriages are frequent. The only subject on which any feud is at present likely to be raised is the Church. Any attempt on the part of Government to make the Church of England an *Establishment* in the colony will be met with the most violent and rancorous opposition from the Dutch colonists. It is not *their* Church, and they were owners of the soil and rulers of the land, before the English set foot in South Africa.

The Dutch are a very liberal and hospitable set of people at the Cape of Good Hope. In Cape Town many of them are merchants of the highest standing and consideration. In other parts of the colony they are principally "boers,"—that being the Dutch word for "farmer." In England we attach something reproachful to the word "boor," which the persons it designates do not deserve. The Dutch colonists are seldom engaged in trade. They are most frugal people, and generally prosperous; but they are certainly uneducated, and severely "non-progressionists." They use the same plough as their ancestors used eighty years ago, though it is the most lumbering machine ever beheld, and takes twelve oxen to draw it. They shear their sheep with the wool all dirty on their backs, though every Englishman washes his most carefully, and, consequently, gets a much higher price for his wool. They reject steam-mills and every other improved contrivance for grinding their corn, and still adhere to the primitive method of pounding it with a kind of pestle and mortar. A flail is unknown among them,—the corn is trodden out by horses or oxen, as described, or alluded to, in the Laws of Moses; thus entirely spoiling the straw.

In person, the Dutch boers are the finest men in the Colony. I have constantly seen them from six feet two to six feet six inches high; broad and muscular in proportion. Their strength is gigantic, and though a very peaceably disposed set of men, they evidently entertain a compassionate contempt for any diminutive "Englander." Their admiration of feats of daring, activity, and strength, is unbounded. Such a man as Mr. Gordon Cumming would be welcomed with open arms, and begged to stay for any length of time at the poorest Dutch boer's hut in the Cape Colony. They marry young, and have generally very large families. To the second and third generation they live at the same homestead, building an additional hut for each newly-wedded couple. As many of them live to a great age, it is no uncommon thing to see a grandfather and grandmother of ninety, surrounded by half-a-dozen sons, having in their turn, each one, another half-dozen grown up children. They are a very religious people, and observe the sabbath with the greatest decorum, however far they may be situated from church or chapel. And indeed it is a sight calculated to impress the beholder with the most pleasurable and enduring emotions, to see assembled in the large room of the principal dwelling in a Dutch homestead, a whole family, numbering perhaps forty or fifty, from the grey-headed grandsire to the flaxen-locked infant, listening with devout attention to the hallowed words of the sacred book, and joining in prayer and praise to the Great Father of the whole human family.

Four times a year the sacrament is administered in every Dutch church in the colony. And then, from far and wide, the waggons pour into the towns, bringing families who have travelled even one hundred and fifty miles to partake of the Lord's Supper. New Year's Day is always one of these occasions, and indeed it is a general holiday throughout the land, and is the most sacred day in the Dutch Calendar. A stranger would imagine that some fête or great entertainment, some fair or festival, had drawn together the crowds of young and old assembled in the towns on this day. Little would he imagine that they had been summoned there only by the recollection of the divine words, "This do in remembrance of me."

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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GOTTFRIED KINKEL;

A LIFE IN THREE PICTURES.

PICTURE THE FIRST.

THE winter of 1844 was a severe one in Germany. Both sides of the Rhine, for many miles between Coblenz and Cologne, were frozen hard enough to bear a horse and cart; and even the centre, save and except a thin stream where the current persisted in displaying its urgent vitality, was covered over with thin ice, or a broken film that was constantly endeavouring to unite and consolidate its quivering flakes and particles. We were staying in Bonn at this time. All the Englishmen in the town, who were skaters, issued forth in pilot-coats or dreadnought pea-jackets, and red worsted comforters, with their skates dangling over their shoulders. Holding their aching noses in their left hands, they ran and hobbled through the slippery streets, and made their way out at the town-gates near the University. They were on the way to Popplesdorf—a little village about a mile distant from Bonn. We were among them;—red comforter round neck—skates over shoulder.

The one great object in this little village is a somewhat capacious and not unpicturesque edifice called the Schloss, or Castle, of Popplesdorf. The outer works of its fortifications are a long avenue of trees, some pretty fir groves and wooded hills, numerous vineyards, and a trim series of botanic gardens. The embrasures of its walls are armed with batteries of learned tomes; its soldiers are erudite professors and doctors who have chambers there; students discourse on philosophy and art, and swords and beer, and smoke for ever on its peaceful drawbridge; and, on the wide moat which surrounds it, Englishmen in red comforters—at the time whereof we now speak—are vigorously skating with their accustomed gravity. This scene was repeated daily for several weeks, in the winter of 1844.

One morning, issuing forth on the same serious business of life, we perceived that the peasantry of Popplesdorf, who have occasion to come to Bonn every market-day, had contrived to enliven the way and facilitate the journey by the gradual construction of a series of capital long slides. We stood and contemplated these lengthy curves, and sweeps, and strange twisting stripes of silver, all gleaming in the morning sun, and soon arrived at the conviction that it was no doubt the pleasantest market-pathway we had ever seen. No one was coming or going at this moment; for Popples is but a little *dorf*, and the traffic is far from numerous, even at the busiest hours. Now, there was a peculiar charm in the clear shining solitude of the scene, which gave us, at once, an impression of loneliness combined with the brightest paths of life and activity.

And yet we gradually began to feel we should like to see somebody—student or peasant—come sliding his way from Popplesdorf. It was evidently the best, and indeed the correct mode for our own course to the frozen moat of the castle. But before we had reached the beginning of the first slide (for they are not allowed to be made quite up to the town gates), we descried a figure in the distance, which, from the course it was taking, had manifestly issued from the walls of the castle. It was not a peasant—it was not one of our countrymen; be it whom it might, he at least took the slides in first-rate style. As he advanced, we discerned the figure of a tall man, dressed in a dark, long-skirted frock coat, buttoned up to the throat, with a low-crowned hat, from beneath the broad brim of which a great mass of thick black hair fell heavily over his shoulders. Under one arm he held a great book and two smaller ones closely pressed to his side, while the other hand held a roll of paper, which he waved now and then in the air, to balance himself in his sliding. Some of the slides required a good deal of skill; they had awkward twirls half round a stone, with here and there a sudden downward sweep. Onward he came, and we presently recognised him. It was Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, lecturer on Archaeology: one of the most able and estimable of the learned men in Bonn.

Gottfried Kinkel was born in a village near Bonn, where his father was a clergyman. He was educated at the Gymnasium of Bonn, and during the whole of that period, he was especially remarkable, among companions by no means famous for staid and orderly habits, as a very quiet, industrious, young man, of a sincerely religious bent of mind, which gained for him the notice and

regard of all the clergy and the most devout among the inhabitants of the town. His political opinions were liberal; but never went beyond those which were commonly entertained at the time by nearly all men of education. He studied divinity at the University, where he greatly distinguished himself in various branches of learning, and obtained the degree of Doctor in Philosophy.

He first preached at Cologne, and with great success, his oratory being considered as brilliant as his reasonings were convincing. His sermons were subsequently published, and became very popular, and he was chosen as a teacher of Theology in the University of Bonn.

He next turned his attention to the study of the Arts. On this subject he wrote and published a History, and lectured on "Ancient and Mediæval Art," both in the University and other public instutions, with unparalleled success and applause.

His labours at this period, and for a long time after, were very arduous, generally occupying thirteen hours a day. Being only what is called a "privat-docent," he did not as yet receive any salary at the University; he was therefore compelled to work hard in various ways, in order to make a small income. However, he did this very cheerfully.

But his abandonment of Theology for these new studies, caused him the loss of most of his devout friends. They shook their heads, and feared that the change denoted a step awry from the true and severely marked line of orthodox opinions. They were right; for he soon after said that he thought the purity of religion would be best attained by a separation of Church and State!

Dr. Kinkel suffers no small odium for this; out he can endure it. He has uttered an honest sentiment, resulting from his past studies; he has become a highly applauded and deservedly esteemed lecturer on another subject; he is, moreover, one of the best sliders in Bonn, and is now balancing his tall figure (as just described) with books under one arm, on his way to the University.

Happy Gottfried Kinkel!—may you have health and strength to slide for many a good winter to come!—rare Doctor of Philosophy, to feel so much boyish vitality after twenty years of hard study and seclusion!—fortunate lecturer on *Archaeology*, to live in a country where the simplicity of manners will allow a Professor to slide his way to his class, without danger of being reproved by his grave and potent seniors, or of shocking the respectable inhabitants of his town!

PICTURE THE SECOND.

The Castle of Poppledorf commands the most beautiful views of some of the most beautiful parts of Rhenish Prussia; and the very best point from which to look at them, is the window of the room that used to be the study of Dr. Gottfried Kinkel. That used to be—and is not now—alas, the day! But we must not anticipate evils; they will come only too soon in their natural course.

In this room, his library and study, we called to see Dr. Kinkel. There he sat—dressing-gown, slippers, and cloud-compelling pipe. The walls were all shelves, the shelves all books,—some bound, some in boards, "some in rags, and some in jags,"—together with papers, maps, and scientific instruments of brass and of steel. There stood the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman authors; in another division, the Italian and French: on the other side, in long irregular ranges, the old German and the modern German; and near at hand, the Anglo-Saxon and English. What else, and there was much, we had not time to note, being called to look out at the window. What a window it was!—a simple wooden frame to what exquisite and various scenery! Let the reader bear in mind, that it is not winter now —but a bright morning in May.

Close beneath the window lay the Botanic Gardens, with their numerous parterres of flowers, their lines and divisions of shrubs and herbs. Within a range of a few miles round, we looked out upon the peaceful little villages of Popplesdorf and Kessenich, and the fertile plain extending from Bonn to Godesberg—with gentle hills, vales, and ridges, all covered with vineyards, whose young leaves gave a tender greenness and fresh look of bright and joyous childhood to the scenery. Beyond them we saw the Kessenicher Höhe, the blue slate roofs and steeples of many a little church and chapel, and the broad, clear, serpent windings of the Rhine, with the grey and purple range, in the distance, of the Seven Mountains, terminating with the Drachenfels. Over the whole of this, with the exception only of such soft, delicate, shades and shadows as were needful to display the rest, there lay a clear expanse of level sunshine, so tender, bright, and moveless, as to convey an impression of bright enchantment, which grew upon your gaze, and out of which rapture you awoke as from a dream of fairy land, or from the contemplation of a scene in some ideal sphere.

Fortunate Dr. Kinkel, to have such a window as this! It was no wonder that, besides his studies in Theology, in ancient and mediæval art, and in ancient and modern *languages*—besides writing his *History of the Arts*, and contributing learned papers to various periodicals—besides preaching, lecturing, and public and private teaching, his soul was obliged to compose a volume of poems —and again displease the severely orthodox, by the absence of all prayers in verse, and the presence of a devout love of nature.

For, here, in their placidity,
  Learning and Poesy abide;
Not slumbering on the unfathomed sea,
  Yet all unconscious of the tide
That urges on mortality
  In eddies, and in circles wide.

Ah, here, the soul can look abroad
Beyond each cold and narrow stream,
Enrich'd with gold from mines and ford,
Brought sparkling to the solar beam;
Yet be no miser with its hoard,—
No dreamer of the common dream.

Thus sang Dr. Kinkel, in our imperfect translation thus inadequately echoed; and here he wrought hard in his vocation, amidst the smiles of some of the loveliest of Nature's scenes.

But besides the possession of all these books, and of this wonderful window, Dr. Kinkel was yet more fortunate in his domestic relations. He was married to an amiable, highly educated, and accomplished lady, who endeavoured, by all the means in her power, to assist his labours, and render them less onerous by her own exertions. She was a very fine musician, and a superior pianoforte player—one of the favourite pupils of Moscheles, and afterwards, we believe, of Mendelssohn. She divided her time equally between assisting her husband, educating their child, and giving private lessons in music; and because this accomplished hard-working couple did not find their energies quite worn out by toiling for thirteen hours a day, they gave a private concert at the Castle once a month, at which a whole opera of Mozart or Weber was often gone through—both the instrumental and vocal parts being by amateurs, or pupils of Madam Kinkel.

So, once again, we say, notwithstanding all these labours, Dr. Kinkel's life in the Castle of Popplesdorf, was that of a fortunate and happy man. At this period he was about two and thirty years of age. He could not have been more; probably he was less.

PICTURE THE THIRD.

It is the year 1848, and the Continental Revolutions are shaking all the foreign thrones. Everybody, not directly or indirectly in the pay of a Court, feels that the lot of the people should be ameliorated. The populations of all nations have borne enormous burdens, with extraordinary patience, for a very long time—say a thousand years—and at last they have no more patience left. But what is all this to abstract thought, to learning and science, to poetic raptures and picturesque ease? It has hitherto been regarded as too grossly material, or of too coarse and common a practicality for the great majority of those whose lives were passed in abstract studies and refinements. Ay—but this must not continue. The world has come to a pass at which *every* soul must awake, and should be "up and doing."

Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, now, besides his other honours and emoluments, and private earnings, is installed as a salaried Professor in the University of Bonn. It cannot be but such a man must awake, and take an interest in these Continental revolutions which are boiling up all round him. Still, it is not likely he will step into the vortex, or approach it. His worldly position is strong against it—all his interests are against it; moreover, he has a wife, and besides he has now three children.

Howbeit, Dr. Kinkel does rise with these events, and his wife, so far from restraining him, feels the same enthusiastic patriotism, and exhorts him to step forward, and swell the torrent of the time. He feels strongly that Prussia should have a constitution; that her intellect and sober character deserves a constitutional monarchy, like ours in England, with such improvements as ours manifestly needs, and he places himself at the head of the popular party in Bonn, where he delivers public orations, the truthful eloquence and boldness of which startle, delight, and encourage his audiences.

He is soon afterwards elected a member of the Berlin parliament. He sides with the Left, or democratic party; he advocates the cause of the oppressed people and the poor; he argues manfully and perseveringly the real interests of all governments, in granting a rational amount of liberty, showing that in the present stage of the moral world, it is the only thing to prevent violence, and to secure good order. His speeches breathe a prophetic spirit.

The revolution gathers fuel, more rapidly than can be well disposed, and it takes fire at Baden. The flames reach near and far—many are irresistibly attracted. They have seen, and too well remember, the faithlessness and treachery of governments—they believe the moment has come to strike a blow which shall gain and establish the constitutional liberty they seek. Dr. Kinkel immediately leaves his Professorship; he believes he ought now to join those who wield the sword, and peril their lives in support of their principles. He proposes to hasten to Baden, to defend the Constitution framed by the Frankfort parliament. His patriotic wife consents, and in the evening he takes leave of her, and of his sleeping children.

It must not be concealed that with this strong feeling in favour of a constitutional monarchy, there was an infusion of principles of a more sweeping character; nor would it be going too far to say that amidst the insurgents of Baden were some who entertained opinions not far removed from red republicanism. Be this as it may, we are persuaded that Dr. Kinkel's political principles and aims were purely of a constitutional character, however he may have been drawn into the fierce vortex of men and circumstances which surrounded him.

Dr. Kinkel serves for eleven days in a free corps in Baden, where the army of the insurgents have assembled. At the commencement of the battle, he is wounded, and taken prisoner with arms in his hands. The sequel of these struggles is well enough known; but the fate of the prisoners who survived their wounds, must be noticed.

According to the Prussian law, Dr. Kinkel should have been sentenced to six years' confinement as a state prisoner. This sentence is accordingly passed upon the other prisoners; and with a wise and commendable clemency many are set free after a short time. But as Dr. Kinkel is a man of high education and celebrity, it is thought best to give him a very severe punishment, according to the old ignorance of what is called "making an example," — as if this sort of example did not provoke and stimulate, rather than deter others; and, as if clemency were not only one of the noblest attributes of royalty, but one of its best safeguards in its effect on the feelings of a people.

Dr. Kinkel is, accordingly, sentenced to be imprisoned for life in a fortress, as a state criminal; and away he is carried.

But now comes into play the anger and resentment of many of those who had once so much admired Kinkel, and held him up as a religious champion, until the woeful day when he left preaching for the study of the arts; and the yet more woeful, not to call it diabolical hour, when he announced his opinion that a separation of Church and State might be the best course for both. After a series of intrigues, the enemies of Kinkel induce the King to alter the sentence; but in order to avoid the appearance of unusual severity, it is announced that his sentence of imprisonment in the fortress shall be *alleviated*, by transferring him to an ordinary prison. In pursuance, therefore, of these suggestions of his enemies, he is ordered to be imprisoned for life in one of the prisons appropriated to the vilest malefactors—viz., to the prison of Naugard, on the Baltic.

Dr. Kinkel is dressed in sackcloth, and his head is shaved. His wedding-ring is taken from him, and every little memento of his wife and children which might afford him consolation. His bed is a sack of straw laid upon a board. He has to scour and clean his cell, and perform every other menial office. Light is allowed him only so long as he toils; and, as soon as the requisite work is done, the light is taken away. Such is his melancholy lot at the present moment!

He who used to toil for thirteen hours a day amidst the learned languages and the works of antiquity, in the study of Theology, and of the arts—the eloquent preacher, lecturer, and tutor—is now compelled to waste his life, with all its acquirements, in spinning. For thirteen hours every day, he is doomed to spin. By this labour he earns, every day, threepence for the state, and a halfpenny for himself! This latter sum, amounting to threepence a week, is allowed him in mercy, and with it he is permitted to purchase a dried herring and a small loaf of coarse brown bread,—which, furthermore, he is allowed to eat as a Sunday dinner,—his ordinary food consisting of a sort of odious pap in the morning (after having spun for four hours), some vegetables at noon, and some bread and water at night.

For months he has not enjoyed a breath of fresh air. He is allowed to walk daily for half-an-hour in a covered passage; but even this is refused whenever the gaoler is occupied with other matters, and cannot attend to trifles.

Dr. Kinkel has no books nor papers;—there is nothing for him but spinning—spinning—spinning! Once a month he is, by great clemency, allowed to write one letter to his wife, which has to pass through the hands of his gaoler, who, being empowered to act as censor, judiciously strikes out whatever he does not choose Madam Kinkel to know. All sympathising letters are strictly withheld from him, while all those which severely take him to task, and censure his political opinions and conduct, are carefully placed in his hands, when he stops to take his breath for a minute from his eternal spinning.

Relatives are not, by the law, allowed to see a criminal during the first three months; after that time, they may. But after having been imprisoned at Naugard three months—short of a day—Dr. Kinkel is suddenly removed to another prison at Spandau, there to re-commence a period of three months. By this device he is prevented from seeing his wife, or any friend—all in a perfectly legal way.

The gaoler is strictly enjoined not to afford Dr. Kinkel any sort of opportunity, either by writing or by any other means, of making intercession with the King to obtain pardon, or the commutation of his sentence into banishment. All these injunctions are fully obeyed by the gaoler—indeed the present one is more severe than any of the others.

Nevertheless, the melancholy truth has oozed out—the picture has worn its tearful way through the dense stone walls—and here it is for all to see,—and, we doubt not, for many to feel.

Gottfried Kinkel, so recently one of the most admired professors of the University of Bonn, one of the ornaments of the scholarship and literature of modern Germany, now clothed in sackcloth, with shaven head, and attenuated frame, sits spinning his last threads. He utters no reproaches, no complaints; but bears his sufferings with a sweet resignation that savours already of the angelic abodes to which his contemplations are ever directed. He has entreated his wife to have his heart buried amidst those lovely scenes on which he so often gazed with serene rapture, from his study-window in the Castle of Popplesdorf.

Those who behold this last picture, and revert to the one where the professor came happily sliding his way to his class at the University, may perchance share the emotion which makes us pass our hands across our eyes, to put aside the irrepressible tribute of

sorrow which dims and confuses the page before us. His worst enemies could never have contemplated anything so sad as this. Many, indeed, have already relented,—but let their interceding voices be heard before it is too late.

The literary men of no country are united, or they might move the whole kingdom. Still less are the literary men of different countries united, or they might move the world. But are they, therefore, without a common sympathy for one another? We are sure this is not the case; and making this appeal to the literary men of England, we believe it will not be in vain. Nor are we without hope, that a strong sympathy of this kind, being duly and respectfully made known to the King of Prussia, or to Baron Manteufel, the Minister of the Interior, may induce His Majesty to consider that, the revolution being at an end, clemency is not only the "brightest jewel in a crown," but its noblest strength, and that, while royal power can lose nothing, it must gain honour by remitting all further punishment of one who has only shared in the political offence of thousands who are now at liberty. All that the friends, at home and abroad, of Gottfried Kinkel ask is—his liberation from prison, and a permission to emigrate to England or America.

THE DOOM OF ENGLISH WILLS.

CATHEDRAL NUMBER THREE.

The core of the inquiry which Mr. William Wallace had at heart, lay imbedded in the depositories of unimpeachable Ecclesiastical Registry number three. To the city of that See he therefore repaired, warmed by that flaming zeal which only burns in the breast of an earnest antiquary, and which no amount of disappointment can quench. Though sanguine, even for an antiquity-hunter, the hopes which rebounded from his previous failures, sunk within him, when he remembered that whereas he was in former instances fortified with letters of recommendation—almost of command—from the Bishops of each Diocese; on this occasion, he had to fight single-handed, (like another St. George,) the dragons that "guarded" the treasures he sought. He had no better introduction to the third Deputy-Registrar than an honest purpose; and, his former experience taught him that that was about as unpromising an usher into such a Presence as could be imagined. Mr. Wallace therefore commenced this new attack with no strong presentiment of success.

Strengthened with an ally, in the person of a friendly attorney, Mr. William Wallace marched boldly to the great functionary's house, a splendid edifice in the Cathedral Close, with thirty-three windows in front, extensive grounds behind, detached stables and a tasteful boat-house at the edge of what is here called the "Minster Pool."

Into this great house of a great man, Mr. William Wallace was ushered by his friend. Nothing could exceed the obsequiousness of the man of law, and great was the civility of the man of wills. The interview was going on pleasantly and the antiquary was beginning to believe that at last he had found a pattern Deputy-Registrar, when the lawyer happened to mention that Mr. William Wallace was a literary man. Mr. Wallace felt that this would be fatal—and it was so. He knew the condign contempt Ecclesiastical Registrars entertained for the literary world, from the little circumstance of hearing only the week before in another Registry, the most eminent historian of the present day, and our best archaic topographer, designated as "contemptible penny-a-liners." Mr. Wallace was therefore not at all astonished when the Deputy-Registrar folded up his smiling countenance into a frown. He evidently knew what was coming. Literary men never pay, and Mr. William Wallace wanted to consult 'his' registers gratis.

When this shrewd surmise was, by a word from the attorney, realised, the Registrar struggled hard to smoothe his face again to a condition of bland composure; but in vain. The wound which had pierced through his pocket, rankled within. The depravity of literary people in endeavouring to dig and delve for historical information without paying for the privilege of benefitting the public by their researches, was *too* abominable! The Registrar was so good as to say that he would grant Mr. Wallace the privilege of consulting any wills he pleased—on the usual terms: namely, two shillings and sixpence for every document.

With this condescending permission (which placed Mr. Wallace on exactly the same footing as the great body of the public which had not done itself the honour of visiting the Deputy-Registrar) he repaired to the Searching Office. The point he had set himself to ascertain at this Cathedral Registry number three, hinged upon an authentic attestation of the decease of the father of a distinguished general under Charles the First. The name was a very common one in the diocese, and of course continually occurred in the index. Will after will was produced by the clerks; half-crown after half-crown fell glibly out of Mr. Wallace's pocket. Still no success. Of all the namesakes of the person sought, who had become testators in the early part of the seventeenth century, the one particular testator whose last act and deed Mr. Wallace sought, was not to be found. This proved an expensive day. Mr. Wallace had had to pay, in the course of it, twenty-five pounds; although he was not allowed, as at the other places, to make a single extract.

For this large sum Mr. Wallace gained nothing but materials for a little wholesome criticism on the indexes or calendars. Some of the Wills in this Registry are dated as

early as the beginning of the fourteenth century; but all the Registrars since that time, with their progressively enormous incomes, have not found it consistent with their duty to have a list of these early Wills made; for the first volume of calendars commences with the Wills of 1526, and ends with those of 1561. It is a volume only in name. It has no back; all the leaves are loose, and it is brought in and thrown down to whomever wishes to consult it as if it were a bale of damaged goods out of a wreck. Like more of the early indexes, the alphabetical arrangement is not of surnames, but of Christian names; so that the searcher has to run the gauntlet down interminable columns of the "Johns," "Thomases," "Jameses," and "Jonathans" that bristle upon each page like (as Leigh Hunt said of the "Smiths" in the Directory) the iron railings along a London street. This lump of almost useless leaves has never been copied into a legible form by any Registrar since it became unfit for use. The income of the office even of Deputy Registrar sometimes admits of the maintenance of from six to a dozen race-horses, but the expense of compiling paper calendars could never be tolerated. To make indexes of wills that have never been catalogued would be quite out of the question; for the Registrar charges his clients for the *time* of his clerks in making searches, and it was owned to Mr. Wallace that it would take a year (at from one to two guineas per day) to find any will dated before the year 1526.

The searching office of this Registry was, like the others, inconvenient, small, and often crowded. The policy of the clerks was, therefore, to despatch the inquirers as fast as possible, so as to ensure a rapid change of visitors and a streaming influx of half-crowns. On the second day of Mr. Wallace's search the trouble he had given on the previous day for his money was intelligibly hinted to him. He was broadly told that he was "very much in the way;" for room was so much required that some applicants were plainly told that they must "come again to-morrow." To others who had not their inquiries ready cut and dried, in a business form, and who threatened long explanations respecting testators, a deaf ear was turned, or a pretended search was made, and they were told "there was no such will in the place." A pleasant case occurred on the second morning. An illiterate labourer tried to make the officials understand that an uncle of his wife had, he had heard, left him a legacy, and "he wanted to know the rights o' it." He gave the name and the exact date of the death, and a clerk retired under pretence of searching for the document. In a very short time he returned with—

"No such will in the place—half-a-crown, please."

"Half-a-croone?" said the countryman, "Wat vor?"

"Half-a-crown!" repeated the clerk.

"Wat, vor telling me nought?"

"Half-a-crown!" was again let off with a loud explosion, over the stiff embrasure of white cravat.

"But darn me if oi pay 't," persisted the expectant legatee.

"Half-a-crown!"

The countryman went on raising a storm in the office, in midst of which the "Half-a-crown!" minute guns were discharged with severe regularity. At length, however, the agriculturist was obliged to succumb, and after a mighty effort to disinter the coin from under a smock-frock, and out of the depths of a huge pocket and a leather purse, the poor man was obliged to produce and pay over what was probably a fifth of his week's earnings.

This circumstance having attracted Mr. Wallace's attention and pity, he took a note of the name of the testator; and, after the inquirer had left, found it in the Calendar, and by-and-by, by dint of a little manœuvring, got a sight of the will. In it he actually found that the poor man *had* been left a small legacy.

The extent to which similar practical pleasantries are indulged in, it is impossible to estimate. Many of the most cruel wrongs inflicted and suffered in some families, originate in the infinite varieties of carelessness and neglect that pervade the unimpeachable Ecclesiastical Registries of this country.

Meanwhile Mr. William Wallace had been actively employed in calling for wills and paying out half-crowns. It was quite evident from the calendars that no greater care was taken of paper and parchment here than in the other Registries. Several wills entered in it, as having been once in the depository—wherever that was—had against them the words "wanting" and "lost." That ancient records should in the course of centuries fall aside, cannot be wondered at, even in a Registry, which produces at present to its officers from seven to ten thousand per annum; but what excuse can there be for the loss of comparatively modern ones? Certain wills were not to be found of the years 1746; 1750; 1753; and 1757.

Mr. Wallace soon found that in a place where dropping half-crowns into the till and doing as little as possible in return for them, is considered the only legitimate business, he was looked upon even at twenty-five pounds per day as a sort of bad bargain, who required a great deal too much for his money. They could not coin fast enough by Mr. William Wallace, and the Deputy-Registrar indulged the office with his august presence to inform him, that as he gave so much trouble for the searches he was making, he must pay, besides two-and-six-pence for every future search, two guineas per diem for the use of the office!

It happened that the Bishop of Cathedral number three was then in the city, officiating at an ordination, and to him Mr. William Wallace determined to apply for relief from this extortion. He enclosed to his Lordship his letters from other prelates and stated his case. The answer he received was the Bishop's *unqualified authority* to search wherever and for whatever he wanted in the Registers of his Lordship's diocese.

Although this letter was addressed by the Bishop to the servant or deputy of *his* servant, the Registrar, yet Mr. Wallace's dear-bought sagacity had taught him to place very little faith in a Bishop's power over his inferiors. As it turned out, he found himself one of those who are blessed, because, expecting nothing, they are not disappointed. The Deputy-Registrar received his superior's mandate with supercilious *sang-froid*. The old story—"The Bishop had no jurisdiction whatever over him," but this once, &c. &c.

Mr. William Wallace had met in Cathedrals numbers one and two, repulses and rudeness. But each Cerberus who pretended to guard the documentary treasures of those dioceses, honestly showed his teeth. *They* had not been guilty of deceit. Deputy-Registrar number three was wiser in his generation. He gave a cold assent to the Bishop's mandate in Mr. Wallace's behalf: but with it such wily instructions to his clerks, as rendered it as nugatory as if he had put it in his waste basket or had lighted his cigar. During the two days that half-crowns rained in silver showers from the Antiquary's purse, nearly every Will he asked for was produced; but now, on the third day, when the Bishop's letter had closed his purse-strings, Mr. Wallace demanded document after document, and was told by the "Conservators" of this important kind of public property, that they had "been lost," "could not be found," "mislaid." But the most frequent return was, "destroyed at the siege of the City, in the year 1643"—stolen away with the Tomb of Marmion when

"Fanatic Brooke
The fair Cathedral storm'd and took."

The result of the three days' investigations stood thus: "During the two paying days, out of a hundred Wills asked for, eighty were produced. Throughout the non-paying day, out of ninety Wills asked for, only *one* was produced!"

When half-crowns were rife, not one word was said about "the siege of the City, in the year 1643," although nearly all the Wills Mr. Wallace was obliged with a sight of, were dated anterior to that destructive event.

For some explanation Mr. Wallace repaired to the Deputy-Registrar's abode. It was too late. The clever sub. knew what was coming—and retreated from the field. The servant's answer to Mr. Wallace was,

"Out of town, sir!"

But Mr. William Wallace was foiled even more completely in another point: he had a great desire to see where and how the Wills were kept. He knew their condition in 1832, from what Ulster King-at-Arms said before the Ecclesiastical Commission, "I consider the records very dirty; they have not, apparently, been dusted for many years." The remarkable result of Mr. Wallace's urgent inquiries was that not a soul he asked could, or would, tell in what place the ecclesiastical records of Cathedral number three were deposited. It was vouchsafed to him that modern Wills were preserved in the Registrar's splendid edifice; but whether the ancient Wills lay interred in cellars, or were hoisted into lofts, or shared the mangers and corn-bins of race-horses, no amount of inquiry, no watching the clerks when they went out of one door of the searching office to procure the documents demanded, and then came in at another, could discover. An old, stout, surly clerk, declared, in as staid a tone as if he were telling the truth, "that he *did not know* where the records were kept."

Mr. Wallace gave up this investigation in despair and left the city. The *locus* of the documents was to him a mystery and a wonder!

The habits of the antiquary do not, however, dispose him to indulge in listless despair. To find out the secret masses of the records of Cathedral number three was a task Mr. William Wallace had so earnestly set himself, that next to his domestic relations and his literary labours, it grew into one of the duties of his existence; therefore, on his way to Cathedral number four, he paid another visit to the city of Cathedral number three, fortified with letters to some of its clergy. To be sure *they* could clear up the mystery.

His first application was to one of the Canons. Did he know where the ecclesiastical records were kept? Well, it was odd, but it never entered his head to inquire. He really did *not* know. Perhaps some of the Chapter officials could tell.

To one of these hies Mr. Wallace. Even that functionary—whose courteousness, together with that of his colleague, was pleasant to the applicant by the force of mere contrast—was equally unable to reveal the secret. "But surely," he added, "such a place cannot, when one sets about it, be so impenetrable a mystery. I have an idea that the *Miller* could enlighten you."

"The Miller?"

"Yes. He knows everything about the town. Try him."

Mr. Wallace had business at the searching office, and having transacted it, determined to make another effort in this legitimate quarter. The following short dialogue occurred between him and the clerk:—"Pray," said Mr. Wallace, "where are the Wills kept?"

"That's not your business!" was the answer. Mr. Wallace returned to the charge

but the clerk became deaf, and went on with some writing, precisely as if Mr. William Wallace were invisible and inaudible.

The Miller was the only resource. He was from home, and his wife gave the same answer as everybody else had done. "But," she said, pointing to an individual who was sauntering into the Close, "there's one as can tell 'ee. He's a *ratchetty* man—he is." Without waiting to inquire the meaning of this strange expression, off starts the record-hunter upon the new secret. He runs down his game in no time. It consists of a burly biped, bearing a cage of fine ferrets. Round his person is displayed the broad insignia of office,—he is a rat-catcher.

Here Mr. William Wallace's perseverance triumphs. The Rat-catcher knows all about it. "Why you see, Sir," he said, "I contracts for the Registrar."

"What for?"

"What for? Why, I catches the rats for him at so much a-year."

"And where do you catch them?"

"Where do I catch them? Why, where the old wills is."

"And where is that?"

"Where is that? Why, *there*."

The Rat-catcher points to a sort of barn that rises from the edge of the Minster Pool. It has no windows on the ground-floor. On the first-floor are six—two in the front of the building and four at the end,—twenty-seven windows less than are displayed in the front of the Registrar's beautifully glazed house: but much of the little glass afforded to the registry is broken. To mend it upon seven thousand a-year would never do, especially when old parchment is lying about in heaps. Why pay glaziers' charges when ancient wills and other ecclesiastical records keep out wind and weather as well as glass?—for light is a thing rather to be shunned than admitted into such places. Accordingly, as the Rat-catcher points to the shed, Mr. Wallace observes numberless ends of record rolls and bundles of engrossed testaments poked into the broken windows: in some places variegated with old rags.

Judging from the exterior, and from the contract for rat-catching, the interior of this depository of the titles of hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of property, must be an archæological Golgotha, a dark mouldy sepulchre of parchment and dust.

Lawyers say that there is not an estate in this country with an impregnable title; in other words, it is on the cards in the game of ecclesiastical and common law, for any family to be deprived of their possessions in consequence of being unable to establish a perfect title to them. How can it be otherwise when the very deeds by which they have and hold what they enjoy, are left to be eaten by rats, or to be stuffed into broken windows?

THE SOWER.

"This is the strife, and eke the affraie,
And the batill, that lasteth aie."—CHAUCER.

THOUGH his heart may dare to glory,
Conscious of a God innate—
Yet to read his future story,
To foresee his future fate,
To fore-sing his future singing,
Never doth the Poet heed:
Every day to him is bringing
All of which the day hath need.

Faithful is his hand and fearless:
Wholesome seed, he knoweth well,
May be sown in weather cheerless,
But will spring up where it fell.
Seed was given to his keeping,
And from Heaven it was sent;
He has sown it. Is it sleeping
In the soil?—he is content.

THE NEW ZEALAND ZAUBERFLÖTE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

IT so chanced that the direction taken by the kangaroos led towards the sea-coast, and to that quarter of it where Waipata had been sent since his conversion to Christianity. The young man being out with three or four of the Maori youths, amusing themselves in practising with their spears, were suddenly alarmed by the advance of large wild creatures of a kind they had never seen before, and, therefore, regarded as very strange and dangerous monsters. Onward came these nine monsters, almost in regular succession, with their large dark eyes staring like lamps before them—their long ears sticking up like horns—their long thick tails stretching out straight behind—and taking leaps of ten or twelve feet high, and from twenty to thirty feet in length. As the first passed along, Waipata—partly in fear, and yet partly from a daring spirit, flung a spear at the creature. The weapon pierced it deeply in the flank,—so that the leaping flight was at once turned to a limping escape. The instant the effect was seen by the other youths, away sang their spears, and down stumbled three more of the poor kangaroos. The hunting mania was now in a blaze, and with a loud yell, the young men gave chase, and in a very short time, the kangaroos, who though wounded, had all contrived to keep together to the last, lay rolling on the sand near the sea, with their huge hind legs kicking in the air. At this moment Taōnui and his party made their way round a rock, and beheld the slaughtered creatures—and who had done it!

The king sat down upon a stone, and bent forward, looking at the dying and dead kangaroos. The chiefs explained to Waipata the mischief he had done; but Taōnui said nothing. He saw how it all was. Witchcraft—the "dibble"—the influence of his old enemy Te Pomar—of Teōra—of Kaitemata and her black one-eyed pig—and of the magic flute! Against all explanation and apologies

from his son, he only waived his hand—and he continued to do this till Waipata, and his friends, and, in fact, all the chiefs, and everybody else, left him sitting there alone.

Thus sat the king till evening; and, feeling that nothing worse could occur to him than had already happened, he would not move even at night. A Maōri youth, however, was sent by Waipata from the missionary station, to light a fire near him for company and protection, and also with a bottle of rum to prevent ague from the night-dews. Taōnui received these attentions without giving any token of recognition; after the young man was gone, however, he took a copious draught of the rum, and then sat and contemplated the fire in a state of grim apathy till he fell asleep.

He had not slept long before the thought of the flute presented itself to his mind in the most persuasive form—proposing to him, as it seemed, that he should be reconciled to the memory of the great Te Pomar—that he should never again exult over his fall—that he should liberate Teōra before it was too late, and cease to persecute her, or punish his son, for embracing the Christian religion. But in vain—he would not attend to it—he would not be softened and humanised—and in the end he transformed the suggestions of his dream into a taunt that he dared not play the flute again.

No sooner did the idea present itself then up went the flute to his mouth,—and, instead of a discordant insult to the memory of Te Pomar, in an instant he received a violent kick on the shin, as if from some prodigious leg! He started up. Who had done this? Nobody was near. Nothing was to be seen but the dying embers of the fire, and the horrid heap of slaughtered kangaroos, all with their huge hind-legs sticking up in the air. Had they been alive, such a kick might have been administered by one of these legs; but they were all rigid in death.

While the king was looking at the mangled and hideous heap, one of the limbs moved—certainly it had moved—and now it moved again. Presently there was a horrid "stir" all over the ensanguined mass—one of the kangaroos lifted its head up, and, with its ears bolt upright, and its eyes turned towards the king, gave a sneeze so loud that it seemed to split the adjacent rock. Whereupon, all the nine kangaroos started up, and made off at long leaps across the sands.

Taōnui looked after them! Had he been deceived, after all? An irresistible impulse made him snatch up his long spear, and give chase with his utmost speed. They were a considerable distance a-head of him, yet he was surprised to find himself gaining upon them, as their large bodies fled, with long flying leaps, across the sands, the clear moon shining brightly down upon their glossy backs and long thick out-stretched tails, giving them the strange appearance of creatures made of a sort of ghostly silver, flying, with the sea on one side of them, and the land on the other, and belonging to neither. They now turned a corner of the cliff, and were lost to sight.

Taōnui pursuing at full speed, turned the same corner. The kangaroos were at a great distance, but one of them had detached itself from the rest, and was turning back. Yes—it was coming to meet him. There was something stately, if not threatening, in its air. Could the creature intend to attack him?

As the figure advanced, the moon gradually shone brighter and brighter upon it, till the king could clearly distinguish the suit of armour given by a king of England to the chief Shongi E. Hongi in days of yore. It was absolutely the suit of armour—but was anybody inside it? A battle was intended by the armour—that was apparent. At the distance of a spear's throw, the figure paused, and made signs of defying the king to single combat.

Taōnui would willingly have declined it, but it was too late, and, besides, he would be slain if he did not fight. Without further hesitation, therefore, he flung his spear. It smote the suit of armour on the breast with unerring aim, and broke off at the point. A strange noise issued from the inside of the armour. It was evidently not empty. Somebody was inside. It advanced, apparently having no weapons, though with a very confident bearing.

Taōnui now whirled his tomahawk through the air. It smote with a loud ringing sound upon the helmet, and fell down in the sand. The king, then, in a sort of despair, uttered his war-cry, and rushing onward with his *meri ponamu* (a green, flat war-club), commenced a valiant assault upon his inexplicable antagonist, who, however, contented itself with turning its back—raising one leg—and administering a kick in the king's ribs so tremendous that he flew before it, and dashed up the sand for several yards, as he rolled over in all sorts of wild postures.

Expecting, as a matter of course, to be killed by some novel process, the fallen Taōnui looked up, and saw long ears sticking out at the sides of the helmet, and a long projecting nose. It was one of the kangaroos! And now the others all returned, and after performing a series of exulting leaps round about him, the nine kangaroos all danced upon the prostrate body of the king, till he became insensible.

The religion of the *Tohunga*, which was the established church of New Zealand at this period, and continues to be so to this day with most of the tribes who remain firm to heathenism, could by no means be designated as idolatry. They had small household gods, such as lizards, and little deformed figures hung round their necks: they also had great fear of spirits, devils, and apparitions of all sorts, but no definite adorations on a grand

scale. Something of this kind, however, appears to have been the case at an earlier date, as the remains of certain temples plainly indicate. One of these, in a very secluded part of the interior, contained the remains of a grotesque Idol, whose advice was sought on very important occasions, by the priests, or by the chiefs whom the priests could influence. The approach to the temple of the idol was of course *tapu*—nobody dared to go near it. Many little spots on the outskirts, where an ancient chief or great priest had stood, were marked off by a circle of sticks. The remains of a treble row of stakes were stuck round about the entrance to this temple, intervalled with tall upright posts, on the tops of which were carved figures, larger than life, of men in all sorts of frightful attitudes, most of whom were thrusting out enormous tongues, with an expression at once of the most savage provocation and threatening. The carvings on the outer walls of the temple were coloured with black, red, and white; but the interior was in darkness, except, here and there, an uncertain light admitted through cracks and crevices, which cast a hazy mist of faint rays upon the squatting figure of a deformed green Idol, with red eyes encircled by three white rings—a great gourd-like face, elaborately tattooed in black—tall flat ears, immensely wide, speckled, and of a blood-stone colour—and a large black mouth in two arches, not unlike the form presented by a flying crow.

Gradually returning to a state of consciousness, the first thing Taōnui perceived was the figure of this Idol squatting on a mound of sand, with its red eyes shining directly upon his face. The king sat up—and they both remained seated for some time, looking at each other.

At length the Idol arose, and beckoning Taōnui, led the way across the sands into the scrub. The king having arisen, had followed, as if by some dreadful fascination; but he hesitated to advance among the shrubs and ridges of the scrub. The pagod, perceiving this, pointed to the flute which hung from Taōnui's neck, and immediately a funeral march resounded—not like the one he had recently heard, but made up of all the most discordant and vile sounds he had been accustomed to play in his first use of the instrument. To this march, the king felt himself obliged to move in measured time, after his "spiritual" conductor, who now advanced without once turning his head.

The Idol led the way through the arid and stunted mazes of the scrub, and thence across the country, and through a forest,—now fording rivers,—now climbing over rocky ridges,—the discordant music of the march ringing in the king's ears all the time. He had thrice endeavoured to detach the flute from his neck, but all he could effect was to half strangle himself; on which occasions he always saw the squab shoulders of the pagod shake with silent laughter. In this manner they proceeded, till they arrived at the borders of a channel, across which they passed in a canoe made of the hollowed trunk of a tree, and landing on an island, proceeded to a ruined pah, which Taōnui well knew, for almost the only building in it, that was still standing, was Eat-man House.

This house, with the objectionable culinary name, had several historical traditions connected with it, which we pass over with a shudder, merely remarking that its present external appearance was by no means suggestive of pleasing thoughts. The door-post and boards of the portico were carved with figures having flat shell eyes, with their tongues protruded as in savage insult and defiance; and the row of stakes round the house was adorned in various places with dried human heads of chiefs who had fallen in battle—the mouths of the victors being carefully sewn up close, while those of the vanquished had been distended to the utmost, and then sewn back in that horrid position, to indicate that they were still in a constant terror, and calling out! A large head over the door, intended, perhaps, to represent the original owner of the house—the renowned Shongi of Eatman,—was elaborately tattooed, and adorned with a long beard made of dogs' tails. In this frightful place was Teōra now fastened up, and perhaps had been starved to death.

To a semicircular space in front of this lonely house, the Idol now led the way, and took his seat on a high stone which had been placed against the door to keep it fastened. At the same moment, a pointed flame burst out of the ground between Taōnui and the pagod, the feet of the former becoming fixed to the spot where he stood. Presently Taōnui perceived a figure seated on his right, closely shrouded in the long war-mat of a great *rangatira*. A second flame now burst out of the ground by the side of the first; and presently Taōnui noticed a second figure, seated opposite to the other, shrouded in like manner in his war-mat. A third flame arose—and with it a third shadowy chief arose and took his seat; a fourth flame, and a fourth shadowy figure, and so on, till all the flames uniting in the centre, there was a great fire, and round it were seated a circle of shadowy warriors, whom the king now discovered to be those Waikatoto chiefs who had fallen in battle by the side of the great Te Pomar.

A strange stir and bustle was now going on among the trees of a grove just behind Taōnui. He could not turn his head to see what it was; but, somehow, he became aware that it was the preparation for a great feast. A long roasting-stake was thrown over his head, and fell near the fire. Several vessels made of baked clay, and of stone and shell-work, were also pushed within the circle. But what were they to eat? Where was the

feast? What was to be roasted, and eaten? His kangaroos, perhaps; and to this, the king after the treatment he had received, had no sort of objection. Meanwhile all the seated figures maintained a solemn silence. Taõnui looked from one to the other, but could gather nothing from their immovable faces, all of which were painted with *kokowai* or red ochre, denoting the importance of the occasion.

At length a voice, which evidently came out of the middle of the fire, cried aloud,—"Bring forth the feast."

After a silence, during which nothing appeared, all the shadowy chiefs answered in chorus, "*Koo-i, koo-i?*"—where are you?"

Taõnui gazed all round, wondering why the victims were not brought, as he now clearly saw that a cannibal feast was intended.

"Bring forth our feast!" again cried out the Voice of the Fire. Nothing appeared. Taõnui again looked round at the faces of the shadowy warriors seated about the fire, till at last his eye encountered that of the Idol, who, after holding him with serpent-like fascination, relaxed its features in a hideous smile. Whereupon all the shadowy chiefs uttered a sudden laugh, and turned their dead eyes full upon Taõnui, who now understood that he himself was the victim—the "feast," who was to be brought forth.

The shadowy chiefs now rose up, and with shouts and yells performed a war-dance, and then a funeral dance, and then a festive dance, in rapid succession round Taõnui; they then seized him,—dragged him to the fire,—and tearing off his cloak, prepared to thrust the sharp end of the roasting-stake between his shoulders.

The king, finding his last moment had arrived, nerved himself to die as became a great warrior.

"I cannot dance my war-dance amidst your hands," he cried; "but I dance it in my soul, with defiance and scorn. I curse you, my Idol; and I thrust out my tongue at all your priests, and at the religion of *Tohunga*. I also defy the powers of witchcraft; and I here call upon the spirit of the young slave, Teõra, who is dead, to do her worst, in revenge for the slaughter of her father, and all the injuries I have heaped upon his memory. And now I shall remain silent."

Taõnui having concluded this, his last speech, which, as is usual, he was allowed to finish without interruption; the point of the stake was inserted in his shoulders; but the hands that were thrusting it in, were then arrested by a colossal arm, which the king recognised as the one he had seen in the cavern; while a giant leg at the same time trampled out the fire. One side of the wall of Eat-man House now fell down, and the same great dark arm, which Taõnui had previously felt must belong to the dead chieftain, Te Pomar, led forth Teõra, who waved a garland of lilies and blossoming clematis,—in the sweet odours of which the shadowy warriors, the hideous Idol, and all the frightful preparations of vengeance, faded away. Teõra smiled forgiveness, and took the hand of Taõnui, whose senses gradually left him, and a soft slumber came over him.

When he awoke, he found himself again on the sea-shore. It was still night. Had he been visited with a dreadful dream? No—he felt sure it had been more than that. It was no witchcraft, so far as Teõra was concerned. After all, she was no witch—she had saved him. And the spirit of Te Pomar had saved him, too—thus returning good for evil. If the new religion had taught this, it was better than the religion of Tohunga. He resolved never to play the magic flute again, but bury it with funeral ceremonies.

A soft harmonious music now arose from the sands: it swelled into the grand funeral march of a hero, and passed onward till it died away over the sea. Then came a deep silence—and in that silence, the king heard a gigantic pacing up and down the sands close to the margin of the sea. No one was visible. The pacing up and down continued. Then the moon rose, bringing into view pile upon pile of clouds, commencing in a purple-grey hue from the horizon, formed by the distant curving line of the sands, the purple getting fainter till the clouds were all grey, up to the bright mountain peaks that environed the rising moon. Still the gigantic pacing continued (though no figure was visible, the king felt it must be the once mighty chief), and after a time, it seemed to pass close to him, as in friendly reconciliation, and thence on—and on—till something like a lofty Shadow seemed to step from the distant line of sands upon the lowest purple ridge of sky, and thus ascended, step by step, into the towering clouds, till lost amidst the brightest of the grey and mountainous peaks. In remote echoes across the sea, the noble death-march of a hero was again faintly heard, as the moon sailed onward on her course, majestically drawing after her all the masses and piles of clouds.

Taõnui stood for a time entranced and elevated by the stately quietude of this magnificent vision. Coming so soon after the horrid scene from which he had been liberated, it was too much for the most obdurate nature to endure unmoved. The proud heart of Taõnui was softened by the nobleness of the acts of Te Pomar and his daughter, and something not unlike tears gushed into his eye, for the first time in his life, as he sank down and pressed his face upon the sand, overcome by emotions which were perfectly new to him. If he had known a Christian prayer of manly penitence, he would have poured it forth; but what he sincerely felt was essentially the same thing.

The missionary station near which Waipata

had been sent to reside, was situated on a gentle acclivity, fronting one of the many beautiful picturesque bays which are found round the coast of New Zealand. It was a long low-roofed house made of wood and reeds bound together with flax, painted white, having a large verandah entirely covered with roses, geraniums, and woodbine, imported from Europe; amidst the luxuriance of which many birds had built their nests, not only all over the roof, but in every one of the thickly garlanded posts that upheld it. The wild pigeon and the graceful *tui* flew from tree to tree, and the hum of bees filled the air. The sea lay blue and bright below, and so exquisitely transparent, that any one bending over a rock might see families of shell-fish with their coral heads and shoulders projecting far out, all busily feeding at the bottom, to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet. Black swans sailed along near the shore, red-bills lay basking in crannies of the rocks, and the snowy albatross often passed across the blue sky. The mangrove fringed the borders of the bay, together with beautiful trees in full blossom, while sea-birds sat on the boughs pruning their lustrous feathers in the sun, as the sparkling drops of the briny wave flew from their expanded pinions.

It was a delightful thing to behold Taōnui, very shortly after the events last described, advancing towards this missionary station, at the head of a number of his chiefs, and all those of his tribe who had been converted, holding his son by one hand, and the daughter of Te Pomar by the other. Assembling all who followed, in a great circle, the king addressed them in a speech. He reminded them of all his wars against Te Pomar—of the hatred he had borne him—and of his victory. He then spoke of his revengeful feeling after the death of that great warrior, and told them it had cost him very dear, as he had suffered, in various ways, far more than he had inflicted, or could possibly inflict. But now a Good Spirit had descended upon his soul, and taught him better things. He gladly sanctioned the love of his son for Teōra, whom he had now brought to be married according to the forms of the Christian religion. He did not tell the chiefs around him, nor any of his tribe, that he should himself become a Christian. A man who was sincere could not suddenly adopt any new religion. But he for ever abjured the religion of Tohunga, with its idols and gods of all kind; and he promised his utmost protection to all who taught, and all who embraced the Christian faith, and that he would strive to conform in all his future feelings and actions to the teaching of the precepts of that divine priest and master whom they called Christ.

Teōra and Waipata were married the same day at the missionary station, and Taōnui with his own hands collected the remains of Te Pomar, which, together with the wonderful flute, he buried in the evening with the highest funeral ceremonies of his tribe. The last part of this consisted in bearing the remains to a secret cave.

To render this secrecy the more effectual, and therefore the more to show honour by its solemn mystery, the king, at night, unaccompanied by any one, took up the remains of the departed chief, enveloped in a cloak of the finest flax, and carried them in his arms through a forest into the deepest recesses of a beautiful stalactite grotto he had fixed upon, and there deposited them with profound reverence, and a truly contrite heart. As he came forth again into the open air, the lofty funeral march of a dead hero sounded with its grand and elevating pathos, and Taōnui now, in sympathy with its harmony, beheld the benign Phantom of Te Pomar slowly rise before him, its arms extended nobly towards him, and thus ascending into the night, till its shadow mingled with the air, through which the stars, one by one, came gently forth.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE father sits, and marks his child
Through the clover racing wild;
And then as if he sweetly dream'd,
He half remembers how it seem'd
When he, too, was a reckless rover
Amongst the bee-beloved clover:
Pure airs, from heavenly places, rise
Breathing the blindness from his eyes,
Until, with rapture, grief, and awe,
He sees again as then he saw.

As then he saw, he sees again
The heavy-loaded harvest wain,
Hanging tokens of its pride
In the trees on either side;
Daisies, coming out at dawn,
In constellations, on the lawn;
The glory of the daffodil:
The three black windmills on the hill,
Whose magic arms fling wildly by,
With magic shadows on the rye:
In the leafy coppice, lo,
More wealth than miser's dreams can show,
The blackbird's warm and woolly brood,
With golden beaks agape for food!
Gipsies, all the summer seen,
Native as poppies to the green;
Winter, with its frosts and thaws,
And opulence of hips and haws;
The mighty marvel of the snow;
The happy, happy ships that go,
Sailing up and sailing down,
Through the fields and by the town;—
All the thousand dear events
That fell when days were incidents.

And, then, his meek and loving mother—
Oh, what speechless feelings smother
In his heart at thought of her!
What sacred, piercing sorrow mounts,
From new or unremembered founts,
While to thought her ways recur.
He hears the songs she used to sing;
His tears in scalding torrents spring;

Oh, might he hope that 'twould be given,
Either in this world, or in heaven,
To hear such songs as those again!

—But life is deep and words are vain.
Mark yonder hedgerow, here and there
Sprinkled with Spring, but mainly bare;
The wither'd bank beneath, where blows,
In yellow crowds, the fresh primrose:
What skill of colour thus could smite
The troubled heart strings thro the sight;
What magic of sweet speech express
Their primeveral tenderness!
Can these not utter'd be, and can
The day-spring of immortal man!

BITS OF LIFE IN MUNICH.

The following traits of life in Munich are traced by a young lady who is studying painting in that city, under a master, and in company with a female friend. This little preface is necessary for the reader, to understand, better than he would without it, several of the fair writer's allusions, and to a quaint him with the independent kind of life two young ladies can lead, with perfect propriety and security in "the capital of Art":—

PILGRIM BROTHERS.

This is August, and the nights are now and then so hot and close, that after our tea, spite of its being twilight, we sometimes feel bound to take a walk. The other evening, for example, we betook ourselves, therefore, along one of the old streets of Munich—a street very long, and very ill-paved, and with the house-fronts handsome with old carving and stucco-work; a street where in the evening all the inhabitants gossip at their open windows and doors; a street much infested with bakers' shops; and where, through quaint, old window panes, you catch glimpses of queer, old witch-like women, or young girls like Faust's Margaret, sitting spinning; a street which, if one could write graphically, one would revel in describing. I always vastly enjoy going up this street, and wanted to see it, as well as to see the effect of the sunset behind the tall tower and building which surrounds the Bavaria when once you pass through the Sendliger Gate and get out on the plain.

Just about the middle of this queer old street we met a crowd, heard a hum of voices, saw banners waving, crucifixes borne aloft. It was the return of a pilgrimage. Hot, weary, dusty, foot sore, on they came. First walked priests, with their dusty banners and crucifixes; white-robed children followed, carrying faded wreaths and garlands, their poor little heads drooping with fatigue. Now a band of men, a *Bruderschaft*, dressed in their pilgrim garb, large blue cloaks with heavy capes, on which conspicuously showed the pilgrim cockleshell; then a group of young girls, many carrying bulrushes in their hands instead of palm-branches, and relics from the holy spot they had pilgrimed to; next trooped on men, men, men, their shoes covered with white dust, their heads bare, their hands folded; old men, middle-aged men, lads; here and there a picturesque, fanatical-looking head, with lank locks and hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes; or brooding and morose-looking, with wild, bushy hair, and huge growth of beard; a strange assembly!—but nevertheless, the greater number were of the quiet, respectable, citizen class; and one felt how strange it was to see such jolly-looking, every-day sort of good shopkeepers joining in a pilgrimage; they seemed so opposed to everything like sentiment and enthusiasm. And all the men muttered prayers, every now and then their hoarse voices rising into a monotonous chant of the word. *Heilige! Heilige! Heilige!* And on they came, and on! like a stream of phantoms in a bewildering dream. They rushed past in the twilight, walking so fast with their dusty feet, and muttering their monotonous words, till one felt almost delirious. And now in the distance the young girls' voices, and the voices of the little children swelled into a solemn strain, and on came women, and women, and women, old and young, and middle-aged, and dusty, also, and praying and muttering also! All, with the exception of one lady in a bonnet, who walked in the middle of the procession—a singular, gaunt, fanatical-looking woman—all, with this exception, appeared to be of the humble class—worn, hard-featured, suffering women. Yet on they streamed, till one felt breathless! It was a striking, and, some way, to me an unusually thrilling sight!

A GROUP OF BUILDINGS.

And now we were out on the quiet plain, which stretched away into an horizon of deep blue mountain-like clouds; a pale amber sun-set-streak fading away by the most delicate of gradations into a lovely azure, athwart which stretched a fantastic mass of dark indigo clouds; the moon trembling above the sunset light, and here and there a dainty star twinkling in the amber and azure; whilst behind the dark mass of the Bavaria tower flashed ever and anon rose-tinted summer lightning, turning the mass of blue clouds into a range of lilac mountains, and the Bavaria building into an enchanted castle.

We were so charmed with our walk, that we determined, whenever we could, to make a point of going out to see these effects, and then trying to remember them, and put them down on our return home. The next evening we took our walk out through the Triumphal Arch at the end of the Ludwig Strasse. I must certainly have mentioned how inexpressibly beautiful the Ludwig Strasse looks in the evening, the uniformity of the Byzantine architecture broken, yet not destroyed by the pale and harmonious tints employed in the various masses of building; delicate reds, and stone colours, and greys, with here and there a mass of pure dazzling white, all

brought into the most delicious harmony by the glow of evening; the two white slender towers of the Ludwig church rising solemnly into the blue heavens, and surmounted each with a golden cross, which ever seems to catch the rays of the sun, and to gleam and sparkle when all else is sombre and dark. Then in the evening and twilight, how cool and refreshing, and soothing, is the splash of the two fountains which play in the open space before the University and the Jesuits' School! How I should love, were I a youth, to study in the University! That pure, solemn, calm, beautiful building, white as of the purest marble, with its long rows of round-arched windows; its long band of medallions also, a medallion between each centre window, and enclosing the head of a legislator, a philosopher, or a poet! And as the western sky is lit up by the setting sun, its light streams through painted windows, and the contrast between the cool building, seen in shadow, and these gemmed, glowing windows, is magical. There is a monastic calm about the building, which, to a studious and poetical nature, must be delicious. The Jesuits' School is of a pale, warm, stone colour, of the same style, but by no means so beautiful. But the whole effect of this square is very poetical and striking, as you can believe, and when the Triumphal Arch at the end of it is completed, will be something quite unique. The gateway is to be surmounted by a figure of Bavaria, drawn by lions, in a triumphal car; on the front and sides of the gate are very beautiful basso-rilievos, and statues of white marble.

The road beyond the Triumphal Arch is lined by poplars, and the entrance by this road into Munich, most impressive. For about half a mile on one side the road, are scattered villas and *cafés*. The Queen has a lovely little villa there, simple and elegant, and built in the style of domestic architecture peculiar to Munich, and which strikes one as being singularly beautiful and appropriate. I wonder what Ruskin would say to it?

A CONCERT AND A PLAY.

But now for more personal matters; and first, for a concert. As the tickets were sent late, we had but very little time for preparation. We dressed in a desperate hurry, putting off with our working dresses, our character of art-students, and with our tickets in our hands, and our two keys—the latch-key and key of our rooms—set off across the Residenz Platz and the Odean Platz. It was a rehearsal concert of the students of the Conservatorium, and the large hall was crowded to overflowing already.

At the first door we found such a crush of officers and students, all blocking up the entrance, that it was quite impossible to get in; but the glimpse we caught of a painted ceiling and crowds and crowds of people, seated in long rows and filling the galleries, was quite exciting. We thought that perhaps in the gallery there might be room, so rushing first down steps and then up steps again, we came to what we supposed a gallery-door; but no, it was a door just opposite to the one we had tried to get in at, and close to the orchestra, and a capital place. Of course, we had to stand, and so had numbers of others; but it was very amusing as well as interesting.

The performers were all pupils, and many of them very young. There was one little violinist, not more than twelve certainly, who played splendidly, and with such beautiful earnestness and composure, and with such a world of feeling! The applause was immense, and you felt how proud his mother and his friends must be; but he was like a little unmoved statue, with his white face shaded by its dark brown hair. It was all a matter of course to him.

The friends and relations of the pupils were a marked feature of the scene; many of them quite poor people. And such numbers of little lads! we had a whole host of them just before us, and very much amused we were. One little lad leaned with all the air of a used-up man of fashion, against the balustrade of the orchestra, in the face of the whole company, and yawning with the greatest disdain of all present, whilst he crossed his little legs and played with his little gloved hands.

It might strike you as strange that we venture to concerts and theatres by ourselves; but nothing is easier or more comfortable. We walk quietly to the opera, in the pleasant sunshine. The Theatre looking so beautiful with its fresco-painted pediment, all the square alive with a gay crowd streaming also theatre-wards. We take our places quietly in the reserved seats; and having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, at the cost of one shilling and eight pence, equally quietly and comfortably walk home again. There is no crushing of carriages and cabs, no shouting of watermen and hackney-coachmen. Two or three carriages may be there, their lamps shining out like huge glow-worms at the bottom of the flight of steps; but people who have carriages quietly get into them, and there is no stir and bustle; and those who have none wend their way home singly or in groups; and the moon lights up that beautiful little square, with its palace front, its theatre, its Pompeian-like post-office, its quaint side of old shops; or the stars look down out of a deep blue, calm sky, and all is silence and poetry.

The other night we went with some acquaintance to the theatre in the An—the people's theatre—but not the one that you and I went to, and where I behaved so ill by laughing at a tragedy instead of crying. No, this is quite a grand affair. It reminds one of a handsome steam-boat cabin; just about the same size, and gilt and decorated in the same taste—or rather want of taste. All, however, was very bright and fresh, and the acting very good. We laughed immensely.

It was a little piece called "The Ground Floor and the Second Floor; or, the Freaks of Fortune." You can imagine the sort of thing; and how there were two stages, as it were, so that you saw what was going on in two families at once. Of course, one family was a very grand, and the other a very poor one. It was very droll in parts, and full of un-English things, that particularly amused us. There were two little children that acted beautifully; one a little girl, about ten, who acted a boy. The way those children ran about the stage, and played, and slapped each other, and plagued their mother, was the prettiest thing I ever saw.

GETTING HOME.

It rained in torrents as we went and returned, and as it was fine when we set out we were not at all prepared for wet. I don't know what one is to do in this changeable climate. When we were on the Isar bridge the rain came down with such fury, and the wind blew so fiercely, that I thought the long procession of umbrellas, and people returning from the little theatre, would certainly be carried away into the river. Prince Adelbert, the present king's brother, was there, and he had to walk home also in the rain and mud. Of course there are two performances daily at this theatre, one at four o'clock, the other at eight.

Although, when the weather is fine, we enjoy our walk back from the theatre to our house, we do not so much relish our getting into our own rooms from the street door, the lock of which is very stiff. I am considerably developing the muscular strength of my hand by unlocking this door; and when we have achieved this first difficulty, our real disagreeable commences. A hot, close atmosphere meets you; all is perfectly black; there is no light; you feel as if entering an Inferno. It is a sort of sensation to return to in delirium. You grope your way to the wide staircase; you find the balustrade; you mount with careful steps; you feel as though the darkness and blackness weighed on your brain; you perhaps hear some other nightly wanderer tumbling up stairs; you do not know whether it may not be some drunken man; but he can't see you, so you keep yourself quietly in a dark corner till he passes; you can often see who is coming by the glimmering of a burning cigar; but you have nothing to betray you. Well, at length having reached your door, that is say the door of the long, dark passage which shuts in your rooms, you unlock it, and then, in a certain place, you find the third key of your own especial sitting-room door, and which has been hidden by you. And now, thank Goodness, you are in your own dear little home! The light from the street lamp shines in through the four white-curtained windows. On the table stands the candlestick; you strike a light, in the German fashion, by rubbing the match along the floor or the wall—there's nothing else for it—and your perils are past! Yes, this coming up that dark staircase is not attractive, but we are become quite accustomed to it now. I can now find my way perfectly well. I asked why they had no lamp, but ran the risk every night of breaking a bone;—they said it cost so much. Neither are there any bells in the house, another terrible bore. How Germans can exist, year after year, age after age, without the commonest conveniences of life, is a mystery and puzzle to me.

A GRAND ASSEMBLY.

Very different to this evening was my visit to the Baroness von ——'s. On our return from dinner at the *Meyorischen Garten* yesterday, I was informed that the lady of the —— Ambassador had called and enquired for me. I was not in a visiting humour, and the idea of going to these grand people quite alone daunted me. I have courage for most things, I am sure I could travel to China, very easily to America, by myself; but going alone to a ball, or even a little party, among strangers, is my idea of desolation: and this evening I believed there was a grand party at the Ambassador's. I was in despair; it was a wet day and I felt ill, and even if I *did* screw up my courage to a pitch of heroism, how was I to get there? how in all this rain? Where was my carriage?—where even a cab? A cab! yes, that reminded me that I might go and return in a *fiacre*.

When, therefore, on returning home, I found that I could improvise a toilet, and felt, after a cup of tea, really better, and found that, with a deal of trouble and bargaining, a driver of a *fiacre* would *condescend*, for such really was the case, to take me at the late hour of eight o'clock—they leave their stand at seven and go home for the night!—and then bring me back again at ten, and all for the enormous sum of two gulden, and he would not take a kreuzer less. Well, when all this was arranged, I dressed and set out, having of course been inspected by the whole family of the house from doors and windows—father, mother, daughter, little children, Wilhelm, and two apprentices with white rolled-up shirt sleeves. What amusement the idle people could find in seeing one of the English *fraulein* walk down stairs in a simple white dress and without her bonnet, and get into a lumbering old coach, I cannot conceive.

After a short wet drive across the Residens and Odean Platz and past the red *Wittelbacher Palais*, the palace where now lives the old King Ludwig, and which strange, red, Gothic pile is guarded by two enormous stone lions seated on each side of the gateway, into the Belgravia of Munich; we stopped at the house of the Baron von ——, a beautiful house. A tall, melancholy-looking footman ushered me in and to my delight I found there was no party. My spirits rose, I like Madame von ——, and

I knew it would be a charming evening. Having been received by another tall, melancholy servant at the top of the stairs, and conducted through a number of anti-rooms and pretty boudoirs, I found the lady of the house, and a tall aristocratic looking-man, with a very good-tempered German face, a very interesting, elegant young lady, and a lively, pretty little girl, sitting in a comfortable little drawing-room, comfortable though splendid. The walls were hung with pictures and rich velvet draperies; the sofas and chairs were covered with crimson velvet; there was gold everywhere; mirrors and tall vases of Bohemian glass and rich china. All was very costly, but the prints, and books, and pictures, and the pleasant lamp-light, and the kind, beaming faces of the group at the table, made me feel instantly at home and happy. The lovely young lady with the calm brow, like one of Eastlake's women, and those delicate taper fingers loaded with rings, was a relation of the Baroness, and the gentleman was her brother. They had travelled in England and Scotland, and were well read in English literature, of which they were very fond. We had a deal of pleasant talk, not only about old England, but about beautiful and interesting parts of Germany, with which, fortunately, I was acquainted; about books, and pictures, and Kaulbach, whose genius we all agreed in ranking so high.

Then came in tea on a rich silver tray, all so elegant and attractive, and the little cakes were so delicate, and the tea quite strong and fragrant, like English tea. And after our rude, though most poetical life, the calmness and propriety, and elegance, of this aristocratic existence had an unusual charm for me. I loved to look at the glossy hair of the aristocratic little girl, at her round arms—at the delicate hands of the young lady so imprisoned in her rings; they were to my fancy a sort of fairy creatures, who must ever live among gold and rich satin and perfume, and the idea of her ever walking in dust or mud, or in wet or darkness, was like the idea of an angel's wing being splashed with the mud of a London cab-wheel! No, there was an unusual *piquancy* in coming from our free, unconventional life, suddenly into a court-circle.

A CHURCH FESTIVAL.

One day lately, the streets were so gay with people, and the sun shone down into my very heart. I longed to be among trees and fields. I told my companion so; but she was thoroughly tired by her week's work, and preferred remaining at home. But, I thought, Why waste the beautiful day in sleep? And was there not a *Kirchweih* in the Au?—the church-festival of that beautiful church there. And thither I would go. I would not mind going there alone, but would leave my poor tired companion to sleep off her fatigue.

Through the gay streets I accordingly went, crowds of holiday people moving towards the Isar Gate, and over the bridge, and past the Folk's Theatre.

The Au suburb was all alive with dance, music sounding from the public-houses and gardens; the little balconies were unusually gay with flowers; all the Madonnas had clean cambric pocket-handkerchiefs put into their hands: how comic they looked holding their handkerchiefs like fine ladies at a ball! And by-the-by, in this suburb there are not a few *black* virgins, who are here regarded as peculiarly sacred. Numbers of little stalls were set out covered with *Kirchweih Nudle*, a very good sort of cold pudding. The open space in which the lovely Au church stands, was very gay, and under the acacia-trees, which form an avenue along one side of the square, hundreds of people were congregated.

Two streams of people were ascending and descending the church steps; so great, indeed, was the crowd, that I think I must have stood twenty minutes before I could gain admittance; they were principally peasants. When I did enter the church, it was along with peasant women, in their Tartar fur caps, and with rosary and prayer-book in hand, and with men in red or broad-striped waistcoats, and with long-skirted blue coats. And then how impressive was the sight! The air was heavy with incense; the graceful, slender, white columns rose up like the clustered stems of a palm-grove! The sun shone and glowed through the glorious painted windows. They represent the Virgin, Christ, and the Apostles, moving among groves, or quiet, solemn temples and halls, or relieving themselves against brilliant or pearly skies. In one compartment the Virgin, a child of twelve or thirteen, is taken by her parents to the High Priest. She kneels before him, and Joseph places the ring upon her finger. In another she sits with the infant Christ on her lap on the ass, on the journey towards Egypt. And in another division she is seen ascending to heaven. I knew that these windows were very beautiful, but it was only to-day that their full beauty burst upon me. The exquisite groups stained upon them, with their correct drawing, and rich draperies, are enclosed, as it were, in jewelled shrines; the upper portions of the window being filled with the most exquisite Gothic work of every brilliant colour, like the richest missal pages.

But if the windows excited my first attention, the people attracted my attention in the second place. All the seats were filled with devout peasants, and numbers stood. As the church, however, was large, there was no unpleasant crush. All was silent as death, except when, from the far end of the church, came the voices of children chaunting, or you caught the murmured words of the priest, as he raised the Host before the High Altar; and then the crowd responded with one deep, sonorous voice, which could alone be compared to the hoarse, monotonous, wild sound of billows, solemnly rolling inward to the shore,

—not when there is a rough sea, but when all is solemn and calm.

After a time, I left the church; and not being inclined to return home, and finding that all the music from the public-houses, and all the eating, and the dancing, were very inharmonious to my then state of mind, I wandered on towards the plain, and feasted my eyes on a view of the Alps, which to-day seemed fairly to have stalked towards Munich, so near did they seem,—of a tender, quiet, blue-grey, but their forms gigantic, stern, Alpine!

A "CELESTIAL" COFFEE-HOUSE.

Another evening, after a day of real hard work, when we were in a particularly cheerful mood, I suggested to my companion that, as all was so sunny and delicious, we would drink our coffee in a picturesque old orchard, which I had discovered in one of my exploratory expeditions through the suburb of St. Anna. It is a pretty walk this, through the suburb to the coffee-house orchard, which joins the English garden. You cross first the corner of a very large field, acres and acres of which are covered with huge heaps of timber—enormous pines, which have been floated down from the Alps. The tall trees of the English garden form a back-ground to the field; and then passing orchards, and cottages, and country houses, you arrive at the coffee-house, a bright white house, with a deal of pale sea-green paint about it, standing high, approached by a flight of steps, and having a kind of a Russian look. The orchard in which it stands, is a grand old orchard, full of old apple-trees, under which are some hundreds of seats. On the former occasions when I passed it, there must have been many hundred people drinking coffee there. On this evening, however, all was deserted,—so much so, in fact, that there was no coffee to be had. After resting, therefore, a few minutes under an apple-tree, we proceeded on our way, when, turning into the English Garden, behold! another coffee-house, a very small one peeping out from under the trees. "Coffee and Wine-house of the Kingdom of Heaven" (*Zum Hifnmel-nich*) was painted on an arched sign over the gate. So extraordinary an appellation could not be disregarded, however contrary to our English notions.

"Let us try how coffee tastes in the Kingdom of Heaven," said I; and in we went.

The Kingdom of Heaven, however, was also apparently deserted, except by a pair of lovers, —a young girl in a white dress, and a student in a scarlet cap and black velvet coat, and by a picturesque group of old peasants, men and women, who sat on a bench before the door, and drank beer; the student also drank beer, —the girl took nothing; she sat with her back turned towards him, and evidently looked very unhappy. I think they had just had a quarrel; what a shame to quarrel in the Kingdom of Heaven! I went into the house, and ordered coffee from a woman whom I met with a huge coffee mill in her hand. She said it should be ready in a minute, capital fresh coffee! So we seated ourselves at the end of a long verandah, which was covered with vines, at the end opposite to where the lovers were, and noticed all around us, to occupy the time till the coffee appeared. Coffee at length made its appearance,—vile coffee and peppery bread; and leaving the lovers still unreconciled, we bade adieu to the "Kingdom of Heaven," and betook ourselves home in the delicious twilight.

A GREAT DAY FOR THE DOCTORS.

The first of October is a great day for the doctors. The sportsman may look out for the same time, because then pheasant shooting begins; the farmer, because it suggests certain arrangements between malt and hops preliminary to Christmas and the comforts of long winter nights; the lawyer may take October the first as a hint of the gradual death of the long vacation, and the near advent of Term time and November the second—its writs and summonses, judgments and executions; the draper may regard it shrewdly, as affording a good time for a "frightful sacrifice," and an "extensive sale of autumn goods, preparatory to the commencement of the winter season." Each and all of these, and many more may have an interest in the first of October; but their claims are as nothing to that of the doctors. To the medical folks of these three kingdoms —but to those of London more pre-eminently —does the day especially belong. To them, it is the opening of a new year—the commencement of a new activity. On that day the great majority of them commenced their career as students: from that they date the years of preliminary reading, and lecturing, and hospital "walking," to be gone through before the terrible day of examination. Scattered over the globe they may be—and they are so scattered, much more than the men of other professions, the Navy alone excepted—yet the first of October always remains a sort of red-letter day in the mind of the Medicos.

It is a time suggestive of old thoughts and companions, old pranks, and old stories. Such feelings bring most of those who are within reach to the old scenes on the first of October; and hence, on that day, there is at the London medical schools an assemblage of doctors in all stages of growth—from the raw country student in green coat and highlows, to the staid hospital professor in black scholastic gown, through all the intermediate niceties of fast students and slow students, reading students with specs and note-books, and smoking-students with cigar-cases and imperials; the matter-of-fact workeys of the Borough, and the gentlemanly idlers of St. George's; the country doctor up for the day by rail; the suburban practitioner, who with

many misgivings has left his surgery at Islington or Hackney, in charge of the new apprentice; the West End ditto who drives up to the lecture-room in his trim gig, secure in the certainty that nobody will want him, because "nobody's in town yet;" and the easy dignified possessor of the prizes of medical life, a handsome equipage, and four or five thousands a year, the proceeds of aristocratic practice. All these varieties of the medical genus are drawn together by the subtle influence of this medical day. Not all into one party or one building, because the medical schools of the Metropolis are about a dozen in number; and each school has its set. But still they do congregate, as those who are curious about the matter may prove on any first of October, on any year hereafter.

The introductory lectures are the great signal for assembling; and of these there were delivered on the first of October just past, no less than a dozen. The discourses vary in character, of course; partly under the influence of the locality where delivered; partly in obedience to the calibre of the lecturer; and partly by the circumstances of the institution in which they are given in. Each large London hospital has its medical school; but the hospitals are very differently circumstanced in other respects. Two of them, Guy's and Bartholomew's, are enormously rich, having revenues told in tens of thousands a year arising from landed and other property, and they are therefore entirely independent of public subscriptions. Not many years ago, Guy's Hospital, very wealthy before, received, in one legacy left by a Mr. Hunt, two hundred thousand pounds! Bartholomew's enjoys the rents of houses in important City streets yearly rising in value. St. Thomas's Hospital has likewise extensive property; Middlesex Hospital enjoys endowments, particularly one of considerable extent, for the support of a ward for the reception and maintenance of unfortunate people afflicted with cancer. University College has recently been blessed by many handsome legacies; and St. George's, and Westminster, and the London, have incomes arising from independent property. The rents of the last three, however, are not to be compared with those of the huge institutions of the Borough and Smithfield; and they are compelled, therefore, to rely partly upon the means of support which their still less fortunate compeers at Charing Cross, the Gray's Inn Road, and King's College, have almost wholly to rely upon—the voluntary subscriptions of the charitable section of the public. The first of October in some respects varies in its aspects at these different places. At Bartholomew's, for instance, the audience numbers five or six hundred, or even more; because, after the lecture, the noble hall of that establishment is thrown open for a *soirée*, in which brilliant lights, abundant refreshments, servants, and a full assembly of medical dons, add many of the attractions of an evening party to those of a friendly scientific conclave, whilst poorer institutions can only offer the less sensual attractions of a discourse on science, and a friendly greeting.

The mental calibre of the various lecturers differs amazingly. Some of them have no higher notion for an "introductory" than a history of medicine, dug up bodily from an ancient edition of "Rees's Cyclopædia." When a teacher of this sort begins his harangue, the older hands among his audience look suspicious and uneasy. They know what is coming—the old threadbare story they have often slept over before about "Hippocrates, the father of Medicine,"—"the errors of the early writers,"—"the immortal labours of Vesalius,"—with a grand climax about the equally immortal John Hunter, and the blessing the students experience in being allowed to follow in the footsteps of that physiological genius. Another almost equally set form for an opening discourse, is when the lecturer thinks it "best to open the dawning session with a rapid glance over what has been done for science since we last met,"—appending a variety of incidental remarks upon men and hospitals at home and abroad; said remarks being invariably laudatory both of doctors in general and of medical institutions in particular. This style is deservedly more popular than the chapter from the Cyclopædia. A third species of discourse takes the sermonising form, and lectures "the young gentlemen we see assembled around us" upon the conduct most proper to be pursued during their career as students—prescribes a close attention to books and lectures, and undeviating attention "at the bedside" in the hospital.

The class of lecturers who adopt this mode are always favourably received if the good advice is supported by the career of the man who gives it, and if he speaks with sincerity and cleverness; but is pooh-poohed, very sincerely, if the speaker is a dummy, or his practice is known not to be in accordance with his precept. The most popular medical speechification of all, however, is that—not very often to be heard—of the eminently successful man who comes from the intensely busy life of full practice, fairly and honourably won, to speak of the opening career of the students whom the first of October calls together. Allowing the occasion to carry his thoughts back to the day when he himself was a young seeker for medical knowledge, such a teacher, feeling young again, lets his feelings out; and, in the confession of his own old thoughts, struggles and final successes, foreshadows what may be the life of any one of the hundreds who listen. The first sanguine anticipations; the growing difficulties; the disappointments; the crushing influence of the day when he is first driven to believe that finesse and quackery are constantly reaping the rewards that his sense of right suggests should be the prize of worth, honesty, and science. The struggle with igno-

rance—often with poverty and hope deferred—and then the final gradual triumph of patient desert, and its reward, in distinction, wealth, and the daily opportunities of lessening human pain and saving valuable lives. This happy climax charms all hearers. Each young listener makes the case his own, and, as his high-lows trample down the staircase when the lecture is over, he is thinking of the day when he is to step out of the hall of a sick duchess into a yellow chariot, to be driven round to a host of equally distinguished patients.

At times, but not so often as they might be, these opening medical addresses are enlivened by anecdotic morsels of human experience. One London lecturer who so enlivened his instructions, used to gain the hearts of his young hearers wholesale, especially when he encouraged them by telling how he, now the great hospital light, made blunders to begin with. One day he was describing his first attendance on a grand operation, at which a senior surgeon seeing him stand by, said, "Mr. ——, see if you can feel the artery." "I put my digit into the wound," confessed the future great operator, "and so probed it, but the examination gave me about as much information as if I had put my finger into the Atlantic to discover America."

But this great day for the doctors in all places at the present time presents a great contrast to things as they were, even in the memory of those who are now active and busy at such meetings; and as the change illustrates the age we live in, it may well be noticed.

Every living being—every man, woman, and child—endures a certain ascertained amount of sickness during life, for the alleviation of which, medical knowledge and skill is required. But medical efficiency in the treatment of disease cannot be gained unless the young doctor bases all his subsequent studies upon a thorough knowledge of the structure of the human body. This information can only be had by the use of the scalpel upon the dead. The very notion is apt to send a thrill through every nerve of those unaccustomed to regard the subject in a philosophical light. But the terms are absolute: no dissection—no knowledge. For generations, such means of information were forbidden to the student; and being denied by law, and abhorrent to popular feeling, the unlucky doctors had to run all sorts of risks, and to resort to all kinds of improper and disagreeable expedients to procure the means of teaching the art of the anatomist. Hence sprung up a race of "resurrection men," as they were called,—men who stole the bodies of the dead, to sell them to anatomical schools for dissection. Their robberies of the grave were carried on at great risks. The public detestation of the crime was so great, that when a clumsy or unlucky follower of it was detected, he had to fight for his life, or submit to be kicked and beaten, and trampled to death.

But the first of October is no longer preceded by the forays of the "resurrectionist;" no longer clouded by the lack of means for pursuing the branch of study on which the superstructure of medical knowledge must be raised. A population of two millions has ever some members dropping from the ranks solitary and unknown—the waifs and strays of society—without friends to know or to mourn their fate. Almost always paupers, often criminals, though their lives may have been useless, or worse, they seem to make, when the fitful struggle is over, some atonement after death. The wreck of their former selves is offered at the shrine of science for a while, and when thereafter they are gathered to the kindred dust of the graveyard, they may sleep none the less calmly for having contributed no mean help to the advancement of that branch of human knowledge which has its annual ovation on the first of October—the great day for the doctors.

THE GHOST THAT APPEARED TO MRS. WHARTON.

When my mother was a girl, some rumours began to steal through the town where she lived, about something having gone amiss with old Mrs. Wharton: for, if Mrs. Wharton was not known by all the townspeople, she was known and respected by so many, that it was really no trifle when she was seen to have the contracted brow, and the pinched look about the nose that people have when they are in alarm, or living a life of deep anxiety. Nobody could make out what was the matter. If asked, she said she was well. Her sons were understood to be perfectly respectable, and sufficiently prosperous; and there could be no doubt about the health, and the dutifulness, and the cheerfulness, of the unmarried daughter who lived with her. The old lady lived in a house which was her own property; and her income, though not large, was enough for comfort. What could it be that made her suddenly so silent and grave? Her daughter was just the same as ever, except that she was anxious about the change in her mother. It was observed by one or two that the clergyman had nothing to say, when the subject was spoken of in his hearing. He rolled and nodded his head, and he glanced at the ceiling, and then stuck his chin deep into his shirt-frill: but those were things that he was always doing, and they might mean nothing. When inquired of about his opinion of Mrs. Wharton's looks and spirits, he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, as he stood before the fire with his hands behind him, and said, with the sweet voice and winning manner that charmed young and old, that, as far as he knew, Mrs. Wharton's external affairs were all right; and, as for peace of mind, he knew of no one who more deserved

it. If the course of her life, and the temper of her mind did not entitle her to peace within, he did not know who could hope for it. Somebody whispered that it would be dreadful if a shocking mortal disease should be seizing upon her: whereupon he, Mr. Gurney, observed that he thought he should have known if any such thing was to be apprehended. As far as a fit of indigestion went, he believed she suffered occasionally; but she did not herself admit even that. Dr. Robinson, who was present, said that Mrs. Wharton's friends might be quite easy about her health. She was not troubled with indigestion, nor with any other complaint. People could only go on to ask one another what could be the matter. One or two agreed that Mr. Gurney had made very skilful answers, in which he was much assisted by his curious customary gestures; but that he had never said that he did not know of any trouble being on Mrs. Wharton's mind.

Soon after this, a like mysterious change appeared to come over the daughter; but no disasters could be discovered to have happened. No disease, no money losses, no family anxieties were heard of; and, by degrees, both the ladies recovered nearly their former cheerfulness and ease of manner,—nearly, but not altogether. They appeared somewhat subdued, in countenance and bearing; and they kept a solemn silence when some subjects were talked of, which often turn up by the Christmas fireside. It was years before the matter was explained. My mother was married by that time, and removed from her smoky native town, to a much brighter city in the south. She used to tell us, as we grew up, the story of Mrs. Wharton, and what she endured; and we could, if we had not been ashamed, have gone on to say, as if we had still been little children, "tell us again." When we were going into the north to visit our grandparents, it was all very well to tell us of coal-waggons that we should see running without horses, or iron rails laid down in the roads; and of the keelmen rowing their keelboats in the river, and all at once kicking up their right legs behind them, when they gave the long pull; and of the glass-houses in the town, with fire coming out of the top of the high chimneys; and of the ever-burning mounds near the mouths of the coal-pits, where blue and yellow flames leaped about, all night, through the whole year round. It was all very well to think of seeing these things; but we thought much more of walking past old Mrs. Wharton house, and perhaps inducing Mr. Gurney to tell us, in his way, the story we had so often heard my mother tell in hers.

The story was this.

One Midsummer morning Mrs. Wharton was so absent at breakfast, that her daughter found all attempts at conversation to be in vain. So she quietly filled the coffee-pot, which her mother had forgotten to do, and in the middle of the forenoon ordered dinner, which she found her mother had also forgotten. They had just such a breakfasting three times more during the next fortnight. Then, on Miss Wharton crossing the hall, she met her mother in bonnet and shawl, about to go out, so early as half-past nine. The circumstance would not have been remarked, but for the mother's confused and abashed way of accounting for going out. She should not be gone long. She had only a little call to make, and so on. The call was on Mr. Gurney. He had hardly done breakfast, when he was told that Mrs. Wharton wished to speak with him alone.

When he entered the study, Mrs. Wharton seemed to be as unready with her words as himself; and when he shook hands with her, he observed that her hand was cold. She said she was well, however. Then came a pause during which the good pastor was shifting from one foot to the other, on the hearth-rug, with his hands behind him, though there was nothing in the grate but shavings. Mrs. Wharton, meantime, was putting her veil up and down, and her gloves on and off. At last, with a constrained and painful smile, she said that she was really ashamed to say what she came to say, but she must say it; and she believed and hoped that Mr. Gurney had known her long enough to be aware that she was not subject to foolish fancies and absurd fears.

"No one further from it," he dropped, and now he fixed his eyes on her face. Her eyes fell under his, when she went on.

"For some time past, I have suffered from a most frightful visitation in the night."

"Visitation! What sort of visitation?"

She turned visibly cold while she answered "It was last Wednesday fortnight that I awoke in the middle of the night—that is between two and three in the morning, when it was getting quite light, and I saw—"

She choked a little, and stopped.

"Well!" said Mr. Gurney, "What did you see?"

"I saw at the bottom of the bed, a most hideous—a most detestable face—gibbering, and making mouths at me."

"A face!"

"Yes; I could see only the face (except, indeed, a hand upon the bedpost), because it peeped round the bedpost from behind the curtain. The curtains are drawn down to the foot of the bed."

She stole a look at Mr. Gurney. He was rolling his head; and there was a working about his mouth before he asked—

"What time did you sup that night?"

"Now," she replied, "you are not going to say, I hope, that it was nightmare. Most people would; but I hoped that you knew me better than to suppose that I eat such suppers as would occasion nightmare, or that I should not know nightmare from reality."

"But, my dear Mrs. Wharton, what else can I say?"

"Perhaps you had better listen further, before you say anything."

He nodded and smiled, as much as to say that was true.

"I have seen the same appearance on three occasions since."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, on three several nights, about the same hour. And, since the first appearance, my supper has been merely a little bread and butter, with a glass of water. I chose to exclude nightmare, as I would exclude anything whatever that could possibly cause an appearance so horrible."

"What sort of face is it?"

"Short and broad;—silly, and yet sly; and the features gibber and work,—Oh! fearfully!"

"Do you hear it come and go?"

"No. When I wake—(and I never used to wake in the night)—it is there: and it disappears—to say the truth—while my eyes are covered; for I cannot meet its eyes. I hear nothing. When I venture a glance, sometimes it is still there; sometimes it is gone."

"Have you missed any property?"

"No: nor found any trace whatever. We have lost nothing; and there is really not a door or window that seems ever to have been touched: not an opening where any one could get in or out."

"And if there were, what could be the object?—What does your daughter say to it?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Wharton, rising quickly, "she does not, and indeed she must not know a word of it. I ought to have said, at first, that what I am telling you is entirely in confidence. If I told my daughter, it must then go no further. We could not keep our servants a week, if it got out. And if I should want to let my house, I could not find a tenant. The value of the property would go down to nothing; and, in justice to my daughter, I must consider that: for it is to be hers hereafter. And we could never have a guest to stay with us. No one would sleep in the house a single night. Indeed, you must not . . . . ."

"Well, well: I will not mention it. But I don't see . . . . ."

He paused; and Mrs. Wharton replied to his thought.

"It is difficult to form conjectures,—to say anything, in such a case, which does not appear too foolish to be uttered. But one must have some thoughts; and perhaps—if one can talk of possibilities—it is possible that this appearance may be meant for me alone; and therefore, if I can conceal it from my daughter . . . . . till I am convinced whether it is meant for me alone . . . . ."

"I would soon try that," observed Mr. Gurney. Seeing Mrs. Wharton look wistfully at him, he continued,

"My advice is that you have your daughter sleep with you, after hearing your story. Try whether she can see this face."

"You do not think she would?"

"I think she would not.—My dear friend, if I were a medical man, I could tell you facts which you are little aware of,—anecdotes of the strange tricks that our nerves play with us;—of delusions so like reality . . . . ."

"Do you think I have not considered that?" exclaimed the poor lady. "Mr. Gurney, I did not think that *you* would try to persuade me out of my senses, when I tell you, that four times I have seen in daylight, and when wide awake, and in perfect health, what I have said."

Mr. Gurney was very gentle; but, as he said, what *could* he suggest but indigestion, or some such cause of nervous disturbance? Yet his heart smote him when his old friend laid her forehead against the mantel-piece, and cried heartily.

He did all he could. He tried indefatigably, though in vain, to persuade her to let her daughter share the spectacle: and he went, the same day, when Miss Wharton was out for her walk, and the servants were at dinner, to examine the house. He made no discovery. The gratings of the under-ground cellars were perfect. The attics had no trap-doors; and the house had no parapet. The chimneys were too high and narrow for any one to get in at the top. No window or door was ever found unfastened in the morning. Mrs. Wharton did not think she could engage for courage enough to get out of bed, or to look beyond the curtains. Nor could she promise not to draw her curtains. The face had never appeared within them; and they seemed a sort of protection where there was no other.

Without having made any promises, she went so far as to start up in bed, the next time she saw the face. The eyes winked horribly at her; the head nodded—and was gone. The beating of her heart prevented her hearing anything that time; but once or twice during the autumn she fancied she heard a light and swift footstep in the passage. She always left her room-door open, for the sake of the same sort of feeling of security that most people crave when they shut and bolt theirs. If this was a ghost, bolts would not keep it out; and she could fly the more easily through the open door if her terror should become too great to be endured alone. For the first time, she now burned a night-light in her chamber, as the nights lengthened, and not a dim, flickering rush candle, but a steady wax-light. She knew that her daughter wondered at the strange extravagance; but she could not bear darkness, or a very feeble light, when the thing might be behind the curtain.

Throughout October the visits were almost nightly. In the first week in November they suddenly ceased; and so many weeks passed away without a return, that Mrs. Wharton

began to be a little alarmed about her own wits, and to ask herself whether, after all, it was not possible that this was a trick of the nerves. One night in January, that doubt, at least, was settled; for there, at the same bedpost, was the same face. Mrs. Wharton was now, after this interval, subdued at once. She had borne, for half-a-year, her pastor's suspicions of her digestion and of her wisdom, and now, she really wanted sympathy. She let him tell her daughter (let him, rather than tell it herself, because he could make light of it, and she could not); and she gladly agreed to let her daughter sleep with her. For long, she gained nothing by it. During the whole fortnight that the visits now continued, Miss Wharton never once saw the face. She tried to wake the moment her mother touched her; she tried to keep awake; but she never saw the face: and after that fortnight, it did not come again till April.

One bright May dawn, she saw it. Her mother pulled her wrist, and, she waked up to a sight which burned itself in upon her brain. She suppressed a shriek at the moment; but she could not tell Mr. Gurney of it afterwards, without tears. She wanted that day to leave the house immediately; but the thought of her mother's long-suffering with this horror, the consideration of the serious consequences of declaring themselves ghost-seers in the town, and of the disastrous effect upon their property, and of the harmlessness of the ghost, induced her to summon up her courage, and bear on. She did more. When a little inured, she one night sprang out of bed, rushed round the foot of it, and out upon the landing. The stairs were still dim in the dawn; but she was confident that she saw something moving there — passing down to the hall. As soon as she could make the servants attend her, she told them she believed somebody was in the house; and all the four women—two ladies and two maids—went, armed with pokers and shovels, and examined the whole house. They found nothing, neither in the chimneys, nor under the beds, nor in any closet—nothing, from cellar to attic. And when the maids had recovered a little, they agreed what a tiresome and wearying thing it was when ladies took fancies. This was only their first night of disturbance. Miss Wharton called them up three times more; and then she gave the matter up. The servants thought her strangely altered, and wished she might not be going to be ill.

Thus matters went on for some years. The oddest thing was the periodicity of the visits. In winter they were rare; but there was generally a short series in or about January, after which they ceased till the end of March, or the beginning of April. They went on through nearly the whole summer, with one or two intervals of about a fortnight. The servants never suspected even the existence of the mystery. Their ladies never mentioned it; and no article was ever displaced at night. The ladies became in time so accustomed to the appearance as to bear it almost without uneasiness. It occurred to them sometimes, how odd it was to be living under the weight of such a mystery; and they were silent when ghosts were talked about, and felt and looked very serious when they were laughed at: but their alarm had subsided. The Thing never did them any harm; and they had now got merely to open drowsy eyes, to see if it was there; and to drop asleep the moment it was there no longer. This may seem strange to those who have not (and also to those who have,) seen ghosts; but we none of us know what we may come to; and these two ladies reached the point of turning their heads on their pillows, without much beating of the heart, under the gibbering of a hideous ghost.

One circumstance worth noting is, that the Thing once spoke. After one of its mocking nods, it said, "I come to see you whenever I please." When Mr. Gurney was told this, he asked whether the language was English, and what sort of English it was. It must have been English, as the ladies did not observe anything remarkable. As to the dialect, it had made no particular impression upon them, but when they came to remember and consider, they thought it must have been the broad dialect of the district, which they were accustomed to hear in the kitchen, and in the streets and shops, every day. This was all. Amidst the multitude of nightly visitations, no explanation—no new evidence—occurred for several years. Mr. Gurney was not fond of being puzzled. His plan was to dismiss from his mind what puzzled him. He seldom inquired after the ghost; and when he did, he always received the same answer.

One morning, after this lapse of years, Mr. Gurney called to ask the ladies if they would like to join a party to see a glasshouse. The residents of manufacturing towns cannot intrude in such places at their own pleasure, but (as is well known) take their opportunity when an arrival of strangers, or other such occasion, opens the doors of any manufactory. Mr. Gurney was the first man in the town, in regard to doing the honours of it. All strangers were introduced to him; and the doors of all show-places flew open before him. He was wont to invite his friends in turn to accompany him and his party of strangers to these show-places; and he now invited the Whartons to the glasshouse. Miss Wharton was unavoidably engaged at the school, but her mother went.

When the whole party were standing near one of the furnaces, observing the coarsest kind of glass blowing—that of green-glass bottles—Mrs. Wharton suddenly seized Mr. Gurney's arm with one hand, while with the other she pointed, past the glare, to a figure on the other side of the furnace.

"That's the face!" she exclaimed, in great agitation; "Keep quiet, and pull down your

veil," said Mr. Gurney in her ear. She drew back into the shadow, and let down her veil, feeling scarcely able to stand. Mr. Gurney did not offer her an arm; he had something else to do.

"Who is that man?" he inquired of the foreman, who was showman at the moment. The man inquired about looked scarcely human. He was stunted in figure, large in face, and hideous,—making all allowance for the puffing out of his cheeks, as he blew vigorously at the end of the long pipe he was twirling in his baboon-like hands.

"That poor fellow, sir? His name is Middleton. He is a half-wit,—indeed, very nearly a complete idiot. He is just able to do what you see—blow the coarsest sort of glass."

Mr. Gurney wished to speak with him; and the poor creature was summoned. He came, grinning; and he grinned yet more when he was requested to show the glass-house to the gentleman. Mrs. Wharton, with her veil down, hung on her friend's arm; and they followed the idiot, who was remarkably light-footed (for a wonder), to the place he was most fond of. He took them down to the annealing chamber; and then he observed that it was "a nice warm place o' nights." Being asked how he knew that, he began pointing with his finger at Mrs. Wharton, and peeping under her bonnet. Being advised to look him in the face, she raised her veil; and he sniggled and giggled, and said he had seen her many a time when she was asleep, and many a time when she was awake; and another lady too, who was not there. He hid himself down here when the other men went away—it was so warm! and then he could go when he pleased, and see "*her* there," and the other, when they were asleep. Mr. Gurney enticed him to whisper how he managed it; and then, with an air of silly cunning, he showed a little square trap-door in the wall, close by the floor, through which he said he passed. It seemed too small for the purpose; but he crept in and out again. On the other side, he declared, was Mrs. Wharton's cellar. It was so. Far distant as the glasshouse seemed from her house, it ran back so far, the cellar running back also, that they met. No time was lost in sending round to the cellar; and, by a conversation held through the trap-door, it was ascertained that when Mrs. Wharton's stock of coals was low, that is, in summer, and before a fresh supply came in in mid-winter, Middleton could get in, and did get in, almost every night. When he did not appear, it was only because the coals covered the trap-door.

Who shall say with what satisfaction the ladies watched the nailing up of the trap-door, and with what a sense of blissful comfort they retired to rest henceforth? Who shall estimate the complacency of the good clergyman at this complete solution of the greatest mystery he had ever encountered? Who will not honour the courage and fortitude of the ladies, and rejoice that their dwelling escaped the evil reputation of being a Haunted House? Lastly, who will not say that most of the goblin tales extant may, if inquired into, be as easily accounted for as that appertaining to the good Mrs. Wharton; which has this advantage over all other ghost stories:—it is perfectly and literally true.

CHIPS.

A VOICE FROM A "QUIET" STREET.

SIR,—Your article in a recent number, on the subject of street music, was very good as far as it went. But I have this fault to find with it, that it leaves untouched a series of nuisances which are much more awful and heart-rending than those which it attempts to describe. Somebody must start up to be the Cobden of these abuses. Somebody must arise to put them down, or perish in the attempt. I venture to offer myself on the shrine of my suffering country.

Three days ago, Sir, I returned to town with my friend and *collaborateur*, Jones. We are writing a three act drama of intense and appalling interest; and have, for certain reasons, been spending a fortnight in Paris. On our return to London we agreed to pick out some quiet lodging where, undisturbed by the roaring of cabs and omnibuses, we might continue our work without molestation. For this purpose, we fixed upon one of the streets running from the Strand to the river, which by their quiet air and secluded appearance, invite the attention of the passer-by, and seem to promise an eternal repose. It may not be generally known that in some of these streets—I allude, of course, to Craven Street, Norfolk Street, Cecil Street, and their parallels—grass actually grows. In Cecil Street we secured a convenient two-pair front; and, moving in there with our carpet-bags, indulged in dreams of the success which we were about to achieve. We drew out the career of the ruffian, killed him at the end of the third act, made puns for the comic characters, wept over the suffering heroine, and determining to set to work betimes the next morning, went to bed early.

Well, Sir, no sooner had the breakfast things been cleared away, and we were engaged upon the opening scene—a chorus of Peasants and Peasantesses, I need hardly say—than we were alarmed by a frightful noise outside the window. It was impossible to continue our work while it lasted, so I went to the window to see what was the matter. Will it be believed? Three individuals were standing on each other's heads, and from each of the arms of the topmost, two infants of tender years were suspended. A mob of butcher boys, servant-maids, policemen, and other unemployed persons, were shouting with rapturous applause around them. The imminent peril of our melodrama demanded that we should do

something vigorous. We accordingly sent out the servant-of-all-work, as a deputation, with a shilling, and a request that they would "move on," as there was a gentleman in the house afflicted with lumbago. It had the desired effect—the donative, not the message—and we thought we were free.

Fallacious hope!

We had scarcely set to work again, and had got one of the peasants in the drama upon his knees, offering a rose to his beloved, and pointing to a distant cottage on the Rhine, when a more terrible noise invaded our ears. This time it was a "Punch," to which a retired half-pay officer and his family in the first-floor front are partial, and which had come, by their express orders, to perform in front of the house. The *habitués* of this kind of exhibition, gathered round in dense array to witness their favourite performance, and there we were, stopped again for a full half-hour. But everything must have an end, and the "Punch" at length departed amidst our suppressed maledictions. With difficulty, indeed, was my heroic friend Jones prevented from rushing out and administering a kick to the dog Toby who, with a pipe in his mouth, had added ten-fold to our agony, and contributed to the horror which, for my part, I have always felt for precocious animals.

Well, Sir, we had no sooner congratulated ourselves on the termination of this disgraceful scene, when an individual habited in a Turkish garb came into the street, to swallow a sword and to balance a walking-stick on his copper-coloured nose. Neither sixpences, nor shillings, nor protestations, could get rid of this infernal Oriental, who—in perfectly good English—informed us that he had not been that way for a whole fortnight, and that he really *must* perform. It was in vain that we requested him to retire—if not to his own country, and the smiling babes he had left behind him either in Damascus or in Houndsditch—at all events, lower down the street. He was inexorable, and for full twenty minutes large pebbles and other heavy articles seemed to disappear down his capacious throat, and were brought up again before our reluctant eyes.

He was succeeded by a Hindoo chieftain who danced the national war-dance, howling at the same time the national war-song—upon a deal plank, two feet square.

I shall not prolong this painful subject much further. At half-past one, we had a Fantoccini; at three, a performance of Ethiopian serenaders; at four, a select band of Scottish youths, to execute the fling; interspersed at intervals with barrel-organs, organs upon wheels, brass bands, violinists, flute-players, and every other kind of known and unknown musicians. Now, Sir, just to show you the effect that these accursed artists have had upon one of the most promising dramatic pieces of the season, take this passage as I find it written in my MS.:—

Bertram. Beloved Anna, cast not upon me that contemptuous look. The false Ferdinand loves thee not. Oh! say, charmer, wilt thou be mine?

Anna (sobbing tenderly). Curse that Turk!!

I could put up with barrel-organs. I could bring myself to suffer, almost without repining, under "Lucy Long." I could even endure "Trab Trab." But to be molested with these Punches and Eastern performers is too much for me. To watch one of these Aborigines (I suppose I ought to say an Aborigo) tearing his hair and making pretence to munch his enemies; to hear the particulars of the last half-dozen burglaries and murders shouted under my very nose; to listen to a man and six small children bellowing at the tops of their stentorian voices that they have not partaken of food for three days, and are ready to drop down with exhaustion. All this is too much for me. It occasions, in the sensitive mind of a melo-dramatist, a degree of phrenzy that makes him ready to tear his hair, like the Aborigo; to yell, like the whooping Indian; to drop down, like the fatherless and motherless children and their exhausted but strong-voiced parents.

Is there no law, Sir, to protect these unhappy streets from the vagrants who infest them? No international treaty to compel Oriental nations to keep their jugglers and curiosities to themselves? No untenanted patent-theatre where Punch and Judy, and Fantoccini, might find a secure retreat? No policeman lying in ambush in a larder, ready to spring out upon the offenders?

My mind is made up. I shall take a lodging in the most cab-frequented street that I can find, and compose my master-piece there.

Even as I write, and the shades of evening are stealing upon me, I observe an individual advancing slowly out of the Strand with a huge drum and a fife. Two other miscreants are following him, wrapped up in large great-coats. A secret presentiment tells me that the wretches are about to throw off their great-coats and stand upon their heads in front of my window. I can, consequently, write no more, but must remain,

Sir,

Your very obedient and afflicted Servant,

JOHN SMITH, *Dramatic Author.*

Cecil Street, Strand.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS*."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE COW WITH THE IRON TAIL.

It was four o'clock in the morning,—and the Cow with the Iron Tail prepared for the duties of the day with her accustomed stolidity. Standing bolt upright, at the end of a dusky court-yard, where day-break found it very difficult to penetrate, she submitted to the seizure of her iron tail by a sturdy Welsh girl, and as it was raised up and down, she spouted forth from her innocent nozzle a conscientious stream of water into the unconscientious vessels of Mr. William Yawl, the dairyman, whose neat little shop was situated at a convenient distance. This shop, or dairy, had a low-fronted window, in which were seen several tin cans, ranged round a small slanting board, whereon appeared the portrait of a red and white cow, between whose legs and the window glass was thrust a little basket, containing five eggs and a cobweb. A geranium, with a few dusty leaves and a very red pot, was placed in the background. Over the ledge of the door stood a small field-gate, originally painted white, but being made of tin, it had several stains of rust running down the bars, and had also lost somewhat of its original shape and attitude. Into this door came hurrying a Welsh girl, with two wooden pails, just filled from the Cow with the Iron Tail, standing bolt upright in Pump Court, Skarton's Buildings, High Holborn. The girl was soon followed by a boy, who brought a large pitcher full of water. He jostled the girl in the narrow passage, as she was bustling forth again with her pails for a fresh supply; and this went on until the quantity required had been obtained.

Between the Dairy of Mr. William Yawl and Pump Court, there intervened an alley, a mews, and a narrow street. At the corner of the latter, and commanding a peep down the alley, and a squint round the mews, perched the thin, three-windowed house—one window standing on the top of another—of Mr. Tim Slivers, the barber, whose blue-and-white sign-pole projected from his second window, so as to attract customers at right angles, acute angles, obtuse angles, and from over-the-way. Mr. Yawl's water business being over, he had hurried off to Newgate Market, and was now on his way back, at long strides, with something large and soft, carefully folded up in a bundle-handkerchief. When, as he was passing the corner just described, out bolted Mr. Tim Slivers upon him—though the shutters of his shop were not down—and seized him by the coat-tail.

"Stop!" said Tim.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Slivers," said Yawl, much startled and embarrassed; "I did not think you ever got up so soon."

"Never you mind about that," answered Mr. Slivers, keeping his hold on the coat-tail. "I'm up too early for you, it seems;" and he gave a knowing, and rather malicious smiling look at the large, soft bundle under Mr. Yawl's right arm.

"What do you mean?" cried the alarmed dairyman.

"Just this," said Mr. Slivers. "You've left my easy-shaving shop for the oyster-knife scraping of Podgy Green, and I won't stand it. Mark that! One thing more,"—and Mr. Tim Slivers raised his forefinger—"I'll peach!" Uttering this dreadful word, he lowered the tip of his forefinger, and, poking it deep into the surface of the yielding bundle, gave a wicked grin, and ran back into his dark doorway.

The face of Mr. William Yawl turned as pale as one of his own milk-pans, as he stood, staring stupidly at the dark doorway into which Slivers had just skipped out of sight. He next looked down at his bundle, glancing all over it, to see if any aperture had betrayed its contents. No aperture of any kind was visible, and he slowly turned aside, and bent his way to his Dairy with oppressed and anxious feelings. His batch of milk sent out that morning was a failure: it was more than usual in quantity, but not of its usual good colour, and had, if attentively considered before mixing it in tea or coffee, a very queer, and, to the uninitiated, an inexplicable twang. Apprehension—nervousness—that was the cause of it.

Mr. Yawl was unable to eat any breakfast; and after many hesitations during an hour and a-half, he bent his tremulous steps towards the threatening pole of Mr. Tim Slivers, and entering the shop, announced, with a foolish smile, intended to be easy and cordial, that he had come to be shaved.

"So then, at last, you really do want shaving," said Mr. Slivers, assiduously continuing

his work of stropping a razor, which was effected by means of a long strop, the top of which was nailed half-way up the wall, while he held the other end in his hand, drawing out the leather to the proper angle of tension.

"Yes," replied Mr. Yawl, putting up his hand to his chin, with a weak attempt at understanding the irony of Mr. Slivers in a literal sense, "Yes, Sir; I think I do."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, then, now I'm ready for you. Sit down. Lean back. Easy, you know, as usual. Don't sit so stiff. There—quite with your back against the back of the shaving-chair. My lather's not hot—don't flinch. So—ah—ahem! Cold morning, this morning—early, I mean." Here he adjusted the white cloth beneath his patient's chin.

"Yes," said Mr. Yawl; "it *was* rather cold;—not so very, neither."

"Butchers' markets usually is cold," remarked Mr. Slivers, tucking the cloth in round the throat, "'specially in the early part of the morning. So much stone, and wet. Ahem! Hope you got a good lot of sheep's brains?"

"Sheep's nonsense! What do you mean, Mr. Slivers?"

"What you had in your bundle, this morning. I felt 'em, you know—poked my finger into the soft plumpness of the hangkercher. I know'd it was sheep's brains, directly I saw you."

"No such thing, Sir!" said Mr. Yawl, trying to look bold and offended, and avoiding the advancing hand of his operator.

"Well, bullocks', then."

"No, Mr. Slivers, nor bullocks', neither. Why should I—" There he stopped.

"Then," said Mr. Slivers, with a confident tone, beginning to apply the lather, "it was calves'—yes, calves' brains for breakfast, and a good thing too, ain't they?"

"For those who like them," replied Mr. Yawl guardedly.

"We must learn to like them, anyhow," said the persevering barber, "both at breakfast and tea, considering we can't get our milk good without some such thing. Come, I know all about it."

"I don't care what you know," said poor Mr. Yawl, his face becoming as white and quivering as curds and whey; "it's nothing to me what other dairymen do."

"'Course not; you can't help what they do. I say so. Hold up your chin! They send to the Cow with the Iron Tail, and they mix a pint at least—some on 'em a pint and a-half, or more—to every quart of milk. Hold up your chin a leetle higher. Then the milk, you know, looks too thin, so they beats up the brains in a mortar—calves' brains is best, because it comes nearer to the nature of a cow—and when they are well worked up, and mixed with the milk, they give it the thickness it has lost, and restore its colour. Chin up—I can't cleverly get at you, if you point your nose down at your toe, in that way. Then, there's some as uses chalk, or whiting, to whiten the water they put; and flour, starch, and size, to keep up the substance, and perwent the 'milk' from looking thin; and lastly, they go to a secret doctor's, and buy a set of dusky orange-red balls, made of mysterious stuff, which, being well worked round, melts gradually, and gives the nice yellowish tint what's wanted. And I *have* heard—I accuse nobody in particular—that when a nice froth is wanted to the top, they sometimes throw in a number of snails, stir them round and round, and then strain them off, so that nobody's none the wiser."

"As I hope to be saved," exclaimed Mr. Yawl, "I never did any such thing; and I'd send away any servant or boy of mine, as hinted at such—that I would." And Mr. Yawl rose to his full height, with the white cloth still close round his throat, and hanging down.

"Don't get up!" cried Mr. Slivers, "seizing his victim by the shoulders, and bumping him down upon the hard, wooden-seated chair, "Why do you get up?"

"Why, have'nt you done both sides?" inquired Mr. Yawl.

"Yes; to be sure I have;" said Mr. Slivers, wiping his patient's face with a wet towel; "but your hair is in a shocking state—quite neglected—all comes of your leaving me for that infamous quack, Podgy Green, because he took more milk of you. Now, sit still. You must be cut and curled."

Mr. William Yawl groaned inwardly, and repeated to himself a melo-dramatic line he had recently heard at a [illegible] theatre—"I am—I feel it—in this [illegible] power!"

"You, see," pursued Mr. [illegible] Slivers, applying his large comb [illegible] composure, and opening the jaws of his scissors to their full width, as he stood astride in front of his man, "You see, it can't be pure milk as we all drink, and I'll show you how it can't be. Say there's two millions and more of us here in London, and suppose each person, on the average, takes half-a-pint of milk a-day—"

"But they don't do it," [illegible] Mr. Yawl, "that's much too high a [illegible]. Half-a-pint!—I wish they did."

"And so they do," proceeded the unconquerable Slivers; "there's tea and coffee in the morning—good; and there's tea and coffee in the evening—good. But besides this—mind, I said one with another—there's bread-and-milk for breakfast, and pap, and bottles of milk for hinfants, and there's pies and puddings, and cakes, blue-mange and custards, and soups and sauces, and diet for the sick, and curds and whey, and milk punch, and rum-and-milk—nice thing, you know—and sometimes a bath of milk, for them as can't swallow;—nourishment gets through the pores, by [illegible] the [illegible] of the scissors with the last word, and down

fell a great tuft of Mr. William Yawl's hair upon the upper leather of his left boot.

Mr. Yawl looked down at the tuft of hair, but said nothing.

"Pray, how many milch cows are there among all the cowkeepers that supply milk for all London?" next demanded Mr. Slivers.

"A great many," replied Yawl, brightening up, "I dare say a matter of twenty thousand."

"Now," proceeded Slivers, again gathering up a still larger tuft of hair to his comb, and expanding the blades of the scissors to their utmost gape, "now, half-a-pint a day for two millions of people amounts to five hundred thousand quarts; to obtain which we must have fifty thousand cows, each producing, on an average, ten quarts a day. So, you see, according to Corker, we're thirty thousand cows short of our proper complement—and the milk of all these has to be supplied by the Cow with the Iron—Tail, my boy!"—and off went the second great tuft of hair, and fell close beside his shorn companion on the boot.

"And pray, where did you learn all this?" enquired Mr. Yawl, in a quailing voice. "Who told you all these things?—though it's nothing to me, you know—I'm not a cow-keeper."

"To be sure you ain't. I know that very—very—very"—(here Mr. Slivers performed a straddle-dance round his victim, operating most vigorously with his comb and scissors)—very—very well, you see. But there's a knowing old fellow comes here to be shaved twice a week, and I was telling him of your leaving me for old Podgy Green, and so we got a-talking of milk and cows, and then he blew up the whole concern."

"This was Corker, as you spoke of, I suppose; he'd better have minded his own business," said Mr. Yawl.

"No," retorted Slivers, making his scissors gape up to the very eye, "it was not Corker; it was old Dignum, your landlord, to whom you owe [illegible] quarters' rent,"—and clash went the [illegible] in their final performance.

It was [illegible] Mr. Yawl did owe three quarters; [illegible] moodily speculating on [illegible] bunches, and short ends of [illegible] lay scattered around his boots, while [illegible] amused himself by twisting up [illegible] paper with a pair of hot curling-[illegible].

"Bless you," resumed the inexorable barber, "what I have said is [illegible] a hundredth part of what old Dignum told me. The management of London cows is certainly very curious—and heddyfying."

"You know I'm [illegible] cow-keeper!" interrupted Mr. Yawl, with a look of alarm.

"I know you're [illegible]," said Mr. Slivers—"don't flinch so!—the [illegible] ain't too hot. I am aware as you don't keep cows, and don't know much of such things as I'm going to tell you; but you ought to know—it's very much your [illegible] to know. Don't flinch so, I say. First, as to the purchase. Poor, lean, mangy, over-druv, feverish cows are bought cheap at Smithfield. That's bad, to begin with, ain't it? But suppose the cows as are bought, turn out to be decent kind of animals, mark what sort of life they soon have to lead. A great number of the London milch cows live in dark, damp dens, under stone arches near the Thames. In one of these ranges forty or fifty cows are packed, in a space not large enough for a dozen; the shed is lit with gas, which adds to the hot steam of the breath and the hides of the cows; and the ventilation they get is by means of a hole, of less than one foot square, in the wall of the lane that leads to the halfpenny steam-boats. Maybe you don't know where that is?"

"I don't know as I do," murmured poor Mr. Yawl.

"I thought not. Well, that's one of the kind of places they live in. Other cow-keepers have sets of cellars, and other underground places; others pack them in yards, dirty lanes, or any holes and corners, and often in company with swine—and the hoffensive hodours are enough to pyson all the neighbourhood. When cows live in dark dens, or filthy yards, in the worst of company, or else with their smooth, hinnocent noses close up against dead walls—with all manner of the foulestest accumulations, no drainage, and no atom of wentilation—all of which causes diseases, sich as mange, and other skin diseases, besides consumption, and a bad foot, so bad, sometimes, that the hoof rots off—what sort of milk are such miserable hanimals as them likely to perdooce?"

"*My* cow-keeper's cows don't live in such places," interposed Mr. Yawl, with an effort to rally; "they live in proper sheds, with plenty of air, good drainage, and lots to eat."

"Oh, no doubt—certainly—the milk that comes to you, Mr. Yawl, is quite good—very good indeed—in the first instance—[illegible]—but I was alluding to London cows as they are for the most part. Then, you talk of eating! What sort of food do most of the den-kept, unaired, undrained hanimals get? If you don't know, I'll tell you. London cows, for the most part, are fed from the offal and sweepings of the London wegetable markets, and of greengrocers' shops, as was discovered by Mr. Hodson Rogg, a hintimate friend of Mr. Dignum's. Cabbage-leaves in all colours, half-rotten turnips, carrot-tops, bad potatoes, and such like; and other provender, as will keep, is stowed away in lofts, or on shelves just over the cows, so as to absorb all the bad steams and bad smells that rise up, which, after a few weeks, don't make very nice eating. 'Stead of nice fresh wegetables, these cow-keepers feed the poor creatures with brewers' and distillers' grains, and distillers' wash; and Mr. Rugg says it's their chief article of food, whereby their livers are very much enlarged, become hard, refuse to perform their naytural hanatomical hoffice,

and so the poor beasts get the yellow jaundice, just the same as with men who are always besotting themselves with beer and gin."

"*Mister* Slivers!" exclaimed Yawl, rising from the large wooden arm-chair—his head covered all over with little, hard, smoking-hot curls,—and the long white cloth, which had been tucked in a ring close round his throat, still hanging down, "*Mister* Slivers!—it isn't in flesh and blood to endure this any longer! I feel that all this is meant for me—it 's said *at* me—spitefully *at* me, Mr. Slivers, although you know very well that I am *not* a cow-keeper, that I never *was* a cow-keeper, nor none of my family, Sir, nor my father before me,—*con*-found you!"

Mr. Slivers stepped back a pace or two at this unexpected exhibition of spirit in the usually meek Mr. Yawl; but instantly recovering his presence of mind, he applied the tip of his curling irons to one side of his head, which he gently tapped, in a quaint, knowing, insolent, quietly threatening manner, as he softly uttered the words—"Calves' brains!"

Mr. Yawl reeled, and looked ready to faint. He placed one hand languidly upon the top of a wig-block at his side, not seeing what it was, to support himself.

Slowly, and with a serious countenance, the remorseless Slivers advanced towards him; gently untucked and pulled out the cloth from around Mr. Yawl's throat; folded it up; laid it upon a shelf, together with his curling-irons and scissors; went to a little dusty glass case; pushed back a slide; took down a gallipot from the top shelf, and a bottle from a confusion of nicknacks below; and again approached Mr. Yawl.

"Here," said the barber, extending the gallipot, "is some Pomatum de Frenchipostrum, just come from the Tivoli Gardens of Paris. It will cool the skull after the heat induced by curling, and hallay any little soreness from close pinching. It will likewise materially assist the growth of the hair, and give it a gloss. And here is a bottle of Baron von Softersmere's Anti-Pestiferish Wash, which I strongly rekkimend to your use every day, after you have finished the manifacktur of your milk, to perwent the hodours of your work from betraying of your secret."

Scarcely conscious of what was being done, Mr. Yawl allowed the gallipot to be placed in one hand, and the bottle in the other, as he made his way out of the door,—the detestable Slivers whispering as he passed that he trusted he should see him every morning to be shaved—and cut and curled on Sundays.

Such, then, is the result of the discoveries, not only, let us say, of Mr. Dignum and the pertinacious Mr. Tim Slivers, but of the more elaborate Mr. Rugg, who has put forth various papers on the subject of the manufacture of London milk, and, in especial, a pamphlet, wherein he collects all his forces on this important Metropolitan subject.

That there is great truth in Mr. Rugg's statements, we are, in many respects, well aware, having obtained, in person, a knowledge of the same;—that there is another view to be taken of London Milk, we are also prepared to show.

Let the reader accompany us half-a-dozen miles out of town. We pass through Camberwell, through Peckham, and Peckham Rye, and we presently find ourselves in a district that looks uncommonly like "the country," considering how short a time it is since we left the "old smoke" behind us. We alight and walk onwards,—and certainly, if the sight of green fields, and cows, and hedges, and farm-yards, denote the country, we are undoubtedly in some region of the kind.

We pass down a winding road, between high hedges of bush and trees, then climb over a gate into a field; cross it, and then over another gate into a field, from which we commence a gradual ascent, field after field, till finally the green slope leads us to a considerable height. We are on the top of Friern Hill.

It is a bright sunny morning in September, and we behold to perfection the most complete panorama that can be found in the suburban vicinities of London. Standing on the broad green summit of this hill, with the face turned towards Friern Dairy Farm, which is about a mile distant below; you see, on your extreme right, Shooter's Hill, Blackheath, and, on clear days like this, the tops of masts of vessels coming up the river. Then, Greenwich Hospital, with trains on the railway—like little fairy carriages, or magic toys, running alone—coming and going. On a clear day, also, you may generally see, as now, the mast-head, containing the lanthorn, of the Nore Light-Boat. Next, Deptford, with the masts and sails of ships gliding onward, beyond and above fields and house-tops,—in the strangest manner, even though we know how it all is. Deptford Dockyard, Limehouse Church, and, still following on the circle, the Tower of London. Next comes the Monument, between which and the hill where we are standing, we descry below in the meadows the Dairy Farm of Friern Manor. But let your eye again ascend to move along the panoramic circle, as before. There you see the grand sombre dome of St. Paul's; and, on the highest ground, as you move onwards, Highgate Church; further onwards, the next great object that arrests you is Westminster Abbey. Then, Harrow Hill, Richmond, Thurlow Park, (we are moving round, remember,) and Dulwich College. Below this, you see Norwood Hill and Cemetery, then Dulwich Wood. We are working our way into good field-sport grounds. There is Forest Hill; fields; scrub; patches of furze, lying dark and colourless, with here and there a streak of bright light; and, again, Shooter's Hill, from which point we started, thus completing a circle, comprising an extraordinary

number of important objects, all seen from a green hill, as yet, we believe, unknown to our landscape painters.

But what has this panorama and this green hill, to do with London milk? Step down with us to yonder hedge, a little below the spot where we have been standing. We approach the hedge—we get over a gate, and we suddenly find ourselves on the upper part of an enormous green sloping pasturage, covered all over with cows. The red cow, the white cow, the brown cow, the brindled cow, the colley cow, the dappled cow, the streaked cow, the spotted cow, the liver-and-white cow, the strawberry cow, the mulberry cow, the chesnut cow, the grey speckled cow, the clouded cow, the black cow,—the short-horned cow, the long-horned cow, the up-curling horn, the down-curling horn, the straight-horned cow, and the cow with the crumpled horn—all are here—between two and three hundred—spread all over the broad, downward sloping pasture, feeding, ruminating, standing, lying, gazing with mild earnestness, reclining in characteristic thoughtfulness, sleeping, or wandering hither and thither. A soft gleam of golden sunshine spreads over the pasture, and falls upon many of the cows with a lovely, picturesque effect.

And what cows they are, as we approach and pass amongst them! Studies for a Morland, a Gainsborough, a Constable. We had never before thought there were any such cows out of their pictures. That they were highly useful, amiable, estimable creatures, who continually, at the best, appeared to be mumbling grass in a recumbent position, and composing a sonnet, we never doubted; but that they were ever likely to be admired for their beauty, especially when beheld, as many as these were, from a disadvantageous point of view, as to their position, we never for a moment suspected. Such, however, is the case. We have lived to see beauty in the form of a cow—a natural, modern, milch cow, and no descendant from any Ovidian metamorphosis.

We will now descend this broad and populous slope, and pay a visit to Friern Manor Dairy Farm, to which all these acres—some two hundred and fifty—belong, together with all these "horned beauties." We find them all very docile, and undisturbed by our presence, though their looks evidently denote that they recognise a stranger. But those who are reclining do not rise, and none of them decline to be caressed by the hand, or seem indifferent to the compliments addressed to them. In passing through the cows, we were specially presented to the cow queen, or "master cow," as she is called. This lady has been recognised during twelve years as the sovereign ruler over all the rest. No one, however large, disputes her supremacy. She is a short-horned, short-legged cow, looking at first sight rather small, but on closer examination you will find that she is sturdily and solidly built, though graceful withal. "She is very sweet-tempered," observed the head keeper, "but when a new-comer doubts about who is the master, her eye becomes dreadful. Don't signify how big the other cow is—she must give in to the master cow. It's not her size, nor strength, bless you, it's her spirit. As soon as the question is once settled, she's as mild as a lamb again. Gives us eighteen quarts of milk a day."

We were surprised to hear of so great a quantity, but this was something abated by a consideration of the rich, varied, and abundant supply of food afforded to these cows, besides the air, attendance, and other favourable circumstances. For their food they have mangold-wurtzel, both the long red and the orange globe sorts, parsnips, turnips, and kohl-rabi (Jewish cabbage), a curious kind of green turnip, with cabbage leaves sprouting out of the top all round, like the feathery arms of the Prince of Wales. Of this last mentioned vegetable the cows often eat greedily; and sometimes endeavouring to bolt too large a piece, it sticks in their throats and threatens strangulation. On these occasions, one of the watchful keepers rushes to the rescue with a thing called *a probang* (in fact, a cow's throat ramrod), with which he rams down the obstructive morsel. But besides these articles of food, there is the unlimited eating of grass in the pastures, so that the yield of a large quantity of milk seems only a matter of course, though we were not prepared to hear of its averaging from twelve to eighteen and twenty quarts of milk a day, from each of these two or three hundred cows. Four-and-twenty quarts a day is not an unusual occurrence from some of the cows; and one of them, we were assured by several of the keepers, once yielded the enormous quantity of twenty-eight quarts a day during six or seven weeks. The poor cow, however, suffered for this munificence, for she was taken very ill with a fever, and her life was given over by the doctor. Mr. Wright, the proprietor, told us that he sat up two nights with her himself, he had such a respect for the cow; and in the morning of the second night after she was given over, when the butcher came for her, he couldn't find it in his heart to let him have her. "No, butcher," said he, "she's been a good friend to me, and I'll let her die a quiet, natural death." She hung her head, and her horns felt very cold, and so she lay for some time longer; but he nursed her, and was rewarded, for she recovered; and there she stands—the strawberry Durham short-horn—and yields him again from sixteen to eighteen quarts of milk a day.

Reverting to the "master cow" we enquired whether her supremacy in the case of new comers was established "mesmerically?" by a glance—or how? The eye we were assured had a great deal to do with it. The stranger cow *read* it, and trembled. But sometimes there was a contest; and a cow-fight, with such fresh strong creatures as these,—

all used to their full liberty, and able to run or leap well, was a serious affair. If no keeper was at hand to separate them, and the fight got serious, so that one of them fell wounded, it was a chance but the whole herd would surround the fallen cow, and kill her. This was not out of wickedness, but something in the whole affair that put them beside themselves, and they couldn't bear the horrid sight, and so tried to get rid of their feelings, as well as the unfortunate object, by this wild violence. The effect was the same if the herd did not witness the fight, but came suddenly to the discovery of blood that had been spilt. They would stare at it, and glare at it, and snuff down at it, and sniff up at it, and prowl round it—and get more and more excited, till at last the whole herd would begin to rush about the field bellowing and mad, and make nothing at last of leaping clean over hedges, fences, and five-barred gates. But strange to say—if the blood they found had not been spilt by violence, but only from some cause which the "horned beauties" understood, such as a sister or aunt having been bled by the doctor—then no effect of the sort occurred. They took no notice of it.

We found that besides beauty, cows possessed some imagination, and were moreover very susceptible. The above excitement and mad panic sometimes occurs from other causes. Once some boys brought a great kite into the field, with a pantomime face painted upon it; and directly this began to rise over the field, and the cows looked up at it, and saw the great glass eyes of the face looking down at them—than Oh! Oh! what a bellowing!—and away they rushed over each other, quite frantic. On another occasion some experimental gentlemen of science brought a fire balloon near the pasturage one night after dark. It rose. Up started all the cows in a panic, and round and round they rushed, till finally the whole herd made a charge at one of the high fences—tore down and overleaped everything—burst into the lanes, and made their way into the high road, and seemed to intend to leave their owners for some other state of existence where fire-balloons and horrid men of science were alike unknown.

Instead of proceeding directly down the sloping fields towards the Dairy Farm, we made a detour of about half a mile, and passed through a field well enclosed, in which were about a dozen cows, attended by one man, who sat beneath a tree. This was the Quarantine ground. All newly purchased cows, however healthy they may appear, are first placed in this field during four or five weeks, and the man who milks or attends upon them is not permitted to touch, nor indeed to come near, any of the cows in the great pasture. Such is the susceptibility of a cow to the least contamination, that if one who had any slight disease were admitted among the herd, in a very short time the whole of them would be affected. When the proprietor has been to purchase fresh stock, and been much among strange cows, especially at Smithfield, he invariably changes all his clothes, and generally takes a bath before he ventures among his own herd.

From what has already been seen, the reader will not be astonished on his arrival with us at the Dairy Farm, to find every arrangement in accordance with the fine condition of the cows, and the enviable (to all other cows) circumstances in which they live. The cow-sheds are divided into fifty stalls, each; and the appearance presented reminded one of the neatness and order of cavalry stables. Each stall is marked with a number; a corresponding number is marked on one horn of the cow to whom it belongs; and in winter time, or any inclement season (for they all sleep out in fine weather) each cow deliberately finds out, and walks into her own stall. No. 173 once got into the stall of No. 15; but in a few minutes No. 15 arrived, and "showed her the difference." In winter, when the cows are kept very much in-doors, they are all regularly groomed with currycombs. By the side of one of these sheds there is a cottage where the keepers live—milkers and attendants—each with little iron bedsteads, all in orderly soldier fashion, the foreman's wife acting as the housekeeper.

These men lead a comfortable life, but they work hard. The first "milking" begins at eleven o'clock at night; and the second at half-past one in the morning. It takes a long time, for each cow insists upon being milked in her own pail—*i.e.* a pail to herself, containing no milk of any other cow—or, if she sees it, she is very likely to kick it over. She will not allow of any mixture. In this there would seem a strange instinct, accordant with her extreme susceptibility to contamination.

The milk is all passed through several strainers, and then placed in great tin cans, barred across the top, and sealed. They are deposited in a van, which starts from the Farm about three in the morning, and arrives at the Dairy in Farringdon Street between three and four. The seals are then carefully examined, and taken off by a clerk. In come the carriers, commonly called "milkmen," all wearing the badge of Friern Farm Dairy; their tin pails are filled, fastened at top, and sealed as before, and away they go on their early rounds, to be in time for the early breakfast-people. The late-breakfasts are provided by a second set of men.

Such are the facts we have ascertained with regard to one of the largest, of the great Dairy Farms near London; so that from this, and other farms similarly conducted, it is quite clear that by taking a little pains to ascertain where, a Londoner *may*, if he chooses, obtain pure, rich, milk "as it comes from the cow." That the previous accounts we have given of the adulterations of London milk are equally true, we are, to a

great extent, convinced, though we must, in fairness, add that some of the statements of Mr. Rugg border on exaggeration—for if not, we wonder how half the children in London escape being poisoned. That the adulterations, however, are great, and a common practice we know; and even while we are concluding this article one of the mysterious doctor's "milk-balls" with which Mr. Tim Slivers taunted poor Mr. Yawl, has been brought to us. As to the "mystery," the thing itself turns out to be *annatto*, which is harmless enough, and used commonly to colour cheese. But as for the aid it gives, with few exceptions, to the London dairyman, here is the simple recipe, derived from the best authority:—Wrap the ball up in a piece of flannel: then take a quart of water for every two quarts of milk, and dipping the ball in the water, whirl it round and round (as you would use a blue-bag) until the water becomes the colour of pale ale; then pour it into the milk, and stir the whole together until the milk-and-water assumes the rich, soft, yellowish, creamy consistency required. Our fat friend, the Hippopotamus, found out the deception in a very few days, and communicated his discovery to Hamet Safi Cannana, in his peculiar way. He insisted on double his former quantity of milk, yet manifested a distaste for it. So Hamet went to the Secretary, and with oriental simplicity, spoke thus: "I think, Sir, we had better keep our own cow. The milk we get within, we know:—but the outside milk, we *don't* know."

A LUNATIC ASYLUM IN PALERMO.

The ancient mode of treating the insane, which showed that the keepers of old were as mad as their patients, has, happily, been cured. Esquirol and Pinel commenced the humane system in France, and it has been followed with the best effects, not only in Great Britain, but throughout Europe.

The recent improvements in the treatment of lunatics in this country, have been widely reported to the public in many ways by the press; and only lately an account has appeared in the newspaper of a ball at St. Luke's—formerly a stronghold of severity and restraint—in which the patients joined. Not so much, however, is known by the English public of the progress of this excellent cause in the South of Europe. We are, therefore, glad to give a translation of an interesting account of a visit to the *Casa dei Matti*, in Sicily.

Several years ago Count Pisani, a Sicilian nobleman, whilst on a tour through Europe, directed his attention to the condition of the receptacles for lunatics in some of the principal continental cities. Deeply impressed by the injudicious and often cruel treatment to which the unhappy inmates of those establishments were subject, he determined on returning, to convert his beautiful villa near Palermo into a Lunatic Asylum, which received the name of the *Casa dei Matti*; and withdrawing to a more humble place of abode, he devoted his fortune and energies to the purpose of carrying out his philanthropic scheme.

Count Pisani himself offered to conduct me over the establishment. After a short walk we arrived in front of a spacious mansion, the exterior aspect of which presented nothing differing from that of a handsome private residence. The windows, it is true, were grated; but the gratings were so ingeniously contrived that had not my attention been particularly directed to them, I should not have discovered their existence. Some represented vine leaves, tendrils, or bunches of grapes; others were fashioned like the long leaves and blue flowers of the convolvulus. Foliage, fruit, and flowers were all painted in natural colours, and it was only from a very near point of view that the artifice could be detected.

The gate was opened by a man, who, instead of carrying a huge stick or a bunch of keys, (the usual insignia of the porter of a mad house,) had a fine nosegay stuck in the breast of his coat, and in one hand he held a flute, on which he had apparently been playing when interrupted by our summons at the gate.

We entered the building, and were proceeding along the corridor on the ground-floor, when we met a man whom I took to be a servant or messenger of the establishment, as he was carrying some bundles of fire-wood. On perceiving us, he laid down his burden, and advancing to Count Pisani, respectfully kissed his hand. The Count enquired why he was not in the garden enjoying the fresh air and amusing himself with his companions. "Because," replied the man, "winter is fast coming, and I have no time to lose. I shall have enough to do to bring down all the wood from the loft, and stow it away in the cellar." The Count commended his forethought, and the man, taking up his fagots, bowed, and went his way.

This man, the Count informed me, was the owner of large estates in Castelvelerano; but owing to a natural inactivity of mind, and the absence of any exciting or useful occupation, he sank into a state of mental torpor, which terminated in insanity. When he was brought to the *Casa dei Matti*, Count Pisani drew him aside, under the pretence of having a most important communication to make to him. The Count informed him that he had been changed at nurse, that he was not the rightful owner of the wealth he had heretofore enjoyed; and that the fact having become known, he was dispossessed of his wealth, and must therefore work for his maintenance. The madman believed the tale, but showed no disposition to rouse himself from the state of indolence which had been the primary cause of his mental aberration. He

folded his arms, and sat down, doubtless expecting that in due time a servant would enter as usual to inform him that dinner was ready. But in this he was deceived.

Dinner hour arrived, and no servant appeared. He waited patiently for some time; but at length the pangs of hunger roused him from his listlessness, and he began to call out loudly for something to eat. No one answered him; and he passed the whole night in knocking on the walls of his apartment, and ordering his servants to bring him his dinner.

About nine o'clock next morning, one of the keepers entered the apartment of the new patient, who, starting up with more energy than he usually manifested, imperiously ordered his breakfast to be prepared. The keeper offered to go into the town to purchase something for his breakfast, if he would give him the money to pay for it. The hungry man eagerly thrust his hands into his pocket, and to his dismay, having discovered that he had no money, he implored the keeper to go and procure him some breakfast on credit.

"Credit!" exclaimed the keeper, who had received the requisite instructions from Count Pisani. "Credit, indeed! No doubt you might easily have obtained credit to any amount, when you were living at Castelveleruno, and everyone believed you to be the rightful lord of those fine domains. But now that the truth has come out, who do you think will give credit to a pauper?"

The lunatic immediately recollected what Count Pisani had told him respecting his altered position in life, and the necessity of working for his daily bread. He remained for a few moments as if absorbed in profound reflection; then, turning to the keeper, he asked whether he would point out to him some mode by which he could earn a little money to save himself from starvation.

The keeper replied that if he would help him to carry up to the loft the fagots of firewood which were in the cellar, he would willingly pay him for his work. The proposal was readily accepted; and after carrying up twelve loads of wood, the labourer received his hire, consisting of a little money just sufficient to purchase a loaf of bread, which he devoured with a keener appetite than he ever remembered to have felt throughout the whole previous course of his life.

He then set to work to earn his dinner as he had earned his breakfast; but instead of twelve, he carried up thirty-six loads of wood. For this he was paid three times as much as he had received in the morning, and his dinner was proportionably better and more abundant than his breakfast.

Thenceforward the business proceeded with the most undeviating regularity; and the patient at last conceived such a liking for his occupation, that when all the wood had been carried from the cellar to the loft, he began of his own voluntary accord to carry it down from the loft to the cellar, and *vice versâ*.

When I saw this lunatic, he had been employed in this manner for about a year. The morbid character of his madness had completely disappeared, and his bodily health, previously bad, was now re-established. Count Pisani informed me that he intended soon to try the experiment of telling him that there was some reason to doubt the accuracy of the statements which had caused him to lose the property he once enjoyed; and that he (the Count) was in quest of certain papers which might, perhaps, prove after all, that he was no changeling, but the rightful heir to the estates of which he had been deprived. "But," added the Count, when he told me this, "however complete this man's recovery may at any time seem to be, I will not allow him to quit this place unless he gives me a solemn promise that he will every day, wheresoever he may be, carry twelve loads of wood from the cellar to the garret, and twelve loads down from the garret to the cellar. On that condition alone, shall I feel any security against the risk of his relapse. Want of occupation is well known to be one of the most frequent causes of insanity."

Each patient had a separate apartment, and several of these little rooms were furnished and decorated in the most capricious style, according to the claims of their occupants. One, who believed himself to be the son of the Emperor of China, had his walls hung with silk banners, on which were painted dragons and serpents, whilst all sorts of ornaments cut out in gold paper, lay scattered about the room. This lunatic was good-tempered and cheerful, and Count Pisani had devised a scheme which he hoped might have some effect in mitigating the delusions under which he laboured. He proposed to print a copy of a newspaper, and to insert in it a paragraph announcing that the Emperor of China had been dethroned, and had renounced the sovereignty on the part of his son and his descendants. Another patient, whose hallucination consisted in believing himself to be dead, had his room hung with black crape, and his bed constructed in the form of a bier. Whenever he arose from his bed, he was either wrapped in a winding sheet, or in some sort of drapery which he conceived to be the proper costume for a ghost. This appeared to me to be a very desperate case, and I asked Count Pisani whether he thought there was any chance of curing the victim of so extraordinary a delusion. The Count shook his head doubtfully, and observed that his only hope rested on a scheme he meant shortly to try; which was to endeavour to persuade the lunatic that the day of judgment had arrived.

As we were quitting this chamber, we heard a loud roaring in another patient's apartment near at hand. The Count asked me whether I had any wish to see how he

managed raving madmen? "None whatever," I replied, "unless you guarantee my personal safety!" He assured me there was nothing to fear, and, taking a key from the hand of one of the keepers, he led the way into a padded chamber. In one corner of the room was a bed, and stretched upon it lay a man, wearing a strait-waistcoat, which confined his arms to his sides, and fastened him by the middle of his body to the bed. I was informed that a quarter of an hour previously, this man had been seized with such a frightful fit of raving mania that the keepers were obliged to have recourse to restraint, very rarely resorted to in that establishment. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, was exceedingly handsome; he had fine dark eyes, and features of the antique mould, with the figure of a Hercules. On hearing the door open, he roared out in a voice of thunder, uttering threats and imprecations; but, on looking round, his eyes met those of the Count, and his anger softened down into expressions of grief and lamentation. Count Pisani approached the bed, and, in a mild tone of voice, asked the patient what he had been doing to render it necessary to place him under such restraint. "They have taken away my Angelica," replied the maniac; "they have torn her from me, and I am resolved to be avenged on Medora!" The unfortunate man imagined himself to be Orlando Furioso, and, as may readily be supposed, his madness was of the wildest and most extravagant character.

Count Pisani endeavoured to soothe his violence by assuring him that Angelica had been carried off by force, and that she would doubtless seize the first opportunity of escaping from the hands of her captors and rejoining her lover. This assurance, repeated earnestly but gently, speedily had the effect of calming the fury of the maniac, who, after a little time, requested that the Count would unfasten his strait-waistcoat. This Count Pisani agreed to do, on condition of the patient pledging his word of honour that he would not profit by his liberty to make any attempt to pursue Angelica. This sympathy for imaginary misfortune had a good effect. The patient did not attempt to quit his bed, but merely raised himself up. He had been a year in the establishment, and, notwithstanding the deep grief into which his fancied misfortunes plunged him, he had never been known to shed tears. Count Pisani had several times endeavoured to make him weep, but without success. He proposed soon to try the experiment of announcing to him the death of Angelica. He intended to dress up a figure in funeral garments and to prevail on the heart-broken Orlando to be present at the interment. This scene, it was expected, would have the effect of drawing tears from the eyes of the sufferer; and if so, Count Pisani declared he should not despair of his recovery.

In an apartment facing that of Orlando Furioso, there was another man raving mad. When we entered his room he was swinging in a hammock, in which he was fastened down, for biting his keeper. Through the gratings of his window he could perceive his comrades strolling about and amusing themselves in the garden. He wished to be among them, but was not allowed to go, because, on a recent occasion, he had made a very violent attack on a poor harmless creature, suffering from melancholy madness. The offender was in consequence condemned to be tied down in his hammock, which is the secondary punishment resorted to in the establishment. The first and most severe penalty being imprisonment; and the third the strait-waistcoat.—"What is the matter?" said Count Pisani. "What have you been doing to-day?" The lunatic looked at the Count, and then began whining like a peevish child. "They will not let me go out to play," said he, looking out of the window where several of his companions were enjoying the air in the garden. "I am tired of lying here;" and he began rocking himself impatiently in his hammock.—"Well, I doubt not it is wearisome," said the Count, "suppose I release you;" and, with those words, he unfastened the ligatures.

The lunatic joyfully leapt out of his hammock, exclaiming, "Now I may go into the garden!"—"Stay," said the Count; "suppose before you go you dance the Tarantella."—"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the lunatic, in a tone which showed that he received the proposal as the greatest possible indulgence; "I shall be delighted to dance the Tarantella." "Go and fetch Teresa and Gaetano," said the Count to one of the keepers; then turning to me, he said; "Teresa is also one of our violent patients, and she sometimes gives us a great deal of trouble. Gaetano was a teacher of the guitar, and some time ago he became deranged. He is the minstrel of our establishment." In a few minutes, Teresa, a pretty-looking young woman about twenty years of age, was conducted into the room by two men, who held her by the arms, whilst she struggled to escape, and endeavoured to strike them. Gaetano, with his guitar slung round his neck, followed gravely, but without being held, for his madness was of a perfectly harmless kind.

No sooner did Teresa perceive Count Pisani, than, by a violent effort disengaging herself from the keepers, she flew to him, and drawing him aside into a corner of the room, she began to tell him a long story about some ill-treatment to which she alleged she had been subjected. "I know it. I have heard of it," said the Count; "and, therefore, I think it just to make you some amends. For this reason I have sent for you, that you may dance the Tarantella." Teresa was delighted at hearing this, and immediately took her place in front of her intended partner. "Now Gaetano, *presto! presto!*" said the Count, and the musician struck up the air of the Tarantella in very spirited style.

I have frequently witnessed the magical effect which this air never fails to produce on the Sicilians; but I never could have conceived anything like the change it wrought upon these two lunatics. The musician began to play the air in the time in which it is usually performed; but the dancers urged him to play it more and more quickly, till at length the measure became indescribably rapid. The dancers marked the tune with the most perfect precision by snapping their fingers. After keeping up this rapid movement with surprising energy for a quarter of an hour, they began to show some symptoms of fatigue. The man was the first to give in, and, overcome by the exertion, he threw himself on a bench which stood on one side of the room. Teresa, however, kept up a very animated *pas seul* for several minutes after the loss of her partner; but at length she also found herself compelled to stop. The man was placed on his bed, and the woman was conducted to her apartment. Both were so completely overcome by the violence of their exertions, that Count Pisani observed he would answer for their remaining quiet for twenty-four hours to come. As to the guitarist, he was allowed to go into the garden to play to his companions.

I was next conducted into a large hall, in which the patients walk and amuse themselves, when wet weather prevents them from going out. This place was adorned with a profusion of flowers, growing in pots and vases, and the walls were covered with fresco paintings, representing humorous subjects. The hall contained embroidery frames, spinning-wheels, and even weavers' looms; all presented traces of the work on which the lunatics had been engaged. Having passed through the great hall, I was conducted to the garden, which was tastefully laid out, shaded by large spreading trees and watered by fresh fountains. I was informed that, during the hours allotted to recreation, most of the patients may be seen wandering about the garden separately, and without holding any communication one with another, each following the bent of his or her own particular humour, some noisy and others silent. One of the most decided characteristics of madness is the desire of solitude. It seldom happens that two lunatics enter into conversation with each other; or, if they do so, each merely gives utterance to his own train of thought, without any regard to what is said by his interlocutor. It is different when they converse with the strangers who occasionally visit them. They then attend to any observations addressed to them, and not unfrequently make very rational and shrewd replies.

The first patient we met on entering the garden, was a young man apparently about six or eight and twenty years of age. Before he lost his senses, he was one of the most distinguished advocates in Catania. One evening, at the theatre, he got involved in some dispute with a Neapolitan, who, instead of quietly putting into his pocket the card which Lucca (as I shall call him) slipped into his hand, went out and made a complaint to the guard. This guard was composed of Neapolitan soldiers, one of whom gladly availing himself of the opportunity of exercising authority over a Sicilian, seized him by the collar, whereupon Lucca struck his assailant. The other soldiers came to the aid of their comrade, and a violent struggle ensued, in the course of which Lucca received a blow on the head which felled him to the ground. He was conveyed to prison in a state of insensibility and placed in a cell, where he was left for the night. Next morning, when it was intended to conduct him before the judge for examination, he was found to be perfectly insane.

This young man's madness had taken a very poetic turn. Sometimes he fancied himself to be Tasso; at another time Shakspeare or Chateaubriand. At the time of my visit to the asylum, he was deeply impressed with the delusion of imagining himself to be Dante. When we approached him, he was pacing up and down an alley in the garden, pleasantly shaded by trees. He held in one hand a pencil, and in the other some slips of paper, and he was busily engaged in composing the thirty-third Canto of his Inferno. At intervals he rubbed his forehead, as if to collect his scattered thoughts, and then he would note down some lines of the poem.

Profiting by a pause, during which he seemed to emerge from his profound abstraction, I stepped up to him, saying, "I understand, Sir, that I have the honour of addressing myself to Dante."

"That is my name," replied Lucca. "What have you to say to me?"

"To assure you how much pleasure I shall feel in making your acquaintance. I proceeded to Florence, in the hope of finding you there, but you had left that city."

"Then," said Lucca, with that sharp, quick sort of utterance often observable in insane persons, "Then, it seems, you were not aware of my having been driven from Florence, and that they charged me with having stolen the money of the Republic? Dante accused of robbery, forsooth! I slung my sword at my side, and having collected the first seven Cantos of my poem, I departed."

This strange hallucination excited my interest, and, pursuing the conversation, I said, "I hoped to have overtaken you between Fettre and Montefeltro."

"Oh! I staid only a very short time there," said he. "Why did you not go to Ravenna?"

"I did go there, and found only your tomb!"

"But I was not in it," observed he. "Do you know how I escaped?"

I replied in the negative.

"I have discovered a mode of restoring one's life."

"Is it a secret?"

"No; I will tell it you. When I feel that I am dying, I order a grave to be dug,—a very deep grave. You are aware that in the centre of the earth there is an immense lake, full of red water—and—and—"

Count Pisani, who had overheard the latter part of this conversation, here suddenly interrupted Lucca, saying, "Signor Dante, these people are very anxious to have a dance. Will you indulge them by playing a quadrille?"

He then hurriedly dispatched one of the attendants for a violin, on which instrument, he informed me, Lucca was a masterly performer.

The violin being brought, the Count handed it to Lucca, who began to tune it. Meanwhile, the Count, drawing me aside, said, "I interrupted your conversation, just now, somewhat abruptly; because I observed that Lucca was beginning to wander into some of his metaphysical delusions, and I never allow him to talk on such subjects. These metaphysical lunatics are always very difficult to cure.

"But yonder comes one who will never be cured!" pursued the Count, shaking his head, sorrowfully, whilst he directed my notice to a young female, who was advancing from another part of the garden, attended by a female servant or nurse. By this time the dancers had begun to range themselves in their places, and the young lady's attendant was drawing her forward, with the view of inducing her to take part in the quadrille.

The young lady, whose dress and general elegance of appearance seemed to denote that she was a person of superior rank, was disinclined to dance; and as the attendant persisted in urging her forward, she struggled to escape, and at length fell into a paroxysm of grief.

"Let her alone! Let her alone!" said Count Pisani to the attendant. "It is useless to contend with her. Poor girl! I fear she will never endure to see dancing, or to hear music, without this violent agitation. Come hither, Costanza," said he, beckoning kindly to her. "Tell me what is the matter?"

"Oh, Albano! Albano!" shrieked the poor maniac. "They are going to kill Albano!"

And then, overcome by her emotion, she sank, exhausted, into the arms of her attendant, who carried her away.

Meanwhile, the sound of the violin had drawn together, from various parts of the garden, a number of patients, male and female, and the quadrille was formed. Among the most conspicuous figures in the group were the son of the Emperor of China, and the man who believed himself to be dead. The former wore on his head a splendid crown, made of gilt paper; and the latter, who was enveloped in a white sheet, stalked about with the grave and solemn air which he conceived to be common to a ghost. A melancholy madman, who evidently shared in the festivity with reluctance and regret, and who was, from time to time, urged on by his keepers, and a woman, who fancied herself to be Saint Catherine, and was subject to strange fits of ecstasy and improvisation, were also conspicuous among the dancers. Lucca, who played the violin with extraordinary spirit, every now and then marked the time by stamping his foot on the ground, whilst, in a stentorian voice, he called out the figures, to which, however, the dancers paid not the slightest attention. The scene was indescribable. It was like one of those fantastic visions which are sometimes conjured up in a dream.

As we were passing through the court yard, on our way out, I espied Costanza, the young lady who had so determinedly refused to join in the dance. She was now kneeling down on the edge of a fountain, and intently gazing on her own countenance, which was reflected from the limpid water as from a mirror.

I asked the Count what had caused the insanity of this interesting patient. "Alas!" replied he, "it is a melancholy story of romantic *vendetta*, which might almost figure in a work of fiction." Costanza's husband had been murdered on her bridal day by a rival.

When Costanza was first brought to the establishment, her madness was of a very violent character; but, by degrees, it had softened down into a placid melancholy. Nevertheless, her case was one which admitted of no hope.

Some time after my visit to Palermo, I met Lucca in Paris. He was then, to all appearance, perfectly himself. He conversed very rationally, and even appeared to recollect having seen and conversed with me before. I enquired after poor Costanza; but he shook his head sorrowfully. The Count's prediction was fully verified. Lucca had recovered his senses; but Costanza was still an inmate of the *Casa dei Matti*.

POISON SOLD HERE!

Two centuries ago poisoning was a science; now, thanks to a sluggish and "never-minding" legislature, the art may be safely practised by the meanest capacity. The exciting extent to which murder has been recently done by poison fills a column of every newspaper and furnishes a topic for general conversation. Nor is it a new thing. A parliamentary return states, that, in the ten years which ended with 1849—putting aside accidental poisonings, which were countless—the appalling number of two hundred and fifty nine persons were murdered by poison (chiefly by arsenic), yet the practical difficulties of detection were so great that no more than eighty-five convictions took place: thus out of every three poisoners one only could be detected. So easy is murder by poison and so difficult is detection! The mystery is easy of solution; as we shall soon show.

A sporting friend writes to us, that, having shot away all his powder, the other day, he had occasion to go into a rural grocer's shop for more. While he was being served, there came in a little girl, who ended a long order for tea, sugar, soap, currants, red-herrings, and flour, with the remarkable demand—"and two ounces of arsenic." No comment whatever was made by the shopkeeper; who pulled a small blue paper of poison, out of its proper compartment in a drawer, with the same composure as he handed over the packages of tea, sugar, currants, and flour. The little girl jumbled them all into her apron, and went her way. "Perhaps," remarked our friend, "some of those ingredients are for a pudding."

"Loikely," answered the huxter, with a strong Derbyshire accent.

"And should the blue paper burst, or a little mistake be made by the cook, the whole family will be poisoned."

"They should moind what they 're at."

This was the only life-preserver which occurred to the chandler's mind—"They should mind what they 're at!" His conscience was not concerned in the transaction; but if its dictates had been awakened, they would have been perfectly satisfied by his knowledge of the fact that his customers were troubled with rats; and he enquired no further. The sportsman mentioned the several cases of poisoning which had recently occurred in various parts of the country; some accidental; some wilful; but the grocer could get no further than—"They should moind what they 're at."

It must occur, however, to everyone, that while poisons are allowed to be sold as unrestrictedly as bread, the public—especially the humbler portion of it—even supposing them to be "minding what they 're at" with unceasing vigilance, are never wholly free from the danger of having the doom to which they sentence vermin, transferred to themselves, either by accident or by vicious design.

In country places life's-bane is procurable more easily than many of its necessaries. The inscription over every chandler's door, says that he must be "licensed" to sell tea, coffee, tobacco, and snuff; but he may sell arsenic without the smallest restriction. In spring and summer seasons, tons and tons of that deadly material pass over the counters of general dealers in the agricultural districts, to be used either to prevent smut in wheat, to cure sheep of *scabies*, or to kill vermin. Hence arsenic becomes as much a part of the stores of a farmer's, shepherd's, or cottager's cupboard, as his family's food. It is by no means uncommon to see a provincial druggist's apprentice "weighing up" two-ounce packets of arsenic, and dispensing medicines over the same counter—perhaps with the same scales! When the innumerable huxters are busy at the same work at one end of a counter, their wives are often serving out groceries to customers at the other. In this way, it has been asserted by medical practitioners, that minute doses of poison get mixed with food or medicine oftener than is imagined. The partakers of such food fall ill, and the only pathology they can arrive at is, that "they have eaten something that has disagreed with them," though they never know what.

After the poison has left the shop, the risks increase a hundred-fold. Take the cottar's case. He lives in a small cottage; his single cupboard (at once the receptacle of food and physic) contains in a broken jug at the top-shelf a packet of arsenic. The label, if ever there was one, is torn away, or, if there, unintelligible to the unlearned cottar's family. This is the remains of the arsenic he used in summer for his sheep, or in spring to steep wheat-seed. It is put away, unknown by his family and forgotten by himself. His child some day falls ill; he is at work; the wife "fancies she has some cream of tartar somewhere, and that is good for a fever." She goes to the fatal jug, deals out the poison, and innocently kills her offspring. At the inquest a verdict of Accidental Death is returned. This poor woman, throughout her embittered life, is the victim to the want of legislative enactments to prevent such catastrophes. Her neighbours look on her for a time with a strange mixture of pity and superstitious undefined suspicion.

For the criminal, arsenic is the most deadly of all drugs to their victim, while it is the safest to themselves. Besides the numberless feasible excuses they can frame for having it in their possession, it can be administered with the least fear of detection. Oxalic acid disgusts the palate with a sweet acid taste; and, to be murderously effectual, must be administered in large quantities. Not only the taste, but the colour and smell of laudanum betray its secret at once. The favourite, because most efficient, of the three poisons of unscientific murderers—arsenic—is colourless, flavourless, and inodorous. Hence, in all recent cases of wilful poisoning, arsenic has been the poisoner's drug; for he has art enough to know, without reading blue-books, that the chances are two to one in his favour.

While the legislature refrains from administering some check to the sale of drugs destructive of life, in every other European country, no person is allowed to sell poison without a license and a guarantee, that he is fully alive to the precautions necessary, not only to its sale, but to properly storing it. In, however, imposing a necessary restriction in this country, it must not be forgotten that, legitimately employed, arsenic, in particular, is a most useful drug, and the liberty of the farmer and the manufacturer to obtain it should not be shackled. To compel, therefore, an agriculturist to scour the country to obtain a magistrate's or surgeon's signa-

ture before he could get his ten pounds of arsenic, as some have suggested, is unquestionably inexpedient; for besides the inconvenience of the plan to the purchaser, it tends to identify the magistrate or the doctor with any improper use which might be made of the mineral; and these gentlemen would strongly resist such a use of their names.

The best of all safeguards is that of confining the sale of poison to those only who are qualified by education, to exercise wholesome care, and to use a sound judgment in dispensing it; and thus be the subject of an inexpensive license.

Minor precautions might also be added. The plan of forcing vendors of poisons to sell it in bottles of particular shapes, or in papers of a certain colour, could not always be adhered to, in spite of threatened pains of fine and forfeiture. Of this class of preventive, the best we have seen is the sympathetic powder, which Mr. Slade Davies proposes should be added to arsenic, in the proportion of one per cent. When brought in contact with liquid or other aliment, it immediately changes colour so as to ensure detection.

THE TWO BLACKBIRDS.

A Blackbird in a wicker cage,
That hung and swung 'mid fruits and flowers,
Had learnt the song-charm, to assuage
The dreariness of its wingless hours.

And ever when the song was heard,
From trees around the grassy plot
Frisk'd another glossy bird,—
Whose mate not long ago was shot.

Not to console its own wild smart,
But, with a kindling instinct strong,
The novel feeling of its heart
Beats for the captive bird of song.

And when those mellow notes are still,
It hops from off its choral perch,
O'er path and sward, with busy bill,
All grateful gifts to peck and search.

Store of ouzel dainties choice
To those white swinging bars it brings;
And with a low consoling voice,
It talks between its fluttering wings.

Deeply in their bitter grief
Those sufferers reciprocate,
The one sings for its wingéd life,—
The other for its murder'd mate.

But deeper doth the secret prove,
Uniting those sad creatures so;
Humanity's great link of love,
The common sympathy of woe.

Well divined from day to day,
Is the swift speech between them twain;
For when the bird is scared away,
The captive bursts to song again.

Yet daily with its flattering voice,
Talking amid its fluttering wings,
Store of ouzel dainties choice,
With busy bill the poor bird brings.

And shall I say, till weak with age
Down from its drowsy branch it drops,
It will not leave that captive cage,
Nor cease those busy searching hops?

Ah, no! the moral will not strain;
Another sense will make it range,
Another mate will soothe its pain,
Another season work a change.

But, through the live-long summer, tried—
A pure devotion we may see;
The ebb and flow of nature's tide—
A pitying, loving sympathy.

THE "FRESHMAN'S" PROGRESS.

Urgent business demanding my presence at Yarmouth, some few weeks ago, I was induced to entrust my life and limbs to the care of the Eastern Counties Railway Company. It happened to be about the time of the commencement of Term at Cambridge University, and the remaining compartments of the carriage in which I found a place, were filled with *Freshmen*—young men who, as the term implies, are about to make their first experience of the pleasures and advantages, the perils and temptations, of a college life. These are among the many for whose advantage and welfare the Royal Commission to inquire into the Condition of the Universities, was nominally appointed. Will the result of its labours eventually descend to the freshman undergraduate—to, in short, my fellow-travellers?

Youth is proverbially open-hearted and communicative. There is seldom much to think upon, beyond the passing object of the hour. There is no unquiet turning of the mind to visions of a sick family at home, falling funds abroad, or foundering ships at sea, which stamp moodiness on the brow, and an air of absence on the replies, of older travellers. Before we had reached Broxbourne, we were all perfectly well acquainted. One was going up to Trinity, a second to St. John's, a third to Christ's. The hopes and anticipations of each were rather suffered to ooze out, than given in so many words; but they were not, on that account, the less easily to be perceived. It was clear that one had set his mind on academic honours, and would commence his career with the determination —or fancying that he felt the determination— to win a high place by his exertions. A second seemed to be filled with an anticipation of the pleasures rather than the advantages held out by a college course. While a third appeared to have merged every other sensation, in one of unmitigated delight at his escape from school—from the bullying tutor, the eleven o'clock lesson, Poetæ Græci, and the block.

My young friends got out at the Cambridge Station; and when, after a vain attempt to drink down a boiling cup of tea and snatch a hurried bun, I again threw myself unrefreshed into my seat, I found that I was alone. A feeble attempt at a lamp, let in through the

roof of the carriage, seemed, by its flickering rays, to attest, rather than to dispel, the presence of night. A thick fog rolled over the already darkened fields, and pressed against the closed windows. I could not help thinking of the light-hearted companions from whom I had just parted; I thought—shall I own it—with regret upon my own college career; I thought upon the Universities themselves, not as some do with a feeling akin to contempt, as though they were Augean stables which none but a Hercules could cleanse; nor as others, who gaze upon them with rapture, as if beholding an embodied perfection; but rather with a sense of regret as of something noble, which has been diverted from its right use. It appeared to me—and the circumstances of time, scene, and place, will account for, if they do not excuse the poor metaphor—that I saw two fine engines torn from the iron road of progress, and drawn slowly along the great highway of learning by a pair of broken-winded, ill-conditioned old mules, Sloth and Bigotry.

Those young men too, the current of whose lives had been ordained for a few moments to mingle with mine, in what light would they look back upon this very evening, if it arose, in after years, to haunt them on a lonely journey, or in a sick chamber? They would contemplate it, no doubt, as a new era in their existence, but an era of what kind? Of more earnest perseverance, of increased usefulness, of nobler aims and aspirations? Or of feverish excitement, unreal pleasure, dissipation and debt? Would the University, upon whose books their names were enrolled, put forth all her mighty energies, employ all her resources, to urge them on in the one path, and to keep them from the other? Or would these be left to their own choice? Such fancies mingled with the bitter experience of past years, and with a faint hope for the future, raised by the reflection that the public were getting impatient of the rusty teaching and lax training of the two ancient seats of learning. This stream of thought flowed on until it seemed to assume a definite form, and out of it I shaped a picture for myself, not like that of poets and dreamers, drawing its colours from an unseen and unreal world, but needing, alas! only the framework of name and individuality to become a true representation of what is taking place every year—yes, every year, that Mr. Christie rises to demand a reform in our Universities, and that Sir Robert Inglis sounds the alarm at his post to save the Academic Capitol from invaders, which have at last made a small and polished breach, through which, in ample state, the Royal Commission is about to enter.

I pictured to myself a young man, of eighteen or nineteen, leaving home for the first time. His father, the good old clergyman, is in the hall beside the corded trunks. His mother and his sisters stand around him. A moment more and the trunks are on the fly. A tender farewell is waved to him from the hands of the assembled family. Little scraps of advice and affection are wafted to him on their latest breath. Crack goes the whip, the wheels go round, the green garden-gate opens with a creaking sound—as if it too had its share in the general solicitude—and a new world lies before him.

While this young man—call him what you please—is hurrying onwards towards a scene of which he has hitherto had no experience, let us pause for a moment and consider his true position, as well as that of hundreds of others who are similarly situated. Divesting him of the fictitious interest, with which the time and circumstances may, in the opinion of some, appear to invest him—losing sight for a minute of the fact that he is about to "walk in the shades of Academe," or "to breathe the spirit of Mathesis," or "to stray on the banks of the argent Cam," or "to become a bulwark of our glorious Collegiate institutions,"—let us calculate some of the difficulties which will first present themselves in his future course, and how he is prepared to guard against them.

He has been educated at home, perhaps, strictly under the parental eye—for I know many parents who think this kind of education the surest protection against future temptation. He has not been suffered to learn what vice is. He has been guarded from the society of the profligate Smiths and Joneses of the neighbourhood. His reading has been superintended in the same careful manner. His "Hume's History of England" is a "Mitchell's Hume" with the sceptical passages left out. He has never heard of Don Juan, or been inside a theatre. The races take place twice every year within a mile of the vicarage, but he has never been to them. He has never been down in the morning later than half-past seven o'clock, or been out of bed by ten at night. He waters the mignonette beds with his sisters after breakfast, and listens to the touching English ballads which they sing of an evening. A youth, so brought up, is surely—if any one can be—secure from harm.

In a word, he has been kept as a child up to the very moment of his becoming a man. With the thoughts of a child, and the feelings of a child, and the strength of a child, he is of a sudden to be brought in contact with the world of Cambridge or Oxford, which, though on a smaller scale, is still a faithful representation—it is a daguerreotype, not a miniature—of the great world beyond. He may, of course, stand the ordeal—in very many cases, he does—but it will be in spite of his early training, not by means of it.

I would not, however, be perfectly sure that the youth whom we are picturing to ourselves is so innocent as his friends give him credit for. To the deepest dungeon and the most secluded hermitage some whispers of the world will float, of that world which, perhaps,

we only plunge into the more deeply, the more we fancy that we have shut it out from our view. There is no lock sufficiently strong to keep out vicious propensities, any more than the Hellespont could part Hero from her Leander, or Bishop Hatto's Rhenish tower preserve him from the avenging rats. The boy whom you so fondly cherish, may have imbibed the first rudiments of pipe-smoking from the labourer who works in your garden; he may have drunk out of the spirit-flask of my lord's gamekeeper, whom he meets in his walks, when you are not by; he may have learn to ogle the girls of the village, and you none the wiser. Things not in themselves, perhaps, particularly vicious or criminal, but here are the materials ready laid; and let but the spark of college temptation be applied, and they may burn up all the fiercer and brighter for having lain dry so long.

But, under any circumstances, and supposing him to have already undergone the ordeal of a school, or a private tutor's establishment—I wish to be understood as speaking of the middling classes—there are some peculiar trials to be noted, which now, more particularly than at any other period of his life, will assail our young friend. He has never in his life before been entrusted with a larger sum than five pounds, and here he is with fifty pounds in his pocket and (though he may not yet be aware of the fact by bitter experience) credit to an unlimited extent. He has never in his life purchased for himself an article of greater value and importance than a cricket-bat or a fishing-rod; yet here he is about to provide himself with all the articles of a bachelor's establishment, without the remotest idea of their market price—without knowing whether the sum he gives for each will be twenty-five per cent., or fifty per cent., or a hundred per cent. above its proper value. If his socks have wanted darning at home, one of the maid-servants has darned them accordingly; new shirts and new flannel waistcoats have succeeded to the senior portion of his linen by an easy and imperceptible process, by his mother's watchful care, without his paying any attention to the matter. He remembers that to have helped himself to a third glass of port wine after dinner, would have called a frown to the face of his father; now, he can drink champagne or hock for his breakfast, if he feels so disposed. To be out after ten o'clock at night would assuredly have required some explanation at the Vicarage; now, he is not required to be in his College till midnight—within those precincts he can go where he chooses, and spend the whole night at a roystering party, if he has a mind to do so. If he run into debt, the discovery will not, in all probability, be made for three years and a quarter, till he takes his degree. Youth is sanguine—by that time his father's rich fifth cousin may have dropped off, leaving him a fortune. A thousand things may have happened. Nor should it be forgotten that—paradoxical as it may seem—the temptations to which a Freshman is exposed are tenfold greater at Cambridge or Oxford than if he could be permitted, at the same time of life, and with the same views, to take lodgings in London, and read for his degree in the metropolis itself. In the latter case, surrounded by virtuous companions, and with persons older than himself to overlook his conduct, he might be protected from evil by the very magnitude of the place in which he resides. It would start up before him like a phantom in the gas-lighted street, it would vindicate its existence in the columns of the newspaper, but it would not be a dweller in the same college, in the same quadrangle, on the same staircase, perhaps in the very next room. For the smaller the field in which the monster Vice has to work, the more frequently will he obtrude himself upon our daily walks and occupations, and I am not one of those who believe that he is always hated as soon as seen.

In the midst of all this, at the period of all others when he most requires advice and assistance, what will his Tutor—his College Tutor—do for him? Is that functionary really what he is presumed to be—the guardian of youth, the overseer of his pupils, their adviser, their reprover, their comforter, their friend? —or does the multiplicity of his engagements, and the number of his pupils (about one hundred and fifty to each tutor, at Trinity) prevent him from being anything but a far-off and half-fabulous being, a kind of myth grown out of the old legends that haunt the banks of the Cam, and still cherished from a love of antiquity, or—to speak the plain, sober truth—a person seen, at most, once at the beginning and once at the end of every Term, on hurried visits of ceremony? Will the Fellows do anything for him—the Fellows, whose salaries were originally accorded to them, on the ground that they should act as tutors to the undergraduates? Or is the original intention of the Founder adhered to in those cases only where it is clearly unsuited to the present day? Are the greater part of the Fellows residing elsewhere, and still receiving their stipends? Are the Universities to continue, like the Pyramids, immutable and unchangeable in our land of change and mutability? Will the Royal Commission report on these things?

I am not, however, the Royal Commission—if I were, I would found my report on other evidence than that of the Dignitaries and Fellows, who will, of course, have their views as to what reforms are necessary—I would seek evidence that would reveal the rottenness of the system which urges the young friend whom I pictured departing from the door of a poor Vicarage, amidst the adieus of his affectionate and anxious friends, into a career of debt and vice.

I went on picturing to myself this young man after a residence at College of a few days.

He has furnished his rooms; he has got together his crockery and his glass. He has spent all the money which he brought with him for his outfit, (with the exception of a few pounds which he reserves to meet the current expenses of the Term,) and still fresh wants are continually springing up. He could not have imagined that so many things were necessary to fit up two small rooms,—coals, candles, candlesticks, brushes of every size and make, for the insatiable bed-maker. There are still some articles which he must absolutely procure: what is he to do? He has faithfully promised to pay ready-money on all occasions; yet he is disinclined to write home so soon for a further supply. He feels that his ignorance may have led him to pay too high a price for his tables and chairs, or to purchase some articles, (a sofa and arm-chair, for instance, pressed upon him by the winning ways of the upholsterer,) which were not absolutely needed; the money ought, no doubt, to have gone further. A thought strikes him. He knows that bills can be sent in "through the tutor." They will be sent home at the end of Term, and paid by his father, together with the College expenses. This is not running into debt. He sallies forth, and finds a shop of the kind that he requires. The necessary articles are selected; he requests the tradesman to send in the bill for them to the College Tutor. The tradesman hesitates. "Why, is it not done every day?" The tradesman hesitates still further. "Where is the objection?" "Well, the articles are not of any very great value,—perhaps the gentleman will pay for them next Term." "Yes; but why not send in the bill to the Tutor?" The tradesman looks cautiously round the shop. The fact is—he would not wish it to go any further—but if the bill is sent in to the College Tutor, he shall not, perhaps, get his money for a couple of years. For such a trifling article it is not worth his while. He would rather trust to the young gentleman,—he would indeed. He may be stepping that way next Term, and then be able to pay for them. Perhaps he may be wanting something else, too, before that time. The articles shall be sent to his rooms forthwith.

There is no resisting this argument. As for the articles themselves, they may be of the most trifling value,—a pair of brass candlesticks, a basin and jug, an eight-day clock; but the principle is the same, and, whatever they be, our young friend leaves the shop, for the first time in his life, IN DEBT.

The scene changes. He has been up a Term or two by this time, and has acquired a little experience. He has a few debts, but still they mount up to a trifling sum only. He has found out that his College does very little for him, and his private tutor (whom he pays out of his own pocket) everything. The two rudimentary lectures which he was at first forced to attend, are now pressed less earnestly upon his notice. In fact, he can almost entirely "cut" them, if he likes, and does cut them accordingly, as a waste of time. His College, possibly, has only two tutors, both mathematicians; so that one of them is forced to lecture upon classical subjects. The mistakes which this lecturer makes would disgrace a boy in the third form of a grammar school. It is to his private tutors, or "coaches," that he looks for instruction. They are costing his poor father a heavy sum; and as he turns to his trigonometry with a sigh, he thinks that he might just as profitably be reading at New York or Ispahan, and coming up at the end of three years to take his degree. The fire is burning low in the grate. How he wishes that he had his sisters by him now. Dear, dear, how lonely it feels!

Suddenly, through an opening door, convivial sounds burst upon his ear. They come from the opposite rooms—the rooms of Smith, the good-humoured man, whom he meets sometimes and speaks to, on the staircase. It is his turn to entertain his Boat Club with a supper, and he is doing so right merrily. Presently Smith himself dashes in, his hair standing up on end, his utterance thick, his face more good-humoured than ever. Has he got a saucepan? For the love of Heaven, has he got a saucepan? It is a new discovery, a culinary era, an epoch in the annals of drinks! They are about to concoct something wonderful with whisky, and eggs, and beer, if they could only find a saucepan. Heaven be praised, here is one! A thousand thanks! But won't he step in and join them? Supper is quite over. He must be lonely there. Well, it *is* lonely, and he thinks there would be no harm in joining them, for half an hour or so, just to see what it is like.

For a moment or two he can only hear discordant noises; he sees nothing. Twenty London fogs are rolled into one before him. His eyes begin to water, and his head to ache. Presently, as the mist dispels, he beholds a large party of youths seated in ungraceful attitudes round a table, cigars in their mouths, oaths on their lips, glasses of steaming liquid before them. He is introduced and made welcome. Let me see, wasn't he from Guttleborough School? It was by a Guttleborough man that the Club was founded. No? Ah, then, it must be some one else very like him. Would he not wish to be a member of the Club? He is confused, and scarcely knows what to say. Ah, well, he shall be proposed. He is accommodated with a jorum of milk-punch, and is induced to make his first attempt at a cigar. The mirth grows more furious; everything provokes roars of laughter. To stick a pin into a neighbour's leg is considered very droll. To tumble off a chair, establishes at once a character for facetiousness. He feels no longer lonely, but indulges in more punch. Emboldened by its effects, he repeats a bad pun which he remembers to have met with in the speech of some great statesman;

it is received with frantic applause. But, silence! silence for a song!

A gentleman with a husky voice carols forth a ditty. It has no wit in it, and very few rhymes, but treats on a subject in which all feel an interest. An individual with an uneuphonious name—Huggins, or Noggins, or Buggins,—"went up to London one day, fol de rol, diddle dol, diddle dol dee; And met with a beautiful actress, de diddle de day.

But the youth hears no more! Cigars, smoke, broken glasses, bent caps, tattered gowns, pale faces, all fade from his view. He sinks from his chair insensible; and, to the delight of the spectators, in a most convenient and corkable position. His face is corked accordingly; and an hour afterwards he snores heavily upon his bed, with the effigy of a gallows on his forehead, and a beard and mustache that a German patriot might envy.

But, Oh, the morning! He has never felt so before. How he curses his folly and wickedness! What is he to do? Smith, who drops in at about two o'clock, says, "Drink pale ale!" He drinks it, and feels somewhat refreshed. "Never mind," says Smith, "one good thing has come of your last night's pardonable weakness. A meeting has been held this morning, and you are elected a member of the HERO AND LEANDER CLUB."

Long vacation has commenced. He has pulled in a good many matches by this time, and won "pewters," and drunk out of the pewters which he has won. He has added a little to his debts, too. Five months at the Vicarage becomes rather a dreary prospect. What should he be doing with himself all that time? Besides, he really must be reading. At least, so he says in his letter to his father, who consents, upon the recommendation of his College Tutor, that he should form one of the reading-party who are going with Mr. Orbilius to the beautiful town of Pluckville.

What a neighbourhood is that of Pluckville! What a lovely lake to row upon! What an admirable and convivial cricket-club attached to the town! What splendid fishing! What enchanting rides and drives! What slap-up shooting to look forward to, as the month of September comes on! No wonder it is a favourite resort of reading-parties. There are one or two other parties in the vicinity now, besides that of Mr. Orbilius. All the young men lodge in the town. They fraternise. There is an ordinary for those who choose to join, at half-past six punctual, at the Medusa's Head. There is not, perhaps, very much reading going on of a morning; but Mr. Orbilius does not fall ill on that account. He is a philosopher, and knows how to put up with these kind of things.

If this little paper could be enlarged into a transcendant work of fiction destined to live in every age and clime, this might be fixed upon by the critics as the identical place where the hero should fall in love. A beautiful heiress takes a fancy to him and admits him to her *château*. This brings him into collision with a haughty duke. They fight, and so on.

For my part, I should prefer him to fall in love with one of the doctor's pretty nieces, who are good amiable girls, or even with the attorney's black-eyed daughter. Such an affair of the heart would bring him into immediate collision, not with a duke, but with some of the ideas which have of late taken possession of his mind. It would sober and steady him. His companions—except the utterly profligate, would respect the scruples of a man who grew more particular in his conduct, on the plea that he was engaged. However, to tell the truth, love did not intrude upon the picture that I was drawing out for myself; except the maternal love—deep, unspeakable—which encircled and overshadowed the boy, when at the close of the vacation I thought I saw him return, not much improved in any respect by his READING PARTY.

Perhaps all this is tedious. Well, life itself is tedious. We cannot all of us be earls and princes, carry off our lady-loves on milk-white palfreys, or be stabbed in midnight encounters. Most of us will live on in this dull tedious kind of way, without any extraordinary piece of good luck turning up at the end of the third volume. Here he is, after another Term or two, in chapel. It is a cold winter morning as he sits on the hard oak benches of the College chapel. He remembers when Divine Service called up feelings of devotion in his youthful mind. The organ, as it sounded, thrilled through his frame. He now thinks upon going to chapel as he would think about going to the dentist's. He has been deluged and drenched with chapel. He is even now sitting there, as a punishment! "As you have failed to *make up your number* of chapels the two last weeks," such are the very words of the Dean, "you will, if you please, *keep* every chapel till the end of Term." How can he reverence that which he is taught to look upon as a penalty attached to a crime? "All they appear to require of you here," he thinks disconsolately to himself, "is to eat dinners, and to go to chapel. Lectures are, comparatively, of no importance. Can this be called an University edu—?" But the service is at an end. The pompous, red-faced Master stalks out, bowing to the two young noblemen undergraduates who walk beside him. Then follow the other dignitaries. And last of all the vulgar herd of students, many with their great coats buttoned up over their night-gowns, and their hair unbrushed, having been called forth by the ring of the bell, to come and sleep on the chapel benches, instead of continuing to sleep in bed.

What is this scene which strikes upon his eye, as he hurries into the street, his surplice draggling in the mud, to purchase something (on "tick") for his breakfast? A party of young men riding through the town in hunting costume, cracking their whips. Others following behind in dog-carts, their legs muffled up from the cold in thick railway rugs. The meet is a long way off to-day. They are starting betimes to go to cover.

Why should he not go out himself, and have a day's enjoyment? He has been penned in and cooped up quite enough of late. He used to follow the hounds, on his pony, sometimes at home, on the sly. He can get across country as well as some of them. To-morrow the meet is quite close. Ah! but then there is evening chapel; suppose he should not get back in time for that? He is now compelled to attend every one. A lucky thought; he will get an "ægrotat," or medical, certificate of illness. He knows Dr. Lifepill. Dr. Lifepill will give him one in a moment. He knocks at the Doctor's door. He has a bad cold—rheumatism—he must lie up for a day or two. All right, it shall go in. He is off to the stable and orders his horse.

I fancied a young man so situated, looking around him after a while, and finding his expenses increasing on every side, his debts gathering as they run on. Then there are fines for everything. Everything is pecuniary. A fine for being out after dark without his cap and gown—a fine for coming in after a certain hour at night—a fine for walking across the grass-plots of his College—a fine for every time he misses chapel—a fine for coming in late to an examination—a fine (I have been credibly informed, and have never heard it contradicted) *for not taking the Lord's Supper*. Then the charges at the kitchen of his College are enormous, and he *must* have his provisions from thence. He has acquired, besides, luxurious tastes, and feels that he must gratify them. I can fancy (indeed it does not require a great stretch of imagination) a young man, under these circumstances, going to a money-lender, either at Cambridge or in London. But imagination followed no further than the fearful door of the usurer, and what passed inside formed no part of my picture, simply because I have never, myself, had the good luck to be acquainted with a money-lender, either in his own hospitable mansion, or in society. Neither do I fancy the ruin and the misery which follow fast upon an introduction to the good man. These are not fancies, but dire realities which we have all of us witnessed, somewhere or other, in our time.

There is one more scene that requires our attention. It is his last Term at College. It is now so long since he has made a practice of study, that he must set to work in earnest in order to gain an ordinary degree—a sad descent from the high honours that his father hoped and almost felt sure that he would take! He applies to Mr. Crammer. Mr Crammer is a celebrated "coach" for lazy and stupid men, and has a system of his own which has met with decided success. He knows his customers perfectly well; he is aware that, taken from their pipes and their beer, they are like fish on dry ground; the element in which they luxuriate being, indeed, tobacco-smoke, and such little faculties as they may still have remaining, oozing away when submitted to the action of any other atmosphere. They accordingly all sit round a table at which Mr. Crammer himself officiates as chairman. Every one calls for his favourite drink, and his favourite tobacco. A "gyp" is in attendance to take the orders. Each one, in his turn, construes the lesson or demonstrates the proposition appointed for the day. No other sound is allowed, save and except the calls for liquor. No one is allowed to leave the room, or to discontinue smoking and drinking till the lesson has, in this way, gone the round of the whole company assembled. At the conclusion, the young votaries of learning under difficulties rise astonished to find how much information they have acquired and how quickly the time has passed by.

But even Mr. Crammer is like a physician called in to a hopeless case, and he is PLUCKED!

So many great writers have exhausted their pathos upon this fatal event and its consequences, our book-cases contain so many afflicting *tableaux* of frantic duns and desperate shifts, of weeping parents and contrite sons, of the agonies of unsettled debt weighing upon the mind, and haunting the midnight pillow, dwelling side by side with the law-student in his lonely chambers, standing by the preacher in his pulpit, getting up like black Care behind the horseman, that I am unwilling that the picture which I conjured up in my own imagination, should suffer by the contrast, and—like the works of one not an academician—be stuck away out of sight, as it were, amidst these great works of art. Experience will supply a better representation than any daub of mine.

Let it not be supposed, however, by those unacquainted with College life, that the career which I have indicated above, is that of the majority of young men, or even of more than a small,—I wish I could add, an insignificant minority. There are degrees, too, in these matters; and what would be a lawful expense in the case of one, would be an unpardonable act of extravagance in another. If, however, only half-a-dozen such cases occurred in a year, it would be time to ask whether the authorities are doing all that they can to guard their youthful charges from the evils and temptations which assail them. Let us hope that the University Commission will answer this question; and if there be really any unsoundness in the Collegiate System, propose an efficient remedy.

Meanwhile, one passing observation may be made. The change from school to college, from the restraints of boyhood to the liberty of the full-grown man is, as matters now stand, surely too marked and rapid. I remember in my own case—but that is many years ago it is true—that I was flogged for not saying my lessons, not many weeks before I came up to College, and that the transition from toffey to mulled claret was immediate, and almost imperceptible. The period, too, which those who are not intending to read for Honours are required to stop there, seems to me too long. Most of them could, in their first Term, pass satisfactorily, and with perfect ease, the rudimentary examination which they have ultimately to go through, in order to obtain the Bachelor of Arts degree. For these, two years (according to the suggestion of the present tutor of Trinity Hall) would be amply sufficient. And in that case, matters might be so arranged, that the young man should take his degree as nearly as possible at the period of his coming of age. But I have said enough. As my old tutor used to remark to me—poor man! he lived to such an extreme age in single blessedness, that there are now none left to weep over him but the marble cherubim which the executors caused to be carved out, and, I believe, never paid for—as my old tutor used to say, "Wait till you are yourself a Fellow, before you talk of University reform." So that it is of the Fellows that you must ask whether the Fellows have not too little work to do. Wait till you are a Fellow yourself, before you presume to say whether the Fellows must be made to reside in Cambridge. Meanwhile you and I, reader, are not to have an opinion about the matter.

By this time the train was stopping. The town of Yarmouth was in sight, and I stepped out to exchange the dream of by-gone days, and the thick-coming fancies of the mind, for the realities of homely, plodding, every-day life.

CHIPS.

"SLOPED FOR TEXAS."

THIS is an answer given in some of the States of America when a gentleman has decamped from his wife, from his creditors, or from any other responsibility which he finds it troublesome to meet or to support. Among the curious instances of the application of this phrase is an adventure which happened to myself.

It is the boast of the bloods of the State of Backinsack, in Arkansas, that they are born with skins like alligators, and with strength like bears. They work hard, and they *play* hard. Gaming is the recreation most indulged in, and the gaming-houses of the western part of Arkansas have branded it with an unenviable notoriety.

One dark summer night, I lounged, as a mere spectator, the different rooms, watching the various games of hazard that were being played. Some of the players seemed to have set their very souls upon the stakes: their eyes were bloodshot, and fixed, from beneath their wrinkled brows, on the table, as if their everlasting weal or woe depended there upon the turning of the dice; whilst others—the finished blacklegs—assumed an indifferent and careless look, though a kind of sardonic smile playing round their lips, but too plainly revealed a sort of habitual desperation. Three of the players looked the very counterparts of each other, not only in face, but expression; both the physical and moral likeness was indeed striking. The other player was a young man, a stranger, whom they call "a "green one," in this and many other parts of the world. His eyes, his nose, his whole physiognomy, seemed to project, and to be capable of growing even still longer.

"Fifty dollars more," he exclaimed, with a deep-drawn breath, as he threw down the stake.

Each of his opponents turned up his cards coolly and confidently; but the long-visaged hero laid his stake before them, and, to the astonishment of the three professionals, won.

"Hurrah! the luck has turned, and I crow!" he cried out in an ecstasy, and pocketed the cash.

The worthy trio smiled at this, and recommenced play. The *green* young man displayed a broad but silent grin at his good fortune, and often took out his money to count it over, and see if each piece was good.

"Here are a hundred dollars more," cried the sylvan youth, "and I crow."

"I take them," said one of the trio. The youth won again, and "crowed" louder this time than he did the first.

On went the game; stakes were lost and won. Gradually the rouleaus of the "crower" dwindled down to a three or four of dollars, or so. It was clear that the gentlemen in black had been luring him on by that best of decoys, success at first.

"Let me see something for my money. Here 's a stake of two dollars, and I crow!" But he spoke now in a very faint treble indeed, and looked penitently at the cards.

Again the cards were shuffled, cut, and dealt, and the "plucked pigeon" staked his last dollar upon them.

"The last button on Gabe's coat, and I cr—cr—; no, I 'll be hamstrung if I do!"

He lost this too, and, with as deep a curse as I ever heard, he rose from the green board.

The apartment was very spacious, and on the ground floor. There was only this one gaming table in it, and not many lookers-on besides myself. Thinking the gaming was over, I turned to go out, but found the door locked, and the key gone. There was evidently something in the wind. At all events, I reflected, in case of need, the windows are not very far to the ground. I returned, and

saw the winners dividing the spoil, and the poor shorn "greenhorn," leaning over the back of their chairs, staring intently at the money.

The notes were deliberately spread out, one after another. Those which the loser had staked were new, fresh from the press, he said, and they were sorted into a heap distinct from the rest. They were two-dollar, three-dollar, and five-dollar notes, from the Indiana Bank, and the Bank of Columbus, in Ohio.

"I say, Ned, I don't think these notes are good," said one of the winners, and examined them.

"I wish they were 'nt, and I 'd crow," cried out the loser, very chop-fallen, at his elbow.

This simple speech lulled the suspicions of the counter, and he resumed his counting. At last, as he took up the last note, and eyeing it keenly, he exclaimed, in a most emphatic manner, "I 'll be hanged if they *are* genuine! They are forged!"

"No, they an't!" replied the loser, quite as emphatically.

A very opprobrious epithet was now hurled at the latter. He, without more ado, knocked down the speaker at a blow, capsized the table, which put out the lights, and, in the next instant, darted out of the window, whilst a bullet, fired from a pistol, cracked the pane of glass over his head. He had leaped into the small court-yard, with a wooden paling round it. The winners dashed towards the door, but found that the "green one" had secured it.

When the three worthies were convinced that the door would not yield to their efforts, and when they heard their "*victim*" galloping away, they gave a laugh at the trick played them, and returned to the table.

"Strike a light, Bill, and let 's pick up what notes have fallen. I have nearly the whole lot in my pocket."

The light soon made its appearance.

"What! None on the floor? Capital; I think I must have them all in my pocket, then:" saying which, he drew out the notes, and laid them on the table.

"Fire and Furies! These are the forged notes! The rascal has whipped up the other heap!"

While all this was going on I stepped towards the window, but had not stood there long, before I heard the clanking hoofs of a horse beyond the paling, and a shout wafted into the room—"Sloped for Texas!"

The worst part of the story remains to be told: it was *my* horse on which the rogue was now galloping off.

RIO DE JANEIRO AND ITS FEATHER-FLOWERS.

We derive the following Chip from the manuscript journal of a traveller:—

On we rustled, steadily passing and answering the hail from the forts that crown the rock, and emerged into San Sebastian Bay. What a scene! never shall I forget it. An inland lake, some sixty miles in circumference, stretched before me, studded with ships of every clime. Amid the Stripes and Stars of the Great Republic; the Tricolor of the royal sailor, Joinville; my heart warmed to the British Union Jack beneath the broad pendant of an admiral. Hundreds of canoes manned by negroes in scanty costume, glided swiftly over the placid waters, plying between the ships and shore; in front rose the white city of Rio de Janeiro. Churches and convents, and tall warehouses, backed up by mountains, all covered with the richest tropical vegetation, save where the bare peak of Corovado towered above all. A sky of that clear intense blue only seen in the tropics, framed this matchless panorama. The quarantine boat, pulled by twelve negroes in white canvas shirts without sleeves, and drawers reaching to the knee only, first reached and examined us.

On landing, it was impossible not to be struck by the crowds of black boatmen, childish, submissive, and gay; the Europeans with ghastly white faces, white broad-brimmed Panama hats, white jackets, shirts, and trowsers, hurrying about rapidly and earnestly among the languid deliberation of the tawny Brazilians.

Threading my way through a wilderness of hogsheads of sugar, and bags of coffee, I entered a long street of lofty white houses and green jalousés, undrained, ill-paved, and never cleaned. Before I had gone many yards, I was startled by a strange compound of sounds of rattling, singing, and groaning; from a cross street, prancing round the corner, came a hideous half-naked black; in his hand he held aloft a sort of gigantic wicker hour-glass full of stones, shaking and waving this, like a drum-major in front of his regiment, in regular time to a song, part words, part grunts, part groans: he led the way capering, fifty negroes followed in single file, some more hideous, barbarous, and unearthly than any I ever before beheld; each carried on his back a huge bag of coffee, and all joined in an unearthly chorus. I stood transfixed with amazement until they disappeared like a procession in a pantomime; surprise, disgust, horror, pity for these poor beasts of burden, overcame me. Next I encountered an enormous negress, a perfect mountain of black flesh, in a blue cotton robe, with a red and yellow cotton handkerchief round her head, garnished with large-headed gilt pins and strings of many-coloured beads as a necklace. She carried a basket full of tempting fruit. Smiling the good-humoured smile peculiar to Africans, she invited me by signs to select something from a stock of oranges and bananas. Oh, after a sea-voyage, salt meat and no fresh vegetable for many weeks, what a treat it was! The oranges, full of juice, and cold as ice, were more delicious than any thing I ever before tasted;

but whether it was the appetite or the fruit that was so superior, I know not.

The fruits, the flowers, the birds exposed for sale, were all magnificent; but the city of Rio is much dirtier than, and very inferior to Bordeaux, Havre, or Marseilles.

On the following day after a very bad dinner on steaks, which it would be a libel to compare with English horseflesh, I went to the celebrated Madame Finot's for some of her feather flowers, one of the few manufactures established in Brazil. In a long lofty room, opening on a verandah, I found the mistress of the establishment, a well-dressed, coquettish Frenchwoman, seated in the midst of at least forty girls, of all ages, from ten to twenty, and of all colours, from jet black to the palest shade of mixed blood; some of them extremely pretty, and all attired in very becoming costumes. Baskets full of feathers, each of some colour and shade of the richest dyes, were arranged down the centre of the room. From these their nimble fingers were engaged in fashioning exact representations of the most gorgeous tropical flowers, as well as roses, carnations, tulips, camellias, and all the garden favourites of Europe. Beside the baskets of feathers, all around hung perches and cages containing parrots and other birds of great value even in Brazil; numbers flew about the room like tame pigeons, and every now and then there was a regular chase and flutter, when the little mulattoes had to pluck some feather from a living subject to finish the wreath of a queen or a princess. In a detestable country, Madame Finot's bright birds and merry girls are almost my only pleasant recollection.

"CAPE" SKETCHES.

There is an old Cape proverb which is not at all encouraging to new comers. It pronounces it to be a land of "flowers without scent, birds without song, and rivers without water." It is indeed true that the indigenous flowers, varied and beautiful as they are, are almost destitute of odour; though of course those which have been transplanted from other climes retain their original perfume. The varieties of birds of lovely plumage and of every size, are almost innumerable; but while their chirping is incessant, not a *song* is ever heard in a Cape wood. With regard to rivers, immense channels are to be seen in all parts of the country, which, if filled with water, would form noble streams navigable for hundreds of miles, yet many of them have never a drop of water in them (except what may collect from the rain in hollows), and others are mere bubbling brooks at ordinary times, though enormous roaring torrents after a thunder storm in the distant mountains, from whence they take their rise.

We, in England, have not much to boast of in the way of navigable streams; but we know little of the want of water for agricultural or manufacturing purposes. "A never-failing spring" of water on a Cape farm is a great attraction in an auctioneer's advertisement, and though, probably, the said spring may be a miserable little affair, it will at least double the value of the farm that possesses it. Artesian wells are much talked of, but I never knew of one being sunk. Even common wells are rare, though in almost every place water is found, when bored for, at no great depth below the surface. On a great proportion of farms, the stock and their master depend entirely on the supply of water from the clouds, collected in the "vleys," or ponds dug on their farms. A glass of this water is exactly the colour of pea-soup, and if you are "a freshman" in the colony, you will feel considerable hesitation in putting it to your lips; yet, when you come to travel much in the land, you will often have to long in vain for the luxury of such a draught.

I was travelling over towards the north-east of the colony, and for eighteen hours my oxen had tasted no water. The poor brutes were, consequently, so faint and weary, that I began to fear for their lives. Still it was necessary to urge them on that we might come to some oasis in the desert. Suddenly, the whole span of a dozen set up a roar, threw their tails straight up, and dashed along with the waggon at a gallop. My first thought was "a lion," and I seized my double-barrelled gun to make ready, but in a few seconds my fears were allayed, for right a-head of me lay a large "vley" of water, to which the cattle were making at their best speed, and into which they dragged the wagon, and slacked their thirst without waiting for the ceremony of being outspanned. They had scented the water long before they could see it. We had previously passed several empty "vleys," dried up from the long drought.

A compensating provision of nature gives to the part of the colony most exposed to drought, a succulent little birch, growing in tufts, like the knots of hair on a negro's head. It is called "Karoo," and is a substitute for grass. Cattle which feed on this herb scarcely require water: but animals coming from the grass country do not relish it, and will not touch it for a long time. I have lost cattle in consequence of this want of education on their part.

The Price of Land varies in different parts of the colony according to its situation in reference to the markets. Perhaps the average price may be stated at about eight to ten shillings per acre. Thus, a farm of two thousand acres is worth from eight hundred to one thousand pounds. It is generally sold at a credit of one, two, and three years—the purchase-money in the meantime bearing interest at six per cent (the legal interest of the colony). Farms are seldom of a less extent than two thousand acres: occasionally they are much larger. They may also be

rented; but you would probably have to pay one hundred and thirty pounds a year for a farm, which you might purchase for a thousand pounds—so valuable is capital. Some districts are well adapted for cattle, some for sheep, and many for both. But there are many districts in which sheep do not thrive so well; for example, it is almost impossible to grow good wool on farms bordering on the sea. The character of a farm is always well known; so that by making proper enquiries, a purchaser may always avoid being deceived. Newly arrived colonists are very apt to be attracted by pretty scenery, and the park-like appearance of many parts of the colony; but it frequently happens that the spots most destitute of natural beauties feed the best stock. Some farmers find it necessary to have the farms at a considerable distance from each other, in order to afford their stock a change of pasture. This is occasionally necessary, for another reason. It often happens that a farm whereon sheep thrive admirably, and produce beautifully fine wool, is situate in so dry a district, that in the heat of summer there is not sufficient pasturage for the stock.

A farm of two thousand acres will support about the same number of sheep, and a hundred head of cattle, horses, &c., which is a fair farming stock. Probably the owner would lay out about thirty or forty acres in garden ground and agriculture.

The PRICE OF SHEEP entirely depends on the breed to which they belong. The original Cape Sheep is a perfect curiosity to a stranger, and is, in fact, gradually becoming scarce in the Colony. Woolled sheep vary in price from five shillings to twenty-five shillings each, according to the quality of their wool. A fair average price for good woolled sheep of the Merino breed is about ten shillings each. Thorough-bred rams are very valuable, many of them being worth from thirty to fifty guineas each.

There is not much variation in the PRICES OF CATTLE. They cost about two pounds ten shillings, or three pounds each for cows and working oxen; about four pounds to four pounds ten shillings for fat slaughter oxen. The cows, however, do not yield nearly one half the quantity of milk that is obtained from them in England; nor do the oxen furnish, by any means, such fine or rich beef.

Horses are very cheap. For all ordinary purposes you may purchase excellent horses for seven pounds, ten pounds, or twelve pounds each. If you wish to have something smart, well groomed, and in first-rate condition, you may have to pay twenty pounds to twenty-five pounds. But all above fifteen pounds may be regarded as mere *fancy* prices. They are wonderfully strong and hardy, and their powers of endurance are immense. Sixty miles in a day, with no other food than grass and water, is a very ordinary journey for a horse to carry his rider. I once started on a journey with four horses—one of them ridden by myself, another led by me, a third ridden by my servant, and the fourth (carrying my saddle-bags) led by him. I was very much pressed for time, and had two hundred and thirty-five miles to accomplish. I completed the journey, with the same horses (changing the saddles from one to another) in four days; and not one of the four nags was nearly so fatigued when I reached my destination, as I have generally found my hunter, in England, after a ten or twelve miles burst across the country with the hounds. I must observe, however, that I obtained good forage for them every day. Not one of them had cost me ten pounds, and the hardiest of the lot only four pounds ten shillings! The favourite travelling pace is a kind of easy amble, and, with an occasional walk, averages little more than six miles an hour.

I could not advise any one to commence SHEEP FARMING in South Africa with less than one thousand five hundred pounds capital, unless he is prepared to undergo very great privations. *With* that capital he might make a very fair start; of course, only hiring a farm at first. No man should commence without six months' experience in the Colony, which time he should employ in visiting farmers, who are always delighted to receive him, frequenting the markets, studying the character of the natives, and picking up bad Dutch. He should then be very careful in his selection of a farm, taking care to visit it in the dryest season. He had better not purchase the most expensive quality of sheep, as any loss, from mismanagement or otherwise, would fall too heavily on a beginner. Let him be content to give seven shillings and sixpence to ten shillings a-piece for them; and buy a few rams at ten pounds each. A wagon will cost him seventy or eighty pounds; and a span of oxen thirty-five pounds; a horse, saddle, and bridle, about eighteen pounds; and beyond this he will only require a plough and two or three agricultural implements, which he will find cheap enough. If he is a bachelor his domestic furniture will cost him something infinitesimally small. If he is a married man he will, if wise, take what he requires with him from England.

I shall conclude these sketches with such observations as my experience suggests to be useful to SETTLERS. Let me commence by saying, that there is scarcely a trade, or an art, a knowledge of which is not useful to a colonial settler; above all things, let him know how to handle carpenter's tools, for he will often find such knowledge put him in possession of a dozen little comforts which he would not otherwise enjoy.

It is remarkable that some of the most successful farmers in South Africa are men who were originally "Cockneys." On the

other hand, many who were farmers in England have failed to equal the townsmen in their success. Perhaps the cause of this apparent anomaly is, that the former, being utterly ignorant of the agricultural or pastoral arts, before arriving in the Colony, have studied them as practised in the country they dwell in; while the others fancy they know all about them beforehand, pursue their own system, and find that what answered in England fails in Africa.

Stock of all kinds feed on grass alone all the year round. Sheep are turned out of the fold (the "kraal" it is called) about ten or eleven in the morning, and are driven to their pasture ground by the herdsman, who remains with them all day, driving them home again a little before sunset. Except counting them out and counting them into the kraal morning and evening, the sheep-farmer has no trouble at all with his stock; unless during the shearing or lambing season. The consequence is, that the young gentleman is apt to get exceedingly lazy, and to fall into other bad habits, instead of cultivating his mind and a garden, and raising goodly fruit in both. Servants follow the example of their master, and become good for nothing.

Many farmers fall into such indolent habits of mind and body, that they have not even the energy to amuse themselves, or to improve their daily fare, by shooting some of the game with which their farms abound.

Fortunate is the settler who takes with him some good English servants, who are sufficiently attached to his person to remain with him after his arrival in the colony. I have known many instances where men have brought out their own servants, supplying them with good outfits, and paying their passage money, and have been deserted by them within two months of their reaching the Cape—the servants fancying they could "better themselves," or speculate on their own account. The consequences have generally been annoyance and disappointment to the master, and no good to the servant.

Servants and labourers of all classes (both male and female) are constantly spoilt by their evil associations and their bad management on board emigrant ships. I once sailed in one myself, and a viler conglomeration of laziness and immorality I never beheld even in St. Giles's, or any neighbourhood where curiosity has tempted me to search for such scenes. This subject is too extensive for me to enter upon here; but there is one suggestion I would make—that every emigrant on board ship should have some daily task to perform, and only receive his rations on condition of its being done properly.

There is one comfort wherewith every intending emigrant should provide himself. He may be sure that he will take nothing else with him so valuable to him in every sense. Should he live fifty miles from his neighbours; should his affairs prove occasionally less prosperous than his hopes; should his servants desert him, and he be obliged to work with his own hands—in a word, whatever of good or ill may befal him, he will find this the most valuable of all his possessions—a Wife!

WHY PEOPLE LET LODGINGS.

The contrivances and struggles of what the vulgar call "gentility" to make two hundred pounds a-year pass for five hundred per annum, rank with the tragedies of large towns. Starvation for a month, and a sumptuous festival four times a year: a white satin dress for the mother of ragged children: a bone of mutton for the family, and grouse and truffles for visitors: hired plate for state occasions, and Britannia metal for ordinary service. Such are among the shifts and contrivances of "poor, but genteel" establishments. The cold mutton is contentedly swallowed, when seasoned with the comforting conviction that the Tomkinses over the way believe three courses and a dessert, are the daily comforters of the family. The genteel do everything for other people. They never see with their own eyes, but through those of their neighbours. When Mrs. Jones surveys her best carpet, it is not with her own sight, but with that of the Prescotts next door, and the rest of her habitual visitors. "Insatiate vanity" and a foolish fear of the world are the mainsprings of this miserably false condition of things. It is one of the worst results of an adoration of gold:—it is a consequence of that stigma which is too generally attached to poverty in this country. It is a result of that tendency of money-worshippers to look at a man's waistcoat rather than his actions—to his material possessions rather than to his moral worth. He is a more considerable person in the esteem of the world who possesses fifty estates, than he who is a pattern of fifty virtues. This being so, we do not wonder when we detect the existence of an universal system of hypocrisy on the subject of riches; and a wish to appear well before the world—whatever the world's standard of excellence may be—will always form a marked trait in the national characteristics.

There is a fashion in virtue as in dress, and now, unhappily, the virtue in vogue is—wealth. To be fashionable in this respect a thousand sacrifices are daily made; glossy clothes are lined with sackcloth. Everything is made for show—to counterfeit wealth. It is a race to escape from the stigma of poverty; and, in the crowd, the *millionaire* is not distinguishable from the begging-letter writer. The advertising columns of the daily papers are crowded with painful instances of domestic suffering; but in no part of these columns do we find such unequivocal symptoms of the struggles of poor "gentility," as in that where people who let lodgings advertise the attractions of their respective households.

It is observable, that not two in a hundred of the people who let lodgings, receive lodgers for the sake of adding to their income. They scorn such a mercenary consideration. Their house is too large for them; they are anxious to add "a few companions to their social circle;"—or they let their apartments, "not for the sake of emolument, but to meet with a respectable tenant." People who let lodgings are invariably accustomed to the highest society, and can give the most impressive references. The attractions they offer are overwhelming: Elysium can be nothing in comparison with the comforts to be had in an Islington first-floor, at fifteen shillings per week. The most fastidious must speedily be accommodated. It must be a real pleasure to appropriate one's first-floor to a genteel tenant, since emolument is never sought by "people of the highest respectability."

How happy people in lodgings must be! They may be "surrounded with all the comforts of home without its cares" at a nominal rate of payment; they are at liberty to join "a cheerful musical circle," where "rent is a minor consideration;" they may direct their luggage to a serene establishment "where there are no children, or any other nuisances," upon promising to pay "the quiet and serious lady of the house" no more than the mere weekly sum of twelve shillings; and it is their own fault if they do not catch at "an opportunity which seldom occurs" of ensconcing themselves in a family where there are "no other lodgers, and where a man-servant is kept."

People who let lodgings, in addition to their high respectability and carelessness as to the payment of rent, are frequently prodigies of learning. Conceive the cultivated state of that circle whence our native language is banished, and "French is the tongue daily spoken at table." Lodgings may not unfrequently be secured in a house that is attended by the best professors of every distinct branch of learning, where lessons in Hebrew and Greek—together with boot-cleaning—are included in the unusually low terms of one guinea per week. This magnificent offer is usually made for the sake of securing "a fellow-student for the advertiser's son;" of course, the guinea per week is merely a nominal matter.

Some let lodgings only to present advantages to happy bachelors and maidens "deprived of a home." For thirty shillings weekly, it is possible to rent a first floor in a highly respectable neighbourhood, of parties whose "religious principles are in strict conformity with the Established Church." The beatitude of occupying parlours underneath High Church people, is too evident to need a syllable of elucidation. There are also lodging-letting widows, whose only wish is to lift the responsibility of housekeeping off the shoulders of "a respectable bachelor or widower," and with a touching self-sacrifice to place the burden upon their own back; benevolent housekeepers, who devote their entire attention to their lodgers, to the exclusion of every other earthly consideration; and mothers, at the lowest possible charge, for respectable young ladies "of limited income."

Words cannot adequately describe the splendour and the beauty of some of these homes. "They are offered to a homeless public because, being furnished in the handsomest manner, with particular regard to comfort," they are too good for the occupant, who is too well off, and benevolently wishes to share his domestic bliss with a less fortunate individual, "whose references will bear the strictest investigation." Such domiciles often command extensive and varied scenery; they are, without exception, in the most fashionable locality; they are lofty and well ventilated; they have all been recently fitted up; omnibuses pass the door every five minutes; and they are throughout scrupulously clean. They are Utopias of elegance, comfort, learning, morality, and respectability. No wonder marriages are on the decrease in a country where a bachelor may hire a paradise, kitchen fire included, for a mere trifle.

What a devoted, self-sacrificial race must the lodging-house keepers of London be! Their virtues defy computation. They offer splendour, the highest respectability, morality, music, French, and natural solicitude, at the lowest possible figure; for "money is no object." They are too genteel—too easy in their circumstances for cash to be to them of the slightest consequence. No, they advertise their virtues and their splendour, for the Samaritan pleasure of admitting strangers to be partakers of their good fortune.

We have gathered this little history of people who let lodgings from their own modest autobiographies, as we find them in the advertising columns of the morning papers. It may, perhaps, vindicate that maligned class of persons from certain prejudices very generally entertained against them. People to whom rent is no object, will not purloin port; a serious family will not appropriate a lodger's pomatum; no cheerful musical circle can entertain a particular regard for their lodger's lumps of sugar; no High Church family would peep into their lodger's tea-caddy; and certainly no housewife whose maternal solicitude can be had a bargain, would think it proper to appropriate her adopted child's bread-and-butter. Therefore the calumnies circulated to the prejudice of people who let lodgings should be exposed, and the authors of them be held up to public obloquy. People who give and exchange the highest references, and who let their best rooms for the pleasure of living in the kitchen, and not with any idea of emolument, would not stoop to petty thefts of the above mean and detestable description.

Thus the cause of people who let lodgings may be vindicated. Their lodgings are let, and their gentility is not compromised.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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VIEWS OF THE COUNTRY.

Will you be saved or ruined? asks Tom Dolorous, who has a theory on the condition of the country. Tom with a portentous look carries his hands behind him, and asks Great Britain which hand she will have; in one he carries ruin, in the other salvation; both very much at her service. "Poor mouldy creature," Tom cries to his country, "there you go, like the botanist who tells of himself in the moist valley of Nepaul: a walking frame for Mucedineæ. There's one variety of mould upon your hat, another on your shirt, another on your coat, one on your knapsack, another on your boots (yea, one upon the upper-leather of your boots and quite another on the soles); and, if you take your telescope to get a sight abroad, there's a new species of mould upon the glass to hinder you. O, my poor country, suffer me to clear these growths away!"

Tom's measures of salvation are extremely mild, and go no farther than the scraping of the nation's outward man. Now Bob Slash is quite a different reformer. How sweet are larks, Bob meditates, and who can turn away from oysters. Here is a nation with rude institutions calling itself civilised, but it admits of vast improvements. Permit me, if you please, to take in hand this rude hog of the state, and, after Roman fashion, I will make a Trojan Pig of it. Casting away its vulgar entrails I will have it stuffed with thrushes, larks, beccaficos, oysters, nightingales, and other pleasant things; I will have it bathed with wine and unctuous gravy. Bob becomes enthusiastic in dilating upon the advantages of his reform. Whereas, Will Perfect says it is incomplete. It will not do, he says, to scrape the outside of a nation that requires to be reformed, or to neglect the outside while we tear out the mistakes which lie within. He would compare Great Britain to a pippin. In the first place, we must peel the pippin, and then we must cut out the core.

But we put no faith in any man who says we must be saved or ruined. In our humble opinion that noble animal who (in company with the small end of a wedge) is so well known to British audiences, the British Lion, is a worthy beast, with many faults, but, on the whole, magnanimous. Let us discuss this question quietly, and with our feet upon the fender.

Perhaps there is no better guarantee of peace and progress to this country than the freedom of the Press. Opinion is King of England, and Victoria is Queen. Every phase of opinion speaks through some book or journal, and is repeated widely in proportion to the hold it takes upon the public. Government is the representative of whatever opinions prevail; if it prove too perverse it falls,—ministers change, without a revolution. Then too, when every man's tongue is free, we are accustomed to hear all manner of wild suggestions. Fresh paint does not soon dazzle us; we are like children lavishly supplied with toys, who receive new gifts tranquilly enough.

Is King Opinion an honest ruler? Yes. For the English people speak unreservedly their thoughts on public matters, and are open, though it be with honourable slowness, to all new convictions. We must add, however, as a drawback, that the uneducated class amounts to a distressing number in this country in proportion to the whole. It forms, as long as it is ignorant, a source of profit to designing speculators. Nonsense is put into the mouths of men who mean no evil, but who sincerely desire their own improvement. Truth is murdered, and her dress is worn by knaves who burlesque sympathy with working-men for selfish purposes. The poor man's sincere advocate, at last, cannot speak truth without incurring the suspicion of some treasonable purpose against honesty or common sense. The very language necessary to be used in advocating just rights sometimes becomes as a pure stream befouled by those who have misused it.

Therefore, in England, the uneducated classes arrive slowly at the privileges which they must acquire. They are impeded by false friends; but, even false friends are not able to delude them beyond a certain point. Among us, for example, even the most ignorant well know that there is no field for a vulgar revolution against such a monarch as Opinion makes. Arguments must be used for barricades, and we must knock our neighbours on the head with facts; we must fire newspaper articles instead of cannon-balls, and use colloquial banter for our small shot. In all disputes an English citizen has, for his

last and sole appeal, Opinion; as a citizen of Rome had Cæsar.

The Government which puts its hand upon a nation's mouth and thinks to stifle what it has to say, will be inevitably kicked and bitten. The nation will, some day, get liberty and make amends for every minute of restraint with lusty shouting. Among the continental states which suffered from the Revolutions of 1848, were some in which the people had less of social evil to complain of than we have in England; but they were fretted by political restrictions, by a system of espial which tabooed all conversation upon public matters before any stranger, and they were glad enough to get their tongues at liberty. Adam, the old traditions say, was made of eight pounds:—a pound of earth, his flesh; a pound of fire, his blood; a pound of cloud, his instability; a pound of grace (how that was weighed the legend sayeth not) his stature; a pound of blossom, his eyes; a pound of dew, his sweat; a pound of salt, his tears; and, finally, a pound of wind, his breath. Now Governments which don't allow each man his pound of wind, get themselves, sooner or later, into certain trouble; for, when the wind does come at last (which it is sure to do), it comes in a storm.

The freedom and the power of Opinion in England, have given an importance to the press which is attached to it, as a direct agent in producing social reforms, in no other European country. The journalist lays every day a mass of facts before all people capable of thought; the adult who has learnt only to write and read, acquires his remaining education—often not despicable in amount—from his weekly paper. Jeremy Bentham, speaking of those old superstitious rites by which it was intended to exorcise evil spirits, says very truly, "In our days, and in our country, the same object is obtained, and beyond comparison more effectually, by so cheap an instrument as a common newspaper. Before this talisman, not only devils but ghosts, vampires, witches, and all their kindred tribes, are driven out of the land, never to return again! The touch of Holy Water is not so intolerable to them as the bare smell of Printer's Ink."

What can a man learn by skimming the newspapers and journals of the day? Why, in the northern seas there floats a very little film of oil, where whales or seals have been. So thin a film, no bird could separate from any wave, yet there are birds who become grossly fat on no other nourishment. The storm petrel, or, in the Faroese phrase, Mother Carey's chicken, skims the surface of the troubled water, till the feathers of its breast are charged with oil; and then feeds heartily on the provision so collected. A vast number of her Majesty's subjects dart over the debator and the discusser of the newspaper, like storm petrels, and thrive upon what skimmings they retain.

Since the press in England has been actually free (and many of us can remember when it was not so), one fact has become every year more prominent amidst the din of parties. We have begun to see that, however much we are convinced of any one thing, those are not all and always fools who think the opposite. We get a strong suspicion of our individual fallibility; new facts come out, and display old opinions in an unexpected light. We respect our opponents, when they deserve respect, and on the whole are teachable.

Of course, our views in politics are often guided by our sense of private interest, but there is nothing very wonderful in that; nature intends man to cry out, when a shoe pinches him. But, there is now abroad, concerning social questions, a desire to hear all that can be said about them; to tolerate, if not to respect, conclusions that oppose our own; a readiness to seek for the right course, and a desire to follow it.

Into religion, unhappily, this spirit of toleration has not yet extended, for tolerance has made a clog of what ought to be a spur to our exertion, so that, of late years, it has become necessary to teach even such Christian doctrines as charity and the first elements of our religion, by the direct voice of the newspaper. The free press has strength to destroy sectarian pride, as it has already destroyed the bigotry of party. That is a work of time; at present we may be content to know how much work has been done. There is a readiness in politics to find out and to follow right, there is an active spirit of enquiry, pumping up daily a large flood of information, which is not poured out in vain. Therefore, we tranquilly content ourselves with the continual progress which this country makes, and have no faith in any man who tells us that it must be saved or ruined. There is a picture in the Navis Stultorum, of some men who go out fowling, each with a goose upon his wrist. The gentlemen who sport these ruin-or-salvation crotchets, fowl with the wrong bird also, we imagine.

Hence, we have no fear about the country; we know very well that great reforms are needed, but we believe, also, that after each necessity has been well talked about, and become fully comprehended, the reforms will come. The most pressing want of our community is education. There are eight millions of us who can neither read nor write; and more than half our children are now growing up to manhood and womanhood without assistance from the school. Of those among us, who can read and write, a large number are taught, by the education they have had, to do nothing more. Even our wealthy classes cannot secure, very easily, for their own children more than a comparatively useless training, since four out of five schools are conducted on a system fashionable in the middle-ages, and ignore the greater part of what has since become the wisdom of the world.

It is a great pity that any quarrel about indoctrination into creeds, should impede education for our poor. Everybody who has intercourse with children, knows that they are incapable of understanding theologic subtleties. We may put into their mouths and make them roll about, a form of words, as we may get them to suck pebbles; but they can no more extract sense out of the words than savour from the stones; nor are we able to compel them so to do. Nor have we any need to engage in the hopeless trial; with the record of the life and lessons of Christ lying ready to our hands, and His own Prayer, an eternal model to us in its grand simplicity.

But there is something else which may be worth considering.

Before the French Revolution of 1789, the feudal system prevailed throughout Europe. All land was the property of great proprietors who were the lords of a landless peasantry. In France, the Revolution overset that state of things; and land was made attainable by people of all classes. Napoleon in conquering some continental nations gave, as a boon, to please the masses of the conquered, this free-trade in land. Others willingly and deliberately adopted the new principle as an advance upon the feudal system. So, the Prussian Government, under two Prussian Peels, the ministers Stein and Hardenburg, introduced the system of small properties in 1811, and laid the foundation of a social fabric, the strength and excellence of which, we are, just now, beginning to comprehend. Thus it happens, that since the great French Revolution, the feudal system of ownership in land, has been superseded in France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Lombardy, the Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, a great part of Italy and America. It is retained only by England, Russia, and some of the worst governed portions of the Austrian Empire. Let us consider whether we have not here touched upon another drawback to the improvements upon which Englishmen have just right to congratulate their country.

Sir William Manor is a large landed proprietor, whose estate is his own, to do with every acre of it as he pleases; that is to say, he holds in fee-simple. He has no children; but, to preserve the glory of his house, he makes a settlement, before he dies, in favour of two nephews, Montague Johnes, aged twenty-three, and Villiers Wilkinson, aged six. Montague Johnes is to be heir to his estate, which Montague Johnes is to use during his lifetime, to let and have subletted, to mortgage or sell, but not to alienate from the family, because it has been entailed. When Montague Johnes dies, Villiers Wilkinson becomes successor to the whole. Into a variety of complicated relations Villiers Wilkinson may enter,—he may sell the land, but his power of sale ends with his life; the whole estate must pass, when he is dead, without the diminution of an acre, unto Hugh Tombobbean. Hugh Tombobbean was a lusty child of one year old when the entail was settled, and he was made the third man in the list. Hugh Tombobbean reigns after Villiers Wilkinson, and must have all the land, but must not alienate it until he shall have a son who shall attain the age of twenty-one. In the adult son of Hugh Tombobbean, one entail expires, and the estate may then be sold, if Hugh Tombobbean's son desire, and if all other persons named in the entail be willing, and if no other person named in the first settlement, (and being dead), has left behind him a bequest which shall provide for the continuance of this most interesting game. If any die without a settlement, the property goes undivided to the nearest heir. Each individual in an entail may bargain with his property to the extent of his own right: and so there arises a great legal game of hide and seek, a mass of laws, and contingencies, and possibilities, and impossibilities, and shades of title to a park or a potato ground, which nobody can fathom but a lawyer who has made such matters his especial study—and, very often, not even he. So, people buy land at a risk, who buy it on the word of a seller: the seller himself may not know what claims and rights beyond his own can be established on it. So, great estates are kept together, by a system obviously unjust. If great estates be worth preserving in this country, as we believe they are, in the hands of solvent proprietors, they may remain for ever, or by monied men they may be got together. But, it is pretty certain that they are hardly worth maintaining by a system so little in unison with the politics or morals of the nineteenth century.

Land differs from other property only inasmuch as we know the utmost possible extent of it. Flocks can increase—more gold can be collected and be coined—more wares can be manufactured; but after we have turned to use our millions of waste acreage, and have reclaimed a few more acres from the sea, there is no more land to be got, and, therefore, it is all the more essential that no portion of the soil we have, should be placed out of the reach of human dealings. It would be less mischievous to entail forks and spoons than poles and furlongs.

Let us suppose Mr. Walkingame, a shopkeeper, aided by law on the entail principle, in an attempt to perpetuate the family respectability. He settles his furniture and ninety pounds on Jones and Wilkinson. Jones may be idle and extravagant; but, his furniture is entailed, and no bailiff can seize it. He may spend every farthing of his money; but, at his death ninety pounds have to come back to Wilkinson. Why need we pursue the parallel? Laws of this kind may give to the fortunes of individuals a sickly buoyancy, but they are, in fact, injurious to all whom they affect (except the myrmidons of law); like the unwholesome waters of the Dead Sea,

they sustain a swimmer on the surface, they make sinking difficult; but, a clear lake of the unsophisticated element is much to be preferred.

These drawbacks, we have indicated in no ill-humoured or disheartened spirit. Growth must be gradual, we know, and England has not, for a long time past, been standing still. In our own time, we may see schools plentiful in villages and towns; we may see land ceasing to be spell-bound, saleable by those who cannot make a use of it, and purchaseable by their friends who can—we may get titles to land registered and proved for half-a-crown. We, or our children, shall see Chancery abuses fall among the ghastly legends of the past. Every new attainment, points, and will always point, to something else beyond. We shall go on and prosper, so long as we are in earnest; and to-day we *are* in earnest. The civilised world has not, in all past history, a period upon which to look back, so full of human hope arising from the thoughts and deeds of nations, as our own. Men have begun to understand each other; and they quarrel, therefore, less. Let us, in England, do our part; let us find out our faults and mend them, while we are modestly conscious of our merits. No theory will save us or ruin us, but "precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little." We may then go upon our way, advancing, with quiet confidence.

WHAT A LONDON CURATE CAN DO IF HE TRIES.

The payment of sixpence at the London station of the Blackwall Railway secures not only a first-class ticket for the Shadwell station, but the privilege of looking from the carriage window into the apartments of all the upper-floor inhabitants between Fenchurch Street and the station in St. George's-in-the-East; the Railway, as every Blackwall sailor and every Blackwall whitebait-eater knows, running, like a giant brick-and-mortar wall, straight through the buildings, on a level with many of their roofs, and permitting the passenger to look, like Asmodeus, into the dingy tenements of this Eastern region. A few minutes suffice for the journey, and stepping from the train, the passenger descends a stone stair, to find himself in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, a district which could not be more full of contrasts to its namesake at the other extremity of the modern Babylon—St. George's, Hanover Square—if it were forty instead of four miles distant. The houses in the Eastern St. George's are almost all small, and the streets and alleys form a sort of labyrinth—a tangled web of dingy structures—ins and outs, and twisted meshes of lane and alley, having only the one feature in common, that feature telling of poverty—not always squalid, for many show the struggle of decency for appearances by a polished brass plate or door-handle, with here and there bright symptoms of green paint portal and a whitened door-stone—but ever displaying the presence of a population of the humblest means. Round the outside of the district there may be found a street or two, containing the shops of the chief traders of the place, in which signs of more affluence may be detected; but within this crust lies one mass of almost unredeemed poverty—a population of very many thousand souls, located upon a very few acres of ground. Scores of houses, of six rooms, holding six families; scores of houses, of five rooms, holding five families; hundreds of houses, of four rooms, holding four families each. "Time was," said an old inhabitant of the spot, when the people could get two rooms—one to live in, one to sleep in. But the evictions at the west-end, and other circumstances, have so increased the numbers, that rents have risen, and the people can afford but one room.

Such a spot offers so few attractions to the class who are able to choose a location for themselves, that there are no resident gentry in the place. Those who own the property, live away from it. There are no large good houses offering a contrast to the surrounding poverty; no wealthy people who may be asked to lend a little help to their poorer neighbours. One in every fourteen of the whole population of the parish are paupers. Surely such a spot offers few inducements for its selection as a place of permanent abode. Yet here, some years since, came a hopeful, zealous, hard-working man, who seeing and feeling the wants of the neighbourhood, went single-handed to work to see what good intentions, backed by perseverance, could do in a hand to hand fight with poverty, ignorance, dirt, neglect, and crime.

Twenty years ago, the then rector of St. George's-in-the-East, was a Doctor of Divinity of the old school, whose pride it was to leave the world at large, and his own parish in particular, just where he found it. The dust and the modes of past times should, he thought, be preserved inviolate, and hence, though ignorance stalked through his parish unchallenged, save by the feeble efforts of one small charity school, he lived quietly on, untroubled by any idea that popular knowledge should be promoted among the flock of a London rector. The patronage of the living was the gift of his college, and with him it was a religious duty to leave things as they were. The world let him live quietly, why should he disturb the world?

One fine day the rector found himself without a curate, and as the close courts and poverty stricken streets of his parish sent every year many hundred tenants for the parish grave-yard; and as the young men and women, notwithstanding their poverty, would be young men and women, and made up amongst them scores of matrimonial matches

in the twelve-month; and as, moreover, innumerable little pledges of affection had to be christened in each similar space of time, the curate must needs be "a working man." The friends of the rector passed from one to another the demand, "Wanted—a Curate;" but curates seemed to know what sort of a place St. George's-in-the-East must be, and the attractions of one hundred and fifty pounds a year as the reward for burying a little army of dead, marrying no end of "happy couples," and christening hundreds of young cockneys, did *not* secure a crowd of applicants for the vacant post. Days ran into weeks, and the rector felt desperate. The grave-yard was dank and clayey, and air blew coldly through the masts and rigging of the shipping moored in the Thames and the docks, and amongst the smoky chimneys all round about. The perpetual iteration of the services was more laborious than chimed with the idea of the rector, and "Wanted—a Curate" became day by day a more pressing necessity of his case. At last a stray letter, explaining the reverend gentleman's necessities, found its way into an out-of-the-way Wiltshire parish, in which there was a young curate who had distinguished himself by zeal in getting up schools and clubs for the poor. These humble establishments in their quiet way had done much good, and had obtained for their promoter and superintendent, the curate, quite a reputation in their locality; but he had got them into good trim, and as they worked well and there were no more difficulties to be encountered, the curate felt a longing for a wider sphere. His patron, the parish clergyman, had often said that London was the place for a mind so active as his, and when the intelligence came that a curacy might be had "in St. George's, London," the proper moment seemed to have arrived for moving the curate to his natural sphere of usefulness. A friend was found to do temporary duty in the church, to "give an eye to the schools, and to look after the sick," and off set the curate to ascertain if he could secure the vacant post in the modern Babylon.

Arrived in town, his first duty was to call upon the writer of the letter that had induced him to quit the country in search of a new field for his labours. His reception was cordial and encouraging. The post was still vacant; indeed the reverend gentleman in whose gift it was had kept it specially for our young friend, for he had heard of the Wiltshire schools, and of the industry displayed by their promoter, and was sure he was just the man to encounter the labour of a metropolitan cure of souls. After much more of such conversation, it was proposed that they should go together to the rector, to settle the affair, and few minutes more found them on their way.

They passed street after street, but they were all city streets; and one after the other they grew dirtier and dirtier, until at last a climax of abominations greeted eye and nostril and well-polished shoe as they threaded Rag Fair.

"Surely," interposed the curate, "this cannot be the way to St. George's?"

"Certainly it is," was the reply; "and this very place is in the district you are to take charge of."

"This!" gasped the curate with astonishment. And he stood still as he spoke, half shuddering amidst the crowd of Jews, thieves, rags, filth, foul smells, and wretchedness, as his mind and spirit flew back to the country scenes and country friends, he had that morning left.

"Here! I could never live here. The air seems thick with impurity. I thought St. George's meant St. George's, Hanover Square!"

His companion laughed. "You longed for fashion, did you? You wanted to live amongst lofty people; to change the rural sounds of Wilts for the clatter of dashing vehicles, and to marry and bury lords and ladies? No, no. St. George's-in-the-*East* it is that wants a curer of souls, and believe me you are just the man for the place."

Forward they went in silence, until they reached the rector's door.

"I cannot undertake it," repeated the country curate. "The smells, and sights, and noises, are frightful. I could not live in this atmosphere, I'm sure."

"But the rector has kept the place vacant for you," was the response; and as he spoke, they were ushered into the presence of that dignitary himself.

More friendly greetings and kind speeches The curate was the thing, he would soon be used to the neighbourhood. He firmly declared his repugnance. But what was he, the rector, to do? He had been waiting for the curate. He should be greatly put out of his way if he were to be disappointed at this critical moment. Indeed he was very ill. He really hoped he should not hear of anything like refusal. And a great deal of talk resulted in an arrangement that the curate should *try* for a month, whilst the rector sought for another to succeed him.

In a little old house close by, some little rooms were selected as a cheap temporary lodging, and there our country friend soon located himself. The occasional funeral duty of the country was changed for the constant day by day, week by week, repetitions of a gorged London grave-yard. Work, work, work, was become the order of his life, and work too without knowing the people for whom he was ministering, and in a field so vast that there seemed little chance of his ever gaining a knowledge of the souls now under his spiritual charge. Whilst yet astonished at the change, and whilst longing for the day that should release him for his return, a letter reached him, saying the incumbent of his Wiltshire parish was—dead! Ease and abun-

dance had been succeeded by the demon that follows in their trains, Apoplexy—a scene of confusion and distress—hurrying for doctors, who came only to use lancets and shake their heads,—and the curtain fell, leaving a widow to mourn, a preferment to delight some long expectant, and a curate out of place. This fatal termination of his old patron's career came at a critical moment. Wiltshire no longer beckoned our humble hero back. St. George's-in-the-East had him in its clutches, and the one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and a field for usefulness, was better than throwing himself adrift upon the world; and the upshot was that, instead of leaving his small lodging at the end of the month, he lived there for many years.

And how were these years passed? The work of the place—the clerical work—was amply sufficient to fill up his time, but the curate had desires, and felt he had a duty beyond that routine, laborious though it might be. The rector, true to his creed, would hear nothing about schools, or societies. There was the one charity school when he came to the living, and there should be the one charity school only, when he left it, and all the curate's thoughts and plans had to be kept to himself. But still he went on *trying*, and kept steadily on, making himself acquainted with the needs of the neighbourhood; visiting the sick, advising the idle and the improvident, and comforting the afflicted, till the people round about began to find that "a parson" might be a very comfortable person to know, if, as they said, he was "one of the right sort."

Years rolled on, and the day arrived when the Bishop of the diocese made a grand appeal to the public for help in the building of new churches; and so readily was the request responded to, that a sum of two hundred thousand pounds accumulated in the hands of the bankers to the fund. The impossibility of one rector—supposing him to be an active man, and not, as our rector was, a kind of 'clerical sleeping partner,' with one curate (though a curate of treble curate power)—ever grasping the spiritual needs of such a parish as St. George's-in-the-East, with its forty thousand inhabitants, must long have struck the church reformers of London; and when our friend the one curate made up his mind to write to the Bishop, pointing out certain strong reasons why a portion of the two hundred thousand pounds should be spent in his part of the world, the letter could scarcely fail to receive attention. In due time, an answer came from the episcopal dispenser of the building fund, stating that a grant was in abeyance for the building of a church in the most neglected part of the parish, but there was a difficulty in obtaining a site. This was hint enough. To work went our curate, to try what could be done. A failure on one spot only set him on to search for another, and at length he was directed to a small street, from the back windows of which, it was said, a large unused stone-yard could be seen. It had been for years shut up behind small, poverty-stricken tenements, that few people knew of its existence; but there it was, sure enough, grown over by weeds, and strewed with the dirt and refuse that poverty, and London cats, and London smoke, somehow bring together whenever a spot remains unoccupied. Scraps of stone were scattered about it—fragments too small, or too ugly for door-steps or tombstones, yet too heavy for trespassing boys to throw at one another, or to toss through the windows of the neighbouring empty houses, and of no value per pound at the marine store dealers'. And there they lay, uncared-for for years, until the eye of the curate fell upon the spot, and straightway they reared themselves, in his mental vision, one upon another, into a tall church filled with worshippers, with the curate himself ministering there. But dreaming was no use. The curate went forth to *try* what he could do. Work, work, work; talk, talk, talk, to one and to another; letters here, explanations there, until, at length, the site was secured; until the building was begun, continued, and furnished. The chosen plan was one that would secure the largest amount of accommodation for the sum to be spent; and the day arrived when church-room was ready for sixteen hundred people, within a substantial building, in a district set apart for it, and christened "Christ Church." But still, there were no fittings; no stoves; no organ; no preacher's house; no preacher's pay; no preacher.

The curate who had worked so long and so satisfactorily in the parish, was naturally the man who should occupy the church he had contributed to rear; but having by this time been the sole working clergyman of the mother church for twelve years, and having still only his one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to rely upon, he hesitated to give up that. Nobody was willing to take the empty church—the bare walls—the shell—without even an income sufficient to feed the legendary mice supposed to be a part of every parish. Still, after a while, he thought *he'd try*.

The terms he made with the old rector were (and the said old rector had very, very serious doubts about all these new-fangled church-buildings; but being quite an old gentleman, he thought it very much the bishop's affair)—the curate's terms, we say, were that he would accept the incumbency of the new district upon condition of continuing to receive his stipend, out of which he would pay a curate to perform duty at the old church, whilst he himself went to labour with the new.

He began his labours in a very business-like way. He took stock of his new district, counted his flock, estimated their

quality as it were, and found that upon the sixty-three acres committed to his clerical charge, there were seventy-seven streets and courts, containing upwards of two thousand six hundred houses, holding more than seventeen thousand men, women, and children. For every four buildings that might, in the conventional sense, be called "respectable private houses," he found there was on an average one public-house, or beer shop, and that more than half of the total number of houses were essentially the dwellings of the very poor. These very poor numbered fifteen thousand out of the total inhabitants, and the ranks of this army of poverty were described as being filled with "sailors and men dependent upon the uncertain labour of the docks;" the women being generally "seamstresses, working for the slop-shops, which abound in the neighbourhood;—poor creatures belonging to the class now so well known as 'distressed needlewomen.'" The average rental of the houses—houses in London be it remembered—was only eight pounds ten shillings a year!

Such a locality could not be supposed to afford much in the shape of pew-rents, but on pew-rents alone must the preacher depend, as there was no endowment. So, giving six hundred free-seats for those unable or unwilling to contribute, our curate began his ministrations in the new church. His zeal and excellence of purpose and conduct, had secured him friends and sympathisers—and those qualities now soon began to bring him a congregation. In his vestry he kept an alphabetical index of the poor, in which was noted what help had been given to each applicant—who had received a ticket for free baptism; who a letter for the dispensary or the hospital; who had been attended by the district visitors; who had been helped by the blanket loan society; whose children ought to be got into the National or the Sunday School; and so on. Some of the warmest and best of the free-seats were supplied with books, in large type, suitable for aged eyes—and soon it was found that old folks began to congregate, in numbers, in front of the church doors long before they opened, that they might secure these best seats, where they could see and hear, and have a large-typed Prayer-book.

The kindly sympathies which enlisted the poor did more than that. Amongst the richer people friends were found. The pews filled; a subscription in the parish paid for gas-fittings and other needful appointments; and though, the first year, the curate's gains, after he had paid his curate at the mother church, were *nil*, yet the next year he found himself with an income, small, yet something. And now another event took place. The old rector died—and the curate thanked his stars he had taken the empty church, without fittings and without pay though it was—for new rectors bring new curates. He had *tried* his best; striven with the difficulties of a high duty; and had again not gone altogether unrewarded.

The church was a very great step; but schools were all-important—he must have schools. Having no funds for school-buildings he bethought him of the Blackwall Railway arches. He set to work *to try* what could be done in that and in other directions to meet the many wants of his parish. He addressed letters to clergymen with good benefices; and to wealthy laymen; and then he, with the aid of a curate and a scripture-reader, begged his parish through from door to door. They were more than a fortnight going from house to house, "when great anxiety (says a report of this experiment) for the establishment of the school was expressed by the poor people, but the amount collected was only eighteen pounds, fifteen shillings—a large portion of which was in pence." Larger sums ultimately came from other quarters to aid the work, and first one school and then another was got into operation. Amidst all this toil the curate—(or we must now call him the incumbent, for we have followed him into his own church)—had found a wife amongst his flock, and had become a father. His children were enlisted in the work in hand. They folded circulars and helped to seal them; and one Christmas Eve there was a great feat accomplished,—for on that day there went from the door of the house of clerical industry two cabs filled with letters which the post would deliver on the Christmas morning upon the breakfast tables of the wealthy, telling how on that day of Christian rejoicing one parish of the Great London had thousands of people who knew no church, with thousands of children who knew no school. And those Christmas holidays were gladdened by a noble response from the charity of this English nation. Hundreds of pounds were subscribed towards the works our clergyman had now in hand; and still greater gladness was there in his household, when an old man walked one day into his church to see what was being done, and asking what was wanted, and being told the organ was in debt, put into the parson's hand, as they left the building together, a piece of paper, with a request that no name be mentioned. It was a cheque for a hundred pounds, and next Sunday the organ poured forth a strain more than ever beautiful in that preacher's ear—for the debt was gone—wiped out by the benevolence that asks no blazoury in return.

And higher and higher still rose the gladness of the parson's home, when one day he returned from a country dinner, to which he had been bidden by a rich old physician, who was spending his last years in a quiet rural neighbourhood. A day-ticket had carried the visitor to the old man's house. They had chatted, and dined, and talked of many things, but never of money; and as the time drew on when the last train left for

London, they strolled together towards the station. The whiz and the bustle of the stopping train, the slamming of carriage-doors, and the hurry of guards, were just over as the parson took his seat, when his host, the kind old ex-physician, said, "Use that in your good works, but never mention my name." As he spoke he gave the parson a paper, as he shook hands with him. The engine was off. Let his astonishment be imagined, when he opened the slip of paper in his hand, and found it a cheque for one thousand pounds!

The donor was the same old man who had released the organ from its difficulties. He is since dead; but his gifts towards the needs of a poor London parish stand a lasting record of unobtrusive charity in the list of donations to Christ Church, St. George's-in-the-East, where his offering figures thus:—

A Family Fund . . . £1100 0 0

Just below it on the list, is another large donation, also made by one of the really charitable, who ask no advertisement in return. Two words tell the story:—

Anonymous . . . £700 0 0

Monuments enough, these, to prove the existence, if proof were needed, of true charity in England, and of the virtue of "*I'll try.*" But more remains yet to be told.

Encouraged by success, the plans of our incumbent became bolder and bolder. Here is the substance of one of his appeals;—a list, in fact, of what was wanted to meet the spiritual and educational destitution of his district.

1. A parsonage for the minister of the present church, estimated, including the site, at one thousand four hundred pounds.
2. Three new schools, for six hundred children, with three residences, estimated at about two thousand four hundred pounds.
3. A fund for the support of the schools.
4. A new church, of stone, plain but substantial, for one thousand persons (of which, if a sufficient endowment can be obtained, all the seats will be free), estimated, with site, at five thousand pounds.
5. A parsonage for the minister of the new church, one thousand two hundred pounds.
6. Endowment.

At first blush this might seem too much to hope for; but, by hard work, by hopeful, never ceasing endeavour—by again and again recurring to the cheerful effort that follows the determination *to try*—much, nay, nearly, all, of that which was once a project are now facts.

At the time we write, the incumbent has a comfortable parsonage, the arches of the Blackwall Railway hold three of his schools;—an infant school, a boy's school, and a girl's school. In the same place he has a pence bank, to which the poor of the neighbourhood bring their savings, now amounting to nearly a thousand pounds a year, and a library and reading room, in which, for a penny a week, the poor have light, and warmth, and newspapers, and instructive and amusing books. More than six thousand readers have attended the place within the past year. He has likewise a Ragged School, in which the very poorest are taught to read and write. The fine large schools he once hoped for to hold six hundred children, with residences for masters and mistresses, have been raised, and are occupied. Altogether, he has now a thousand children at school! He has, moreover, secured a second church for the neighbourhood—the church of stone he hoped for—to hold a thousand persons. He got money to buy a site, when a peer who heard of the efforts he was making, stepped forward and built, and endowed the church, at a cost of ten thousand pounds!

Thus far successful beyond what were once his wildest hopes, he is still striving on. He is at this moment *trying* for Baths and Washhouses, and for a Sailor's Home—to cleanse the poor, and to save the seamen from plunder by crimps. With him, to begin is to go on, and to go on is to succeed; but if any like to help or imitate him, let them take, in Fenchurch Street, one of the sixpenny railway tickets we spoke of at the opening of this paper, and stopping at the Shadwell Station, ask for the incumbent of Christ Church, in whom they will soon recognise the living hero of this true story of *I'll try*.

THE MYSTERIES OF A TEA-KETTLE.

At one of Mr. Bagges's small scientific tea-parties, Mr. Harry Wilkinson delivered to the worthy gentleman a lecture, based principally on reminiscences of the Royal Institution, and of a series of lectures delivered there, by Professor Faraday addressed to children and young people. For it is not the least of the merits of that famous chemist and great man, Professor Faraday, that he delights to make the mightiest subject clear to the simplest capacity; and that he shows his mastery of Nature in nothing more than in being thoroughly imbued with the spirit of her goodness and simplicity.

This particular Lecture was on Natural Philosophy in its bearings on a kettle. The entertainment of a "Night with Mr. Bagges" was usually extemporaneous. It was so on this occasion. The footman brought in the tea-kettle. "Does it boil?" demanded Mr. Bagges.

"It have biled, Sir," answered the domestic.

"Have biled, Sir!" repeated Mr. Bagges. "*Have* biled! And what if it has 'biled,' or *boiled*, as I desire you will say in future? What is that to the purpose? Water may be

frozen, you simpleton, notwithstanding it *has* boiled. Was it boiling, Sir, eh? when you took it off the fire? That is the question, Sir."

"Yes, Sir, that was what I mean to say, Sir," replied Thomas.

"Mean to say, Sir! Then why didn't you say it, Sir? Eh? There—no, don't put it on, Sir; hold it still. Harry, reach me the thermometer," said Mr. Bagges, putting on his spectacles. "Let me see. The boiling point of water is two hundred and—what?"

"Two hundred and twelve, Fahrenheit," answered Master Wilkinson, "if commonly pure, and boiled in a metallic vessel, and under a pressure of the atmosphere amounting to fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface, or when the barometer stands at thirty inches."

"Gracious, what a memory that boy has!" exclaimed his uncle. "Well; now this water in the kettle—eh?—why, this is not above one hundred and fifty degrees. There, Sir, now set it on the fire, and don't bring me up cold water to make tea with again; or else," added Mr. Bagges, making a vague attempt at a joke, "or else—eh?—you will get yourself into hot water."

Mr. Thomas was seized with a convulsion in the chest, which he checked by suddenly applying his open hand to his mouth, the effort distending his cheeks and causing his eyes to protrude in a very ridiculous manner, whilst Mr. Bagges disguised his enjoyment of the effects of his wit in a cough.

"Now let me see," said the old gentleman, musingly contemplating the vessel simmering on the fire; "how is it, eh, Harry, you said the other day that a kettle boils?"

"La!" interrupted Mrs. Wilkinson, who was of the party, "why, of course, by the heat of the coals, and by blowing the fire, if it is not hot enough."

"Aha!" cried her brother, "that's not the way *we* account for things, Harry, my boy, eh? Now, convince your mother; explain the boiling of a kettle to her: come."

"A kettle boils," said Harry, "by means of the action of currents."

"What are you talking about? Boiling a plum-pudding in a tea-kettle!" exclaimed the mystified mamma.

"Currents of heated particles—of particles of hot water," Harry explained. "Suppose you put your fire on your kettle—on the lid of it—instead of your kettle on your fire, —what then?"

"You would be a goose," said his mother.

"Exactly so—or a gosling,"—rejoined her son; "the kettle would not boil. Water is a bad conductor of heat. Heat passes through the substance of water with very great difficulty. Therefore, it would have a hard matter to get from the top of a kettle of water to the bottom. Then how does it so easily get from the bottom to the top?"

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Bagges. "In my young days we should have said, because the heat rises, but that won't do now. What is all that about the—eh—what—law of ex—what?—pansion—eh?"

"The law of expansion of fluids and gases by heat. This makes the currents that I spoke of just now, mamma; and I should have spelt the word to explain to you that I didn't mean plums. You know what a draught is?"

"I am sorry to say I do," Mr. Bagges declared with much seriousness, instinctively carrying his hand to the region of the human body from the Latin for which is derived the term, Lumbago.

"Well," pursued Harry, "a draught is a current of air. Such currents are now passing up the chimney, and simply owing to that trifling circumstance, we are able to sit here now without being stifled and poisoned."

"Goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilkinson.

"To be sure. The fire, in burning, turns into gases, which are rank poison—carbonic acid, for one; sulphurous acid, for another. Hold your nose over a shovelful of hot cinders if you doubt the fact. The gases produced by the fire expand; they increase in bulk without getting heavier, so much so that they become lighter in proportion than the air, and then they rise, and this rising of hot air is what is meant by heat going upwards. The currents of hot air that go up the chimney in this way have currents of cold air rushing after them to supply their place. When you heat water, currents are formed just as when you heat gas or air. The heated portion of water rises, and some colder water comes down in its place; and these movements of the water keep going on till the whole bulk of it is equally hot throughout."

"Well, now," interrupted Mr. Bagges, "I dare say this is all very true, but how do you prove it?"

"Prove that water is heated by the rising and falling of hot currents? Get a long, slender glass jar. Put a little water, coloured with indigo, or anything you like, into the bottom of it. Pour clear water upon the coloured, gently, so as not to mix the two, and yet nearly to fill the jar. Float a little spirit of wine on the top of the water, and set fire to it. Let it blaze away as long as you like; the coloured water will remain steady at the bottom of the jar. But hold the flame of a spirit-lamp under the jar, and the coloured water will rise and mix with the clear, in very little time longer than it would take you to say Harry Wilkinson."

"Ah! So the water gets coloured throughout for the same reason that it gets heated throughout," Mr. Bagges observed, "and when it gets thoroughly hot—what then?"

"Then it boils. And what is boiling?"

"Bubbling," suggested the young philosopher's mamma.

"Yes; but ginger-beer bubbles," said Harry, "but you wouldn't exactly call that boiling.

Boiling is the escaping of steam. That causes the bubbling; so the bubbling of water over the fire is only the sign that the water boils. But what occasions the escape of the steam?"

"The heat, of course—the—what is the right word?—the caloric," answered Mr. Bagges.

"True; but what heat? Why, the excess of heat over two hundred and twelve degrees—taking that as the average boiling point of water. You can heat water up to that point, and it remains water; but every degree of heat you cause to pass into it above that, turns a quantity of the water into steam; and flies off in the steam, unless the steam is hindered from escaping by extraordinary pressure. Blow the fire under that kettle as much as you will, and you will make the water boil faster, but you won't make it a bit hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees."

"Well, to be sure!" Mrs. Wilkinson exclaimed.

"If water," continued Harry, "could keep on getting hotter and hotter above the boiling point, why, we might have our potatoes charred in the pot, or our mutton boiled to a cinder. When water is confined in a strong vessel—and strong it must be to prevent a tremendous blow-up—confined, I say, so that no steam can escape, it may be heated almost red-hot; and there is a vessel made for heating water under pressure, called Papin's Digester, which will digest almost anything."

"What an enviable apparatus!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges.

"Well," resumed Harry; "so the boiling point of water depends on the degree of force which the air or what not is pressing on its surface with. The higher the spot on which you boil your water, the lower the point it boils at. Therefore, water boiling at the top of a mountain is not so hot as water boiling at the mountain's base. The boiling point of water on the summit of Mont Blanc, is as low as one hundred and eighty-four degrees. So, if water must be at two hundred and twelve degrees, to make good tea, don't choose too high a hill to build a temperance hall on. The heavier, also, the air is, from the quantity of moisture in it, the hotter water becomes before it boils. If the atmosphere were carbonic acid gas, water would get much hotter without boiling than it can under"—

"Present arrangements," interposed Mr. Bagges.

"Consisting of a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen," continued Harry. "Water requires only a very low heat to make it boil in an exhausted receiver, out of which the air has been pumped, so as to leave none to press upon its surface. Owing to boiling depending upon pressure, you can actually make water boil by means of cold."

"What next?" sighed Mrs. Wilkinson.

"You can, indeed. Put a little boiling water in a salad-oil flask; so that the flask may be a quarter full, say. Cork the flask tightly. The boiling stops; and the upper three-fourths of the flask are full of vapour. Squirt a jet of ice-cold water upon the flask, above where the water is, and the water below will instantly begin to boil. The reason why, is this. The vapour in the flask presses on the surface of the hot water. The cold condenses the vapour—turns it back to water. That takes off the pressure for the time; and then the hot water directly flies into vapour, and boils, and so on, till it cools down too low to boil any longer. What reduces the boiling point of water on a hill or a mountain is, that the pressure of the atmosphere decreases as you ascend. A rise of five hundred and thirty feet in height above the level of the sea, makes a difference of one degree; so, give me a kettle of water and a thermometer, and I'll tell you exactly how near the moon we are."

"I should'nt think one could make good hot mixed punch up in a balloon, now," observed Mr. Bagges, reflectively.

"Then," Harry proceeded, "it requires more heat to make water boil in a glass vessel than it does in a metal one. A metal vessel's inner surface is made up of very small points and dents. Scratching the inside of the glass so as to give it a roughness something like what the metal has, makes the boiling point lower; and a few iron filings thrown into water boiling in glass at two hundred and fourteen degrees, will bring it down to two hundred and twelve. The filings, and the roughness of the glass, are so many more points for the heat to pass into the water from, and form steam, and the water does not cling to them so hard as it clings to a smooth surface. Throw a lot of hay into a pan of hot water, and it makes a quantity of steam rise directly; and I have heard a doctor say that some poor people are in the habit of giving themselves cheap steam-baths by this means."

"A very good thing for rheumatic pains, I should think; certainly a much more rational remedy than patent medicines or Government poison," Mr. Bagges remarked.

"There are some salts," continued Harry, "which, if dissolved in water, will prevent it from boiling till it is heated to two hundred and sixty-four degrees, as if they held the water back from flying into steam. So, then, the boiling of water may be hindered, more or less, by pressure from without, and attraction from within. The boiling point of water depends on another important fact which the kettle always mentions before it boils, although we don't all of us understand the kettle's language. The singing of the kettle tells us"—

"That the water is going to boil," interrupted mamma.

"Yes, and that water contains air. The singing of the kettle is the noise made by the

escape of the air, which is driven off by the heat. The air sticks and hangs in the water, till the heat expands it and makes it rise. Put a glass of water under the receiver of an air-pump, and exhaust the receiver. As you pump, the water begins to bubble, as if it were boiling; but the bubbles are the air contained in the water, being pumped out. The air-bubbles act like wedges between the little invisible drops that make up the whole water. If it were not for them, the water would be a mass which would hold together so hard that it would not go into steam, or boil, till it was heated to two hundred and seventy degrees, as may be proved by boiling some water quite deprived of air. And not only that, but when it did boil, it would boil all at once, and blow up with a tremendous explosion; which would be a still greater inconvenience in boiling a kettle."

"A pretty kettle of fish, indeed!" Mr. Bagges observed.

"So," said Harry, "strictly pure water would not be quite so great a blessing to us as you might think. Of course, you know, uncle, I don't mean to say that there is any advantage in the impurity of such water as the Thames, except when used for the purpose of fertilising the earth. I am speaking of water so pure as to contain no air. Water of such severe purity would be very unmanageable stuff. No fishes could live in it, for one thing. I have already given you one good reason why it would be unsuitable to our kettle; and another is, that it would not be good to drink. Then water, as we find it in the world, has a very useful and accommodating disposition to find its own level. Pump all the air out of water, however, and it loses this obliging character in a great measure. Suppose I take a bent glass tube, and fill one arm of it with airless water. Then I turn the tube mouth upwards, and if the water were common water, it would instantly run from one arm into the other, and stand at the same level in both. But if the water has been exhausted of its air, it remains, most of it, in the one arm, and won't run till I give the table a smart rap, and shake it. So, but for the air contained in water, we could not make the water run up and down hill as we do. If water were deprived of air, London would be almost deprived of water."

"And water," observed Mr. Bagges, "would be robbed of a very valuable property."

"Good again," uncle. "Now, if we could see through the kettle, we should be able to observe the water boiling in it, which is a curious sight when looked into. To examine water boiling, we must boil the water in a glass vessel—a long tube is the best—heated with a spirit lamp. Then first you see the water in motion, and the air bubbles being driven off by the heat. As the water gets hotter, other bubbles appear, rising from the bottom of the tube. They go up for a little way, and then they shrink, and by the time they get to the top of the water, you can hardly distinguish them. These are bubbles of steam, and they get smaller as they rise, because at first the water is colder above than below in proportion to the distance from the flame, and the cold gradually condenses the bubbles. But when the water gets thoroughly hot, the bubbles grow larger and rise quicker, and go of the same size right up to the top of the water, and there escape—if you choose to let them. And steam was allowed to escape so for many many ages, was'nt it uncle, before it was set to work to spin cotton for the world, and take us to America within a fortnight, and whirl us over the ground as the crow flies, and almost at a crow's pace."

"For all which," remarked Mr. Bagges, "we have principally to thank what 's his name."

"Watt *was* his name, I believe, uncle. Well; heat turns water into steam, and I dare say I need not tell you that a quantity of water becoming steam, fills an immense deal more space than it did as mere water. Cold turns the steam back into water, and the water fills the same space as it did before. Water, in swelling into steam and shrinking back into water again, moves, of course, twice, and mighty motions these are, and mighty uses are made of them, I should rather think."

"I believe you, my boy," said Mr. Bagges.

"And now," asked Harry, "have you any idea of what a deal of heat there is in steam?"

"It is hot enough to scald you," answered his mamma, "I know that."

"Yes; and hot enough, too, to cook potatoes. But there is much more heat in it than that comes to. Take a kettle of cold water. See at what degree the thermometer stands in the water. Put the kettle on the fire and observe how long it takes to boil. It will boil at two hundred and twelve degrees; and therefore, during the time it has taken to boil, there has gone into it the difference of heat between two hundred and twelve degrees and the degree it stood at when first put on the fire. Keep up the same strength of fire, so that the heat may continue to go into the water at the same rate. Let the water boil quite away, and note how long it is in doing so. You can then calculate how much heat has gone into the water while the water has been boiling away. You will find that quantity of heat great enough to have made the water red-hot, if all the water, and all the heat, had remained in the kettle. But the water in your kettle will have continued at two hundred and twelve degrees to the last drop, and all the steam that it has turned into will not have been hotter—according to the thermometer—than two hundred and twelve degrees; whereas a red heat is one thousand degrees. The difference between two hundred

and twelve degrees and one thousand degrees is seven hundred and eighty-eight degrees; and what has become of all this heat? Why, it is entirely contained in the steam, though it does not make the steam hotter. It lies hid in the steam, and therefore it is called latent heat. When the steam is condensed, all that latent heat comes out of it, and can be felt, and the quantity of it can be measured by a thermometer. The warmth that issues from steam-pipes used to warm a house, is the latent heat of the steam that escapes as the steam turns back to water."

"Latent heat! latent heat!" repeated Mr. Bagges, scratching his head. "Eh? Now, that latent heat always puzzles me. Latent, lying hid. But how can you hide heat? When the zany in the pantomime hides the red-hot poker in his pocket, he cauterises his person. How—eh?—how can heat be latent?"

"Why, the word heat has two meanings, uncle. In the first place, it means hotness. Hotness cannot be latent, as the clown finds when he pockets the poker. In the second place, heat means a something the nature of which we don't know, which is the cause of hotness, and also the cause of another effect. Whilst it is causing that other effect, it does not cause hotness. That other effect which heat causes in the instance of steam, is keeping water in the form of steam. The heat that there is in steam, over and above two hundred and twelve degrees, is employed in this way. It is wholly occupied in preserving the water in an expanded state, and can't cause the mercury in the thermometer to expand and rise as well. For the same reason, it could give you no feeling of hotness above what boiling water would—if you had the nerve to test it. Whilst it is making steam continue to be steam, it is latent. When the steam becomes water again, it has no longer that work to do, and is set free. Free heat is what is commonly understood by heat. This is the heat which cooks our victuals, the heat we feel, the heat that singes Mr. Merriman. Latent heat is heat that doesn't warm, singe, or cook, because it is otherwise engaged. If you press gas suddenly into a fluid, the latent heat of the gas is set free. You seem to squeeze it out. Indeed, the same thing happens, if you violently force any substance into a closer form all at once. Everything appears to have more or less latent heat in it, between its little particles, keeping them at certain distances from each other. Compress the particles within a smaller compass, and a part of the latent heat escapes, as if it were no longer wanted. When a substance in a compressed state expands on a sudden, it draws in heat, on the other hand. When a lady bathes her forehead with eau-de-Cologne to cure a headache, the heat of the head enters the eau-de-Cologne, and becomes latent in it whilst it evaporates. If you make steam under high pressure, you can heat it much above two hundred and twelve degrees. Suppose you let off steam, so compressed and heated, by a wide hole, from the boiler, and put your hand into it as it rushes out"——

"What? Why, you'd scald your hand off!" cried Mr. Bagges.

"No, you wouldn't. The steam rushes out tremendously hot, but it expands instantly so very much, that the heat in it directly becomes latent in a great measure; which cools it down sufficiently to allow you to hold your hand in it without its hurting you. But then you would have to mind where you hold your hand; because where the steam began to condense again, it would be boiling hot."

"I had rather take your word for the experiment than try it, young gentleman," Mr. Bagges observed.

"Another very curious thing," proceeded Harry, "in regard to boiling, has been discovered lately. A kettle might be too hot to boil water in. Take a little bar of silver, heated very highly; dip it into water. At first, you have no boiling, and you don't have any at all till the silver has cooled some degrees. Put a drop of water into a platinum dish, heated in the same way, and it will run about without boiling till the heat diminishes; and then it bursts into steam. M. Boutigny, the French chemist, made this discovery. Vapour forms between the drop of water and the red-hot metal, and, being a bad conductor of heat, keeps the heat of the metal for some time from flowing into the water. Owing to this, water, and mercury even, may be frozen in a red-hot vessel if the experiment is managed cleverly. A little more than a couple of centuries ago, this would have been thought witchcraft."

"And the philosopher," added Mr. Bagges, "would have been fried instead of his water-drop. Let me see—eh?—what do they call this singular state of water?"

"The spheroidal state," answered Harry. "However, that is a state that water does not get into in a kettle, because kettles are not allowed to become red hot, except when they are put carelessly on the fire with no water in them, or suffered to remain there after the water has boiled quite away!"

"Which is ruination to kettles," Mrs. Wilkinson observed.

"Of course it is, mamma, because at a red heat iron begins to unite with oxygen, or to rust. Another thing that injures kettles is the fur that collects in them. All water in common use contains more or less of earthy and other salts. In boiling, these things separate from the water, and gradually form a fur or crust inside the kettle or boiler."

"And a nice job it is to get rid of it," said his mamma.

"Well; chemistry has lessened that difficulty," replied Harry. "The fur is mostly carbonate of lime. In that case, all you have

to do is to boil some sal-ammoniac—otherwise muriate, or more properly hydrochlorate of ammonia—in the furred vessel. The hydrochloric acid unites with the lime, and the carbonic acid goes to the ammonia. Both the compounds formed in this way dissolve and wash away; and so you may clean the foulest boiler or kettle. This is a rather important discovery; for the effect of fur in a kettle is to oppose the passage of heat, and therefore to occasion the more fuel to be required to boil water in it, which is a serious waste and expense when you have a large steam-boiler to deal with. Dr. Faraday mentions the case of a Government steamer that went to Trieste, and during the voyage had so much fur formed in her boiler as to oblige all her coal to be consumed, and then the engineers were forced to burn spars, rigging, bulkheads, and even chopped cables, and to use up every shaving of spare timber in the ship. Soot underneath the kettle, as well as fur inside it, is a hindrance to boiling, as it is a bad conductor; and that is the reason why one can bear to hold a kettle of hot water, which is very sooty on its under surface, on the flat of the hand. So a black kettle doesn't give out its heat readily to what touches it, and so far it is good to keep water hot; but it gets rid of heat in another way; as I dare say you know, uncle."

"Eh?" said Mr. Bagges, "why, what?—no—I did know something about it the other day—but I've such a memory!—and—eh?—no—I've quite forgotten it."

"By radiation, you know. All warm bodies are constantly giving off rays of heat, as shining ones are giving off rays of light, although the heat-rays are invisible."

"How do we know that?" asked Mr. Bagges.

"Get a couple of concave mirrors—a sort of copper basins, polished inside. Stand them face to face, some yards apart. Put a hot iron ball—not red hot—in the focus of one mirror. Put a bit of phosphorus in the focus of the other. The phosphorus will take fire; though without the mirrors you might place it much nearer the hot iron, and yet it would not burn. So we know that there are rays of heat, because we can reflect them as we can rays of light. Some things radiate better than others. Those that have bright metal surfaces radiate worst, though such are what are used for reflectors. If their surfaces are blackened or roughened, they radiate better. A bright kettle gives off fewer rays of heat than a black one, and so far, is better to keep water hot in. But then, on the other hand, it yields more heat to the air, or the hob or hearth that it stands upon—if colder than itself. The bright kettle gives off heat in one way and the black in another. I don't know at what comparative rate exactly."

"Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other," Mr. Bagges suggested.

"Now look at the wonderful relations of the kettle, uncle!"

"Relations?—Eh?—what the pot and the saucepan?" said Mr Bagges.

"Oh, oh, uncle! No; its relations to the pressure of the atmosphere and every cause that affects it—to the conveyance, and conduction and radiation of heat—to latent heat or caloric, to the properties of water, to chemical decomposition—and to steam and its astonishing marvels, present and to come!"

"Well," said Mr. Bagges, it is wonderful; and the kettle certainly is very respectably connected. Eh? And I hope to profit by the subject of our conversation; and so, I say, pour me out a cup of tea."

WAYCONNELL TOWER.

The tangling wealth by June amassed
  Left rock and ruin vaguely seen:
Thick ivy-cables held them fast;
  Light boughs descended, floating green.

Slow turned the stairs, a breathless height;
  And far above they set me free,
When all the fans of golden light
  Were closing down *into* the sea.

A window half way up the wall
  They led to: yet so high was that,
The tallest trees were but so tall
  As just to reach to where I sat.

Aloft within the mouldered tower
  Dark ivy fringed its round of sky;
Where slowly in the deepening hour
  The first new stars unveiled on high.

The rustling of the foliage dim,
  The murmur of the cool grey tide,—
With tears that trembled on the brim,
  An echo sad to these I sighed.

O earth, I sighed, full strange it seems,
  I weep to feel how fair thou art!
O heaven, instinct with tender beams,
  It is thy mildness wrings my heart!

O tide, no smallest wave there runs
  In dying ripples round thy shore,
But murmurs, "What thou owned'st once,
  Is lost, and lost for evermore!"

Most faintly falls thy ceaseless tune;
  The cloud along the sunset sleeps;
The phantom of the golden moon
  Is kindled in thy quivering deeps.

Meseems a magic term I fill,
  Fixed in this ruin-window strange;
Through years of sadness watching still
  A moon, a sea, that never change.

And yet the moon is mounting slow;
  And yet the sea is ebbing fast;
And from the dusky niche I go;
  And this, like former dreams, is past.

And other clearer voices call
  To towers that are not builded yet;
And, stepping from the perished wall,
  My feet on steadfast earth I set.

THE WELL OF PEN-MORFA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Of a hundred travellers who spend a night at Trê-Madoc, in North Wales, there is not one, perhaps, who goes to the neighbouring village of Pen-Morfa. The new town, built by Mr. Maddocks, Shelley's friend, has taken away all the importance of the ancient village—formerly, as its name imports, "the head of the marsh;" that marsh which Mr. Maddocks drained and dyked, and reclaimed from the Traeth Mawr, till Pen-Morfa, against the walls of whose cottages the winter tides lashed in former days, has come to stand high and dry, three miles from the sea, on a disused road to Caernarvon. I do not think there has been a new cottage built in Pen-Morfa this hundred years; and many an old one has dates in some obscure corner which tell of the fifteenth century. The joists of timber, where they meet overhead, are blackened with the smoke of centuries. There is one large room, round which the beds are built like cupboards, with wooden doors to open and shut; somewhat in the old Scotch fashion, I imagine; and below the bed (at least, in one instance I can testify that this was the case, and I was told it was not uncommon,) is a great wide wooden drawer, which contained the oat-cake baked for some months' consumption by the family. They call the promontory of Llyn (the point at the end of Caernarvonshire), *Welsh* Wales; I think they might call Pen-Morfa a Welsh Welsh village; it is so national in its ways, and buildings, and inhabitants, and so different from the towns and hamlets into which the English throng in summer. How these said inhabitants of Pen-Morfa ever are distinguished by their names, I, unitiated, cannot tell. I only know for a fact, that in a family there with which I am acquainted, the eldest son's name is John Jones, because his father's was John Thomas; that the second son is called David Williams, because his grandfather was William Wynn, and that the girls are called indiscriminately by the names of Thomas and Jones. I have heard some of the Welsh chuckle over the way in which they have baffled the barristers at Caernarvon Assizes, denying the name under which they had been subpoenaed to give evidence, if they were unwilling witnesses. I could tell you of a great deal which is peculiar and wild in these true Welsh people, who are what I suppose we English were a century ago; but I must hasten on to my tale.

I have received great, true, beautiful kindness from one of the members of the family of whom I just now spoke as living at Pen-Morfa; and when I found that they wished me to drink tea with them, I gladly did so, though my friend was the only one in the house, who could speak English at all fluently. After tea, I went with them to see some of their friends; and it was then I saw the interiors of the houses of which I have spoken. It was an autumn evening; we left mellow sunset-light in the open air when we entered the houses, in which all seemed dark save in the ruddy sphere of the firelight, for the windows were very small, and deep set in the thick walls. Here were an old couple, who welcomed me in Welsh, and brought forth milk and oat-cake with patriarchal hospitality. Sons and daughters had married away from them; they lived alone; he was blind, or nearly so; and they sat one on each side of the fire, so old and so still (till we went in and broke the silence) that they seemed to be listening for Death. At another house, lived a woman stern and severe-looking. She was busy hiving a swarm of bees, alone and unassisted. I do not think my companion would have chosen to speak to her, but seeing her out in her hill-side garden, she made some enquiry in Welsh, which was answered in the most mournful tone I ever heard in my life; a voice of which the freshness and "timbre" had been choked up by tears long years ago. I asked who she was. I dare say the story is common enough, but the sight of the woman, and her few words had impressed me. She had been the beauty of Pen-Morfa; had been in service; had been taken to London by the family whom she served; had come down, in a year or so, back to Pen-Morfa, her beauty gone into that sad, wild, despairing look which I saw; and she about to become a mother. Her father had died during her absence, and left her a very little money; and after her child was born she took the little cottage where I saw her, and made a scanty living by the produce of her bees. She associated with no one. One event had made her savage and distrustful to her kind. She kept so much aloof that it was some time before it became known that her child was deformed, and had lost the use of its lower limbs. Poor thing! when I saw the mother, it had been for fifteen years bedridden; but go past when you would, in the night, you saw a light burning; it was often that of the watching mother, solitary and friendless, soothing the moaning child; or you might hear her crooning some old Welsh air, in hopes to still the pain with the loud, monotonous music. Her sorrow was so dignified, and her mute endurance and her patient love won her such respect, that the neighbours would fain have been friends; but she kept alone and solitary. This is a most true story. I hope that woman and her child are dead now, and their souls above.

Another story which I heard of these old primitive dwellings I mean to tell at somewhat greater length:—

There are rocks high above Pen-Morfa; they are the same that hang over Trê-Madoc, but near Pen-Morfa they sweep away, and are lost in the plain. Everywhere they are beautiful. The great sharp ledges which would otherwise look hard and cold, are adorned with the brightest-coloured moss, and the golden lichen.

Close to, you see the scarlet leaves of the crane's-bill, and the tufts of purple heather, which fill up every cleft and cranny; but in the distance you see only the general effect of infinite richness of colour, broken here and there by great masses of ivy. At the foot of these rocks come a rich verdant meadow or two; and then you are at Pen-Morfa. The village well is sharp down under the rocks. There are one or two large sloping pieces of stone in that last field, on the road leading to the well, which are always slippery; slippery in the summer's heat, almost as much as in the frost of winter, when some little glassy stream that runs over them is turned into a thin sheet of ice. Many, many years back—a lifetime ago—there lived in Pen-Morfa a widow and her daughter. Very little is required in those out-of-the-way Welsh villages. The wants of the people are very simple. Shelter, fire, a little oat-cake and buttermilk, and garden produce; perhaps some pork and bacon from the pig in winter; clothing, which is principally of home manufacture, and of the most enduring kind: these take very little money to purchase, especially in a district into which the large capitalists have not yet come, to buy up two or three acres of the peasants; and nearly every man about Pen-Morfa owned, at the time of which I speak, his dwelling and some land beside.

Eleanor Gwynn inherited the cottage (by the road-side, on the left hand as you go from Tré-Madoc to Pen-Morfa), in which she and her husband had lived all their married life, and a small garden sloping southwards, in which her bees lingered before winging their way to the more distant heather. She took rank among her neighbours as the possessor of a moderate independence—not rich, and not poor. But the young men of Pen-Morfa thought her very rich in the possession of a most lovely daughter. Most of us know how very pretty Welsh women are; but from all accounts, Nest Gwynn (Nest, or Nesta, is the Welsh for Agnes) was more regularly beautiful than any one for miles around. The Welsh are still fond of triads, and "as beautiful as a summer's morning at sun-rise, as a white sea-gull on the green sea-wave, and as Nest Gwynn," is yet a saying in that district. Nest knew she was beautiful, and delighted in it. Her mother sometimes checked her in her happy pride, and sometimes reminded her that beauty was a great gift of God (for the Welsh are a very pious people); but when she began her little homily, Nest came dancing to her, and knelt down before her and put her face up to be kissed, and so with a sweet interruption she stopped her mother's lips. Her high spirits made some few shake their heads, and some called her a flirt and a coquette; for she could not help trying to please all, both old and young, both men and women. A very little from Nest sufficed for this; a sweet glittering smile, a word of kindness, a merry glance, or a little sympathy, all these pleased and attracted; she was like the fairy-gifted child, and dropped inestimable gifts. But some, who had interpreted her smiles and kind words rather as their wishes led them than as they were really warranted, found that the beautiful, beaming Nest could be decided and saucy enough, and so they revenged themselves by calling her a flirt. Her mother heard it and sighed; but Nest only laughed.

It was her work to fetch water for the day's use from the well I told you about. Old people say it was the prettiest sight in the world to see her come stepping lightly and gingerly over the stones, with the pail of water balanced on her head; she was too adroit to need to steady it with her hand. They say, now that they can afford to be charitable and speak the truth, that in all her changes to other people, there never was a better daughter to a widowed mother than Nest. There is a picturesque old farm-house under Moel Gwynn, on the road from Tré-Madoc to Criccaeth, called by some Welsh name which I now forget; but its meaning in English is "The End of Time;" a strange, boding, ominous name. Perhaps the builder meant his work to endure till the end of time. I do not know; but there the old house stands, and will stand for many a year. When Nest was young, it belonged to one Edward Williams; his mother was dead, and people said he was on the look-out for a wife. They told Nest so, but she tossed her head and reddened, and said she thought he might look long before he got one; so it was not strange that one morning when she went to the well, one autumn morning when the dew lay heavy on the grass, and the thrushes were busy among the mountain-ash berries, Edward Williams happened to be there on his way to the coursing match near, and somehow his greyhounds threw her pail of water over in their romping play, and she was very long in filling it again; and when she came home she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and in a passion of joyous tears told her that Edward Williams of The End of Time, had asked her to marry him, and that she had said "Yes."

Eleanor Gwynn shed her tears too; but they fell quietly when she was alone. She was thankful Nest had found a protector—one suitable in age and apparent character, and above her in fortune; but she knew she should miss her sweet daughter in a thousand household ways; miss her in the evenings by the fire-side; miss her when at night she wakened up with a start from a dream of her youth, and saw her fair face lying calm in the moonlight, pillowed by her side. Then she forgot her dream, and blessed her child, and slept again. But who could be so selfish as to be sad when Nest was so supremely happy? She danced and sang more than ever; and then sat silent, and smiled to herself: if spoken to, she started and came

back to the present with a scarlet blush, which told what she had been thinking of.

That was a sunny, happy, enchanted autumn. But the winter was nigh at hand; and with it came sorrow. One fine frosty morning, Nest went out with her lover—she to the well, he to some farming business, which was to be transacted at the little inn of Pen-Morfa. He was late for his appointment; so he left her at the entrance of the village, and hastened to the inn; and she, in her best cloak and new hat (put on against her mother's advice; but they were a recent purchase, and very becoming,) went through the Dol Mawr, radiant with love and happiness. One who lived until lately, met her going down towards the well, that morning; and said he turned round to look after her, she seemed unusually lovely. He wondered at the time at her wearing her Sunday clothes; for the pretty, hooded blue-cloth cloak is kept among the Welsh women as a church and market garment, and not commonly used even on the coldest days of winter for such household errands as fetching water from the well. However, as he said, "It was not possible to look in her face, and 'fault' anything she wore." Down the sloping-stones the girl went blithely with her pail. She filled it at the well; and then she took off her hat, tied the strings together, and slung it over her arm; she lifted the heavy pail and balanced it on her head. But alas! in going up the smooth, slippery, treacherous rock, the encumbrance of her cloak—it might be such a trifle as her slung hat—something, at any rate, took away her evenness of poise; the freshet had frozen on the slanting stone, and was one coat of ice; poor Nest fell, and put out her hip. No more flushing rosy colour on that sweet face—no more look of beaming innocent happiness;—instead, there was deadly pallor, and filmy eyes, over which dark shades seemed to chase each other as the shoots of agony grew more and more intense. She screamed once or twice; but the exertion (involuntary, and forced out of her by excessive pain) overcame her, and she fainted. A child coming an hour or so afterwards on the same errand, saw her lying there, ice-glued to the stone, and thought she was dead. It flew crying back.

"Nest Gwynn is dead! Nest Gwynn is dead!" and, crazy with fear, it did not stop until it had hid its head in its mother's lap. The village was alarmed, and all who were able went in haste towards the well. Poor Nest had often thought she was dying in that dreary hour; had taken fainting for death, and struggled against it; and prayed that God would keep her alive till she could see her lover's face once more; and when she did see it, white with terror, bending over her, she gave a feeble smile, and let herself faint away into unconsciousness.

Many a month she lay on her bed unable to move. Sometimes she was delirious, sometimes worn-out into the deepest depression. Through all, her mother watched her with tenderest care. The neighbours would come and offer help. They would bring presents of country dainties; and I do not suppose that there was a better dinner than ordinary cooked in any household in Pen-Morfa parish, but a portion of it was sent to Eleanor Gwynn, if not for her sick daughter, to try and tempt her herself to eat and be strengthened; for to no one would she delegate the duty of watching over her child. Edward Williams was for a long time most assiduous in his inquiries and attentions; but by-and-by (ah! you see the dark fate of poor Nest now), he slackened, so little at first that Eleanor blamed herself for her jealousy on her daughter's behalf, and chid her suspicious heart. But as spring ripened into summer, and Nest was still bed-ridden, Edward's coolness was visible to more than the poor mother. The neighbours would have spoken to her about it, but she shrunk from the subject as if they were probing a wound. "At any rate," thought she, "Nest shall be strong before she is told about it. I will tell lies—I shall be forgiven—but I must save my child; and when she is stronger perhaps I may be able to comfort her. Oh! I wish she would not speak to him so tenderly and trustfully, when she is delirious. I could curse him when she does." And then Nest would call for her mother, and Eleanor would go, and invent some strange story about the summonses Edward had had to Caernarvon assizes, or to Harlech cattle market. But at last she was driven to her wits' end; it was three weeks since he had even stopped at the door to enquire, and Eleanor, mad with anxiety about her child, who was silently pining off to death for want of tidings of her lover, put on her cloak, when she had lulled her daughter to sleep one fine June evening, and set off to "The End of Time." The great plain which stretches out like an amphitheatre, in the half-circle of hills formed by the ranges of Moel Gwynn and the Tré-Madoc Rocks, was all golden-green in the mellow light of sunset. To Eleanor it might have been black with winter frost, she never noticed outward thing till she reached The End of Time; and there, in the little farm-yard, she was brought to a sense of her present hour and errand by seeing Edward. He was examining some hay, newly stacked; the air was scented by its fragrance, and by the lingering sweetness of the breath of the cows. When Edward turned round at the footstep and saw Eleanor, he coloured and looked confused; however, he came forward to meet her in a cordial manner enough.

"It's a fine evening," said he. "How is Nest? But, indeed, you're being here is a sign she is better. Won't you come in and sit down?" He spoke hurriedly, as if affecting a welcome which he did not feel.

"Thank you. I'll just take this milking-

stool and sit down here. The open air is like balm after being shut up so long."

"It is a long time," he replied, "more than five months."

Mrs. Gwynn was trembling at heart. She felt an anger which she did not wish to show; for, if by any manifestations of temper or resentment she lessened or broke the waning thread of attachment which bound him to her daughter, she felt she should never forgive herself. She kept inwardly saying, "Patience, patience! he may be true and love her yet;" but her indignant convictions gave her words the lie.

"It 's a long time, Edward Williams, since you 've been near us to ask after Nest;" said she. "She may be better, or she may be worse, for aught you know." She looked up at him reproachfully, but spoke in a gentle quiet tone.

"I—you see the hay has been a long piece of work. The weather has been fractious—and a master's eye is needed. Besides," said he, as if he had found the reason for which he sought to account for his absence, "I have heard of her from Rowland Jones. I was at the surgery for some horse-medicine—he told me about her:" and a shade came over his face, as he remembered what the doctor had said. Did he think that shade would escape the mother's eye?

"You saw Rowland Jones! Oh, man alive, tell me what he said of my girl! He 'll say nothing to me, but just hems and haws the more I pray him. But you will tell me. You *must* tell me." She stood up and spoke in a tone of command, which his feeling of independence, weakened just then by an accusing conscience, did not enable him to resist. He strove to evade the question, however.

"It was an unlucky day that ever she went to the well!"

"Tell me what the doctor said of my child," repeated Mrs. Gwynn. "Will she live, or will she die?" He did not dare to disobey the imperious tone in which this question was put.

"Oh, she will live, don't be afraid. The doctor said she would live." He did not mean to lay any peculiar emphasis on the word "live," but somehow he did, and she, whose every nerve vibrated with anxiety, caught the word.

"She will live!" repeated she. "But there is something behind. Tell me, for I will know. If you won't say, I 'll go to Rowland Jones to-night and make him tell me what he has said to you."

There had passed something in this conversation between himself and the doctor, which Edward did not wish to have known; and Mrs. Gwynn's threat had the desired effect. But he looked vexed and irritated.

"You have such impatient ways with you, Mrs. Gwynn," he remonstrated.

"I am a mother asking news of my sick child," said she. "Go on. What did he say? She 'll live—" as if giving the clue.

"She 'll live, he has no doubt of that. But he thinks—now don't clench your hands so—I can't tell you if you look in that way; you are enough to frighten a man."

"I 'm not speaking," said she in a low husky tone. "Never mind my looks: she 'll live—"

"But she 'll be a cripple for life.—There! you would have it out," said he, sulkily.

"A cripple for life," repeated she, slowly. "And I 'm one-and-twenty years older than she is!" She sighed heavily.

"And, as we 're about it, I 'll just tell you what is in my mind," said he, hurried and confused. "I 've a deal of cattle; and the farm makes heavy work, as much as an able healthy woman can do. So you see—" He stopped, wishing her to understand his meaning without words. But she would not. She fixed her dark eyes on him, as if reading his soul, till he flinched under her gaze.

"Well," said she, at length, "say on. Remember I 've a deal of work in me yet, and what strength is mine is my daughter's."

"You 're very good. But, altogether, you must be aware, Nest will never be the same as she was."

"And you 've not yet sworn in the face of God to take her for better, for worse; and, as she is worse"—she looked in his face, caught her breath, and went on—"as she is worse, why, you cast her off, not being church-tied to her. Though her body may be crippled, her poor heart is the same—alas!—and full of love for you. Edward, you don't mean to break it off because of our sorrows. You 're only trying me, I know," said she, as if begging him to assure her that her fears were false. "But, you see, I'm a foolish woman—a poor foolish woman—and ready to take fright at a few words." She smiled up in his face; but it was a forced doubting smile, and his face still retained its sullen dogged aspect.

"Nay, Mrs. Gwynn," said he, "you spoke truth at first. Your own good sense told you Nest would never be fit to be any man's wife—unless, indeed, she could catch Mr. Griffiths of Tynwntyrybwlch; he might keep her a carriage, may-be." Edward really did not mean to be unfeeling; but he was obtuse, and wished to carry off his embarrassment by a kind of friendly joke which he had no idea would sting the poor mother as it did. He was startled at her manner.

"Put it in words like a man. Whatever you mean by my child, say it for yourself, and don't speak as if my good sense had told me anything. I stand here, doubting my own thoughts, cursing my own fears. Don't be a coward. I ask you whether you and Nest are troth-plight?"

"I am not a coward. Since you ask me, I answer, Nest and I *were* troth-plight; but we *are* not. I cannot—no one would expect me

to wed a cripple. It's your own doing I've told you now; I had made up my mind, but I should have waited a bit before telling you."

"Very well," said she, and she turned to go away; but her wrath burst the flood-gates, and swept away discretion and forethought. She moved and stood in the gateway. Her lips parted, but no sound came; with an hysterical motion she threw her arms suddenly up to heaven, as if bringing down lightning towards the grey old house to which she pointed as they fell, and then she spoke:—

"The widow's child is unfriended. As surely as the Saviour brought the son of a widow from death to life, for her tears and cries, so surely will God and His angels watch over my Nest, and avenge her cruel wrongs." She turned away weeping, and wringing her hands.

Edward went in-doors; he had no more desire to reckon his stores; he sat by the fire, looking gloomily at the red ashes. He might have been there half-an-hour or more, when some one knocked at the door. He would not speak. He wanted no one's company. Another knock sharp and loud. He did not speak. Then the visitor opened the door; and, to his surprise—almost to his affright—Eleanor Gwynn came in.

"I knew you were here. I knew you could not go out into the clear, holy night, as if nothing had happened. Oh! did I curse you? If I did, I beg you to forgive me; and I will try and ask the Almighty to bless you, if you will but have a little mercy—a very little. It will kill my Nest if she knows the truth now—she is so very weak. Why, she cannot feed herself, she is so low and feeble. You would not wish to kill her, I think, Edward!" She looked at him as if expecting an answer; but he did not speak. She went down on her knees on the flags by him.

"You will give me a little time, Edward, to get her strong, won't you, now? I ask it on my bended knees! Perhaps, if I promise never to curse you again, you will come sometimes to see her, till she is well enough to know how all is over, and her heart's hopes crushed. Only say you'll come for a month, or so, as if you still loved her—the poor cripple—forlorn of the world. I'll get her strong, and not tax you long." Her tears fell too fast for her to go on.

"Get up, Mrs. Gwynn," Edward said. "Don't kneel to me. I have no objection to come and see Nest, now and then, so that all is clear between you and me. Poor thing! I'm sorry, as it happens, she's so taken up with the thought of me."

"It was likely, was not it? and you to have been her husband before this time, if—Oh, miserable me! to let my child go and dim her bright life! But you'll forgive me, and come sometimes, just for a little quarter of an hour, once or twice a-week. Perhaps she'll be asleep sometimes when you call, and then, you know, you need not come in. If she were not so ill, I'd never ask you."

So low and humble was the poor widow brought, through her exceeding love for her daughter.

CHIPS.

LIEUTENANT WAGHORN AND HIS WIDOW.

Facts have come to our knowledge since the publication of "The Life and Labours of Lieutenant Waghorn," * which tend very much to absolve the Government and the East India Company from the imputation of not having duly rewarded Mr. Waghorn for his services, nor adequately pensioned his widow.

It appears, beyond all doubt, that besides having been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the Navy, solely for his energy in opening the Overland Route (for Mr. Waghorn had not been, during some time, actively employed in Her Majesty's service), he received during his career large sums, both from the Treasury Board and from the East India Company. The question of his disbursements in opening the the Trieste route, was one for both these Boards. His claim was six thousand pounds, but each Board awarded to the Lieutenant no more than two thousand pounds: four thousand pounds were accordingly paid into his hands for that special service. This disappointment was not, however, without subsequent compensation.

When the question of Lieutenant Waghorn's general services was brought forward, the Government proposed in Parliament a grant of fifteen hundred pounds; expressing at the same time a wish that the East India Company would come forward with the like sum. The Directors, however, preferred converting the grant into a life annuity, and fixed it at two hundred a year. Nor was this all. Mr. Waghorn's name was afterwards placed on the Civil List by order of the Queen, for two hundred per annum. The state of the fund was, however, such, that the pension could not then (1848) be formally granted; but in order that Lieutenant Waghorn should sustain no loss from this circumstance, a payment was made during the first year of two hundred pounds out of the Royal Bounty.

The account, therefore, as between Lieutenant Waghorn and the Ministry, and East India Company, stood thus in 1849, when his career unhappily closed:—Besides having been paid four thousand pounds for disbursements in opening the Trieste route, Lieutenant Waghorn had obtained a gratuity of fifteen hundred pounds, and a life pension of two hundred a year, together with the first payment of another life pension for the like amount.

We, in common with many of our contemporaries, appear to have certainly overstated (on authority we could not at that time doubt)

* Vol. I., page 481.

the "extreme destitution" of Mrs. Waghorn. Mr. Waghorn had but recently married; and when at his death a pension was asked for his widow, only forty pounds of the small annual fund at the disposal of the Government applicable for such a purpose, remained unappropriated. To grant the whole of this, while Mrs. Waghorn was already in the receipt of fifty pounds a-year, as the widow of a navy lieutenant, and fifty pounds per annum besides from the East India Company, was thought hardly just. Consequently, only twenty-five pounds per annum of that balance was at first promised; but, when the pension year was nearly at an end, the other fifteen pounds were added. Even Mrs. Waghorn's friends thought this enough, and she now stands on that list for forty pounds per annum, her entire income being thus made up to one hundred and forty pounds a-year.

We venture this explanatory and not very amusing "Chip," because we feel bound to state—and we regret that the foregoing facts were not sooner within our knowledge—that, however opinion may differ as to who was in the right in reference to the constant disputes between Mr. Waghorn and the authorities during his life—his widow has not been unjustly dealt with since his death.

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS" AND ENGLISH WILLS.

The disclosures which have appeared in this publication, under the head of "The Doom of English Wills," have been designated, by some of our correspondents, as "a little bit of fact, expanded by a good deal of fancy."

We must remove these charitable misgivings. The evidence in our hands, of the material facts, is full and complete: there is nothing fictitious beyond the *manner* of telling the story. The tale itself is as correct as arithmetic.

But, one of the Registrars of York, ("Cathedral number two") desires us, in a very temperate and courteous letter, to state, on his express authority, that his official income is only one-fifth of the amount mentioned in our article. This statement we willingly make. We must, however, add, for the further information of our readers, that the late Archbishop of York divided the offices of "Registrar Chancellor" and "Registrar Scribe" between his two sons, of whom one was, at the time of such division, a minor. In connection with the York Will Office, there is a Deputy-Registrar besides. Although we fully believe our correspondent's statement as to his own share of the gross receipts, we have no new reason whatever to suppose that our estimate of the total is exaggerated.

In the same article we surmised that the public would be glad to know what had been done towards the better preservation of the documents in the Registry of the Will Office at York, *since* 1829? Our correspondent supplies the information. A rent of one hundred pounds per annum has been paid by the Registrars since 1839, for additional buildings; and a sum of one hundred and fifty pounds was expended "for fittings, &c."

These are our correspondent's corrections; and we present them to our readers without any comment.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION TO SYDNEY.

Every man who emigrates has a large packet of letters of introduction. To expend a few minutes and a sheet of paper in writing a few words signifying nothing, is a cheap mode of paying off obligations or offering politeness. I (says the Contributor of this "Chip") had about thirty; many of them displayed the admirable manner in which geography is taught in our schools. There were letters to persons residing in South Australia, Van Dieman's Land, and New Zealand, as if these had been suburbs or districts within an easy distance of Sydney, instead of as far off as Marseilles from London. Selecting one addressed to the manager of a joint stock bank, I set out with the rest in my pocket. The gentleman received me graciously, read my letter deliberately, asked me every conceivable question about my birth, parentage, education, expectations, relatives, pursuits, and intentions, amount of capital in hand and in prospects, and ending by observing that no doubt I should find something to suit me; in the mean time, the best thing I could do was to lay out my money in shares in his bank; luckily, I did *not* take his advice. Having answered all his questions, I put my packet of letters into his hands and inquired their value.

"Oh," said he, "mere sham bank notes I suspect; however, let us sort them. In the first place, understand, young gentleman, we are divided into at least three sets, but you have only to do with two, the Free Colonists and the Emancipists. Many of the latter are wealthy, educated, and personally respectable; but if you mean to associate with the other party, you must avoid the Emancipists (freed convicts), except in mere trade transactions, in the same way as you would a black bear in New York. If you visit one, you cannot visit the other. There are half a dozen of your letters good. I see you have the bishop and the judge, but as everybody brings letters to those gentlemen, unless you were a warm personal friend, and he was a warm personal friend of the parties addressed, you must not count on much use from them. Of this batch I know nothing; and as to these, which are addressed to wealthy people, but quite out of the pale of society, I should recommend you to burn them."

I thanked the banker for his advice, which was all I got from him, although Australia is the most hospitable country in the world.

The topping citizens of Sydney very much resemble the same gentlemen in Manchester; they are so busy making money, that unless you have a large letter of credit they have not time to be hospitable to you; in fact, they can't afford it. The writers of my letters had led me to expect a very different reception.

At the period I speak of—it was before the great crash of 1843—the streets of Sydney were particularly brilliant; landaus, gigs, phaetons, curricles, and even four-in-hands swarmed, as well as all kinds of quiet carriages, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback; and then, as now, there were great numbers of both sexes who delighted to adorn themselves after the exact pattern of the book of fashions; the Government clerks and the sons of wealthy Emancipists were particularly brilliant. Amid all this glare and glitter, it is impossible to describe how lonely, how miserable I felt; ten thousand times more lonely than if in a desert, for trees are to a solitary man more soothing objects than plate glass, and cattle feeding more companionable than busy stranger crowds. However, among all my letters, I found two useful, and several very civil. But it was astonishing how every one had something to sell me, an extraordinary bargain. One had a farm; another, a lot of sheep; and a third, a famous mob of cattle; and all were ready to take part cash and part on my bill at a long date. Having firmly made up my mind to buy nothing, there was no harm done; but it was amusing to find, by comparing notes, that the farm had no water, the sheep had the scab, and the cattle were so wild that they had not been mustered within the memory of man. Even the official and Government clerks cannot refrain from doing a bit of trading. These gentlemen fancy they fill the place of an aristocracy, their moustachios, tips, and patent boots, their airs and graces, would do credit to Downing-street or Somerset House. Each carries, I heard a Bushman once observe, a ramrod in his spine, and an eye-glass in his eye, and the sons of radical coal-merchants, transplanted to a foreign climate, become the heroes of silver-fork novels; but still the influence of the place sets them to make money as well as debts, and all my well-dressed acquaintances had something to sell me—a gun, a saddle, a fishing rod of wonderful and totally useless perfection. When they found I would not bite, their eyesight failed them.

Sometimes I joined pic-nic parties to the oyster-beds, which lie about four miles out in the bay; sometimes I rode and drove with new made friends in the Government domain, a splendid park, extending to the water's edge, laid out in gardens of European and Tropical flowers and shrubs, with a drive for carriages, which is always crowded in an evening. There used to appear an Emancipist auctioneer, whose life and death was a romance, in a low open phaeton, drawn by four splendid ponies, ridden by postilions in livery; himself grandly leaning on a gold headed cane. There, too, an old man, of Holywell-street origin, who could neither read nor write, dashed along in a perfectly appointed tandem, with a lovely girl beside him. He was reputed worth a hundred thousand pounds. And others of all ranks, in scores, displaying luxury without refinement; of whom, now there are few left. There is a bathing establishment, in a retired part of the Promontory on which the park is formed, and from the heights the fair Australians may often be seen, in becoming costumes, stretching across the waters of the bay with all the agility of mermaids.

A strong contrast to the belles and beaus of the park, was the widow of Sam Terry, the convict, who died worth a million sterling; she was pointed out to me scrubbing her own door step one morning, in a woollen gown and shabby black silk bonnet. On another occasion, I saw Greenacre's friend, Sarah Gale, very calmly engaged in cutting up boiled beef in a cook-shop she had established.

Altogether Sydney would be a delightful place if the men in trade could be inoculated with a few honourable principles, and the men of leisure and wealth with a love of refined and literary occupations; if there were a greater demand for works of history, philosophy, and poetry, for pictures and engravings, and less for port wine and French brandy. It is not in Colonial towns the emigrant will find peace, happiness, innocence, or contentment.

CROTCHETS OF A PLAYGOER.

Turning over, the other day, some old dramatic journals and magazines, we met with a curious speculation touching the best means of indicating the merits of stage-professors. The method proposed was purely of a commercial character — it was, indeed, simply to adapt the language of the Stock-Exchange to the exigencies of theatrical adventure. The indefinite terms used in newspaper reports, it was urged, are unsatisfactory; but the technics of Lloyds, it was suggested, would be more eligible as more decided. The "satirical rogues" insisted that by their adoption dramatic criticism might be rendered indubitably explicit and intelligible. The information given would be most precise. Who would think of saying, at Lloyd's, that Omnium had risen considerably in the course of the day? Not the most incorrigible blockhead. He would state distinctly that it left off at seven and three quarters, or some other figure. The merits of plays and players, the wag thought, might be similarly described. We might say of Buskin that he began at fifty-eight three quarters, progressed to sixty-five and a half, and has again declined full eight per cent. Mr. Sock might be quoted at seventy; Mr. Float at sixty-seven and a quarter; Mr. Tag at sixty-one.

We know not how the gentlemen on the stage might like this mode of appraisement; but we suspect that the ladies would esteem it in the same odious light as declarations of their age. The figures look awfully unpolite. Miss A would scarcely like to see herself quoted as fifty-two three-eighths; Miss B, fifty-eight three-quarters; Mrs. C as sixty; Mrs. D as sixty-five; Mrs. E as sixty-seven and a half; and Miss F as seventy-nine three-eighths. Authors, on the contrary, might like the mode of announcement; as it might be mistaken to indicate the number of nights during which a piece had run, instead of its factitious value in the managerial market. Nothing, frequently, is more different than the appreciation of the same drama behind the scenes, and before them.

One sees at once that a notion of this kind is a whimsical crotchet, and employed with a satiric aim. But such crotchets are sometimes unconsciously adopted;—by none more than by members of the histronic profession. They are, in fact, a crotchetty people. Many of them, for instance, have a strong and strange impression that they are far greater and wiser than the authors whose words they recite. In their estimation the poet is a mere accidental appendage to a theatre. Nor is this whim the caprice of the modern player or the peculiar stigma of the English stage. We read that, in France, Mayret, the predecessor and rival of Corneille, was paid by the Company to which he was attached at the rate of three crowns for each piece, and was required to beat a drum at the door of the theatre to assemble an audience. This, however, is only a primitive illustration of the rank awarded in the Green-room to the most favoured poet. He is still expected, though under another form, to beat a drum for the actors. Not until a new part becomes needful to sustain the position of the favourite performer is he resorted to; until then he is held at arm's length; and, like the constituent of a member of Parliament, made to feel himself an intruder on the precincts sacred to his representative. Mayret, moreover, was more necessary to the stage for which he worked than any living author can now be.

To the Theatre, the whole body of our dramatic literature has been handed over, for the actor's exclusive benefit. The revival of an old play costs nothing for the authorship. The actor stands in the shoes of Massinger, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare, and all other dramatists, preceding the passing of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's Act, and wields the mighty power thus lodged in his hands by the dead, against the living poet. That the latter has any chance at all, is owing entirely to the accident that performers and managers have not, usually, intelligence commensurate with the forces at their disposal. But for this evil there is an obvious remedy. Theatres, under private management, should be required to pay into a Public Fund a fee for every performance of an old drama; and this same fund should be applied to the maintenance of a National Theatre, under a properly constituted directorship for the encouragement of authors and actors of the highest genius. A simple legislative enactment of this nature, would again give dignity to the stage, and make it worth the while of the true poet to labour hard in a dramatic apprenticeship, for the sake of the ultimate "sovran sway and masterdom" to be achieved.*

Individual freaks of humour are numerous with histrionic professors. Some of the highest have had strange empirical notions of the means of study. Garrick was not exempt from this infirmity; nay, in him it even looks like a special vanity. The actor should imitate nature. Granted. Garrick, however, sought to create opportunies of imitation. It is related of him that he had a trick of attracting attention in the crowd, in order to observe the attitudes of the bystanders. One day in the city, Garrick separated from his companions, and walking into the middle of the road, turned his gaze upwards, and, in a posture of thought and admiration, exclaimed, "I never saw two before." Attracted by his manner, multitudes gathered round him, curious what could be the object of his attention, while Garrick continued to excite their conjectures by repeating the same mysterious words—"I never saw two before!" "Two what?" "Two storks, perhaps," said one, "for it would be strange to see more than one stork at a time." Nobody, however, had seen a single stork. Still Garrick kept his secret; and meanwhile, was careful and diligent to watch the different attitudes with which the common feeling was expressed by different individuals. For the sake of this experience, he pretended to have practised the *ruse*; but the mode of procedure it is evident, was altogether a whim—a mere piece of vanity; though by some of his friends and admirers considered an ingenious contrivance for inducing a number of persons to become the unconscious models, for the nonce, of a celebrated artist. We suspect, however, that if any one should deliberately resolve on making himself a great actor, by projecting *ruses* of this kind, he would find himself grievously disappointed. A little consideration will serve to show, that the artistic qualification precedes the trick; and that Garrick's success was owing to the histrionic skill that he already possessed. He had merely descended from the stage to the street, and, for the gratification of his personal vanity, exhibited gratuitously to the crowd what his audience had paid for in the theatre. Such things are among the "pitiful ambitions" which Shakspeare would have as readily condemned in a Garrick as in a Tarleton.

* This is the individual Play-goer's "Crotchet." We doubt its efficacy, and do not adopt it.

We fear that long since "the days of Tarleton and of Kempe," the stage has retained traces of ancient barbarism. What is called "gagging"—adding to or substituting the text—not only our clowns, but actors of higher pretensions have been guilty of from the earliest dawn to a very recent period, if, indeed, the practice be yet altogether abandoned. The purity of the poet's text should, above all things, be preserved in stage-representations. In Shakspeare, the alteration of a word will spoil a passage; yet some actors are foolish enough to think that they may show originality by interpolation. On the contrary, true genius, on the actor's part, is shown by his making the most of the text as it stands; all beyond this is the poet's province. As this feeling spreads—and we are happy to be able to bear testimony that among our best performers it is spreading—the integrity of the text will come to be as seriously considered as its purity. The public will then cease to be content with mutilated performances. We trust and believe that the time is hastening, when the background to Shakspeare's "Hamlet" will be restored to the stage; when we shall again have Fortinbras and his army, together with Hamlet's account of the manner in which he had circumvented the king's tools on his voyage to England, and other particulars now omitted, which, "as necessary questions of the play," deserve respectful attention, and without which the conduct of the piece wants coherence and stability. The prayer, too, of the usurping uncle should be restored; nay, with the exception of two rather coarse lines, the entire text should be delivered. The sole objection to this proposal is the length of the tragedy; an objection, however, at once obviated, by having one piece only performed in an evening. Such a National Theatre, indeed, as that we have above proposed, should be established on this specific principle—the exclusive exhibition each evening of one five-act play, whether tragedy or comedy, performed by the best and most mature actors under a competent directory, and supported as far as necessary by the state.

The Elizabethan drama grew up under the patronage of the court. The Victoria drama would grow up with that of the people at large, were but the popular will organised and regulated by parliamentary sanction, as it might be by the establishment of *one* National Theatre under the highest control, without interfering with the conduct of other houses.

A standard of taste and merit would be thus created, and a competition excited, which would soon develop all the histrionic and dramatic talent in the country. The recent legislative enlargement of the theatrical arena has already done much good; the liberty of the stage, as the condition of progress, is an invaluable boon. More, nevertheless, is required to be done. Erect, in addition, a standard of good authorship and good acting, and we shall ere long find ourselves in possession of a modern drama, illustrative of the new thoughts and feelings which have supervened upon the improved and more intricate combinations of an advanced society. Mighty is the work that yet remains for the dramatic poet to do; but not greater than the genius which may reasonably be believed to exist for the adequate accomplishment of the task proposed.

LIFE IN AN ESTANCIA.

FIRST PART.

A very interesting series of letters has been put into our hands, addressed to his relations in England by a son and brother, who has been many years settled in South America. For the last four years he has been the major-domo, or active manager, of one of those vast establishments in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, called "Estancias," where oxen, horses, and sheep are multiplied to an extent which makes our island notions of flocks and herds almost contemptible. Sir Francis Head's "Scamper across the Pampas," and other Travels, have presented us vivid pictures of thousands of oxen and horses, running wild over interminable plains; but we are not aware of any published account of a residence in an Estancia—of that life of solitude and adventure which combines so much of the excitement of the hunter with the provident arrangements of the man of commerce. The condition of our stout Northumbrian in these wilds is altogether a remarkable one. The passages which we shall give from his letters will retain his own words; our concern with them will be confined to selection and arrangement.

The word "Estancia," as given in the Spanish dictionary, simply means a private apartment or dormitory in a dwelling-house, and it is difficult to account for its being applied to establishments dedicated to the breeding of cattle. In all probability when the first settlers from old Spain erected their huts, dwellings, or Estancias, for the purpose of domesticating the wild cattle, the name of the dwelling in course of time, became the name of the establishment, and has continued to be so down to the present day. I am led to this conclusion from the fact that other names have undergone similar changes quite foreign to their original application in the Spanish language.

Lakes, affording a permanent supply of water, are absolutely necessary for an Estancia. Next in importance to water is good pasture and dry *campo*—these generally go together. When the natural formation of the land is broken into ridges, or is low and marshy, the quality of the grass partakes of the nature of the soil, harsh, and

possessing but little nourishment. Cattle breed well enough upon such land, but they seldom—except in very favourable years—fatten.

In this hemisphere the climate between the latitudes of twenty-eight and forty degrees, seems to be the best calculated for estancias. Out of that line it appears to be either too hot or too cold. In the hot climate the insects goad the animals to death in the summer; and beyond the latitude of forty degrees, the snow in winter lies upon the ground, and cattle then cannot be confined to limits, and in great measure cease to be of any value to their owners.

In the present day, when a new Estancia is to be formed upon land the property of the state, the purchase being made, the land measured, and possession given, the proprietor proceeds to erect his homesteads, which at the first, are not such as to occupy much time or capital. The principal building consists of a room for himself or his Capitaz, and a kitchen for his *peons* to eat and sleep in. They are for the most part built of mud, or bricks dried in the sun, and thatched with bullrushes, or the reeds which grow in the lakes and marshes. The Estancia is then surrounded with a deep fosse, a single plank serving as a drawbridge. His next care is to make an enclosure to shut up his cattle at night. These are, for the most part, in a circular form, varying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards in diameter, surrounded by a deep ditch, having a doorway about ten yards in width to admit the entrance and exit of the cattle. He now only requires a Corral, which is also formed of posts placed perpendicular, and so close together, that four of them do not occupy more space than a yard, and are bound together with short thongs cut from the hide of a bull; the Corral (in Dutch, at the Cape, called kral) is generally made circular, and about thirty or forty yards in diameter; this is to enclose the *macadas* or mares, when he wants to catch his saddle-horses, or occasionally to shut up a troop of cattle when he sells them for the market. These, with a well to supply the house with fresh water, and a few posts for the men to tie their horses to, form all that is necessary for the commencement of an Estancia, as far as the homestead is concerned.

At a convenient distance from the house, a piece of rising ground is selected in which a post is deeply fixed to serve as a mark for the cattle. This is called the *Rodio*, and I must explain its use. It is to the cattle precisely what the parade ground is to the soldier. Here the herd is assembled daily, and taught to remain as long as may be required. When the *Resero*, or drover, comes to part off the cattle purchased for the market, the herd is assembled in the Rodio; when our neighbours come to part their stray cattle, it is done in the Rodio; and on every occasion that it is necessary to assemble the herd, the animals know by custom, as soon as the herdsmen appear with the dogs, that they are wanted in the Rodio, and thither they bend their way. Upon the maintenance of this discipline their value mainly depends; and I believe the increase, too, is greater than when they are permitted, through neglect, to run wild in the Campo.

I rise at three o'clock in the morning. Would you could see me seated round the fire on the kitchen floor, surrounded by the herdsmen and shepherds! The uncouth appearance of the men—their moustachios and black beards—their long knives stuck in their girdles; the kitchen jet-black with smoke; it looks just like one of those scenes, and the men look like those banditti, which old Farley used to introduce in his melo-dramas, such as the "Miller and his Men." Yet they are an inoffensive race of people, and I feel quite as secure as I should do in England. How could you know me in my present dress? Except my white planter's hat, I have adopted all the clothing in use among the *paisanas* of the Pampas. Mine is a life on horseback. The ground I have to ride over is fifteen miles by twelve in extent, and contains about thirty to forty thousand head of horned cattle, five thousand horses and mares, and about twelve thousand sheep, besides donkeys and mules. I enjoy excellent health; the air is pure and bracing. The herdsman's diet suits the hunter's appetite; plenty of roast beef, and a drink of water to wash it down—no ale or porter in the Pampas—beef in its natural state, fresh from the plains, and no stint. If the men eat a whole ox at breakfast, they will kill another for supper. The hide and tallow are worth nearly as much as the living animal, so that the cost of maintaining the men is but little. No bread is allowed, a little Indian corn or pumpkin at certain seasons is all that we have to accompany the meat. When at home at the principal residence, I generally keep tea, sugar, and biscuit; but when from home, at the distant stations, I live as the herdsmen do, eat roast beef, and roast beef to it. I am stout, but not fat, my weight from fourteen to fifteen stone; yet I can stoop, and tie my shoe-string with as much ease as I could when ten years of age.

I live quite alone; not a soul sleeps in the house with me. According to the custom of the *Campos*, the people live apart from the *patron* or *major-domo*, as I am styled. You may think, therefore, that in winter I am very dull in the evenings. My library is reduced to the Bible and Prayer-Book, "Nicolson's Mathematics," "Don Quixote," and "Smith's Wealth of Nations."

Eighteen out of the twenty-four hours are devoted by me to active duties, either in the counting-house, or in the field. I have now thirty-five thousand head of cattle under process of drill, at pasture all day and inclosed at

night. Those that remain yet in a wild state, will for the most part have to be taken with the lazo, and sold to the drovers in troops of five hundred each. They are principally oxen, and three-year-old cows. This work of the lazo is both hard and very dangerous for those that are engaged in it, and I heartily wish that it was concluded; the men, when once heated, pursue it with great animation, with all the ardour of the fox-hunter; but it is a description of riding which would make the boldest of our steeple-chasers quail. When a peon once catches a five-year-old ox by the horns, and he turns out a *tartar*, after a few ineffectual shakes of the head, to throw off the lazo, he directly darts at the horse, who immediately starts off, as the reins direct him, at full speed, the foaming ox close at his heels, and fast to the saddle with twenty-five yards of lazo. The rider, in the meantime, has his attention divided, to direct the reins, and with the other hand to hold the lazo, so as to prevent it from becoming entangled with the legs of the horse. The horse must take all that comes in his way; patches of long grass that reach up the stirrups, to the burrows of the viscachas, and every other obstacle. There is no course but to go on, until he reaches his companions, and they arrive to his assistance. Should the ox give up the chase suddenly, the rider must immediately check the speed of his horse, otherwise the jerk would break the lazo, or what is worse, it would draw the saddle back to the flanks of the horse, or break the girths made of vaco hide; in which case the man would be brought to the ground and be at the mercy of the furious animal, still with the lazo on his horns but no longer fast to the horse. They who have seen the countenance of the fox-hunter when rising to a dangerous leap, or the jockey when he is approaching the winning post with the nose of the second horse at his girths, may equally imagine the anxiety of the herdsman of the Pampas in such a situation, with nothing short of his own life depending upon the issue of the race.

You will like to know something of the people by whom I am surrounded. The first and most numerous class is that of the simple *paisano*, the herdsman and shepherd, the hired servants of the Estanciero. Upon them devolves the duty of looking after the cattle and horses, under the direction of the Capitaz in charge of the herd, either at the Estancia or at the *Puestos*. A herd of five thousand head requires a Capitaz and three peons to take care of them. The shepherds are hired by the month, and their business is entirely confined to taking care of their respective flocks. Next these already named comes the husbandman, the grower of wheat, Indian corn, &c. Their farms are called *Chacras*, and *Chacareros*, the agriculturists of the Pampas. In general, they are not breeders of cattle, and keep no more than merely the oxen and horses necessary for the cultivation of the soil. Connected with the business of the estancias, and next in order, is the *Resero*, or driver. They are pretty numerous, and require to be matriculated and licensed by the department of Police, being also compelled to give security to the chief for their good conduct. As their place of abode is uncertain, constantly moving from Estancia to Estancia, they are exempt from military service. Their business is to receive the cattle purchased by the owners of the *saladeros*, or salting establishments, from the estancieros. They bring with them peons and horses to part the cattle from the rodios, or herds, and drive them to town. They are paid so much per head by their employers, and are responsible for losses on the road; they pay their assistants so much per trip, and these, again, find their own horses. These men occasionally assist the estanciero, when he requires extra hands to get through the work of particular seasons; they are then hired by the day, and work with their own horses.

There are a few men employed in driving troops of carts drawn by bullocks, for the conveyance of produce, hides, grain, &c., &c., to the city, and from thence bringing what is required for the use of the country. There still remains to notice the wandering *gaucho*. A few years have produced a great change in this class. He was the gipsy of the Pampas, literally, as the name implies, *a man without a home;* an idler, without any fixed abode or occupation. He passed his days in riding from estancia to estancia. He was sometimes useful as a friend, always to be avoided as an enemy. Both considerations ensured him food and shelter; and he would occasionally work a few days on horseback to purchase cigars and clothing. Some of these men were perfectly inoffensive in their habits and dispositions; but the majority of them were dangerous characters, men capable of committing any crime, however atrocious. The race is now all but extinct. The excellent regulations of the police, under the present Government, have effectually put down these Bedouins of the Pampas. All men now who are found without occupation are sent to the encampment near Buenos Ayres, and are there disposed of, according to their demerits.

Large estancias presently render an immense tract of land to a certain extent productive; but they are not favourable to population—indeed they are almost incompatible with each other; cattle must have room, and the less they are disturbed, the better; the whole number of souls upon the estate, men, women and children, does not amount to fifty! and yet the number is equal to the care of forty thousand head of horned cattle, fifteen thousand sheep, and four thousand horses and mares, with leisure to build and keep in repair their cottages, as well as to cultivate Indian corn, pumpkins, water-melons, &c., for the use of themselves and their families.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A CRISIS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MR. JOHN BULL.

AS RELATED BY MRS. BULL TO THE CHILDREN.

Mrs. Bull and her rising family were seated round the fire, one November evening at dusk, when all was mud, mist, and darkness, out of doors, and a good deal of fog had even got into the family parlor. To say the truth, the parlor was on no occasion fog-proof, and had, at divers notable times, been so misty as to cause the whole Bull family to grope about, in a most confused manner, and make the strangest mistakes. But, there was an excellent ventilator over the family fire-place (not one of Dr. Arnott's, though it was of the same class, being an excellent invention, called Common Sense), and hence, though the fog was apt to get into the parlor through a variety of chinks, it soon got out again, and left the Bulls at liberty to see what o'clock it was, by the solid, steady-going, family time-piece: which went remarkably well in the long run, though it was apt, at times, to be a trifle too slow.

Mr. Bull was dozing in his easy chair, with his pocket-handkerchief drawn over his head. Mrs. Bull, always industrious, was hard at work, knitting. The children were grouped in various attitudes around the blazing fire. Master C. J. London (called after his Godfather), who had been rather late at his exercise, sat with his chin resting, in something of a thoughtful and penitential manner, on his slate, and his slate resting on his knees. Young Jonathan—a cousin of the little Bulls, and a noisy, overgrown lad—was making a tremendous uproar across the yard, with a new plaything. Occasionally, when his noise reached the ears of Mr. Bull, the good gentleman moved impatiently in his chair, and muttered "Con—found that boy in the stripes, I wish he wouldn't make such a fool of himself!"

"He'll quarrel with his new toy soon, I know," observed the discreet Mrs. Bull, "and then he'll begin to knock it about. But we mustn't expect to find old heads on young shoulders."

"That can't be, Ma," said Master C. J. London, who was a sleek, shining-faced boy.

"And why, then, did you expect to find an old head on Young England's shoulders?" retorted Mrs. Bull, turning quickly on him.

"I didn't expect to find an old head on Young England's shoulders!" cried Master C. J. London, putting his left-hand knuckles to his right eye.

"You didn't expect it, you naughty boy?" said Mrs. Bull.

"No!" whimpered Master C. J. London. "I am sure I never did. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Don't go on in that way, don't!" said Mrs. Bull, "but behave better in future. What did you mean by playing with Young England at all?"

"I didn't mean any harm!" cried Master C. J. London, applying, in his increased distress, the knuckles of his right hand to his right eye, and the knuckles of his left hand to his left eye.

"I dare say you didn't!" returned Mrs. Bull. "Hadn't you had warning enough, about playing with candles and candlesticks? How often had you been told that your poor father's house, long before you were born, was in danger of being reduced to ashes by candles and candlesticks?* And when Young England and his companions began to put their shirts on, over their clothes, and to play all sorts of fantastic tricks in them, why didn't you come and tell your poor father and me, like a dutiful C. J. London?"

"Because the rubric—" Master C. J. London was beginning, when Mrs. Bull took him up short.

"Don't talk to me about the Rubric, or you'll make it worse!" said Mrs. Bull, shaking her head at him. "Just exactly what the Rubric meant then, it means now; and just exactly what it didn't mean then, it don't mean now. You are taught to act, according to the spirit, not the letter; and you know what its spirit must be, or *you* wouldn't be. No, C. J. London!" said Mrs. Bull, emphatically. "If there were any candles or candlesticks in the spirit of your lesson-book, Master Wiseman would have been my boy, and not you!"

Here, Master C. J. London fell a crying more grievously than before, sobbing, "Oh, Ma! Master Wiseman with his red legs, your boy! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Will you be quiet," returned Mrs. Bull, "and let your poor father rest? I am ashamed

of you. *You* to go and play with a parcel of sentimental girls, and dandy boys! Is *that* your bringing up?"

"I didn't know they were fond of Master Wiseman," protested Master C. J. London, still crying.

"You didn't know, Sir!" retorted Mrs. Bull. "Don't tell me! Then you ought to have known. Other people knew. You were told often enough, at the time, what it would come to. You didn't want a ghost, I suppose, to warn you that when they got to candlesticks, they'd get to candles; and that when they got to candles, they'd get to lighting 'em; and that when they began to put their shirts on outside, and to play at monks and friars, it was as natural that Master Wiseman should be encouraged to put on a pair of red-stockings, and a red hat, and to commit I don't know what other Tom-fooleries and make a perfect Guy Fawkes of himself in more ways than one. Is it because you are a Bull, that you are not to be roused till they shake scarlet close to your very eyes?" said Mrs. Bull indignantly.

Master C. J. London still repeating "Oh, oh, oh!" in a very plaintive manner, screwed his knuckles into his eyes until there appeared considerable danger of his screwing his eyes out of his head. But, little John (who though of a spare figure was a very spirited boy), started up from the little bench on which he sat; gave Master C. J. London a hearty pat on the back (accompanied, however, with a slight poke in the ribs); and told him that if Master Wiseman, or Young England, or any of those fellows, wanted anything for himself, he (little John) was the boy to give it him. Hereupon, Mrs. Bull, who was always proud of the child, and always had been, since his measure was first taken for an entirely new suit of clothes to wear in Common, could not refrain from catching him up on her knee and kissing him with great affection, while the whole family expressed their delight in various significant ways.

"You are a noble boy, little John," said Mrs. Bull, with a mother's pride, "and that's the fact, after everything is said and done!"

"I don't know about that, Ma;" quoth little John, whose blood was evidently up; "but if these chaps and their backers, the Bulls of Rome"—

Here Mr. Bull, who was only half asleep, kicked out in such an alarming manner, that for some seconds, his boots gyrated fitfully all over the family hearth, filling the whole circle with consternation. For, when Mr. Bull *did* kick, his kick was tremendous. And he always kicked, when the Bulls of Rome were mentioned.

Mrs. Bull holding up her finger as an injunction to the children to keep quiet, sagely observed Mr. Bull from the opposite side of the fireplace, until he calmly dozed again, when she recalled the scattered family to their former positions, and spoke in a low tone.

"You must be very careful," said the worthy lady, "how you mention that name; for, your poor father has so many unpleasant experiences of those Bulls of Rome—Bless the man! he'll do somebody a mischief."

Mr. Bull, lashing out again more violently than before, upset the fender, knocked down the fire-irons, kicked over the brass footman, and, whisking his silk handkerchief off his head, chased the Pussy on the rug clean out of the room into the passage, and so out of the street-door into the night; the Pussy having, (as was well known to the children in general,) originally strayed from the Bulls of Rome into Mr. Bull's assembled family. After the achievement of this crowning feat, Mr. Bull came back, and in a highly excited state performed a sort of war-dance in his top-boots, all over the parlor. Finally, he sank into his arm-chair, and covered himself up again.

Master C. J. London, who was by no means sure that Mr. Bull in his heat would not come down upon him for the lateness of his exercise, took refuge behind his slate and behind little John, who was a perfect gamecock. But, Mr. Bull having concluded his war-dance without injury to any one, the boy crept out, with the rest of the family, to the knees of Mrs. Bull, who thus addressed them, taking little John into her lap before she began:

"The B.'s of R.," said Mrs. Bull, getting, by this prudent device, over the obnoxious words, "caused your poor father a world of trouble, before any one of you were born. They pretended to be related to us, and to have some influence in our family; but it can't be allowed for a single moment—nothing will ever induce your poor father to hear of it; let them disguise or constrain themselves now and then, as they will, they are, by nature, an insolent, audacious, oppressive, intolerable race."

Here little John doubled his fists, and began squaring at the Bulls of Rome, as he saw those pretenders with his mind's eye. Master C. J. London, after some considerable reflection, made a show of squaring, likewise.

"In the days of your great, great, great, great, grandfather," said Mrs. Bull, dropping her voice still lower, as she glanced at Mr. Bull in his repose, "the Bulls of Rome were not so utterly hateful to our family as they are at present. We didn't know them so well, and our family were very ignorant and low in the world. But, we have gone on advancing in every generation since then; and now we are taught, by all our family history and experience, and by the most limited exercise of our rational faculties, That our knowledge, liberty, progress, social welfare and happiness, are wholly irreconcileable and inconsistent with them. That the Bulls of Rome are not only the enemies of our family, but of the whole human race. That wherever they go, they perpetuate misery, oppression, darkness, and ignorance. That they are easily made

the tools of the worst of men for the worst of purposes; and that they *cannot* be endured by your poor father, or by any man, woman, or child, of common sense, who has the least connexion with us."

Little John, who had gradually left off squaring, looked hard at his aunt, Miss Eringobragh, Mr. Bull's sister, who was grovelling on the ground, with her head in the ashes. This unfortunate lady had been, for a length of time, in a horrible condition of mind and body, and presented a most lamentable spectacle of disease, dirt, rags, superstition, and degradation.

Mrs. Bull, observing the direction of the child's glance, smoothed little John's hair, and directed her next observations to him.

"Ah! You may well look at the poor thing, John!" said Mrs. Bull; "for the Bulls of Rome have had far too much to do with her present state. There have been many other causes at work to destroy the strength of her constitution, but the Bulls of Rome have been at the bottom of it; and, depend upon it, wherever you see a condition at all resembling hers, you will find, on inquiry, that the sufferer has allowed herself to be dealt with by the Bulls of Rome. The cases of squalor and ignorance, in all the world most like your aunt's, are to be found in their own household; on the steps of their doors; in the heart of their homes. In Switzerland, you may cross a line, no broader than a bridge or a hedge, and know, in an instant, where the Bulls of Rome have been received, by the condition of the family. Wherever the Bulls of Rome have the most influence, the family is sure to be the most abject. Put your trust in those Bulls, John, and it's in the inevitable order and sequence of things, that you must come to be something like your Aunt, sooner or later."

"I thought the Bulls of Rome had got into difficulties, and run away, Ma?" said little John, looking up into his mother's face inquiringly.

"Why, so they did get into difficulties, to be sure, John," returned Mrs. Bull, "and so they did run away; but, even the Italians, who had got thoroughly used to them, found them out, and they were obliged to go and hide in a cupboard, where they still talked big through the key-hole, and presented one of the most contemptible and ridiculous exhibitions that ever were seen on earth. However, they were taken out of the cupboard by some friends of theirs—friends, indeed! who care as much about them as I do for the sea-serpent; but who happened, at the moment, to find it necessary to play at soldiers, to amuse their fretful children, who did'nt know what they wanted, and, what was worse, would have it—and so the Bulls got back to Rome. And at Rome they are anything but safe to stay, as you'll find, my dear, one of these odd mornings."

"Then, if they are so unsafe, and so found out, Ma," said Master C. J. London, "how come they to interfere with us, now?"

"Oh, C. J. London!" returned Mrs. Bull, "what a sleepy child you must be, to put such a question! Don't you know that the more they are found out, and the weaker they are, the more important it must be to them to impose upon the ignorant people near them, by pretending to be closely connected with a person so much looked up to as your poor father?"

"Why, of course!" cried little John to his brother. "Oh, you stupid!"

"And I am ashamed to have to repeat, C. J. London," said Mrs. Bull, "that, but for your friend, Young England, and the encouragement you gave to that mewling little Pussy, when it strayed here—don't say you did'nt, you naughty boy, for you did!"—

"You know you did!" said little John.

Master C. J. London began to cry again.

"Don't do that," said Mrs. Bull, sharply, "but be a better boy in future! I say, I am ashamed to have to repeat, that, but for that, the Bulls of Rome would never have had the audacity to call their connexion, Master Wiseman, your poor father's child, and to appoint him, with his red hat and stockings, and his mummery and flummery, to a portion of your father's estates—though, for the matter of that, there is nothing to prevent their appointing him to the Moon, except the difficulty of getting him there! And so, your poor father's affairs have been brought to this crisis: that he has to deal with an insult which is perfectly absurd, and yet which he must, for the sake of his family, in all time to come, decisively and seriously deal with, in order to detach himself, once and for ever, from these Bulls of Rome; and show how impotent they are. There's difficulty and vexation, you have helped to bring upon your father, you bad child!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Master C. J. London. "Oh, I never went to do it. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Hold your tongue!" said Mrs. Bull, "and do a good exercise! Now that your father has turned that Pussy out of doors, go on with your exercise, like a man; and let us have no more playing with any one connected with those Bulls of Rome; between whom and you there is a great gulf fixed, as you ought to have known in the beginning. Take your fingers out of your eyes, Sir, and do your exercise!"

"—Or I'll come and pinch you!" said little John.

"John," said Mrs. Bull, "you leave him alone. Keep your eye upon him, and, if you find him relapsing, tell your father."

"Oh, won't I neither!" cried little John.

"Don't be vulgar," said Mrs. Bull. "Now, John, I can trust *you*. Whatever you do, I know you won't wake your father unnecessarily. You are a bold, brave child, and I highly approve of your erecting yourself against Master Wiseman and all that bad set. But, be wary, John; and, as you have, and deserve to have, great influence with your

father, I am sure you will be careful how you wake him. If he was to make a wild rush, and begin to dance about, on the Platform in the Hall, I don't know where he 'd stop."

Little John, getting on his legs, began buttoning his jacket with great firmness and vigor, preparatory to action. Master C. J. London, with a dejected aspect and an occasional sob, went on with his exercise.

THE JOLLY BURGLARS.

In the back lanes of a village, some two-and-twenty miles from London, there stands, or rather lurks, a hedge alehouse, called the Overthrown Cart. From an abrupt corner of ruined barns and pig-sties, on one side, and a stagnant pool on the other, in the high road through the village, a lane opens its ragged, bushy mouth, and runs straggling away for a couple of miles, when it widens out into a barren common. These two lonely miles are enclosed on both sides by squalid hedges, broken fences, the end of a neglected garden wall, a dry ditch, and a turnip-field. At the right hand side of the garden-wall stood an old summer-house built of brick, like a little tower, the upper story being intended as a place to sit in, and enjoy the prospect of seven green fields, and a cow-shed, with nothing particular in the distance. This ruined summer-house was now overgrown with ivy, and had become the delightful abode of owls and bats. By the side of this part of the garden-wall, a pathway through down-trodden thistles and nettles ran sloping and winding till it opened into a narrow lane between dark high hedges, amidst which—and standing rather back—is the little alehouse known to its frequentors as the Cart. It looks just like the ugly half-hidden nest of some strange bird of prey.

The alehouse stood back, in a gap between the two high ends of the hedge. A ditch ran along the hedge, over which a dirty board was placed by way of a bridge. The alehouse was built of old boards and worn-out timbers; it was thatched, and in colour as black as dirt and smoke, and rottenness from the rains and damp, could make it. On a little piece of board had been painted a cart turned topside turvy, which was nailed up close under the projecting thatch, by way of a "sign." In front of the lower window was an open space between the house and the hedge, of some eight or nine feet distance, where a flat board nailed on a tressel, served for a table, and a plank on two low posts, as a seat. A three-legged stool, and an inverted washing-tub, afforded accommodation for two more visitors, if needed.

On this plank, and this stool, sat three men each with a pipe in his mouth. A brown jug with a broken nose, was upon the table, two pewter pint pots, and a tall white [illegible]. The men—three well-known fellows—[illegible] James Humble, John Crick, and Ebenezer Pye, commonly called Lanky Go. As their persons are not likely to be so familiar to the reader, as they are to the country magistrates, before whom they have often been brought to little purpose, we will give a sketch of each of them.

James Humble is a man of about two-and-forty, and rather short of stature, but of great breadth of shoulders, with a deep chest, and large arms, and thick muscular legs. He is a very powerful man, and of more activity than would be expected from so thick a frame. His features are heavy, and he has the look of a lowering bull. But sometimes while he speaks, the whole face lights up with a most malevolent and daring expression, as though he was ready to commit some ruthless act of violence. He has very short, thick, poodle-dog hair, a sunburnt complexion, and the two front teeth gone.

John Crick is about thirty-five years of age, and of the middle height. He is narrow-shouldered and stoops. His legs are well made, from hip to heel; but his arms seem rather deformed. He has red hair, thin red whiskers, a speckled complexion, a sharp turned-up nose, very small and piercing grey eyes, and a large mouth, with very large yellow teeth. His hands are small, and the fingers thin, bony, and in a continual fidget.

Ebenezer Pye is fifty-two years of age. He sits like a very short man; but when he stands upright he is six feet two; his height being all in his legs. As he walks, his stride is immense, and he has a gaunt strange look, like that of some antediluvian bird. His face is very sallow, and his large hands are as yellow as a kite's foot. He has a quiet, grave, rather thoughtful expression, and habitually gazes down his knees when he speaks to you. He has a bad cast in one eye, and has lost the forefinger of his right hand. He is continually occupied in blowing a sort of inward whistling to himself as he sits looking on the ground.

The dress of these three men, except that Crick wore a fashionably cut drab frock-coat, with a large blotch of grease in the middle of the back, was of the most blackguard kind, from top to toe, and still worse in its filthy neglect. It was evident they had been sleeping in their clothes for weeks, without once taking them off, or even washing their hands and faces.

These three fellows were burglars, and they were now engaged in settling the immediate operations of a burglary which they had been planning for some weeks past.

"And *she* told you this?" said Humble, uplifting his lowering gaze, and staring in Crick's face, half interrogatively, and partly repeating his words, in order to be sure.

"And *she* told me this;" repeated Crick, as if put on his oath, and resolved not to contradict himself."

"Kitchen-maid, is she?" proceeded Humble.

"Scullery-girl, I said," rejoined Crick, in correction of the inaccuracy.

"Well then," said Humble, after a pause, "I suppose she knows."

"'Course she does," said Crick; "and more nor that, she told me what they was a-going to have for dinner. Pig's fry and a goose, and three biled fowls, and a knuckle o' ham, pidgeon pye, and roast beef, and soup, and cheese, and a salmon, and wedgables—all sorts—and custards and roast weal, and a pint o' s'rimp sarce; besides lots o' wine and ale, and grapes, and nuts, and plum-pudden, to be putt on the side-board, ready."

At the conclusion of this inventory, which, except as to the order of the "serving," did considerable credit to the retentive memory of the speaker, the three men's eyes all met, in a common centre, and the faces all gave a strange grin of greedy delight, quickly relapsing into a kind of morose gravity and self-restraint, as though, from the consideration that "work" was to be done before play.

The house they had planned to break into and rob, belonged to a tolerably wealthy family, named Frampton, with whom the "squire's" son was to dine to-day. The squire was a rich man, and there were three unmarried daughters in the family he was to visit, so that the parents, on both sides, thought a match would be a very suitable thing—no matter which daughter he chose.

There were only three large houses in the village, and these were at a considerable distance apart. The squire's house was at the southernmost end; the house of the clergyman, who was also the magistrate, was at the northernmost end, three miles distant; and the house of the Framptons' stood just between. It lay back half a mile from the high-road, approachable by a long carriage-drive of bright gravel, and was surrounded by lofty trees.

Opposite the white gates that opened out into the high-road, were the remains of a fourth large house in the village, which, having been the subject of an apparently interminable law-suit, had been suffered, meantime, to fall into utter decay, so that it could be of no earthly use to the winner. One wing of it had fallen down, and every windy night it was expected the whole would come to the ground. There was a large lawn at the back, over-grown with rank weeds, and then a great desolate garden of considerable length, terminating with an old vine-wall and a summer-house, now thickly over-grown with ivy. On the other side of this ran the narrow pathway, through wet nettles and thistles, that led to the ugly little hedge ale-house, bearing the sign of the "Overthrown Cart," in front of which the three burglars were now seated in conference.

The totally unprotected condition of the rural populations, in respect of police, is a fact little considered, or indeed known, by the inhabitants of our cities and towns. The country "gentry" are very well aware of it; but most of them seldom think much about it, except when some neighbouring house is robbed; and the rest content themselves with relying upon their men-servants, door-bolts, and window-bells, a loaded gun hanging up in the cloak-and-boot room, and a large dog in the yard. Not only is there no rural police, but no continuous or combined efforts are made to obtain one.

True, there is a mounted patrol. He is very valuable in the prevention of highway robberies. But his "beat" is confined to the high roads, and does not, and cannot, unless there are several, extend through the bye-ways and back-lanes of a village, and still less can he exercise any watchfulness over houses lying half a mile out of the high road. Hence, he is no protection against burglary to residences thus situated.

Are there, then, no other means provided by the parish for the protection of the inhabitants of a village, and the due enforcement of the law? Yes, there is the constable. The village of which we are now speaking, has a very good constable. There he sits!

On a little bench, painted blue, beside a small blue table, at the left-hand side of the doorway of the "Royal George," is now seated Matthew Pringle, cobbler and sworn constable of the village. Being a constable, he is, as he ought, to be, in the prime of life, and a strong-built man; and being a cobbler, he is, of course, short of stature, with bent knobby knees, hunched shoulders, thick-tipped grimy black fingers, a thoughtful face, and a bald head.

Matthew Pringle had an empty bright pewter pint pot standing before him on the table. His arms were folded, and he was leaning back against the blue rail of the bench, looking up at a large sign of his late lamented Majesty, George the Fourth, attired in coronation robes of scarlet and green, trimmed with a profusion of rabbits' fur, and wearing several oyster-shells, one of them with an oyster in it (though not meant for that) hanging round his neck, or stuck upon his ample chest. The sign slowly swung to and fro in the wind, as if graciously acknowledging the homage which, it took it for granted, the mind of the contemplative cobbler was loyally offering to the memory of its august original.

But it was *not* so. The mind of Matthew Pringle was at this moment occupied with the memory of James Humble, the burglar. What association had suddenly brought him into the head of the constable at this time it is impossible to say—unless, indeed, it was seeing the Vicar's man go by, with a brace of hares, for almost immediately he bethought him that he had lost sight of James Humble these last six months. He wondered where he was gone. If he had been hanged or transported, Pringle would have heard of it.

At any rate, it was a good thing the parish was rid of him.

The last time he had to do with Humble was in a poaching business. The squire's gamekeeper came and knocked him up one night, to go with him to look after three men who had got into the preserve. They hurried off—found nobody in the preserve—but saw three men lurking outside the palings. The men ran off, on seeing them, but one of them slipped on the grass, and fell. So they seized him, on suspicion. This was James Humble. He said he was a hinnocent man, and refused to go to the lock-up. Accordingly, they had to force him all the way to the lock-up, which was close against the magistrate's house, full three miles off. It took them all night to get him there—from eleven o'clock at night till four in the morning. While they were thus engaged, "somebody" went into the preserve, and deliberately bagged half the game that was there. Nothing could be proved against Humble, and the reverend magistrate was obliged to let him go, with a severe reprimand, and a solemn warning to take care what he was about—which Humble promised to do.

We have now described two "festive boards;" the third, and greatest, is yet to come.

The family of the Framptons comprised old Mr. Frampton, who was a retired tea-merchant; his wife; his son Frank, a country youth, of nineteen, devoted to dogs and a duck-gun; three marriageable daughters; two housemaids; a good plain cook; an old gardener, who sometimes drove the chaise, and waited at table when there was a dinner-party; and a boy, who looked after the horse, cleaned knives and boots, took letters to the post-office, &c.

At the hospitable table of the Framptons' was now seated Mr. Pine, a dashing young silversmith from London, and young Peter Tatman, only son and heir of Squire Tatman, of the Hall. Young Tatman was proud of all field sports; a capital shot, a first-rate cricketer, could run, or leap with any one in the county; was a merry companion, and would have been a favoured guest at most of the houses within ten miles round, but for his intemperate wine-bibbing. He never dined anywhere that he did not get drunk.

It was now ten o'clock, and still young Tatman sat drinking port wine, and Mr. Frampton who was scrupulous in his old-fashioned notions of hospitality, sat stupidly passing the decanters from himself to the image of his son (this sportive youth having fallen back asleep in his chair, where he was now dreaming of past exploits with his duck-gun), and thence to the side of the plate of Mr. Pine who had vanished, not to tea and coffee with the ladies, but under the table. From this futile position of the decanter, young Tatman withdrew it at arm's length—filled—and passed it again to Mr. Frampton. It was clear that Mr. Peter Tatman had an intention of seeing his host under the mahogany by the side of the dashing young silversmith, before he took his leave.

But the worthy tea-merchant was a well-seasoned, steady, port-wine drinker of the old school, and Mr. Peter Tatman, beginning to find about eleven o'clock, by certain sensations in his brain that the tables were likely to be turned upon himself, made a virtue of that discovery, and swearing he would not take any more wine, rose to depart. Before he went, however, he insisted on helping to draw Mr. Pine from beneath the table, and merrily lent his aid in leading him up to bed, followed by young Frank Frampton, whose sleep at an early period of the engagement had saved him from the future effects to which the dashing young silversmith had fallen a victim.

The ladies had all retired to bed, Mrs. Frampton having left strict injunctions to Margy, the elder housemaid to collect all the plate, and lock it up in the china closet adjoining her bed-room, and opening by a second door into Mr. Frampton's dressing-room. After this, they were to put all the glass and china on the side-board, till the morning; carry down to the cellar all bottles that were uncorked; lock the cellar, and then go round the house, rake all fires out, see all fast, and go to bed.

Margy was a very careful middle-aged woman, and duly performed the task in all its branches. She was even more than usually particular in attaching bells, and fastening window-shutters and doors. This done, she sat herself down alone in the dining-room to rest a minute.

All a-bed and a-sleep, mused the housemaid. How silent the house was after all the noise, and eating, and drinking, and rattling of plates, and laughing, and getting young men up to bed;—and that Peter Tatman too, what a noise he made with his laughing and foolery as he went reeling out at the front door, and fumbling his way along the dark gravel walk. Ah—he was not like some young men she had seen—and one young man in particular—when she was just two-and-twenty. Here poor Margy raised her apron to her eyes, and with a deep sigh rose, and went up stairs to bed.

The beds and their occupants were distributed at the Framptons', in the following manner,—which it is important to a right understanding of what is to happen before daybreak, to note carefully.

To begin below: the old gardener slept in a room opening into a passage to the back area, leading up steps to the garden. The boy slept on a little horse-bedstead in a small dark room, close to the lumber-room, near the back kitchen. There were three rooms on the drawing-room floor, one of which was used as a "spare" bed-room; and here Mr.

Pine, the overcome silversmith, was now soundly sleeping. In the front second-floor room, lay Mr. and Mrs. Frampton. In the larger of the back rooms, two of the young ladies, and Master Frank in the smaller one. The youngest daughter occupied the front room above; the cook, another back room, with the scullery-maid in a closet opening out of it; Margy, and the other housemaid, the third back room. And now it is twelve o'clock, and all of them are fast asleep.

It is a dark night in the latter end of October. The day has been very mild, but it has rained hard since eleven o'clock. The rain has now ceased, and the wind has risen. The boughs of the trees round the house shake and swing about; showers of leaves fall; dry bits of stick are sometimes blown against the windows; the doors and shutters, and window frames, rattle; and other strange sounds are made in the house, as well as outside, by the weather.

But in the pauses of the wind, other noises, of a different kind from all the rest, might have been heard, had anybody on the ground-floor been awake. The burglars had arrived, and having selected their point to effect an entrance, were now steadily at work.

It is an axiom in the science of fortification, that a fortress is no stronger than its weakest point. Lanky Go having been round to all the lower windows, and found them properly fastened, with bells affixed—so he said—as well as the doors—which they had hardly expected, after so convivial a party—they then held consultation, and unanimously fixed upon the pantry window as the most eligible means of breaking into the house.

The pantry window looked out upon a side lawn, where the clothes were hung out to dry. It was six feet from the ground, but there was no area between the wall and the lawn. The window was without glass, and covered with a frame-work of perforated zinc. It was moreover protected by two iron bars, and as the window itself was narrow, the body even of a boy could not have squeezed through between them.

Lanky Go, being much the tallest, accordingly proceeded to effect his part of the task. He placed himself close against the wall, and with a keen file began to cut through one of the iron bars. He worked quickly, and without noise.

Humble and Crick, meantime, silently took out their several implements, and arranged them for use. They had with them a powerful jemmy (a stout crow-bar), a centre-bit, screw-driver, chisel, files, a pair of iron pincers of a peculiar shape (made to pass through a hole and turn a corner), and a large knife, with several tools in it, such as a small saw, two gimlets, a hook, a pick, and a cork-screw. To this armoury was added a brace of pistols, three bludgeons, a dark lanthorn, and three masks,—a green one, made of an old veil, a white one, made of cartridge-paper, and a black one of the usual masquerade manufacture, though much bent and maltreated.

One bar being announced, by a sign, as cut through, Crick advanced, and, with the jemmy, adroitly smashed and clawed out half a brick from the wall, about thirteen inches below the sill of the window. He then placed himself close beside Lanky Go, each bending his back, with his elbows placed flat against the wall, and his head pressed upon his arms. Upon their backs Humble now mounted. He then seized the lower end of the iron bar, just above the place where it had been cut through, and planting his left toe in the niche where the piece of brick had been torn out, he thus obtained a good "purchase," and by main strength bent the bar upwards and aslant. He now leaped softly down, and made a back for Crick, who went to work at the sheet of perforated zinc, which, in a few minutes, he opened all down one side, and folded back. He then thrust his head and shoulders in at the pantry window, and listened.

"Go along," hoarsely whispered Humble. Twisting his legs round at this exhortation, Crick dangled them down into the pantry. His crunched-up head and shoulders faced his friends below for a moment, and then disappeared. But presently his hands re-appeared, and the fingers twisted impatiently in the air.

Lanky Go instantly skipped up beneath the window with the centre-bit and special pincers, which he deposited in the hands, and they immediately vanished in the darkness.

Humble and Lanky, after waiting a few minutes, till certain sounds within indicated that Crick had effected his entrance, moved slowly round to the area at the back, facing the garden. Lanky pointed to one of the lower windows, interrogatively. Humble shook his head. "Somebody asleep there," whispered he,—"gardener or boy;" and then pointed to the back-door down in the area. They descended the stone steps, and Humble applied his ear to the key-hole, while Lanky applied his to a crack in the top square of the door-panel.

In the course of ten minutes' suspense, they heard the gradual grating noise of the slow withdrawal of rusty bolts,—the gliding back of the tongue of the lock—and the lifting up and laying aside of a chain. The door then slowly opened—and the muzzle of a duck-gun was protruded! It came out longer and longer, with steady, hostile advance—and behind it appeared, not the adroit colleague, John Crick,—but the hobbedehoy figure of Master Frank, in his shirt.

"Rascals!" cried he, "take that!"—with which words he fired manfully about three yards over their heads, and struck the top of an ornamental pigeon-house in the middle of the lawn. Humble and Lanky were retiring precipitately, when out darted Crick, and in an instant pinioned the valiant young duck-

sportsman from behind. He began to bawl "Thieves! robbers! murd—" but Crick's fingers grasped his throat, and he was thrown down, with a knee thrust deep into the pit of his stomach, which effectually silenced him.

Humble and Lanky Go, who had rushed into one of the side shrubberies, finding that the cries had been abruptly stopped, conjectured what the turn was that had taken place in affairs, and emerging from the shrubberies, met Crick, who explained in a word what had occurred. "Go on!" said Humble, with an oath—savage at the momentary check. They returned to where the young man was left; and thinking he might be troublesome if he came to himself, Humble dragged him into the passage, intending to lock him up in one of the cellars. But as he was searching about, a door opened, and the gardener coming into the passage, cried out, "Who's there?"

"Nobody!" said Humble, ferociously, and striking him a blow with his fist that sent the old man reeling back into the middle of the room, he swung the insensible body of poor Frank along the floor, and Crick, taking out the key from the inside, closed the door, and locked it. Two of the male inhabitants of the house were thus safely provided for. They gave a hasty look round with the dark lanthorn for the boy, but he was no where to be seen. Humble said they must waste no more time, but go to work up stairs at once, for he heard them moving.

The three burglars now hastily put on their masks, and hurried to the foot of the stairs, seizing cloaks and capes from the pegs in the passage, with which they assisted the disguise of their persons. Humble led the way with a pistol in his left-hand; Crick followed closely with the other pistol; and Lanky Go brought up the rear with the dark lanthorn in one hand, and a bludgeon in the other—all according to previous arrangement.

They heard the door of Mr. Frampton's bed-room open, and his voice call out, "Frank! Frank!—didn't you hear a gun go off just this minute?" This was instantly followed by a scream from Mrs. Frampton, who cried out, "They're breaking into the house!—I'm sure they are!"

The words were still on her lips, when Mr. Frampton, who had been standing on the landing-place, rushed back into the room, followed by three men in masks. He had not even time to close the door. Mrs. Frampton, with a loud scream, hid her head beneath the clothes, and fainted away, while her husband ran to one of the windows, and began to throw it up, but was instantly seized from behind by the foremost of the men, and flung violently backwards upon the carpet near the bed. A pistol was then held to his head, while the ruffian, with horrible imprecations, threatened instantly to blow his brains out if he did not give up all his keys, and tell where his money and plate were deposited.

While this was doing, Crick ran down stairs with Lanky, and entered the room in which Mr. Pine had been deposited. The noise and scuffling had awoke him, and he had just got out of bed, and was standing in the middle of the room with an owlish stare, when the two men burst in upon him. He instantly staggered forward, demanding in thick accents, and a tone of authority,—"What's o'clock?" He was answered by a blow from Crick's bludgeon, which laid him prostrate, and, if possible, more senseless than before, while Lanky hastily possessed himself of a gold watch and chain, which he put in his pocket. They then left the room.

Loud screams from above now attracted their attention. The two Miss Framptons, who slept on the second floor, had issued from their room, and seeing their father lying upon his back, with a man in a mask standing over him, had flown up stairs to alarm the maid-servants and their sister,—and immediately three windows were flung open, and they all began screaming, "Thieves! Murder! Fire!" —to how little purpose when there was no house within a mile of them! But Margy ran down to the assistance of her master, and darting upon Humble, who was stooping over him, tying his hands, tore him away. She was almost instantaneously seized by Crick and Lanky, who tied a handkerchief round her mouth and throat so tightly as almost to cause strangulation, and in this state thrust her into a closet in the bed-room, and locked her in. Humble, meantime, had rushed up-stairs among the screaming women, whom he seized and struck in the most savage manner, dragging them away from the open windows; and being presently joined by his colleagues, they forced all of them into the room of the youngest Miss Frampton, whom they threatened with instant death—presenting a pistol at her head, and a knife to her throat—if she did not keep all the rest quiet. Lanky then took a gold watch and some trinkets from a toilet-table, and they left the room, promising to return, and make good their threats, if any one again uttered a cry, or opened a window.

The three burglars now descended, and entered the china-closet, where they gathered up all the plate. Mr. Frampton was lying quite helpless on the floor, bound hand and foot. As to the screams from the windows, they had been stopped, as matter of caution, but without much apprehension of results, as the house, as previously explained, lay back half a mile from the high-road, and no other dwelling was near. The burglars, therefore, proceeded systematically to plunder the house. Lanky Go kept guard, by walking up stairs, and uttering threats, and then descending to the bottom of the house. This he continued to do while Humble and Crick brought down the plate, and, entering the different rooms, carried off every small article of value they could find. They even swept

the whole of the nicknacks from the drawing-room chimneypieces, and threw them into the sack with the spoons and teapots.

It will be recollected that young Frank Frampton had been laid senseless by a half-throttling process, on the first entrance of the burglars, and that the old gardener had also been knocked down. The old man, however, after a time, recovered himself sufficiently to rise, and availing himself of the absence of the watchful guard, Lanky, when he was up stairs, threatening the screaming women, he opened his window (his door having been locked from the outside) and let himself down into the area, which was only four feet below. He then cautiously entered the house, and went straight to the little room where the boy slept. The boy was gone. A thought struck the gardener, and he hurried to the coal-cellar, and there he found him hidden. The boy knew his voice, and crawled out, and they ran from the house across the lawn, and into one of the shrubberies, and so along the dark filbert walk, till they reached the arbour, and here they stopped to take breath.

The gardener then told the boy to make the best of his way into the highroad, and find the patrol, and tell him what was going on, while he would hasten by another way up into the village, by a lane that would bring him out just opposite to the house of Matthew Pringle, the constable, whom he would knock up.

It will now be requisite to revert to the departure of young Squire Tatman from the convivial board of this unfortunate country family, and to bear in mind the peculiar condition in which he sallied forth into the dark night, refusing, with a flourish, all companionship of boy or lanthorn to guide his unsteady steps.

He had not gone far along the gravel walk before a heavy shower of rain came on, and to obtain some shelter, he stepped aside among the trees of a plantation, through which he made his way onwards towards the high road. It so happened, however, that he emerged very much further off than he had intended, and being near to a little road-side inn, he commenced a battery against the shutters, which compelled the landlady to appear at the window, and then, having ascertained his "quality," to come down, and let him in. He remained for an hour or more drinking brandy-and-water,—on account, as he pretended, of being wet through and through. At last she got rid of him.

The young squire again sallied forth into the night in a yet more "unaccountable" state than before, and after a time arrived in the main street of the village. Here he recollected the house of two old maiden ladies, who kept five cats, through whom he had got a whipping when a school-boy, for fastening a cracker to one of their tails on the fifth of November. He stopped—looked up at the bed-room windows—then down at the dining-room shutters, and finished his vague contemplation by picking up a large stone, and commencing a loud hammering against the shutters,—and wound up by discharging the stone through one of the bed-room windows, while he set up a strange howl. He had the greater pleasure in doing this, because the house was within two doors of the little shop of Matthew Pringle, the constable.

This nocturnal outrage quickly brought forth the poor maiden ladies to the windows of their several rooms, which they threw up, and began to scream, "Constable! Constable! Thieves! Thieves! Mr. Pringle! Mr. Pr—ing—ingle!"

Another stone through the bed-room window of the personage thus summoned, instantly brought that invaluable functionary to *his* window,—opening which he heard a similar salute paid to another window further on; it therefore became a clear case that he must hurry off to capture the offender before all the glass in the village was demolished. He commenced putting on some clothes with the utmost haste.

Meantime the merry young gentleman had moved on till he found himself abreast of the principal inn of the village, viz., the "Royal George." The one faint lamp of the main street was just over the way, and shed a dim light on the benign aspect of the gentlemanly monarch above, which young Tatman found quite irresistible. So, he swarmed up the sign-post, and first lifted one hook out of its eye, and then the other, and down fell the great sign-board edgeways in the road.

Down slid the pleasant young gentleman, and taking up his Majesty on his back, with the face turned outwards, and looking benignly on all behind,—moved onwards with his burthen, staggering, yet secure on his legs, and at a good pace.

It was a cold wet night, and Matthew Pringle had thought it advisable to put on most of his clothes before he issued forth on duty. He was out soon enough to observe a figure going up the main street at no great distance. He hailed him, and then quickened his pace. As he got nearer, he saw it was a man walking off with some booty—a great square box, as it seemed! He summoned him to stop in the Queen's name!—but the midnight robber only quickened his pace. Pringle quickened his. The figure began to run. Pringle gave chase; and away went the figure along the high-road, beyond the village, and presently turned down a deep lane, and ran scrambling through the darkness with a slushy sound;—Matthew Pringle after him.

But the house of the poor Framptons, which is being plundered all this time, with poor Mr. Frampton lying on his back, bound hand and foot!—as any country gentleman may be, at any time, by burglars—and his wife, and family, and servants all in momentary terror of their lives! What is to become

of them? A boy had been despatched by the old gardener, to run as fast as his legs would carry him, up into the high-road, and try and find the horse patrol, while he himself made his way to the constable's house.

Both of these were, to a certain extent, successful. The boy was lucky enough to get sight of the horse patrol. Being unable to contain himself after his recent excitement, the little fellow instantly began to cry out "Patrol! patrol! Thieves! O Thieves!"

The guardian of the high-way pulled up his horse, but before the boy could reach him the patrol heard the sound of footsteps of men running along the road through the village. Making sure these were the thieves the boy meant, who were now effecting their escape, he set spurs to his horse, and galloped after the sound of the retreating footsteps.

The old gardener, "dead beat" from loss of breath, arrived at the constable's house. Here he was met by Mrs. Pringle, in her huge night-cap, who informed him that her husband had gone out after some villains who were breaking all the windys in the village, and that the horse-patrol had gone after them too—but they would soon be back, she hoped.

The chase of Pringle, however, was not destined so soon to come to a close. Down the long straggling back lanes did the robber, with the great box, run most vigorously, and the constable after him, panting and gasping, and with one hand pressed to his side. And now the sound of a horse's hoofs is behind them,—and *on* it comes, but not very fast, as the lane is so dark and slippery, and down hill. The patrol's bull's eye lanthorn is very useful. It casts a great stream of light before them. He soon finds out that the first man he comes up with, is Pringle—but what is that which retreats! It is a large majestic figure attired in coloured robes, with a smiling countenance, and a fine high-curled wig—and running down the lane backwards!

The lane suddenly becomes yet more precipitous—and alas! for human powers, even in a promising young squire, down falls the figure flat;—and flatly lies, but still looks up with a courteous smile—the august semblance of His Majesty George the Fourth!

They picked up the strange complexity of man and sign; and by this time, the man was almost in as insensible a condition of being. Finding it was young Squire Tatman, the two parish authorities did what they thought best "under their difficult circumstances." They helped him up—wiped the mud off his face—placed him on the horse, the patrol walking by the side, to hold him up, and the constable walking behind, humbly carrying the sign. In this way they escorted the young gentleman to his own house—good four miles from the place where they found him.

How has it fared all this time with the burglars at the Framptons? Excellently well. They have collected all the plate, all the watches, chains, rings, and trinkets; all the money in the house, and all the light, portable valuables; and they have brought all down to the kitchen, where Humble is placing them in a couple of small sacks, and a canvas bag, while Crick is setting out the table with the remains of the beef, and veal, and goose and ham, &c. He has also found bread and cheese, and cold salmon, and a preserved gooseberry tart; and he is now going with a candle to the cellar for a dozen of wine.

Lanky Go has issued forth into the lawn at the back of the house—passed through one of the side shrubberies, and approached a hedge. He gives a low, smothered whistle. The hedge is pushed aside,—and a rough, dirty-muzzled dog-like face with a red nose, and red projecting lips, is thrust through the aperture. The head has a little grey carter's hat upon it, and the thick red lips are sucking the brass-headed handle of a whip, while the eyes seem to listen as much as the ears.

Lanky bent forward—"Give her the rest o' the corn." With this brief order, which at once showed the driver that all had gone well, the brute's face was withdrawn from the hole in the hedge, and Lanky returned to his friends.

The table was, by this time, well covered with "all the dainties of the season," and with a squadron of black bottles, fresh from the wine-cellar. Crick was digging out a pigeon-pie, and Humble was lying back in a chair, wiping his forehead with his sleeve.

They had worked hard in one way, and now they fell to work in another. The execution they did upon the various contents of the table, in the course of a quarter of an hour, nobody but a jolly burglar would believe. They swallowed mouthfuls that would have done credit to a Clown in a pantomime, and drank port wine (Mr. Frampton's finest old port—*Bin D. 2*) in beer tumblers. As for champagne, they knocked the necks off the bottles, and let the wine spout down their throats. At length, Lanky Go, filling his tumbler with a bumper of Madeira, took it in his right hand, and slowly rising, thus addressed the company:—

"Gentlemen, schoolfellows, and friends!" said he,—"I rise, at this early hour of the evening, in wirtue of my being the boldest among you, and therefore most qualificationed to state a moral proverb like this—as it's good to be merry—and wise. We have done our duties to-night—our carriage and orse and coachman are a-waiting for us under a dark hedge close by. Let us therefore take up our little property, and go our ways. But afore we go, I beg to persume to give you a lyall toast. Here's to the elth and appiness of her most gracious Queen Wictory, and her wise Members of Parliament, who will not allow the country gentry to have a Rural Police to look arter them, and destroy our trade. And in this toast I begs to include the name of our worthy host, Mr. Frampton,

up-stairs, and to christen and denominate this house in future as the Sign o' the Jolly Burglars!"

Need we add—knowing how usefully the one horse patrol of the highway, and the remotely dwelling constable, were employed, at this time—*need* we add, that these unmitigated rascals got safely off with their plunder?

THE DOOM OF ENGLISH WILLS.

CATHEDRAL NUMBER FOUR.

An antiquary cannot approach the city of Chester from London, even in an express railway train, without emotions more lively than that class of observers generally have credit for. Despite a sensation akin to that of being fired off in a rocket, and a pardonable fancy that the hedges are endless bands of green ribbon in eternal motion, that the houses, and cottages, and churches, and trees, and villages, as they dart past the confines of the carriage window, are huge missiles shot across fields which are subjected to a rapid dispensation of distorted perspective; yet these mighty evidences of the Present do not dull his mind to the Past. He remembers, with wonder, that two thousand years ago, it was over this identical line of country that the legions of Suetonius lagged along after they had blunted the scythes of Boadicea, routed her hordes, and driven her to suicide. Nor, when his propulsion per steam is ended at a station to which five iron "lines" converge, does he fail to recal the curious coincidence that he stands on the ancient meeting-place of the five great Mercian roads, cut by those Stephensons and Brunels of old—Suetonius and Agricola. Though he is not slow to recognise the utter modernness of the booking-offices, the refreshment-rooms, the omnibuses, the mackintoshes, and of every other object that meets his gaze; yet the awful retrospection possesses him that he moves within the precincts of the most important fortified camp in Britain, and he almost feels himself a Roman in spite of his hat.

We will not say that our own fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. William Wallace, retrojected his imagination so far into the past while crossing the Chester platform with his carpet-bag, because we are led to believe, from his report to us, that his views were immediately directed to the more modern times of St. Werburgh, who founded the Abbey of Chester (once the most splendid in England); seeing that it is in the still-standing gateway of that obsolete establishment, that the objects of Mr. Wallace's especial solicitude are now, and always have been deposited, since Henry the Eighth erected Chester into a diocese.

His hopes of success in seeking out certain facts from the testamentary records of this see, were more slender than they had been while entering upon his errand at the other three cathedrals. He had written to the bishop for that permission to search which had been by other prelates so readily granted, but which had been rendered by the respective Registrars so utterly nugatory, and had received no answer. Awkward reminiscences of the state of this Registry, as disclosed before the last Parliamentary Committee on the Ecclesiastical Courts, fell like a dark shadow over his hopes. Up to the year 1832, the gateway where the wills are kept was, upon the Deputy Registrar's own showing, neither "fire-proof, sufficiently large, nor absolutely free from plunder." The searching-office was a part of the gateway; and was as inadequate as other searching offices. The Chief Registrar in 1837 was a sinecurist in the *seventieth* year of office, and was verging towards the hundredth of his age; having received, in his time, not less than three hundred and fifty thousand pounds of the public money for doing nothing. The fees for searches and extracts were heavy, and nobody was allowed, as in most other Registries, to see how the wills were kept.

Such were the gloomy prepossessions of Mr. William Wallace, as he approached the archway which held the testamentary treasures of Diocese Number Four. He sought the searching office in vain, and at length was fain to address himself to the first passenger—a burly blacksmith—who, at once, in answer to his inquiry, pointed to a handsome new stone building, that stood within the Abbey Square. Was the blacksmith sure that that spacious edifice, which looked like a substantial Bank or a commodious Sessions House, was the Will Office?—Quite sure.

Mr. William Wallace ascended the steps doubtingly; and when he found himself in the wide passage of an evidently well-planned public office—so contrary was the whole aspect of the place to his preconceptions of it, and to his previous experience of other ecclesiastical Registries—that he would have retired, had not the words, "Searching Office," as plain as paint and capitals could make them, stared him full in the face from a door on his right. This he boldly opened, and beheld a handsome apartment, so mounted with desks, counters, and every appurtenance for public convenience, as to put him in mind of the interior of a flourishing assurance office. "The room," says Mr. William Wallace, in his report to us, "is furnished with a counter of ample size, extending round it, on which you examine the indexes. On calling for one or two modern wills, the clerks brought me a substantial, well-bound book, in which he informed me all modern wills have been, since the appointment of the present Registrar, enrolled at length, in a round text, so distinct and plain, that illiterate persons might read them; and not engrossed, so as to become a source of revenue, as at Doctor's Commons, where the unlearned, in what is called 'court-hand,' are obliged to call in the aid of a clerk, and disburse a fee for the

wills to be read to them. I was informed that I could see the originals on giving a satisfactory reason to the Registrar, or, in his absence, to a principal clerk. So promptly is business done here, that I found the wills which had been received from Manchester and other places that day, had been already indexed—very different to York, where wills are sometimes not indexed for six or eight months, and, consequently, often not at all. I next inquired for some earlier wills, and stated that I might probably want to have two or three days' research, for a literary purpose. On hearing this, the clerk informed me that the Registrar made no charge under such circumstances, except for the clerks' time. I then called for about six early wills, and only one of the six could not be found. Afterwards I asked for the returns of several Parish Registers; each set of which are well and substantially bound in a separate volume; for this a fee of three shillings and eight-pence is demanded; at York, for the production of a similar quantity of records, fifteen pounds is the price, without clerks' fees; and at Lincoln it would be impossible to collect them at all, many having been used to bind up modern wills, and for other such purposes."

Mr. William Wallace, pleasingly surprised at the contrast this Registry Number Four, presented to others he had visited and where he had been so egregiously snubbed, determined to learn and see as much respecting it as possible. With this view, he applied, without any other introduction than his card, to the Registrar; whose excellent custom it was, he understood, to be in attendance daily for several hours. At that time he was examining witnesses in a case for the Ecclesiastical Court, and handed the card to the bishop's secretary, who was also in official attendance. "That gentleman," says Mr. Wallace, "immediately came down, and informed me that the Bishop had written to me, in answer to my application, two days before, giving me permission to search, at reasonable hours, and that the Registrar, as was his usual custom, had not the slightest objection. I then asked to be shown the various parts of the building, the modes of preserving the records, which request was granted without the smallest hesitation."

Our informant then goes on to say that he found the building—which was raised solely at the expense of the present Registrar, since his appointment in 1837—conveniently divided into different departments like the best of the Government offices,—each department legibly indicated for the benefit of the inquirer, on the different doors.

On the first-floor are the private offices of the Registrar, of the bishop's secretary, and of other officials usually connected with the Registry. That story is however chiefly occupied by a spacious room for the examination of witnesses. Besides principals, thirteen clerks are employed in the building; whose civility and patience were great enough to redeem the rudeness and grasping impatience experienced at the other three Cathedral Registries.

The manner in which the records are preserved at this Cathedral Number Four, is spoken of by our friend with satisfaction. His report to us is silent on rats, wet, mildew, smoke, broken windows, torn testaments, and illegible calendars. "Modern wills," he repeats, "are copied at length into volumes, by the present Registrar, a practice which I regret is not adopted at York, Lincoln, Lichfield, Winchester, and other places I have visited. If wills of an earlier date than that of the enrolment books are required to be taken out of the office for production in any Court of Law, &c., an examined copy made for the purpose, is deposited in its place during its temporary removal from the Registry. The principal portion of the wills are deposited in a dry, but not a fire-proof building, in good repair, called the Abbey Gateway; where, during the office hours, two clerks are constantly kept at work in copying wills that come in. These are kept in boxes, arranged upon shelves with just sufficient space to admit them, like drawers; and upon the top of the wills is a sheet of pasteboard fitting the box, as a further protection from dust. The wills are alphabetically arranged in the boxes, which are of uniform size, and contain more or less letters; the first box for 1835, for instance, contains the wills of testators whose names commence with A. or B. The wills of each letter are placed separately, and are divided into packets of one month each, so that the exact date of Probate being known, the will is found immediately. The wills are not rolled up as was formerly the case, but are kept flat, those on brief paper being only once more folded in the centre, so as to form a foolscap sheet. I think the plan well calculated to secure preservation for any length of time.—The Registrar performs the duties of his office in person—the income of which, as stated in the 'Times' is about ten thousand a-year,—and attends regularly."

In this case the Registrar-in-Chief is his own deputy, and although his income is large—even after the great expense it has been his duty to incur, for suitable public accommodation, and the loss he has voluntarily sustained by reducing the fees—yet it must not be wholly grudged to a gentleman who fulfils his office with assiduity.

Before the period of its renovation, the Registry of Chester was as inefficient and exacting as the other three we have described. To whom the merit of the change and the contrast is really due, is not easily to be ascertained, although the present incumbent of the office must necessarily have the largest share of credit for it. We suspect, however, that the proximate impetus of the reform can be traced to the geographical position of the

see. It includes the busiest of the manufacturing towns, and the most business-like, practical, and hard-handed examples of the English character. The thorough-going Manchester or Liverpool legatee would not endure, beyond a certain point and a certain time, the impositions, delays, destructions, and muddling confusion of the will offices in the more easy-going districts. Time with him is cash. What he wants he must have at once, especially if he pays for it. He may be put off once or twice with a rotten, illegible index, or a "Come again to-morrow;" but when he once sees that these may be obviated, he takes care to let there be no delay on his part, and agitates immediately. To engage a Free Trade Hall, and get up a public meeting, is with him a matter of no more consideration than scolding his clerk, or bringing a creditor to book. He has discredited the maxim that "talking is not doing;" and a constant iteration of pertinent speeches, ending with stinging "resolutions," has been found to *do* greater feats, to perform much greater wonders than setting ecclesiastical registries in order. It is possible, therefore, that the lay authorities of the Chester Registry, having the dread of an uncompromising community before their eyes, saw their safety in renovation; and, like sensible men, made it, without that whining sophistication, that grim tenacity, with which abuses are excused and clung to, in exact proportion to their absurdity, profitableness, and injustice.

THE DUMB CHILD.

She is my only girl:
I ask'd for her as some most precious thing,
For all unfinish'd was Love's jewell'd ring,
Till set with this soft pearl;
The shade that Time brought forth I could not see;
How pure, how perfect seem'd the gift to me!

Oh, many a soft old tune
I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear,
And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near,
Lest she might wake too soon;
And hushed her brothers' laughter while she lay—
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believed
That this one daughter might not speak to me;
Waited and watch'd God knows how patiently!
How willingly deceived:
Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
And tended Hope until it starved to death.

"Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
To call me *mother*, in the broken speech
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those seal'd lips never may be stirr'd
To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
Beside her brothers at their evening prayer;
Or lift those earnest eyes
To watch our lips, as though our words she knew,—
Then moves her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watch'd her looking up
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The struggling soul *would* burst its binding cords,
And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in words.

The song of bird and bee,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music to which Nature moves,
Are wasted melody
To her; the world of sound a tuneless void;
While even *Silence* hath its charm destroy'd.

Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beautiful; of finest mould
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold,
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
Should from earth's Babel-clamour be kept free,
E'en that *His* still small voice and step might be
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer thrill?
Then should I grieve?—O murmuring heart be still!

She seems to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.
She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
That even *her father* would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so!
And when his sons are playing merrily,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
Oh! at such times I know—
By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—
How his heart yearns over his silent child,

Not of *all* gifts bereft,
Even now. How could I say she did not speak!
What real language lights her eye and cheek.
And renders thanks to Him who left
Unto her soul yet open avenues
For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give
To her defect a beauty of its own.
And we a deeper tenderness have known
Through that for which we grieve.
Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
Yea, and *my* voice shall fill it—but *not here*.

When that new sense is given,
What rapture will its first experience be,
That never woke to meaner melody,
Than the rich songs of heaven.—
To *hear* the full-toned anthem swelling round.
While angels teach the ecstasies of sound!

THE WELL OF PEN-MORFA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Nest revived during the warm summer weather. Edward came to see her, and stayed the allotted quarter of an hour; but he dared not look her in the face. She was indeed a cripple: one leg was much shorter than the other, and she halted on a crutch. Her face, formerly so brilliant in colour, was wan and pale with suffering: the bright roses were gone, never to return. Her large eyes were

sunk deep down in their hollow, cavernous sockets; but the light was in them still, when Edward came. Her mother dreaded her returning strength—dreaded, yet desired it; for the heavy burden of her secret was most oppressive at times, and she thought Edward was beginning to weary of his enforced attentions. One October evening she told her the truth. She even compelled her rebellious heart to take the cold, reasoning side of the question; and she told her child that her disabled frame was a disqualification for ever becoming a farmer's wife. She spoke hardly, because her inner agony and sympathy was such, she dared not trust herself to express the feelings that were rending her. But Nest turned away from cold reason; she revolted from her mother; she revolted from the world. She bound her sorrow tight up in her breast, to corrode and fester there.

Night after night, her mother heard her cries and moans—more pitiful, by far, than those wrung from her by bodily pain a year before; and, night after night, if her mother spoke to soothe, she proudly denied the existence of any pain but what was physical, and consequent upon her accident.

"If she would but open her sore heart to me—to me, her mother," Eleanor wailed forth in prayer to God, "I would be content. Once it was enough to have my Nest all my own. Then came love, and I knew it would never be as before; and then I thought the grief I felt, when Edward spoke to me, was as sharp a sorrow as could be; but this present grief, Oh Lord, my God, is worst of all; and Thou only, Thou, canst help!"

When Nest grew as strong as she was ever likely to be on earth, she was anxious to have as much labour as she could bear. She would not allow her mother to spare her anything. Hard work—bodily fatigue—she seemed to crave. She was glad when she was stunned by exhaustion into a dull insensibility of feeling. She was almost fierce when her mother, in those first months of convalescence, performed the household tasks which had formerly been hers; but she shrank from going out of doors. Her mother thought that she was unwilling to expose her changed appearance to the neighbours' remarks; but Nest was not afraid of that: she was afraid of their pity, as being one deserted and cast of. If Eleanor gave way before her daughter's imperiousness, and sat by while Nest "tore" about her work with the vehemence of a bitter heart, Eleanor could have cried, but she durst not; tears, or any mark of commiseration, irritated the crippled girl so much, she even drew away from caresses. Everything was to go on as it had been before she had known Edward; and so it did, outwardly; but they trod carefully, as if the ground on which they moved was hollow—deceptive. There was no more careless ease; every word was guarded, and every action planned. It was a dreary life to both. Once, Eleanor brought in a little baby, a neighbour's child, to try and tempt Nest out of herself, by her old love of children. Nest's pale face flushed as she saw the innocent child in her mother's arms; and, for a moment, she made as if she would have taken it; but then, she turned away, and hid her face behind her apron, and murmured, "I shall never have a child to lie in my breast, and call me mother!" In a minute she arose, with compressed and tightened lips, and went about her household work, without her noticing the cooing baby again, till Mrs. Gwynn, heart-sick at the failure of her little plan, took it back to its parents.

One day the news ran through Pen-Morfa that Edward Williams was about to be married. Eleanor had long expected this intelligence. It came upon her like no new thing; but it was the filling-up of her cup of woe. She could not tell Nest. She sat listlessly in the house, and dreaded that each neighbour who came in would speak about the village news. At last, some one did. Nest looked round from her employment, and talked of the event with a kind of cheerful curiosity as to the particulars, which made her informant go away, and tell others that Nest had quite left off caring for Edward Williams. But when the door was shut, and Eleanor and she were left alone, Nest came and stood before her weeping mother like a stern accuser.

"Mother, why did not you let me die? Why did you keep me alive for this?" Eleanor could not speak, but she put her arms out towards her girl. Nest turned away, and Eleanor cried aloud in her soreness of spirit. Nest came again.

"Mother, I was wrong. You did your best. I don't know how it is I am so hard and cold. I wish I had died when I was a girl, and had a feeling heart."

"Don't speak so, my child. God has afflicted you sore, and your hardness of heart is but for a time. Wait a little. Don't reproach yourself, my poor Nest. I understand your ways. I don't mind them, love. The feeling heart will come back to you in time. Anyways, don't think you're grieving me, because, love, that may sting you when I'm gone; and I'm not grieved, my darling. Most times we're very cheerful, I think."

After this, mother and child were drawn more together. But Eleanor had received her death from these sorrowful, hurrying events. She did not conceal the truth from herself; nor did she pray to live, as some months ago she had done, for her child's sake; she had found out that she had no power to console the poor wounded heart. It seemed to her as if her prayers had been of no avail; and then she blamed herself for this thought.

There are many Methodist preachers in this part of Wales. There was a certain old man, named David Hughes, who was held in peculiar reverence because he had known the

great John Wesley. He had been captain of a Caernarvon slate-vessel; he had traded in the Mediterranean, and had seen strange sights. In those early days (to use his own expression) he had lived without God in the world; but he went to mock John Wesley, and was converted by the white-haired patriarch, and remained to pray. Afterwards he became one of the earnest, self-denying, much-abused band of itinerant preachers, who went forth under Wesley's direction to spread abroad a more earnest and practical spirit of religion. His rambles and travels were of use to him. They extended his knowledge of the circumstances in which men are sometimes placed, and enlarged his sympathy with the tried and tempted. His sympathy, combined with the thoughtful experience of fourscore years, made him cognisant of many of the strange secrets of humanity; and when younger preachers upbraided the hard hearts they met with, and despaired of the sinners, he "suffered long, and was kind."

When Eleanor Gwynn lay low on her death-bed, David Hughes came to Pen-Morfa. He knew her history, and sought her out. To him she imparted the feelings I have described.

"I have lost my faith, David. The tempter has come, and I have yielded. I doubt if my prayers have been heard. Day and night have I prayed that I might comfort my child in her great sorrow; but God has not heard me. She has turned away from me, and refused my poor love. I wish to die now; but I have lost my faith, and have no more pleasure in the thought of going to God. What must I do, David?"

She hung upon his answer; and it was long in coming.

"I am weary of earth," said she, mournfully, "and can I find rest in death even, leaving my child desolate and broken-hearted!"

"Eleanor," said David, "where you go, all things will be made clear; and you will learn to thank God for the end of what now seems grievous and heavy to be borne. Do you think your agony has been greater than the awful agony in the Garden—or your prayers more earnest than that which He prayed in that hour when the great drops of blood ran down his face like sweat? We know that God heard Him, although no answer came to Him through the dread silence of that night. God's times are not our times. I have lived eighty and one years, and never yet have I known an earnest prayer fall to the ground unheeded. In an unknown way, and when no one looked for it, may be, the answer came; a fuller, more satisfying answer than heart could conceive of, although it might be different to what was expected. Sister, you are going where in His light you will see light; you will learn there that in very faithfulness he has afflicted you!"

"Go on—you strengthen me," said she.

After David Hughes left that day, Eleanor was calm as one already dead, and past mortal strife. Nest was awed by the change. No more passionate weeping—no more sorrow in the voice; though it was low and weak, it sounded with a sweet composure. Her last look was a smile; her last word a blessing.

Nest, tearless, streeked the poor worn body. She laid a plate with salt upon it on the breast, and lighted candles for the head and feet. It was an old Welsh custom; but when David Hughes came in, the sight carried him back to the time when he had seen the chapels in some old Catholic cathedral. Nest sat gazing on the dead with dry, hot eyes.

"She is dead," said David, solemnly, "she died in Christ. Let us bless God, my child. He giveth and He taketh away!"

"She is dead," said Nest, "my mother is dead. No one loves me now."

She spoke as if she were thinking aloud, for she did not look at David, or ask him to be seated.

"No one loves you now? No human creature, you mean. You are not yet fit to be spoken to concerning God's infinite love. I, like you, will speak of love for human creatures. I tell you, if no one loves you, it is time for you to begin to love." He spoke almost severely (if David Hughes ever did); for, to tell the truth, he was repelled by her hard rejection of her mother's tenderness, about which the neighbours had told him.

"Begin to love!" said she, her eyes flashing. "Have I not loved? Old man, you are dim and worn-out. You do not remember what love is." She spoke with a scornful kind of pitying endurance. "I will tell you how I have loved, by telling you the change it has wrought in me. I was once the beautiful Nest Gwynn; I am now a cripple, a poor, wan-faced cripple, old before my time. That is a change; at least people think so." She paused, and then spoke lower. "I tell you, David Hughes, that outward change is as nothing compared to the change in my nature caused by the love I have felt—and have had rejected. I was gentle once, and if you spoke a tender word, my heart came towards you as natural as a little child goes to its mammy. I never spoke roughly, even to the dumb creatures, for I had a kind feeling for all. Of late (since I loved, old man), I have been cruel in my thoughts to every one. I have turned away from tenderness with bitter indifference. Listen!" she spoke in a hoarse whisper. "I will own it. I have spoken hardly to her," pointing towards the corpse. "Her who was ever patient, and full of love for me. She did not know," she muttered, "she is gone to the grave without knowing, how I loved her—I had such strange, mad, stubborn pride in me."

"Come back, mother! Come back," said she, crying wildly to the still, solemn corpse;

"come back as a spirit or a ghost—only come back, that I may tell you how I have loved you."

But the dead never come back.

The passionate adjuration ended in tears—the first she had shed. When they ceased, or were absorbed into long quivering sobs, David knelt down. Nest did not kneel, but bowed her head. He prayed, while his own tears fell fast. He rose up. They were both calm.

"Nest," said he, "your love has been the love of youth; passionate, wild, natural to youth. Henceforward you must love like Christ; without thought of self, or wish for return. You must take the sick and the weary to your heart and love them. That love will lift you up above the storms of the world into God's own peace. The very vehemence of your nature proves that you are capable of this. I do not pity you. You do not require pity. You are powerful enough to trample down your own sorrows into a blessing for others; and to others you will be a blessing; I see it before you; I see in it the answer to your mother's prayer."

The old man's dim eyes glittered as if they saw a vision; the fire-light sprang up and glinted on his long white hair. Nest was awed as if she saw a prophet, and a prophet he was to her.

When next David Hughes came to Pen-Morfa, he asked about Nest Gwynn, with a hovering doubt as to the answer. The inn-folk told him she was living still in the cottage, which was now her own.

"But would you believe it, David," said Mrs. Thomas, "she has gone and taken Mary Williams to live with her? You remember Mary Williams, I'm sure."

No! David Hughes remembered no Mary Williams at Pen-Morfa.

"You must have seen her, for I know you've called at Thomas Griffiths', where the parish boarded her?"

"You don't mean the half witted-woman—the poor crazy creature!"

"But I do!" said Mrs. Thomas.

"I have seen her sure enough, but I never thought of learning her name. And Nest Gwynn has taken her to live with her."

"Yes! I thought I should surprise you. She might have had many a decent girl for companion. My own niece, her that is an orphan, would have gone and been thankful. Besides, Mary Williams is a regular savage at times; John Griffiths says there were days when he used to beat her till she howled again, and yet she would not do as he told her. Nay, once, he says, if he had not seen her eyes glare like a wild beast, from under the shadow of the table where she had taken shelter, and got pretty quickly out of her way, she would have flown upon him and throttled him. He gave Nest fair warning of what she must expect, and he thinks some day she will be found murdered."

David Hughes thought awhile. "How came Nest to take her to live with her?" asked he.

"Well! Folk say John Griffiths did not give her enough to eat. Half-wits, they tell me, take more to feed them than others, and Eleanor Gwynn had given her oat-cake and porridge a time or two, and most likely spoken kindly to her (you know Eleanor spoke kind to all), so some months ago, when John Griffiths had been beating her, and keeping her without food to try and tame her, she ran away and came to Nest's cottage in the dead of night, all shivering and starved, for she did not know Eleanor was dead, and thought to meet with kindness from her, I've no doubt; and Nest remembered how her mother used to feed and comfort the poor idiot, and made her some gruel, and wrapped her up by the fire. And in the morning when John Griffiths came in search of Mary, he found her with Nest, and Mary wailed so piteously at the sight of him, that Nest went to the parish officers and offered to take her to board with her for the same money they gave to him. John says he was right glad to be off his bargain."

David Hughes knew there was a kind of remorse which sought relief in the performance of the most difficult and repugnant tasks. He thought he could understand how, in her bitter repentence for her conduct towards her mother, Nest had taken in the first helpless creature that came seeking shelter in her name. It was not what he would have chosen, but he knew it was God that had sent the poor wandering idiot there.

He went to see Nest the next morning. As he drew near the cottage—it was summer time, and the doors and windows were all open—he heard an angry, passionate kind of sound that was scarcely human. That sound prevented his approach from being heard; and standing at the threshold, he saw poor Mary Williams pacing backwards and forwards in some wild mood. Nest, cripple as she was, was walking with her, speaking low soothing words, till the pace was slackened, and time and breathing was given to put her arm around the crazy woman's neck, and soothe her by this tender caress into the quiet luxury of tears; tears which give the hot brain relief. Then David Hughes came in. His first words, as he took off his hat, standing on the lintel, were—"The peace of God be upon this house." Neither he nor Nest recurred to the past; though solemn recollections filled their minds. Before he went, all three knelt and prayed; for, as Nest told him, some mysterious influence of peace came over the poor half-wit's mind when she heard the holy words of prayer; and often when she felt a paroxysm coming on, she would kneel and repeat a homily rapidly over, as if it were a charm to scare away the Demon in possession; sometimes, indeed, the control over herself requisite for this effort was enough to dispel the

fluttering burst. When David rose up to go, he drew Nest to the door.

"You are not afraid, my child?" asked he.

"No," she replied. "She is often very good and quiet. When she is not, I can bear it."

"I shall see your face on earth no more;" said he. "God bless you!" He went on his way. Not many weeks after, David Hughes was borne to his grave.

The doors of Nest's heart were opened—opened wide by the love she grew to feel for crazy Mary, so helpless, so friendless, so dependent upon her. Mary loved her back again, as a dumb animal loves its blind master. It was happiness enough to be near her. In general she was only too glad to do what she was bidden by Nest. But there were times when Mary was overpowered by the glooms and fancies of her poor disordered brain. Fearful times! No one knew how fearful. On those days, Nest warned the little children who loved to come and play around her, that they must not visit the house. The signal was a piece of white linen hung out of a side-window. On those days the sorrowful and sick waited in vain for the sound of Nest's lame approach. But what she had to endure was only known to God, for she never complained. If she had given up the charge of Mary, or if the neighbours had risen out of love and care for her life, to compel such a step, she knew what hard curses and blows—what starvation and misery, would await the poor creature.

She told of Mary's docility, and her affection, and her innocent little sayings; but she never told the details of the occasional days of wild disorder, and driving insanity.

Nest grew old before her time, in consequence of her accident. She knew that she was as old at fifty as many are at seventy. She knew it partly by the vividness with which the remembrance of the days of her youth came back to her mind, while the events of yesterday were dim and forgotten. She dreamt of her girlhood and youth. In sleep she was once more the beautiful Nest Gwynn, the admired of all beholders, the light-hearted girl, beloved by her mother. Little circumstances connected with those early days, forgotten since the very time when they occurred, came back to her mind, in her waking hours. She had a scar on the palm of her left hand, occasioned by the fall of a branch of a tree, when she was a child; it had not pained her since the first two days after the accident; but now it began to hurt her slightly; and clear in her ears was the crackling sound of the treacherous, rending wood; distinct before her rose the presence of her mother tenderly binding up the wound. With these remembrances came a longing desire to see the beautiful fatal well, once more before her death. She had never gone so far since the day when, by her fall there, she lost love, and hope, and her bright glad youth. She yearned to look upon its waters once again. This desire waxed as her life waxed. She told it to poor crazy Mary.

"Mary!" said she, "I want to go to the Rock Well. If you will help me, I can manage it. There used to be many a stone in the Dol Mawr on which I could sit and rest. We will go to-morrow morning before folks are astir."

Mary answered briskly, "Up, up! To the Rock Well! Mary will go. Mary will go." All day long she kept muttering to herself, "Mary will go."

Nest had the happiest dream that night. Her mother stood beside her—not in the flesh, but in the bright glory of a blessed spirit. And Nest was no longer young—neither was she old—"they reckon not by days, nor years where she was gone to dwell;" and her mother stretched out her arms to her with a calm glad look of welcome. She awoke; the woodlark was singing in the near copse—the little birds were astir, and rustling in their leafy nests. Nest arose, and called Mary. The two set out through the quiet lane. They went along slowly and silently. With many a pause they crossed the broad Dol Mawr; and carefully descended the sloping stones, on which no trace remained of the hundreds of feet that had passed over them since Nest was last there. The clear water sparkled and quivered in the early sun-light, the shadows of the birch-leaves were stirred on the ground; the ferns—Nest could have believed that they were the very same ferns which she had seen thirty years before, hung wet and dripping where the water over-flowed—a thrush chanted matins from a holly bush near—and the running stream made a low, soft, sweet accompaniment. All was the same; Nature was as fresh and young as ever. It might have been yesterday that Edward Williams had overtaken her, and told her his love—the thought of his words—his handsome looks—(he was a grey hard-featured man by this time), and then she recalled the fatal wintry morning when joy and youth had fled; and as she remembered that faintness of pain, a new, a real faintness—no echo of the memory—came over her. She leant her back against a rock, without a moan or sigh, and died! She found immortality by the well side, instead of her fragile perishing youth. She was so calm and placid that Mary (who had been dipping her fingers in the well, to see the waters drop off in the gleaming sun-light), thought she was asleep, and for some time continued her amusement in silence. At last she turned, and said,

"Mary is tired. Mary wants to go home." Nest did not speak, though the idiot repeated her plaintive words. She stood and looked till a strange terror came over her—a terror too mysterious to be borne.

"Mistress, wake! Mistress, wake!" she said, wildly, shaking the form.

But Nest did not awake. And the first

person who came to the well that morning found crazy Mary sitting, awe-struck, by the poor dead Nest. They had to get the poor creature away by force, before they could remove the body.

Mary is in Trê-Madoc workhouse; they treat her pretty kindly, and in general she is good and tractable. Occasionally the old paroxysms come on; and for a time she is unmanageable. But some one thought of speaking to her about Nest. She stood arrested at the name; and since then, it is astonishing to see what efforts she makes to curb her insanity; and when the dread time is past, she creeps up to the matron, and says, "Mary has tried to be good. Will God let her go to Nest now?"

CHIPS.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION IN THE LAST CENTURY.

We slice the following "Chip" out of the "Universal Magazine" for 1775. It illustrates the condition of the Sabbath question in Boston, America, about that time:—

Some years ago, a Commander of one of his Majesty's ships of war, being stationed at this place, had orders to cruise, from time to time, in order to protect our trade, and distress the enemy. It happened unluckily that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday; and, as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she had heard of the ship's arrival, she hasted down to the water's side, in order to receive him. The Captain, on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection: this, as there were many spectators by, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency and a flagrant profanation of the Sabbath. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the Magistrates, who, with many severe rebukes and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped. The Captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible; and, as the punishment, from the frequency of it, was not attended with any great degree of ignominy or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends.

At length the time of the station expired, and he was recalled. He went, therefore, with seeming concern, to take leave of his worthy friends; and, that they might spend one happy day together before their final separation, he invited the principal Magistrates and select men to dine with him on board his ship upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial than the entertainment which he gave them. At length the fatal moment arrived that was to separate them: the anchor was a-peak, the sails were unfurled, and nothing was wanting but the signal to get under way. The Captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his worthy friends, accompanied them upon deck, where the boatswain and crew were in readiness to receive them. He there thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shown him, of which, he said, he should retain an eternal remembrance, and to which he wished it had been in his power to have made a more adequate return. One point of civility only remained to be adjusted between them, which, as it was in his power, so he meant most justly to recompense to them. He then reminded them of what had passed, and, ordering the crew to pinion them, had them brought one by one to the gang-way, where the Boatswain with a cat of nine tails, laid on the back of each forty stripes save one. They were then, amidst the shouts and acclamations of the crew, shoved into their boats; and the Captain immediately getting under way, sailed for England.

LIFE IN AN ESTANCIA.

PART THE SECOND.

I am as thoroughly cut off from my kindred, in this Buenos Ayrean Estancia, as it is well possible for me to be; and living as it were alone among a set of beings, whose language, manners, and features are so different from those with whom I was wont to associate in my youth, when I looked back to thirty years ago, I could almost fancy myself translated to another world. My dress too, differing in quality only from that of the herdsmen and shepherds, in fashion is quite the same. Were I to accompany the High-Sheriff on Assize Saturday, I should attract more notice than either the Sheriff or the Judge. With my silver spurs, weighing between two and three pounds, my saddle accoutrements, so different to an English gentleman's, my cotton trousers made wide as those of the Cossacks, my waist-cloth and riding-belt, my long knife, twelve inches in the blade, should I present myself in our old town, the Antiquarian Society would clap me into the castle, and say that I had come over with William the Conqueror.

This is Easter Sunday, and I suppose at the Forth, the stalls and shows will be all set out; the roundabouts, the lads with their dyed eggs, and the Gevedy men with their baskets full of gingerbread, all in motion. When shall I see the old place again, is a question I cannot answer. It is quite as uncertain when I shall see Buenos Ayres. I am so happy in the Pampas, and enjoy such excellent health, that even the wish to leave them seldom enters into my mind. In my rides my dogs accompany me, and afford me plenty of sport; they chase the fox, deer, and all the wild animals that cross their path. One brings me an armadillo in her mouth, and if I am armadillo hungry, I carry it with me and eat it for supper. Sometimes they come upon the scent of a panther, or the

puma; but to these I give a wide berth, and press onward. My dogs are of all breeds and sizes. I have Lion, Wolf, and Hector, Robert Tyke, and Richard Turpin. The females are Juno, Vixen, Rose, and Bess, the others are all Spanish names. The viscachas that burrow in the earth, the nutua that inhabit the lake, all come in for their share with the tykes. The old bulls that have retired from the cares of the world, and sought some sequestered part of the estate to wind up a "youth of labour with an age of ease," afford especial amusement to the scamps, surrounding him on all sides; one holding on by the tail, three or four at his head, and the others at his heels, he has no chance but to take to the water, and stand in the lake until they are compelled to retire, and leave him alone in his solitude. They know where to find these old gentlemen, and they scour along to cut the bull from the lake, and assail him, as the men call it, "*de reto guardia*," or, in plain English, from the rear.

There are many incidents occurring here to relieve what you may think the monotony of my life. I will describe one:—

In the spring of last year I started from the Vigilante, where I had passed the night. It was about sunrise, and at that hour the Pampas are delightful. In a favourable season, the scented trefoil reaches to the horse's knees. Covered with its yellow flowers, and laden with the dew of the morning, it reminds me of the clover fields of cultivated England. The animals all fat; the land covered with cattle; hundreds of young calves by the side of their mothers; the gambols of the sportive foals in the manádas; all seems health, increase, and contentment. As I rode towards the Estancia, I approached two herds of mares, the leaders of which appeared to be in conference, and I was induced to think there was discord between them. They now joined their nostrils close together, then separated; and, from the position of their ears, I judged that no arrangement had been come to. They were both what we call *manádas alzidas* (wild), and both horses, they had founded their own families by cutting off young mares from other herds. Neither of them was known to me, and consequently had not been "regularly appointed;" on a sudden one of the horses bolted into the other herd (he was a jet black) and, with his ears aback, and nose to the ground, he singled out a young mare, and carried her off. In a moment to the rescue off went the other horse, and a fierce contest was the result. First fastening with their teeth upon the crest of the neck or the withers; now, both, as it were, in the air, on their hind-legs; then the heavy blows upon the ribs, given with both heels; they were presently bleeding from the neck to the shoulders, the sweat running from them as if a pail of water had been thrown over them. Whilst this was going on, one of the manádas had been taken off, unobserved by the black horse, and was out of sight before he discovered his loss. He immediately quitted the combat, and started off in search of his family. He came in the direction I was passing, and my horse immediately winced, and showed symptoms of alarm, so much so that I dismounted and held him by the reins. The stallion passed at full speed, at the distance of about twenty yards from us. When he was gone my horse appeared satisfied; I remounted him, and was proceeding at an easy gallop, when the frantic animal again made his appearance, his long mane flying out, and the white foam in flashes breaking from his mouth and haunches. Ever and anon, he would lower his head to the ground, as if upon a scent, and in this way he was coming up, hand over hand. My horse again became alarmed, and I let him go at his own speed. The black, however, was fast gaining upon us, when, as I approached a lake, I observed some animals amongst the high bulrushes. I drove them out. They proved to be the missing herd, and the horse regained his family. He quickly collected them into a group, and drove them in the direction where I had met with them; I have no doubt the combat would be renewed; but I had seen quite enough.

In the winter I am very much exposed to the weather, especially at night; but as soon as the cock crows in the morning, all our cares are over. Seated round the fire in the kitchen we take our matté, and at sunrise we mount our horses, and forth to the country. A ride of four leagues brings me home to breakfast, and the bracing air of the Pampas, with horseback exercise, makes me enjoy my roast beef and cup of coffee as much as if I were to breakfast with a City alderman.

When the hard, dry pampero wind is blowing, my house lets it in at every chink. On it comes from the south-west with nothing to arrest its progress. The Pampas are like the ocean. As far as the eye can reach, we only see a lonely cottage, as we see a ship in the Atlantic. The wind dies away at sunset, and next morning a hoar frost, which vanishes an hour after sunrise. This is all the winter we feel in the Pampas; but the wind from the south-west makes a clear passage through poncho, jacket, ribs and all; and the want of comfort in the house, and proper clothing, makes us feel more cold here than in the hardest winter at home. Yet we seldom catch cold, and in general we all enjoy excellent health, which in itself is a comfort beyond all price.

I breakfast in the morning at seven o'clock; by that time my horse is saddled, and waiting for me. I then proceed to one or other of the distant cottages, and sleep there, or return home at sunset, dine, and at eight o'clock in winter, and nine o'clock in summer, retire to bed, and at three o'clock am again in the cocina, with my herdsmen and shepherds. Seated on small blocks of wood, or dried

bullocks'-heads, before a hearth enclosed with shank bones stuck into the ground—a fire of cow's dung and tallow sending forth a flickering light over the jet-black walls—behold me and my men. Elevated a little above his fellows sits the major-domo, arranging the duties of the day, or listening to their conversation of feats with the lazo. Few of them can read; they know of no other world than the Pampas; "their wants are few, their wishes all confined." Like uneducated men in all parts of the world, they are everlasting beggars. No sooner do my little stores arrive, than they all fall sick; one wants a little biscuit, another a little sugar, and a third a little coffee. "*Para remedio*," they cry. I verily believe if I were to receive a consignment of prussic acid, they would try a little "para remedio."

I have got my Estancia into prosperous condition. I found it on my return, in 1846, a complete wreck. It was a work of infinite labour and anxiety to bring the establishment into good working order. Forty thousand head of horned cattle, four thousand mares, and fifteen thousand sheep now overstock the ground. I have three thousand oxen apart and at pasture from three years upwards, and two thousand more in the herd, which we now collect as formerly, and bring them to the *rodio* as tame as milch cows at an English farm. We consider here two thousand head per league as many cattle as the ground will fatten and maintain all the year round: this gives about two and a-half acres per head; our stock is above that, as we do not possess more than one hundred thousand acres including the lakes, which will measure at least one thousand acres, besides the River Flores, which runs the whole length of the estate, or five and a half leagues.

The spring months are always busy ones in the Pampas. The sheep are all to wash and shear; the wool is all to be packed into bags; the ox and cow-hides collected during the winter, together with the tallow, fat, horse-hair, sheep-skins, &c., &c., have all to be sent to market. The lambs are then to be selected according to their fineness, and their ears cut, both to denote their quality, and to show to whom they belong, in case they should mix with any other flocks. All these duties occupy us during the months of November and December, and then we obtain a little rest until the middle of January, when the delivery of cattle for the market commences. This summer our labours have been materially augmented by a drought, which has been felt all over the southern part of the Pampas. A drought is to this country what a murrain is to the cattle in others. About the end of December our water failed in all the lakes, and then it was heart-rending to see the poor animals wandering about, unwilling to leave their homes. As I rode through them, the cows looked at me, as if to ask the *major-domo* if he could not procure them water to drink; the tender calves, trotting by their mothers' sides, seemed to feel, in the diminished quantity of milk, that they, as well as their mothers, shared in the general calamity. The cow clings with great affection to the spot where she has borne her calves; but what feeling can resist the impulse of thirst? Onward they move in search of water, and whilst their owner sees, with grief of heart, his cattle leave his ground, his neighbour, whose lakes still hold out, beholds with consternation his land invaded with blackening herds of cattle, that come, like the locust, to eat up his herbage, and consume his water. That being consumed, onward they move, and carry all his cattle with them. This has no remedy until a fall of rain replenishes the empty lakes. The cattle seem instinctively to know when this has taken place, and they gradually return home, bringing with them many of their new-formed acquaintances. Their owners then come to part them off, and we send out to bring home such stragglers as have remained behind.

In March, we have to mark the calves of the year's produce, about eight thousand; in April to mark the foals, and cut the manes and tails of the mares, and that will finish the work of autumn. The last is hard work for the men and horses. We have to catch the mares with the lazo, and when inclosed, men on foot throw them down by entangling their forelegs, and when down the hair is cut away, and carefully tied up, packed, and sent to town, for exportation to England.

My farm-yard boasts of plenty of fowls, at least two hundred, with English ducks, Muscovy ducks, turkeys, &c., all in abundance. My dogs accompany me everywhere. At home they sleep at my door. When from home, and sleeping outside "*al fresco*," covered with my poncho, they form a circle round me, and then none dare approach me. My house is surrounded with weeping willows, very lofty; in these the fowls roost. I have a little garden, in which I grow onions, peas, pumpkins, and potatoes, some fruit for the summer, melons, water-melons, &c. There are plenty of tame cows for milk, eggs by the bushel. My house, or thatched cottage, has three rooms, and my country house has a spare bed for the stranger.

In the early part of April 1849, having sold all the bovillos (oxen) from two-and-a-half years old and upwards, and all the *fat* vacas (cows) from three years and upwards, we assembled at San Carlos to commence the delivery. For this purpose we hired twenty men by the day to do the work on their own horses, and we drafted ten more from the different puestos, to assist in the secondary operations. The whole were placed under the orders of my *capatas major*. I merely attended to overlook the duty, and to be at hand in case any unforeseen difficulty might arise.

All the preliminary arrangements being

completed, two peons were appointed to take charge of the horses, with orders to keep near the *sennelo*.* The cavalcade moved forwards, taking with them twelve tame oxen, the lads with the horses (two hundred and fifty in number) bringing up the rear.

As soon as we approached the first herd of cattle, which we found grazing, the party halted, and each capataz, taking with him ten men, proceeded slowly forwards, with a view to surround them. They advanced in two lines, each taking a circuit, and proceeded cautiously, so as not to alarm the cattle, and cause them to disperse *too soon*. The other peons were left with the tame bullocks, to receive and guard the captured animals as they were brought in.

Having approached as near as possible, the men are directed each to single out an animal of the age and condition required, and to drive it down to the place where the men with the tame oxen are waiting to receive them; in case they cannot do that, they have their lazos ready to *enlazar* the animal before he gets to a distance.

Each capataz now proceeded forwards at a gallop, and as soon as he had advanced one hundred and fifty yards, the man nearest to him followed at the same pace, and when he had gained his distance, the other followed in the same order, until they had formed a cordon round the cattle. The animals, seeing themselves surrounded now, try to escape; but the men head them at every point. They then disperse, and break through every opening, and it is then that the men single out the animals, and either drive them down to the sennelo, or catch them with the lazos.

The scene is now animated in the extreme, cows followed by their calves, yearlings, two-year old bulls, and oxen, all flying over the plain at the top of their speed; the horsemen intermixed; some bringing down their oxen, others with the noose of the lazo twirling over their heads, and not unfrequently a horse, which has stumbled, is seen without his rider making the best of his way in the *mêlée*.

When the heat of the work is over, for the present, such of the men as have delivered their cattle, adjust their saddles and brace up their girths, or, if necessary, change horses, and go to the assistance of those who have caught animals that will neither be led nor driven. If at a distance, we move the sennelo near to them, and in succession remove the lazos, and let them mix with those already captured. The first *corrido* was thus finished.

The men now prepared to surround a second herd, with much the same success as before; and we went on like keen sportsmen, until night approached, and caught us on the very edge of our boundary line, and at too great a distance to return to San Carlos. We directed our steps to the puesto of a neighbour, and shut up the cattle in the corral for the night. The peons now unsaddled and let go their horses, and each of them caught a fresh one, which he tethered for the duty of the following morning.

Previous to closing the entrance of the corral, the capataz ordered two of the peons to enter and, with their lazos, to bring out two of the fattest cows for the evening meal; others of the men were gathering the dry bones of the animals previously killed, in order to make the fires necessary to cook the supper. These were piled in heaps, which appeared like rudely constructed altars upon which they were about to offer up sacrifice; six of the men had undertaken this duty, the others were occupied in slaughtering and cutting up the animals, to be cooked as *carne con cuero*, or beef with the hide on.

By this time night had set fairly in; thick volumes of smoke arose from the fires, and the lurid glare cast a demonish hue upon the swarthy faces of the men now gathered round. They were of all complexions, from the jet black to the ruddy hue of the English yeoman; Indians of the Pampas, and natives of the interior provinces, with their long black hair, which in texture vies with the manes of their horses. Yet there was much good-nature in their conversation as they, like the fox-hunter, ran over the fortunes of the day, naming the horse which had carried his rider well through danger, when pressed by the furious ox. The men who had thrown a good lazo came in for their share of praise, and those who had suffered mishaps, were subject to pity or ridicule as their case might present. All came in for their share of criticism, and their loud laughs made the Pampas ring.

When the meat was cooked nothing could appear more uninviting. The different parts presented a black mass, apparently burnt to a cinder. My *peon de mano* now came to announce that supper was ready. I was seated on the green sward, at a short distance from the fires. He brought a cake of dried cow's dung, and placed it before me; over this he threw part of the web of fat which incloses the intestines, to serve in the absence of a table-cloth; he then brought part of the roasted meat, and, after carefully removing the charred ribs, he placed it on the uninviting table, the hide serving as a plate. When thus dished up few Commanders-in-Chief, after a hard fought day, would have quarrelled with their supper. The meat was delicately white and tender, a little salt sprinkled over it made the gravy flow like a stream as I scraped the meat from the shell. Having satisfied my hunger, a drink of water, out of a cow's horn, completed the feast.

Next morning, soon as the cock from the ridge of the neighbouring cottage announced the approach of day, the capataz and early risers of the party shook the dew from their ponchos, and commenced their toilet. The fires of the preceding night were rekindled, and the *mati* handed round. When the

* Tame animals, used as a decoy.

"saffron morn" began to dawn the capataz gave the sweeping order for "*todo el mundo*," to saddle. The gates were then unbarred, and the cattle let forth, the men forming in a crescent to stop the rush from the corral. After a few minutes allowed for them to settle, the whole moved forward, and, as soon as we came to the herds, the men got ready their lazos. The scenes of the former day were renewed; night arrived; and we supped as before. At the end of four days we made up five hundred head of horned cattle, and thus finished the labour of making *tropa a campo*.

RATS!

There is nothing like being in earnest when one begins a good work. So, evidently, thinks the author of a blue covered pamphlet just issued, with a title page headed by three words and nine notes of exclamation—Rat!!! Rat!!! Rat!!! The object of the writer is no less than to alarm the whole nation by showing what we lose every year by the animals against whom he has made such a dead set. Not content with dilating on this fact in the body of his work, he puts what he calls "a startling fact," upon the blue wrapper. "One pair of rats," he says, "with their progeny, will produce in three years no less a number than six hundred and forty-six thousand eight hundred and eight rats! which will consume, day by day, as much food as sixty-four thousand six hundred and eighty men; leaving eight rats to starve." This, it must be admitted, is startling enough, but any one who has a cellar, or a corn-bin, will be inclined to believe almost any tale, however strong, or to applaud any abuse however severe, which may be heaped upon that convicted thief Rat. Midnight burglaries, undetected by the new police, sink into insignificance compared with the ravages of rats of the London sewers, which steal and destroy more, in one week, than the value of all the robberies of plate that blaze away in the newspapers from year's end to year's end. And yet the plunderers go on almost unmolested. They are too knowing for traps, and arsenic seems to be more fatal to human, than to quadrupedal victims. The French Journals, the other day, described a grand battue in the sewers of Paris, when thousands of rats were captured and killed, and we heard of large sums cleared by the sale of their skins—for these thieves go about like swell mobsmen—very well clad. But the example of our French brethren was not imitated in the modern Babylon. We neither spill blood on barricades above ground, nor in sewers beneath it. So Mr. Rat still carries on his plunder with impunity, to the great horror and indignation of good housewives in general, and of the writer we have just referred to in particular. Protection is with him no explanation of national distress. *He* says it is all owing to rats: "The farmers have been eaten out of house and home; bread kept up to a starvation price, to the misery, poverty, and crime of our manufacturing and agricultural population. Men seldom think of rats, because they seldom see them; but are they less destructive because they carry on their ravages in the dark? Certainly not."

In another place he declares "there is not a farmer in the British dominions but would, if he at present had all the rats have deprived him of within the last ten years, this moment declare himself a wealthy man." If the real truth could be found out, it would be a safe speculation to back the statements of the rat-hater against the statistics of the Protectionists.

The question then suggests itself, what should be done to save this waste—to stop the plunder—to banish the thieves? and we turn to the little blue book for information. The naturalists are said to give a very clear notion of what the rat *is*, but what he *does* they describe very imperfectly. Rats are modest creatures; they live and labour in the dark; they shun the approach of man. Go into a barn or granary, where hundreds are living, and you shall not see one; go to a rick that may be one living mass within (a thing very common, adds our writer), and there shall not be one visible; or dive into a cellar, that may be perfectly infested with them, rats you shall not see, so much as a tip of a tail, unless it be that of a stray one "popping across for a more safe retreat." As men seldom see them they seldom think of them. "But this I say," goes on our author, "that if rats could by any means be made to live on the surface of the earth, instead of holes and corners, and feed and run about the streets and fields in the open day, like dogs and sheep, the whole nation would be horror-stricken, and ultimately there would not be a man, woman, or child able to brandish a stick, but would have a dog, stick, or gun for their destruction wherever they met with them. And are we to suppose, because they carry on their ravages in the dark, that they are less destructive? Certainly not; and my object in making this appeal to the nation, and supplying it with calculations from the most experienced individuals and naturalists, is for the purpose of rousing it up to one universal warfare against these midnight marauders and common enemies of mankind, insomuch as they devour the food, to the starvation of our fellow-creatures." He does not altogether ignore the argument of the friends of the rat—for even the rat has found friends amongst naturalists, ready to argue in his favour, and in print too—that these vermin destroy, in the sewers, much matter that would otherwise give out poisonous gases. Sewer rats, he admits, are not the very worst of the race, but even they should be slain wherever they may be caught. But the

rats of the cellar, the warehouse, the barn, the rick-yard, the granary, and the corn-field, are the grand destroyers against whom war to the terrier, the trap, and the ferret is proclaimed.

Do not let any reader suppose that the Ratsbane put forth in the guise of a blue pamphlet, is a mere tasteless dose of useful knowledge on the rat genus. It is no such thing. The author gives a passage or two of politics, and then a page or so of rats. He is an honest hater, such as Dr. Johnson would have admired; nor is his hatred confined to four-legged adversaries. He evidently dislikes Communists and Socialists, as sincerely as he does rats. "Communism, Socialism, and Ratism," he says, "are terms synonymous:" but this is not the part of his book we have to deal with, so let us pass on from what he hates to what he admires. "Now," he says, "for the prolific disposition of rats;" and here takes an opportunity of saying the best word he can for his friends the rat-catchers—the rat-killers—the Napoleons of the vermin war—the exterminators of the catchable rats—the Nimrods of the hunting grounds to be found in sewers and cellars, and under barn floors. The passage looks very like an advertisement; but since it is characteristic, and as the statements are curious, and really not without importance, they shall be here quoted:—

"Now for their prolific disposition! In this respect I have been most ably assisted by the renowned James Shaw, of rat killing celebrity, landlord of the Blue Anchor Tavern, Bunhill Row, St. Luke's, and of whom I cannot speak too highly for the civil, straightforward, and animated way in which he communicated every information I desired. Curiosity prompted me to make inquiries respecting him, and I find him to be a man universally respected for his manly bearing and refined sentiments of honour, consequently, a man whose testimony can be relied upon. I have also been supplied with similar information from Mr. Sabin, of rat-killing renown, residing in Broad Street, St. Giles's. These men destroy between eight and nine thousand each annually, averaging seventeen thousand between them. We will now proceed with the calculations. In the first place, my informants tell me that rats will have six, seven, and eight nests of young in the year, and that for three and four years together; secondly, that they will have from twelve to twenty-three at a litter, and that the young ones will breed at three months old; thirdly, that there are more females than males, at an average of about ten to six. Now, I propose to lay down my calculations at something less than one-half. In the first place, I say four litters in the year, beginning and ending with a litter, so making thirteen litters in three years; secondly, to have eight young ones at a birth, half male and half female; thirdly, the young ones to have a litter at six months old. At this calculation, I will take one pair of rats; and at the expiration of three years what do you suppose will be the amount of living rats? Why, no less a number than SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX THOUSAND, EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHT! Mr. Shaw's little dog 'Tiny,' under six pounds weight, has destroyed TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE pairs of rats, which, had they been permitted to live, would, at the same calculation, and in the same time, have produced ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE MILLIONS, ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED, living rats! And the rats destroyed by Messrs. Shaw and Sabin in two years, amounting to SEVENTEEN THOUSAND pairs, would, had they been permitted to live, have produced, at the above calculation, and in the same time, no less a number than TEN THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE MILLIONS, SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND, living rats! Now, let us calculate the amount of human food that they would destroy. In the first place, my informants tell me that six rats will consume day by day as much food as a man; secondly, that the thing has been tested, and that the estimate given was, that eight rats would consume more than an ordinary man. Now, I—to place the thing beyond the smallest shadow of a doubt—will set down ten rats to eat as much as a man, not a child: nor will I say anything about what rats waste. And what shall we find to be the alarming result? Why, that the first pair of rats, with their three years' progeny, would consume in the night more food than SIXTY-FOUR THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY men the year round, and leaving eight rats to spare! And the rats destroyed by the little wonder 'Tiny,' had they been permitted to live, would, at the same calculation, with their three years' progeny, have consumed as much food as ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE MILLIONS, THREE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN THOUSAND AND TWENTY men: above two-thirds the population of Europe!!"

Here we come to the great glory of our author's thoughts. After its master, the rat-catcher of "manly bearing and refined sentiments of honour," "Tiny" is his true hero. Eclipse might lord it at Epsom or Newmarket; Tom Thumb might trot to renown at sixteen miles an hour, but what was that compared with the triumphs of Tiny?—the killer of rats who might have had a family capable of eating (if they had found it) as much victuals or more than one hundred and sixty millions of men? Our writer proposes a solid gold collar testimonial for the "good" dog Tiny, to be raised by public subscription. But that would be a paltry return for such great services. Tiny's renown lifts him above such mercenary rewards.

More wonders are in store:—

"Now for the vermin destroyed by Messrs. Shaw and Sabin. Taken at the same calculation, with their three years' progeny—can you believe it?—they would consume more food than the whole population of the earth. Yes, if Omnipotence would raise up ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE MILLIONS FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED more people, these rats would consume as much food as them all!! You may wonder, but I will prove it to you."

A calculation—like that which has made Tiny immortal—is given, and then the reflection succeeds, "Is it not a most appalling thing

to think that there are at the present time in the British empire, thousands, nay millions, in a state of starvation, whilst rats are consuming that which would place them and their families in a state of affluence and comfort? I ask this simple question (emphatically continues our Rat Hater). "Has not Parliament, ere now, been summoned upon matters of far less importance to the Empire? *I think it has.*"

A fine opening this for an oratorical patriot, whose themes are worn out. An agitation for protection against rats would inevitably secure the hearty support of the agricultural interest.

Enough has surely been said to show the great importance of rats, but it would be wrong to leave the little book which has suggested this article, without gleaning from it a few rat-catching statistics, and without pointing out the moral of the whole, by giving the writer's proposition for relieving us from the scourge he describes. It seems that one rat-catcher has frequently from one thousand five hundred to two thousand rats in his cages at one time—it is not stated, but we suppose—ready to be killed by "Tiny." It is averred that these are all brought up from the country—all "fair barn rats"—and that "it would not pay to breed them"—a question probably open to doubt. The natural enemies of the rat are thus mustered—the ferret, polecat, stoat, weasel, cat, dog, and man. The ferret's powers of destruction are estimated very lightly; the polecats are very rare, prefer game when it can be had, and do little against the rat; the weasel also prefers a chicken or a duckling "to fighting with a rat for a meal." Hence the farmers destroy them, and they do little against the rats. Cats, as a rule, prefer hearth-rugs; and traps, *unless quite new*, and consequently sweet and free from the smell of rats, are useless. No! There is nothing in Nature capable of saving the nation from rats, but "Tinies."

"I do not know of any quadruped equal to a well-bred London terrier for sagacity, courage, fidelity, colour, symmetry, general beauty, and economy: in a word, he seems in every respect formed by nature for man's companion and protector."

With a fine burst of eloquence, the author asks—

"Are rats a calamity to be deplored, or are they not? The voices of religion and patriotism cry with stentorian lungs, 'Yes!'—the voice of philanthropy cries, 'Down with them! down with every barrier and annihilate them!'—the fainting stomachs of thousands of our starving fellow-creatures at home and in the sister-country, with the agonised bowels of their withered offspring writhing beneath the ruthless fangs of hunger, shriek forth with horrid yells for their extermination!!

Our friend then takes a higher flight, and discusses, with equal fervour and more notes of admiration, the question whether—on theological grounds—man has a right to kill these creatures, even though they be rats. But he soars into such altitudes of rhetorical theology, that we dare not follow him. He dismisses, in the same paragraph, several remedies for rats, with a brevity almost savouring of contempt; gliding gracefully from theology to arsenic and other poisons he returns, with a gush of enthusiasm, to his old refrain, "Tiny."

The breed of small terriers of the Tiny breed must be increased. "I do not mean" he says, "the little pigmy, dwarf terrier; they are tantamount to useless, even where they are well bred, not having strength enough for hunting. A dog, to be of sound service, ought to be from six to sixteen pounds weight; I would not recommend them over that, as they become too large and unwieldy for the purpose, and too expensive keeping: besides, little dogs will kill mice as well as rats, and that is a great recommendation. I would also recommend, above all others, the London rat-killing terrier; he is as hard as steel, courageous as a lion, and as handsome as a racehorse: the village dogs, on the other hand, are, generally, speaking, too large, too coarse, and too soft. You ought to be as particular about breeding terriers as they are with racehorses."

The writer suggests the abolition of the duty upon rat-catching terriers of the "Tiny" family; that associations should be encouraged in the rural parts of England for the promotion of rat-catching in all its branches; that the bodies of the vermin be sold for manure; and lastly that rewards be given to the greatest killers.

Literature has, from first to last, been strengthened by recruits from nearly every class; but till now we know of no volunteer who has enlisted under her banner from the ranks of rat-catching. We know not if the publication that has afforded a text for this article will effectually augment the exterminators of the rat-tribe; but this is certain, that, rat-killer though its writer be, he has produced between forty and fifty pages, in which, though there may be much comical exaggeration, there are, nevertheless, many curious facts and suggestions for abating one of the greatest animal nuisances that have infested our homes and fields, since the days when an English king levied tribute of wolves' heads upon our brethren of Wales.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MR. BOOLEY'S VIEW

OF THE LAST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

MR. BOOLEY having been much excited by the accounts in the newspapers, informing the public that the eminent MR. BATTY, of Astley's Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge Road, Lambeth, would invent, arrange, and marshal the Procession on Lord Mayor's Day, took occasion to announce to the Social Oysters that he intended to be present at that great national spectacle. MR. BOOLEY remarked that into whatever regions he extended his travels, and however wide the range of his experience became, he still found, on repairing to Astley's Amphitheatre, that he had much to learn. For, he always observed within those walls, some extraordinary costume or curious weapon, or some apparently unaccountable manners and customs, which he had previously associated with no nation upon earth. Thus, MR. BOOLEY said, he had acquired a knowledge of Tartar Tribes, and also of Wild Indians, and Chinese, which had greatly enlightened him as to the habits of those singular races of men, in whom he observed, as peculiarities common to the whole, that they were always hoarse; that they took equestrian exercise in a most irrational manner, riding up staircases and precipices without the least necessity; that it was impossible for them to dance, on any joyful occasion, without keeping time with their forefingers, erect in the neighbourhood of their ears; and that whenever their castles were on fire (a calamity to which they were particularly subject) numbers of them immediately tumbled down dead, without receiving any wound or blow, while others, previously distinguished in war, fell an easy prey to the comic coward of the opposite faction, who was usually armed with a strange instrument resembling an enormous, supple cigar.

For such reasons alone, MR. BOOLEY took a lively interest in the preliminary announcements of the last Lord Mayor's Show; but, when he understood, besides, that the Show was to be an Allegory, devised by the ingenious MR. BATTY, in conjunction with the Lord Mayor, as a kind of practical riddle for all beholders to make guesses at, he hired a window in the most eligible part of the line of march, resolved to devote himself to the discovery of its meaning.

The result of MR. BOOLEY's meditation on the Allegory which passed before his eyes on the ninth of the present month, was given to the Social Oysters, in the form of a report, emanating directly and personally from himself, their President. We have been favoured with a copy of the document, and also with permission to make it public; a permission of which we now proceed to avail ourselves. Those who have any acquaintance with MR. BOOLEY, will be prepared to learn that the real intent and meaning of the Allegory has been entirely missed, except by his sagacious and original mind. We need scarcely observe that its obviousness and simplicity must not be allowed to detract from the merit either of MR. BOOLEY or of MR. BATTY, or of the Lord Mayor. It is in the essence of these things that they *should* be obvious and simple, when the clue is once found.

"At an early hour of the morning," says MR. BOOLEY,—"for I observe, in the newspapers, that when any public spectacle takes place, it always begins to take place at an early hour of the morning—I stationed myself at the window which had been engaged for me. I will not attempt to describe my feelings on looking down Cheapside. I am conscious of having thought of Whittington and his cat, and of Hogarth's idle and industrious apprentice—also of the weather, which was extremely fine.

"When the Procession began, with the Tallow Chandlers' Company, succeeded by the Under Beadle of the Worshipful Company of Tallow Chandlers, walking alone, as a Being so removed and awful should, tears of solemn pleasure rose to my eyes; but, I am not aware that I then suspected any latent meaning in particular. Even when the 'Beadle of the Tallow Chandlers' Company in his gown,' caused the vast assemblage to hold its breath, and sent a thrill through all the multitude, I believe I only regarded him as the eminent Beadle in question, and not as a symbol. The appearance of 'The Captain and Lieutenant of the Band of Pensioners,' and also of a Band of Pensioners, each carrying a Javelin and Shield, struck me (though the band was by no means numerous enough) as a happy idea, emblematic of those bulwarks

of our constitution, the Pension-List, Places, and Sinecures; but, it was not until 'two pages bearing flambeaux filled with burning incense,' preceded a young lady 'attired in a white satin robe and mounted on a white palfrey,' that the joint idea of Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor burst upon me. I will not expatiate on the pleasure with which I found my discovery confirmed by every succeeding object. I will endeavour to state the idea to you in a tranquil manner, and to do justice to Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor.

"The Tallow Chandlers' Company," Mr. Booley proceeds, "with their Under Beadle and Beadle, I found to be the representatives of noxious trades and unwholesome smells; at present very rife within the City of London, but shortly to disappear before the penitent exertions of the Corporation. The Band of Pensioners, with javelins and shields, were clearly the persons interested in the maintenance of such nuisances, though powerless either for attack or defence, and only following those sources of disease and death into oblivion. The burning incense, I need not observe, was used to purify and disinfect the foul air before the appearance of the Goddess Hygeia (called Peace in the programme, that the Allegory might not be too obvious), who was very properly represented with a spotless dress, and riding on a spotless palfrey. It was a happy part of this thoughtful fancy, that the civic authorities, and the Aldermen in their carriages, had gone before; Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor being sensible that until those distinguished functionaries had moved on a little, and been got out of the way, the appearance of the Goddess of Health could not possibly be expected.

"The Goddess, that distinguished stranger," Mr. Booley goes on to say, "having been received by the City of London with loud acclamations, and having been most eagerly and enthusiastically welcomed by the multitudes, who were to be seen squeezed into courts, byeways, and cellars, gave place to 'The Horse of Europe;' in which generous quadruped I perceived a pledge and promise on the part of the Corporation, that filled me with the liveliest emotions. For, not to dwell upon the significant fact that the body, which it is my welcome function to commend so highly, paraded, on this solemn occasion, a Horse, and not a Donkey—which is in itself worthy of observation: the City having, very frequently heretofore, made a surprising show of Donkeys when the Public Health has been under discussion—I had only to refer to Buffon, to strengthen my sense of the importance of this beautiful symbol. 'Horses,' says he, 'are gentle, and their tempers social; they seldom show their ardour and strength by any other sign than emulation. They endeavour to be foremost in the course.' And again, 'They renounce their very being for the service of man.' And again, 'Their manners almost wholly depend on their education.' And again, 'A horse naturally morose, gloomy, or stubborn, produces foals of the same disposition; and as the defects of confirmation, as well as the vices of the humours, perpetuate with still more certainty than the natural qualities, great care should be taken to exclude from the stud all deformed, vicious, glandered, broken-winded, or mad horses.' No animal could have better illustrated the united meaning of Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor. The City pledged itself by that token to show its ardour and strength by emulation in all efforts for the public good, and to abandon all other considerations to the service of man. Further, it recognised the great truth, that the manners of a people depend upon their education; and that gloomy, morose, or otherwise ill-conditioned parents will perpetuate an ill-conditioned and constantly degenerating race; irksome to itself and dangerous to all. Hence, it promised to extend, by all possible means, among the poor, the blessings of light, air, cleanliness, and instruction; and no longer to enforce filth, squalor, ill-health, and ignorance, upon thousands of God's creatures. I was particularly struck," Mr. Booley remarks, "by this beautiful part of the Allegory, and shall ever regard Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor with a feeling of personal affection.

"The Horse of Europe was followed by the Camel of Asia. And difficult, indeed, it would have been," says Mr. Booley, "to have presented, next in order, any animal more felicitously carrying out the general idea. For, the impossibility of people being healthy and clean without a good and cheap supply of water, must be as obvious to the meanest capacity, as even the dearness, bad quality, and insufficient quantity, of the present supply of water in London. I therefore consider that anything happier than the exhibition at this point of an animal who is supplied with a subtle inward mechanism for storing this first necessary of life—who is furnished, as I may say, with an inexpensive Water Works of its own—was one of the most agreeable and pointed illustrations ever presented to a populace. I consider it a stroke of genius, and beg thus publicly to tender the poor tribute of my warmest admiration to Mr. Batty and the Lord Mayor.

"After the Camel of Asia, came the Elephant of Africa. I found this idea, likewise, very pleasant. The exquisite scent possessed by the elephant rendered it out of the question that he could have been produced at an earlier stage of the Procession, or the Tallow-Chandlers, with their Under Beadles, Beadles, and Band of Pensioners, might have roused him to a state of fury. Therefore, the Civic Dignitaries and Aldermen (whose noses are not keen) immediately followed that ill-savoured Company, and the Elephant was reserved until now.

"His capacity of intellectual development under proper training, his strength and docility, his industry, his many noble qualities, his patience and attachment under gentle treatment, and his blind resentment when provoked too far by ill-usage, rendered him, besides, a touching symbol of the great English people; and this idea was still further expressed by his carrying trophies on his back, expressive of their enterprise and valor. In parading an animal so well known for its aversion to carrion, and its liking for clean provender, the City of London, pleasantly but pointedly, avowed its determination to seek out and confiscate all improper human food exposed for sale within its liberties, and particularly to look, with a searching eye, into the knackers' yards, and the sausage trade. I almost fancied," MR. BOOLEY proceeds, "that the sagacious elephant knew his part in the Allegory, and was conscious of the whole Castle of meaning on his back, as he proceeded gravely on, surveying the crowd with his small, but highly intelligent eye.

"The two negroes by whom he was led," MR. BOOLEY goes on to remark, "rather perplexed me. Can it be, that they had any reference to certain estimable, but pig-headed members of the Civic Parliament, who learn no wisdom from experience and instruction; and in humorous reference to whom, MR. BATTY and the Lord Mayor suggested the impossibility of ever washing the Blackamoor white?

"But now," he adds, "appeared what I cannot but consider the crowning feature of the allegory: in perfect harmony and keeping with the rest, and pointing directly at the removal of an absurd, a monstrous, and cruel nuisance. I allude to the 'Two Deer of America,' whose horns I no sooner observed advancing along Cheapside, than I immediately felt that an allusion was intended to Smithfield Market. The little play upon words, in which it was candidly admitted that that nuisance was Two Dear to the Corporation generally, might have struck me, perhaps, as rather too obvious, if I had been disposed to be hypercritical; but, the introduction of horned beasts among the crowd was in itself an Allegory, so pointed and yet so ingenious and complete, that I think I was never better pleased in my life. On further reflection, I discovered a still more profound and delicate meaning in the exhibition of these animals. Their association with the chase, typified the constant flight and pursuit going on all over the City, and, indeed, all over the Metropolis, on market-days; while their easy connection in the beholder's mind with those periods of English history when it was a far greater crime to kill a stag than to kill a man, reflected with just severity on the obsolete inhumanity and rapacity of the Corporation that cared for the lives and limbs, neither of beasts nor men, in the tenacity of its clutch at an old, pestilential, worn out abuse.

"This," says MR. BOOLEY, in conclusion, "is the Allegory that was presented to the people last Lord Mayor's Day, and which I have now had the satisfaction of explaining to the Social Oysters. I deem it highly honourable to the new Lord Mayor, whom I cordially wish a prosperous and happy reign; together with a vigorous determination to do his utmost to carry out the needful reforms, and remedy the crying evils, so ably glanced at, by himself, on this auspicious occasion. As I dined in the Guildhall after the show, I had the honour of giving utterance to these wishes (but not within his hearing) after dinner; when, remembering this Allegory, I divined a new meaning in the Loving Cup, and was charmed to find the first City in the universe bravely devoting its charter and liberties to the welfare of the community, and not poorly sheltering itself behind them as an immunity from the plainest human responsibilities. I had the honour and pleasure of drinking his lordship's health in a bumper of very excellent wine; and I should have been happy to have drunk to MR. BATTY too, if his health had been proposed, which it was not."

UNIVERSITY OMISSION AND COMMISSION.

THE other day I was poring over a leader in a London paper, on the University Royal Commission, when my chambers were suddenly invaded by a jovial old gentleman who had intrusted me with the pleasing task of drawing up the marriage settlement of his second daughter.

He is a rosy-faced elder, who, amidst all the misfortunes of his earlier days, has contrived to retain possession of his spirits and of a certain cheerful and jocose way of regarding every event that has befallen him. Rushing into my rooms, without knocking, he plunged at once as eagerly into the subject of University reform and with as little regard to the object of his visit as if his daughter were destined to die an old maid. That was his particular craze at that particular juncture. "I'll tell you what it is," he exclaimed, "it won't do any longer. The time is past for it. The man who emerges from his *alma mater* with the dead languages alone for the purpose of struggling with the living, breathing, bustling, buffetting world, is, as in the present day, defenceless, as if he went into battle with a rusty sword."

"Not quite," I ventured to reply; "they give him the means to polish and sharpen his weapons; which are his wits. A man turned out with a thorough knowledge of the fundamental structure of language and with mathematics—with the means of reasoning and judging correctly—may, if he chooses, learn anything."

"So he may; but when it is too late;—when the struggle has commenced; when he has no time to do that which ought to have been

put in his way to do in the days of his pupilage. Why, Sir, by attaining the summit of my ambition, and being elected a Fellow of my College, I was ruined!"

"Indeed!"

"Utterly; but the fact is you will not understand this question until you hear my story. Some one sketched, the other day, in a popular periodical, (I suspect it was you), the career of a negligent dog who neglected his college studies and devoted his attention exclusively to college pleasures, and was ruined accordingly. *My* misfortunes were occasioned by availing myself too assiduously of the advantages offered at the University."

"You threaded your way so far into the mazes of learning that you found you could not extricate yourself from them when you entered the open paths of Life."

"Precisely."

And, without further ado, the old gentleman commenced, in substance, the following narration:—

"My father was a highly respectable wine-merchant, in the town of Mudborough. He commenced in quite a humble way, I have been told, and owed his rise in life to his own exertions. In ten years after first setting up in business, he had realised enough to marry on; in another ten, he had his crest and his villa; in ten more, he was of unquestionable Norman descent. My mother considered herself to be of a higher family than my father's, and of better breeding, and waged a furious war of scowls and frowns against certain manners and customs of his which she declared to be more befitting a shopkeeper than a gentleman of wealth and family.

We were two brothers. Charles, the younger, was to be admitted into my father's office, with the view of succeeding him in the business, which was too lucrative to be suffered to pass entirely out of the family. For me, a higher destiny was reserved. I was to be a classical scholar. What my father of all things most regretted was that he had not himself received a classical education. I have known him, indeed, when reading a sermon or a treatise, to assume a puzzled air, as if he were but ill at ease amongst the grammatical expressions which he found there. I was, therefore, placed under a dynasty of tutors, from an idea that at school sufficient pains were not expended on the boys' instruction. Under their excellent system, I was reading Thucydides in the original Greek before I could understand Mrs. Markham in the original English; and, about the time that my father forbade my looking at the newspapers on account of the immoralities which sometimes crept into the police reports, I was deeply read in the loves of the heathen Gods and Goddesses.

"'Excellent! excellent!' my father would sometimes cry out, when, on his asking me what author, or whose life I had been reading, I came out with some uncommonly hard name. That of Heliogabalus, I remember, particularly pleased him. 'Lælius on Friendship and Scipio on old age! Scipio and Lælius! Very good, sound, entertaining writers. Make yourself acquainted with their writings by all means.' I believe that the poor man had fitted up a panorama, on a small scale, in his own mind, in which I was represented as the beau ideal of a scholar, my breast covered with medals, and my hands covered with ink. I should be the hope of the family. I should be one day a leading man in Mudborough, and quote Horace to enraptured vestry-meetings. I should overwhelm the obnoxious Robinson, who had long been the bugbear of my father's political and municipal existence, inasmuch as he belaboured and pummelled him with quotations from the Latin poets, which my father, from not understanding, was, of course, unable to reply to.

"I remember very well the day on which I first went up to Cambridge. I had been crammed like a turkey-cock up to the very night before, and was filled almost to bursting with the names of ancient towns and intrigues of Jupiter, which they had managed to make me contain. When I looked upon my tutor, and recollected that that was the very man whose exploits I had read of in the Calendar, my knees knocked together, and my hair stood on end. I could have fallen down and worshipped a Senior Medallist! However—courage! In three years—my mother said—I should be one too.

"I believe that no man could have read harder than I did during my college course. My father insisted upon my having two private tutors, a mathematical and a classical one, for an hour a day each. I was up early, and in bed late; I never wasted my time in useless pursuits, in billiard-rooms or card-parties, in empty conversation, or in attending college lectures. For my private tutors I paid the sum of one hundred and sixty-two pounds a-year, namely, fourteen pounds a term and thirty pounds for the Long Vacation to my mathematical tutor; and twenty pounds a term and thirty pounds for the Long Vacation to my classical tutor. My father never grudged the expense in the least; he was well content that I should be deluged with that which he so much regretted not having had forced upon him in his own youth. I believe that I was always naturally of a cheerful disposition, but it must be confessed that all this load of mythology and antiquity weighed down upon me like Etna upon the imprisoned Typhon. I saw little beyond the uncleaned windows of my room, but being of a strong frame and still stronger resolution, determined to persevere.

"I remember that an effort was at one time made by a very steady and respectable young man, who occupied the adjoining rooms, to get up what he called some 'English literary readings,' of an evening. They were to com-

mence with selections from the works of Chaucer, Spenser, and the Elizabethan dramatists, and we were to read in turns, aloud, each taking a certain number of lines. I frequented them for some time, but the history and literature of the period and country were as strange to me (and I think to several of the others) as if we had been reading about China. I therefore—principally upon the advice of my tutor—discontinued my attendance. 'You have been sent here,' said my tutor to me, 'solely with the view of learning Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. Of what use will it be to you, at present, to know about Edward the Third, or Henry the Eighth? You will not be asked these things when you go into your examination. There will be plenty of time for all this, when you leave College.' His remarks carried the more weight from his not being one of those who give advice without following it, and I conscientiously acquit him of all knowledge either of Edward the Third, or Henry the Eighth.

"I almost wish, now, that I had been a wild young fellow, not only on other accounts, but that I might entertain you with a recital of the steeple-chases that I rode and the hearts that I broke. The life of the student is usually destitute of incident, of intrigue, of duelling, of seductions, of debauchery, of delightful and interesting topics, in a word. It is a smooth unruffled surface, rising up into a waterspout, or roaring down in a cataract, only at the epoch of a Prize Ode, or a Scholarship examination. I dined with Horace, and supped with Homer; I pored over the historians, and kindled with enthusiasm at the speeches of Pericles, whenever he happened to make one that did not contain a very large admixture of particles and irregular verbs. I could have conducted an Athenian law-suit long before I knew the ordinary forms of an English one, and should perhaps have invested any money that might have been left me with greater prudence, and better knowledge of the rate of interest, at Corinth than at Manchester.

"Not to be tedious, at the end of my twelve terms I took an excellent degree; not, perhaps, quite so high as I might have wished, but still sufficiently good to entitle me to look forward to a fellowship at the end of three years. I confess, that the idea of spending three more whole years secluded, as it were, from the world, and knee-deep in the ruins of Rome and Athens, would have proved insupportable to me had it not been for my father, who on this point was inexorable. My disgust was heightened by the situation in which I now found myself, and which I must explain in a few words.

"About this time, I fell in love. It was a very simple affair, without any romance about it. My classical tutor, Mr. Smith, had three daughters, Hecla, Phyllis, and Astarté. I met them for the first time at the ball which my tutor gave at the end of every term, when more than two hundred persons were called upon to enjoy themselves and to perspire, in three little rooms, each about twelve feet by six. I did not dance—no more did Astarté; we sat upon an ottoman together, and talked about the Brown Medal. She was very talented, and the favourite of her father. 'That girl,' he used to say, 'can construe the Lysistrata' of Aristophanes as well as I can. And as for her Greek Odes—Stop! here are half-a-dozen; sit down, and I'll read them to you.' On this evening commenced an acquaintance, which, through the kind offices of Mrs. Smith, ripened into a closer connection. Perhaps, instead of saying that I fell over head and ears in love, it would be more correct to state that I was gently pushed in by Mrs. Smith, who kept watch on the bank to see that I did not struggle out again. She thought it prudent that the affair should be concealed from my father at present; it was, however, tolerably well known to my few undergraduate acquaintance. 'What!' cried out one of them to me one day, 'so you are hooked in, are you?' 'No!' I replied, smiling at what I thought his ignorance, 'pierced with a dart, you mean. You have mistaken your metaphor—Cupid is never represented to us by the ancients as armed with anything but a bow and arrow.' But at this he only laughed the more.

"We had not been engaged long, when Mr. Smith obtained a living at some distance from the University. Astarté and I bade each other farewell at a little hot supper, and wept very much. We were to love each other like Hero and Leander, and to correspond by the twopenny post. I was to go down and visit them as often as I possibly could. She had not been gone more than a few days when I received from her an Amœbæan Ode, in Latin, with a great quantity in the way of affection, and—if I remember right—a false quantity in the way of metre.

"Meanwhile, I was living my three years of undergraduate life over again, undertaking exploring expeditions into Aristotle, and travelling no further than from one book to another amongst those that constituted my little world. I attempted, at one time, to take pupils, which resident Bachelors of Arts very often do, but I found that it was a different thing to possess knowledge and to be able to impart it, and no sooner did I become aware of my unfitness in this respect, than I refused to accept my pupils' money, and sent them off to some one else. At the close of the third year I passed a good examination, my name being announced as one of the half-dozen successful candidates for a fellowship. I was now twenty-six years of age, and had passed six years at college, and —counting from the time that I was put into my Latin Grammar—nineteen years and five months studying exclusively the dead languages.

"I was induced to continue my residence at Cambridge, instead of going to live at home, by various feelings, by habit, by a knowledge that I was a great man there and a small one everywhere else, by a certain sense of helplessness when out in the great world, but principally by being very much nearer to Astarté and the Smiths, when there than at Mudborough. We formed a society of seventy in number, from the tottering old Senior of fourscore, to the spruce young Deacon of twenty-five. I look back upon this period of my life in much the same manner that, on emerging into the broad thoroughfare, we cast a glance behind us at the close and pestilential alley through which our way has lain. Of the whole seventy, two were related to the Master's first wife, one to his second wife, and one to himself; the remaining sixty-six owed their elevation to their superior attainments either in classics or mathematics. We had some eminent men, it is true, but they were entirely among the non-residents; for more than half the fellows were abroad in the world engaged in different professions—at the bar, in the church, or under government. These had not enjoyed any connection with the University, for years, beyond the fact of receiving their salaries, which they would have continued to do if they had been in Peru or at Ispahan. Those that were in residence were, for the most part, ignorant inversely as their ages, that is to say, the most recently elected generally knows the most. This will not appear surprising, when it is remembered that the Seniors having spent forty or fifty years, pretty equally divided between the labours of eating, preaching, and sleeping, had forgotten by that time most of the Latin and Greek that they had learnt in their youth, without having acquired any other branches of knowledge to supply the deficiency. They used the same old forks and spoons, and retained the same old ideas and prejudices that they had brought up with them half a century before. Upon these they had engrafted all detestable habits of old bachelorhood, much love of port-wine, and a little dirt. They had always been accustomed to consider themselves the Lords of everything around; it was disagreeable to go elsewhere and be undeceived. They accordingly, every now and then, ran a little way out of their hermitage to look upon the faces of men, but quickly trotted back to their favourite little delusions, to their courtyards, to their sleepy sermons, and to their red mullet. Talking of red mullet, one of the most extraordinary things was our system of dinners. They consisted of every luxury from earth, air, and sea, and we had to pay for them, if I remember rightly, about eight shillings a day (exclusive of wine). It would have been infinitely more agreeable to the feelings of every one, except these Seniors, who of course governed the College, to have had a good plain dinner for three or four shillings, and to put the remainder into our pockets. But no one thought of saying a word openly, and the cook and steward got richer and richer every day.

"After a short experience, I determined upon making an effort to extricate myself from this position, and with that view wrote to my father, announcing my engagement, and demanding permission to marry immediately. I received a reply from him (my poor mother, I must tell you, died during my college career), with enquiries as to the position and family of the fair one, but more especially as to what money she was likely to have. To the last query, I replied that I really did not know, never having indeed thought upon the matter. In answer to this, he told me that I was a fool, for, as I should forfeit my fellowship by marriage, what means of support remained to me unless Astarté had money? This was true, but I felt that he had no right to blame me for not knowing that which I had never been taught. The business of the Greek Stage, and the winding ways of Helicon, had been pressed upon my notice from my earliest years, but the business of the nineteenth century, and the winding ways of men, I had been left to pick up as I could, or rather not to pick up at all.

"At last, however, he relented, and we were married upon three hundred a year which he allowed us. My Astarté brought me her facility in versification by way of dowry, but it was as good in my estimation as any other. We had not been married long before we found out that we were in debt. Not that the circumstance was revealed to us by the state of our accounts, for we scarcely kept any, but by this simple fact, that persons knocked at the door asking for money and we had none to give them. The fact is, that my wife and I had been so long in the habit of contemplating sheep in the form of 'peaceful flocks,' and oxen in the act of 'drawing with unwearied breast the strong plough,' that we were quite unable to realise their cost when they were divided by the butcher into joints, and by the cook, the maid-servant, between their aunts, and cousins, and parish constable for the time being. We were just beginning to appreciate the difficult position in which we found ourselves, when a dreadful calamity overtook us—the ruin of my father, followed, almost immediately, by his death. He had invested his savings—about forty thousand pounds—in some great undertaking, presided over by an enormously wealthy and much respected man. The undertaking had been ruined by mismanagement, or even something worse; the enormously wealthy and much respected man had retired into privacy for a few years, in order to husband his gains and to emerge again, one day, wealthier and more respected than ever; and thousands were, like my father, left without a penny in the world, to carp at fortune or to worry the daily papers with their useless and at last rejected communications.

"There was now nothing left but the wine-trade, which, from my father not having attended to it of late, did not produce so much as formerly. Such as it was, however, it furnished the means of employment, and (until certain debts were paid off) a barely sufficient sustenance to my younger brother. There was, therefore, no hope from that quarter. Besides which, people were in the habit of saying, 'James has received a splendid education—a *College* education—which Charles has not.' They accordingly aided Charles in preference to James. Ah! if they had known how utterly helpless I was. If fifty thousand pounds had been put into my hands at that moment, I should not have known what to do with the sum. Whereas Charles, with business habits and some knowledge of commercial matters, might convert a few hundreds into as many thousands with much more ease than I could raise the money to pay my butcher's or my baker's bill.

"At this period, and when nothing short of downright starvation seemed to be our prospect, a benevolent peer, who had been a great patron of my father (and, indeed, of all the wine merchants round), came seasonably to my assistance. Earl Canute was desirous that his third son, the Honourable Phelim Fitz Canute should travel abroad for a year previously to his being entered at Oxford, and offered me the situation of companion and tutor to the young man. If I could consent to part with my wife for so long a time—such were the terms on which the handsome offer was made—I should receive five hundred pounds for my services during the year, with the certainty of being appointed, on my return, permanent tutor to the Honourable Phelim, at Oxford, where of course I could reside. Such a prospect was too dazzling to be rejected lightly. Astarté and I compared notes to see whether we could bear to part with each other; we found that, upon the whole, we could. The fact is, that six months after marriage most husbands and wives are endowed with wonderful fortitude in this respect; they have just begun to find out each other's bad qualities, and have not yet had time to become accustomed to them. My conscience, however, compelled me to state to the earl that I had already attempted to act the part of tutor, but I failed; that my natural timidity, a slight impediment which I had at that time in my speech, and other causes had operated together to produce this result. His lordship replied, that that was of no manner of consequence. He did not mean, by offering me the post of tutor, to imply that I should give a regular lesson to his son every day. There would not, indeed, be any necessity for Phelim to acquire an extended knowledge of the classics or mathematics, as the University would confer upon him an honorary degree in virtue of his connection with the peerage. With regard to after-life, it was not intended to make a Professor or a learned man of him. On the contrary, he was destined for a Member of Parliament. My duties would be, therefore, to regulate his accounts, to see that he formed no improper connections of any kind, and, generally, to overlook his conduct and actions. I embraced Astarté (but without any allusion to Amœbæan odes), and we set off—my pupil, his valet, and I—for the Continent.

"This pupil of mine, as I soon found out, was an exceedingly sharp young fellow, and much better calculated to act the part of tutor to me than I to him. From his knowing a little of the French language, and I, of course (for had I not been Fellow of a College?) knowing none, he soon contrived to get the management of accounts into his own hands. Indeed, I had no clear conception, at that time, of the process of letters of credit, by means of which we raised money in all the principal towns. They were as full of mystery to me as the words, bill of exchange, bill of lading, specie, currency, rate of exchange, and so on, which, not being obsolete, I was wholly ignorant of. But though Phelim soon discovered me to be a fool, I must confess that he behaved very leniently towards me, sometimes taking me under his charge for whole days together. He patronised me in this way, I recollect, at Pompeii and at Rome, where my classical knowledge became subservient to his amusement; and I could tell him of Romulus, and Julius Cæsar, and other persons connected with the place, whose names he had scarcely heard before. We journeyed on in this way for several months, till we came to Baden-Baden, where we had not been located more than a few days, when my pupil announced to me, one morning, at breakfast, his intention of remaining there for some time to come. 'You have heard of the great poet Schiller?' he asked. By a strange coincidence, I had. 'I have made acquaintance with his son,' he replied; 'you will see him presently. He is coming here in about half-an-hour.'

"In about half-an hour, accordingly, the son of the great Schiller made his appearance. He was, like all the other people, dirty, and smelling of pipes, which was the only piece of German statistics that experience had made me acquainted with.

"'Well!' exclaimed my pupil, as soon as Schiller had taken a seat. 'I will agree, if Mr. —— has no objection.'

"'To what?' said I.

"'Mr. Schiller, having taken a fancy to me, has kindly consented to become my instructor in the German language. With this end in view, he has invited me to his house for a few hours every night, to read his father's works. I suppose you can have no possible objection.'

"Of course I could not. I was delighted that such a lucky chance had befallen him. Breakfast concluded, he and Schiller went out together.

After this, for several weeks, my pupil repaired to the house of his friend every night, from nine till twelve, where he told me that he was making immense progress, and could now read, with perfect ease, the play of William Tell. I remarked, however, that he continued to address the waiters in English, as heretofore, probably from a feeling of bashfulness. Once or twice I met him walking in the street with Schiller and a lady—Mrs. Schiller, I was told—a very beautiful, and, indeed, quite English-looking woman.

"Things had been going on in this way for some time, when one morning I received a brief but peremptory letter from Canute Castle, ordering our immediate return to England. Phelim, I thought, looked rather uncomfortable; but there was no help for it. We departed, and got back safely. It was nightfall when our post-chaise drew up in the great Ostro-Gothic archway. I shall not easily forget the countenance of the Earl as he advanced to meet us. Without noticing his son, he bade me follow him to his study—a small apartment, adorned with a picture of King Canute, the founder of the family, who is represented in the act of throwing cold water upon the flattery of his followers. I remember glancing vaguely at this picture as I went in, and wondering at the extraordinary likeness which the present earl bore to his ancestor. This seemed to me to be a great phenomenon. It was a painting of Sir Thomas Laurence's, I think.

"Without offering me a chair, the earl asked me in a stern voice for what purpose I had gone abroad with his son. I replied, wondering very much at his tone and manner, that I had gone as tutor, of course. Had I discharged my trust? I answered, that to the best of my ability I had. How then could I account for the fact, that during the last month my pupil had gambled away, in a private hell at Baden-Baden, a sum of more than eight hundred pounds, as he, the Earl, could prove on information which admitted of no doubt? I was thunderstruck, and declared, with perfect truth, that I had entertained no idea that such a thing was going on.

"'That is difficult to believe,' interposed Lord Canute, 'when I am informed to a certainty that this little fool of a boy was engaged at play for three or four hours every evening. You must have missed him during that time, Mr. ——'

"I related the imposition which had been practised on me in regard to Schiller.

"'Pooh! Pooh!' replied his Lordship, 'a man of twenty-seven is not quite a babe in arms. He must have acquired a little experience by that time.

"'I don't know, though, on the whole,' he continued, after a short pause, 'whether it may not be true, as you say. You have been hitherto Fellow of a College, I believe, and—ah well! perhaps it was my fault. Here, Sir, is a cheque for five hundred pounds, your full salary. But it is, of course, unnecessary for me to say, that your services will be no longer required.' I bowed and withdrew, thinking, in spite of myself, that with his air of mild reproachfulness, he looked more like King Canute than ever.

"We actually managed to live for more than fourteen months on these five hundred pounds, which kept continually diminishing as our family increased. Our little twins, too, Knox (so called from the Reverend Cephas Knox, our rector) and his brother Erebus had been afflicted, according to my wife, with divers infantine complaints, which I, for my part, was never able to perceive, but which cost a great deal of money, some part of which I think she devoted to the purchase of a new gown. At the end of this time it was absolutely necessary to rouse ourselves. Charles, meanwhile, had been extending his business very much, and would soon be in a position to lend me a helping hand. I was determined, however, never to solicit assistance from that quarter, while I had health and strength left to aid myself. Independently of any feeling of delicacy prompting me to this resolution, I knew that people would cry out if James, 'who has received a *College* Education, and should be fit for anything,' were the one to solicit assistance from Charles 'who has not, poor fellow! enjoyed such advantages.'

"One morning, it was suggested to me by some one or other, that I should turn literary man, and join the 'Mudborough Gazette,' which would be sure to avail itself at once of my offer to become a contributor. No sooner had the idea been put into my head, than I walked off to the residence of the Editor, a neat villa in the outskirts of the town. He was a good boon companion and an elder at his meeting-house, and could be charged with only one failing in the wide world, which was that of beating his wife. Even for this solitary failing there was an excuse to be made, for she was in the habit of charging him with nightly inebriety, which charge being strictly true, was, of course, doubly provoking. I think that when I knocked at the door, I interrupted him in his usual occupation, for I heard shrieks in the back parlour, and he came out to meet me with a very red face. He, however, showed me into his study; my errand was soon explained, and he appeared to jump at my offer.

"'To have such a distinguished man as yourself connected with our paper, will give us great pleasure, Sir.'

"It was agreed that I should commence with a leading article on the approaching trial of Queen Caroline. I was to 'give it' to George the Fourth, and to draw tears for Caroline.

"'An unhappy female, Sir, ill-treated by a monster of a man!' as the Editor said, showing me to the door.

"It was agreed that I should send in my article the next Tuesday, and go up the following day to learn its fate. I was not much accustomed to English composition; but I got up the facts from the daily papers, and compounded a piece of prose on the subject, which I forwarded by the maid-servant. On the Wednesday, I found the Editor sitting with two manuscripts before him—mine and another. He looked particularly unpromising; but asking me to be seated, addressed me as follows:—

"'This paper that I have, Sir, in my right hand, is your leading article. How does it begin? "It is no doubt to be considered and borne in the attentive mind, that the ill-fated Queen, who is even now about to be submitted as a criminal to the loftiest tribunal of her country, has, under circumstances which have scarce need of recapitulation, but which will recur to the mind as having occurred at various times and epochs, been ill-treated." 'Pardon me, Sir, but that's a terribly unwieldy sentence. Well, what's the next?' "She was led to the Hymeneal altar on the eighth day of April, 1795; the officiating clergyman's name ——," and so on.

"'You see we don't want to know all these things. We want something sparkling, cutting, spicy! Excuse me, Sir, but you're a University man, and that's *your* article. Now hear the one on the same subject just sent by Tom Twincher, who scarcely had ever any education at all, but whom we all remember at one time as potboy at the Headless Horseman. "It was a remark of Rochefoucauld." There, you see!—lively and sparkling for you at once!'

"'But," said I, 'I never read Rochefoucauld, so I could not quote him.' 'No more has Tom,' replied the Editor, 'never a word of him. What of that?' "It was a remark of Rochefoucauld that a man was never so happy as when his wife was unhappy. If the dashing philosopher could be permitted to revisit for awhile the earth, we would gladly send our devil as an exchange prisoner"—funny you see, too!—"and sought for a confirmation of his remark—we would direct his attention to a certain bloated potentate not a hundred miles from ——," and so on. There, Sir, that's the kind of article *we* want. If you can only produce such a one as you have sent us by way of specimen, why the negotiation must be at an end.'

"The above form only two examples of the many efforts which at this time I made to obtain respectable employment, and in which I found that my University education acted as a barrier to my progress. I shall not entail upon you any more of these examples; suffice it to say, that, after having picked up a precarious subsistence for some years, I was at last induced to enter into a sort of partnership with my brother, and there to commence my education over again. I released myself from the load of Latin and Greek which had been weighing me down from my earliest infancy, and for once devoted my attention to something sound, useful, and practical. At his death I succeeded to the wine-business and to a brewery which we had added to it. So that, instead of disfiguring creation by remaining, at my time of life, a rusty and musty old fellow, you behold me a —in fact, what I am. That is all. I have said my say. You don't happen to have a glass of wine, or even of brandy-and-water on the premises, do you?"

At this moment my clerk opportunely hastened into the room announcing "Sir J. Cocculus-Indicus's carriage!"

"Bless me!" cried the old gentleman, rising and looking at his watch. "I have been here a long time. However, I won't detain you further. I only came in to say that I hope you have put that marriage deed into a conveyancer's hands, and to remind you that it is fifteen, not ten thousand pounds that I settle on my daughter Jane."

FOOD FOR THE FACTORY.

The weekly mail from America is not of more moment to the great cotton lord of Manchester than it is to John Shuttle, weaver, and his thousands of shop-mates. If he ever thinks how entirely his own existence, and that of his little household, depend upon the plant that grows five thousand miles off, he must pray that the sun may shine propitiously, and the wind subside to the gentlest zephyr, about the cotton-fields of the Southern States of America. He would regard the flies of Alabama to be as deadly as serpents to him; and when the frost pinches him on his way to his work early in the morning, he would wonder how the temperature stands in Georgia and New Orleans; tremble at the least rumour of war with the Yankees; and would rather read a declaration of defiance, addressed by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, to Europe, Asia, and Africa combined, than glance at the mildest remonstrance officially directed to the American Minister.

War with America—a hurricane in Georgia —a blight in Alabama—continued rain in New Orleans—are one and all death-cries to the mill spinner and power-loom weaver; for when the cotton-fields of the Southern States yield less than their average quantity of cotton, the Manchester operative eats less than his average quantity of food. He flourishes or decays with the cotton-pod. Cheap bread is to him a less important question than cheap cotton. When his blood boils at the indignities and cruelties heaped upon the coloured race, in "the land of the free;" he does not always remember that to the Slave States of America he owes his all; that it is to his advantage that these States should remain untroubled—that the negro should wear his chains in peace. It is for his gain that slavers dare the perils of slave dealing, since his loom is furnished with the

produce of the negro's forced exertions. While only one, and one only source exists for the supply of his loom, he is dependent upon slavery. The thongs of the slaveholder's whip increase and quicken the means not only of his own existence, but of four millions of spinning, weaving, and printing co-mates; that being the number of the British population—in fact, one-sixth of it—which shares his dependence upon the peace and prosperity of the Southern States of America. This enormous section of the people are precisely in the condition of a nation, who depend upon one sort of food, or of a man who risks his whole fortune upon the issue of one venture. When the potato crop failed in Ireland, thousands died of starvation; millions would meet a similar fate were supplies of cotton to be suddenly cut off from the shores of the Western Atlantic.

Manufactured cotton is the staple clothing of nearly three-fourths of the inhabitants of the globe; and five-sixths of the cotton reared in the various parts of the world are imported into this country; yet up to the present time we have been content to depend upon the one source for the raw article. A quarrel about a line of territory—another Oregon question—may paralyse our cotton factories to-morrow, and burden the general community with the support of one-sixth of our entire population. A frosty night never occurs in the Cotton States without pinching the resources of the Lancashire operative; for as cotton becomes scarcer and dearer, work becomes slacker and wages less. The entire commercial aspect of this country may at any time be suddenly changed by any sudden misfortune happening to the North American cotton-fields. There is no other country to which we can successfully turn in such an event. Our own Colonial territories might still be made to furnish us with a sufficient supply to render us independent of the slaveholders of the Southern States; but up to this time colonial agriculturists have been too busy abusing the home Government for its mismanagement, or squabbling amongst themselves about local matters, to be in a condition to send us more than a few bales—not sufficient food for a dozen factories. Regardless of the comparatively small amount of labour cotton culture demands—the slight risks of failure in the crop, the ready market for its consumption and the insignificance of the requisite capital—our colonial or Indian possessions have been occupied too earnestly by intestine disagreements, or in territorial warfare, to yield cotton profitably to themselves or to the parent country. Yet in these most suitable climates nothing is more easy. The peculiarities of culture offer no difficulties that cannot be surmounted. The seed is usually planted in rows, from six to eight feet apart, in holes made at intervals of about one yard. The depredations of the grub make it requisite to place eight or ten seeds in each hole. The germ appears above ground about a fortnight after the seed has been planted. In about four months the shrubs are topped; in the sixth month the blossoms burst, and between the seventh and tenth month the pods form, and fill with the delicate fibre which we weave into stuffs of endless variety, although the cotton shrub is exposed to many hostile influences.

Indeed, in many of the tropical possessions of Great Britain, its cultivation is attended with less risk than that which accompanies cereal crops at home, and with which itself is reared in America, where the variable climate under which it is now chiefly cultivated, and the consequent unsteadiness of supply, render the cotton market of this country liable to frequent and highly-injurious fluctuations. The present disturbed and uncertain condition of the market, amply justifies this assertion.

The demand for cotton has increased with such unprecedented rapidity, that it is a matter of wonder to many that the supply has been at all commensurate. The official tables of the importations of cotton for the last forty-five years, show how rapidly the demand has risen, and how, year by year, we have become more dependent upon America. In 1791, according to the official statement of Mr. Woodbury, secretary to the United States Treasury, the States produced no more than two millions of pounds of cotton; in 1805, or fourteen years afterwards, they exported thirty-two million five hundred thousand pounds into this country; in 1842, we bought five hundred and seventy-five million pounds of American cotton; and last year we imported nearly five hundred and seventy-two million pounds, worth above fourteen millions sterling, nearly all from the same quarter.

This extraordinary increase gives a striking proof of the truth of the economical axiom, that permanent excess of demand produces depression of price. The fact is, that a pound of cotton is not worth more than a fourth of its price in 1815. This progressive cheapness is attributable to the improvements and economy in the mode of culture, forced upon the producers by the immensity of the demand. Mr. Bates, of the house of Baring and Co., stated before a Parliamentary Committee in 1833, that "even six cents, or threepence per pound is a price at which the planters can gain money in the valley of the Mississippi;" and according to Mr. Woodbury, "where rich lands and labour were low, as in Alabama a few years ago, two cents (one penny) per pound for cotton in the seed, or eight cents when cleaned, would pay expenses. It is supposed to be a profitable crop in the South Western States at ten cents per pound. Fresh land in the States will, it is estimated, give on an average from one thousand to one thousand two hundred pounds per acre of cotton seed, which will yield of clean cotton from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds. Taking the smaller average, and

estimating the value of the cleaned cotton at eight cents per pound, the worth of an acre of cotton is four pounds three shillings and fourpence. It is difficult, however, to frame an estimate of the value of a cotton estate, since cotton varies in price from a few pence to many shillings. Thus, while Bengal cotton of inferior quality can be raised and delivered in England with profit to the grower at twopence half-penny per pound, Sea Island cotton (so called from the circumstance of its having been first cultivated in the low, sandy islands on the American coast, between Charlestown and Savannah) fetches from ten to twenty-two pence per pound. The value of cotton necessarily depends upon the care with which it is cultivated, and the land from which it draws its sustenance.

If we turn to the past, experience tells us that the best cotton can be cultivated in our own colonies. It was undoubtedly first transplanted from Anguilla to the Bahamas, whence seeds were sent in 1786 from Georgia. From this date we have gradually allowed our former sources of supply to fall into disrepute, and to place ourselves altogether in the hands of Americans. In 1786, our total imports of cotton amounted to twenty million pounds, no part of which, it is important to remember, was furnished by North America. We find that our West India colonies sent us a third of the above quantity, that about another third came from foreign western colonies, while two millions of pounds came from Brazil, and five millions of pounds from the Levant. Yet only nineteen years afterwards, out of the fifty-nine millions of pounds which entered our ports in the course of one year, the United States—that had but a handful of seed in 1786—sent us upwards of thirty-two millions.

One of the wisest steps taken by the Americans after the conclusion of the peace which established their independence, was to beg a few pods of cotton-seed from the Bahamas. The astounding fact that last year we paid the Americans upwards of fourteen millions sterling for the produce of those few pods, is a convincing proof of the sagacity which prompted the planters of Georgia to sow them in their adopted soil. It remains to be proved whether or not a few of our own colonists may be induced, even after this lapse of time and the advance which the Americans have made, to turn unprofitable lands into productive and valuable cotton-fields.

For whatever is to be done in this important matter, we must look to Manchester. Already the House of Cotton Lords—the Manchester Chamber of Commerce—but a glance at the foregone connexion of Manchester with Cotton will show what we may expect from that quarter for the future.

The present greatness of Manchester as a manufacturing town was, in all probability, founded by the band of Flemish manufacturers who fled to this country on the reduction of Antwerp by the Duke of Parma in 1583. It is conjectured that these refugees introduced the manufacture of cotton into this country. Lewis Roberts, writing in 1641, of the industry of the Manchester folk, tells us that "they buy *cotton wool* in London, that comes first from Cyprus and Smyrna, and at home worke the same, and perfect it into fustians, vermillions, dimities, and other such stuffes, and then return it to London, where the same is vented, and sold, and not seldom sent into forrain parts, who have means, at far easier termes, to provide themselves of the said first materials." Under the vigorous stewardship of the Chethams cotton manufacture grew rapidly in importance. At this period cotton yarn was generally used as weft, and flax as warp. The cotton yarn was spun by the peasantry, and travelling chapmen from the manufacturing houses went with packhorses from cottage to cottage to gather the produce of the poor folk's wheels. Passing from the seventeenth century to the eighteenth, we find, about the year 1739, according to the "Gentleman's Magazine," that the manufacture of cotton had arrived "at so great perfection" that the manufacturers were beginning systematically to export cotton goods to the colonies. The gradual introduction of machinery, the cheapening of transit, the progressive freedom of commerce, have at last evolved, from the small beginnings here chronicled, that stupendous mass of machinery which now helps to clothe the large proportion of the family of man. We are told that the cotton yarn annually spun in England would, in a single thread, encompass the earth two hundred and three thousand, seven hundred and seventy-five times—that our wrought cotton fabric exported annually would girdle the equatorial circumference of the globe seven times; at the same time it is reported that the cotton plant has so precarious an existence that "in the morning it is green and flourishing; and in the evening, withered and decayed."

The evils of this fluctuating uncertainty now encompass us. We have only to recur to the yield of the last few years to demonstrate the unsettled and perilous condition in which our cotton manufacturers exist. In one year we find the crop estimated at one million seven hundred thousand bags; in another at two millions one hundred thousand; in another at two millions four hundred thousand; in another at two millions seven hundred thousand; and in another we find that it dropped to two million bales—differing in two years as much as twenty-five per cent. The Fugitive Slave Bill, which has made a deep sensation throughout the States, and exasperated the three million slaves upon whom we depend for our cotton supply, has increased the danger of dependence upon America. Mr. Bright said very well, at

Manchester, the other day, that the emancipation of the slaves of America—come when it might—would have the effect of destroying the cotton crop for a few seasons, at least; and thus "the very greatest act of justice ever granted by any government in the world, might be the cause of the greatest misery and disasters to the vast population of this country connected with the industry of the cotton-trade." Such a contingency would be accounted disgraceful as well as disastrous to this country.

To obviate the coming pressure in the cotton market, from this and other causes, the attention of the Manchester manufacturers has been chiefly directed to the vast extent of country under the control of the East India Company. From this great territory, with its hundred millions of inhabitants, we get only one-tenth of our cotton supply—and the cotton we do get is of such an inferior quality, that we never pay for it more than one-twentieth the amount we pay for our gross importation. The reasons assigned for this disproportionate supply of Indian cotton are four. The first is the oppressive tax or rent; the second is the want of roads; the third is the want of common buildings, barns, and stores; and the fourth, the want of piers, quays, and docks. Mr. Bayley has shown that, in the present neglected state of the interior, it costs fifty per cent. on the value of the cotton, to convey it from the field to the place of shipment. Ineffectual appeals have been made to the East India Company by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. The Company have, from time to time, promised to do all in their power to encourage the growth of cotton within their territories. Roads were to be made into the interior; rivers were to be rendered navigable; and docks and ports were to be constructed on a magnificent scale; yet, up to this hour, roads are nowhere to be found in India, and a foreign vessel has not a harbour to ride in, in safety, along the vast seaboard that we possess in the East. The climate of India is better adapted to yield a steady supply of cotton than that of any other country. The frosts which nip the plants in the Southern States of America, do not visit India, and the cotton plant is, here, perennial, whereas, in America, it must be planted annually. The extensive cultivation of cotton in India would not only make us independent of those casualties, under the effect of which the trade of Manchester is now suffering, but would also be an inestimable boon to the native population. The inquiry which the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have set on foot is a timely measure; it may stir the Company, now that their charter is on the eve of expiration; at all events, we shall learn, from Mr. Mackay's investigation, the precise causes which have hitherto operated to the prejudice of the cotton cultivators of India.

With good roads and commodious docks, it is conjectured that cotton would be imported from India into this country, at a price that would necessarily compete with the fluctuating American market.

However, there is no reason why our factories should depend for their food mostly upon India. From the West Indies we may look for growing supplies as well. An interesting letter from a Jamaica cotton planter, dated September of the current year, affirms, that extensive experiments have proved that Sea Island, as well as every other kind of cotton, can be grown on that island. The geniality of the climate, the absence of winter, and the large tracts of land which are uncultivated, and which are so peculiarly adapted for the growth of cotton, seem to point out Jamaica as a place where any kind, and large quantities, of this material can be cheaply cultivated. The only drawback at present is the paucity of labour; and even this drawback is likely to be soon removed.

Experimental cotton fields are progressing in Australia, Port Natal, and Western Africa. In all of these countries the plant has been successfully reared. The distance of Australia, however, forbids us to hope that we may be able to rely upon the product of her splendid climate for our cotton. But from Natal we may reasonably expect a large cotton growth. The climate is exquisite: the fig, the peach, the orange, and the almond flourish side by side in the open air; and the fine light soil of the D'Urban district so genially nourishes the cotton plant, that it bears vigorously for five consecutive years.

These facts have been for some time patent to the authorities, both home and colonial; yet, with the bole worm feeding at his leisure, the frost nipping the pods, or the rude winds sweeping away acres of undeveloped calico, how tardily and reluctantly has the question of cotton cultivation been taken up. It is only when we are threatened with a dearth of cotton, which would entail horrors upon this country, as terrible and deplorable as the potato blight inflicted upon Ireland, that the matter is mooted. We have unproductive soils in every quarter of the globe, where we might grow food for our factories, without regard to the tyrannies of a Fugitive Slave Bill — without being parties to the degradation of human creatures to the level of beasts of burden; and the present aspect of the cotton market—the swelling murmurs of American slaves—the bole worms of Georgia—the floods of New Orleans, and other constantly recurring casualties of the Southern States, all should combine to rouse the energy of colonial speculators, and bid prudent agriculturists to spread the frail fibres of the cotton plant in the burning sun of India, the more temperate heat of South Africa, and in the steady climate of the West India Islands. By these energetic measures

we may secure that important consideration —steadiness in the supply of food for the factory.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

The monarch, glitt'ring with the pomp of state,
Wears the same flesh as those that die of hunger;
Like them, the worm shall be his loathsome mate,
When he resigns his glory to a younger.

The beauty, worshipp'd by the limner's eye,
On whom a hundred suitors gaze admiring,
Is sister to the hag, deformed, awry,
Who gathers in the road her scanty firing.

The scholar, glorying in the stamp of Mind,
Master of all the wisdom Time has hoarded,
Is brother to the lumpish, untaught hind,
Whose vulgar name will perish unrecorded.

Therefore let human sympathies be strong,
Let each man share his welfare with his neighbour;
To the whole race Heaven's bounteous gifts belong,
None may live idly whilst his fellows labour.

THE KING OF THE HEARTH.

"Do thee go on, Phil," said a miner, one of sixteen who sat about a tap-room fire. "Do thee go on, Phil Spruce; and, Mrs. Pittis, fetch us in some beer."

"And pipes," added a boy.

"Mr. Spruce contemplated his young friend with a grim smile. "Well," said he, "it's a story profitable to be heard, and so—"

"Aye, so it be," said a lame man, who made himself a little more than quits with Nature, by working with his sound leg on the floor incessantly. "So it be," said Timothy Drum. "Phil's a philosopher."

"It always strucked me," said a dirty little man, "that Phil has had a sort of nater in him ever since that night we lost old Tony Barker."

"What happened then?" inquired the squire's new gamekeeper.

"Did ever you see down the shaft of a pit?" asked Phil.

"No; and I'd rather not."

"A deep, deep well. Whatever they may do in other parts, we sing hymns, when we are pulled up, and if so be any of our butties at such times says a wicked word, he gets cursed finely when we be safe up at the top. We gon up and down different ways. In some old pits they have ladders, one under another, which reminds me—"

"Always the way with Phil."

Mr. Spruce gazed sternly in the direction of the whisperer, and drank some beer. "Which reminds me that once—"

We must here announce the fact concerning Mr. Philip Spruce, that his method of telling a story ("Which reminds me," always meant a story with him) is very discursive. He may be said to resemble Jeremy Bentham, who, according to Hazlitt's criticism, fills his sentence with a row of pegs, and hangs a garment upon each of them. Let us omit some portion of his tediousness, and allow him to go on with his tale.

"It was in the year One thousand, eight, four, four; by token it was the same month, November, in which the block fell upon Tim Drum's leg, I was invited to a Christmas dinner, by old Jabez Wilson. You are aware, gentlemen, that hereabouts there are a great number of deserted pits. The entrances to these are mostly covered with a board or two. There aren't many stiles in our pit-country, so we are drove to using these for firewood. The old pit mouths being left uncovered, and sometimes hidden in brushwood, it is a very common thing for sheep to tumble in, and if gentlemen go shooting thereabouts, they may chance to return home without a dog—your good health, Timothy. —As I was saying, I love to ponder upon causes, and compare effects. I pondered as I walked——"

"And the effect was that you tumbled into a pit, Phil Spruce."

"The truth has been told, gentlemen, but it has been told too soon. And now I've forgotten where I was. Ay, pondering." Here Phil hung up a long shred of philosophy on one of his pegs; and after the first ten minutes of his harangue, which was chiefly occupied in abusing human nature, a fierce-looking individual said, "Go on, Sir; you've brought things to that pass where they won't bear aggravation. The company expects you to fall down the pit directly."

"In the middle of my reflections—my natural Christmas thoughts," continued Phil, "I felt a severe bump on the back and a singular freedom about my legs, followed by a crash against the hinder part of my head—"

"To the bottom at once," said the fierce-looking man.

"I was at the bottom of a pit in two seconds. By what means my life was preserved, I cannot tell; certain it is that I sustained at that time no serious injury. Of course, I was much stunned, and lay for a long time, I suppose, insensible. When I opened my eyes there was nothing to be seen more than a faint glimmer from the daylight far above, and a great many dancing stars which seemed like a swarm of gnats, ready to settle on my body. I now pondered how I should obtain rescue from my dangerous position, when an odd circumstance arrested my attention. I was evidently, unless my ears deceived me, not alone in my misfortune; for I heard, as distinctly as I now hear Mr. Drum's leg upon the fender, I heard a loud voice. It proceeded from a distant gallery. 'Who did you say?' inquired the voice in a hoarse tone; a softer voice replied, 'Phil Spruce, I think.' 'Very well,' answered the big sound; 'I'll come to him directly.'"

"Here was a state of things. A gentleman resided here and was aware of my intrusion

Moreover I was known. Was the acquaintance mutual? Well, gentlemen, that question was soon to be decided, for presently I heard a rustling and a crackling noise, like the approaching of a lady in a very stiff silk dress. But that gruff voice!—I trembled. As the sound approached, a light gleamed over the dark, dirty walls, and glittered in the puddle upon which I was reposing. 'He or she has brought a candle, that is wise.' So I looked round. Mother of Miracles! He, she, or IT. What do you think approached? A mass of cinder, glowing hot, shaped into head, body, arms, and legs; black coal on the crown of its head, red glow on the cheeks, and all the rest white hot, with here and there a little eruption of black bubbles, spirting out lighted gas. It was the shape of a huge man, who walked up, with a most friendly expression in his face, evidently intending to give me a warm reception.

"And so he did, as I will tell you presently. It needed not the aid of his natural qualities to throw me into a great and sudden heat; his supernatural appearance was enough for that. Then I was seized with a great fear lest, in his friendliness, he should expect me to shake hands. That was as if I should have thrust my fingers into this tap-room grate. Well, ma'am (your good health, Mrs. Pittis), the strange thing came up to me quite pleasant, with a beaming face, and said, in something of a voice like a hoarse blast pipe, 'Glad to see you, Mr. Spruce. How did you come here?' 'O,' said I, 'Sir,' not liking to be behindhand in civility, 'I only just dropped in.' 'Cold, up above, Mr. Spruce? Will you walk in and take a little something warm.' A little something warm! What's that? thought I. 'O yes,' I said, 'with all my heart, Sir.' 'Come along, then; you seem stiff in the bones, Mr. Spruce, allow me to help you up.' 'O Lord!' I cried, forgetting my manners. 'No thank you, Sir. Spruce is my name, and spruce my nature. I can get up quite nimble.' And so I did, with a leap; although it made my joints ache, I can tell you. The thing bowed and seemed to be quite glowing double with delight to see me. Take a little something warm, I thought again. O, but I won't though! However, I must not seem eager to get away just yet; the beast seems to think I came down on purpose to see him. 'After you, Sir!' said I, bowing and pulling my forelock. 'If you will be so good as to lead, I'll follow.' 'This way, then, Philip.'

"So we went along a gallery, and came to a vault which was lighted by the bodies of a great number of imps, all made of brisk live coal, like my conductor. 'I dare say you find the room close,' said the king—for I found afterwards he was a real king, though he was so familiar. 'What will you take to drink?' I calculated there was nothing weaker than vitriol in his cellar, so I begged to be excused. 'It is not my habit, Sir, to drink early mornings; and indeed I must not let my wife wait dinner. We will have a little gossip, if you please, and then you will let one of your servants light me out, perhaps. I merely dropped in, as you are aware, my dear Sir.' 'Quite aware of that, my dear Phil. And very glad I am to get your company. Of course you are anxious to be up above in good time; and if you can stop here an hour, I shall be happy to accompany you.' Indeed, thought I to myself, Polly will stare. 'Most happy,' I replied. 'I fear you will take harm from that nasty puddle at my door,' observed the king. 'Wouldn't you wish to lie down and rest a bit, before we start out together.' I thought that a safe way of getting through the time. 'You are very good,' said I. 'Get a bed ready, Coffin and Purse!' Two bright little imps darted away, and the Thing turning round to me with a sulphurous yawn, said, 'I don't mind, Phil, if I lie down with you.' Surely he's roasting me, I thought.

"True as sorrow, Mr. Timothy, Coffin and Purse came back in no time to say the bed was ready; and I followed the king with as good courage as a Smithfield martyr. But I did not, I did *not* expect what followed. We went into a small vault, of which half the floor was covered by a blazing fire: all the coals had been raked level, and that was Coffin and Purse's bed-making. 'Well, I'll get in at once,' said the king; 'you see we've a nice light mattress.' 'Light, Sir! why it's in vivid blazes. You don't suppose I can lie down on that.' 'Why not, Phil? You see I do. Here I am, snug and comfortable.' 'Yes, my dear Sir, but you forget the difference there is between us?' 'And yes again, Mr. Spruce; but please to remember this is Christmas Day, a day on which all differences should be ended.'

"'And now,' said the monster, sitting up suddenly upon a corner of the bed, 'and now, Phil, I will urge you to nothing. You are a reasoning man, and count for a philosopher. Let's argue a bit, Mr. Spruce.' 'I'm favourable to free discussion,' I replied; 'but I decide on principles of common sense.' 'Let common sense decide,' replied the king, crossing his knees and looking conversational. 'The point at issue is, whether with your views it would be better for you to remain a man or to become a cinder. What were your thoughts this morning, Philip Spruce?' 'This morning I was thinking about human nature, Sir.' 'And how did you decide upon it, Philip?' 'Humbly asking pardon, Sir, and meaning no offence, may I enquire whether in present company it is permitted to speak disrespectfully of the Devil?'

"I wouldn't have said that, Phil, to a man of his appearance."

"Lord bless you, Tim Drum, he looked so mild disposed, and 'No offence,' he says; 'speak out without reserve.' 'Then, Sir,' said I, 'this is what I think of human natur.

I believe that it was full of every sort of goodness, and that men were naturally well disposed to one another, till the Devil got that great idea of his. Men are born to worship their Creator, and to supply the wants of their neighbours, but then comes in the deceiving fiery monster, with a pocketful of money, and says, quite disinterested, 'Gentlemen and Ladies, it 's of no use asking you to venerate me; you don't do it, and you oughtn't to; but the most convenient and proper thing is for every individual to worship only just his self. You see the result of this,' says the old sinner; 'by paying sacrifice to your own images, you just change things from the right-hand pocket to the left, or if you go abroad, as you must do, in search of offerings, all the fish comes to your own net, and all the fat into your own belly. You smoke your own incense, and if you chance to be remiss in your devotions, you may make peace and atonement any way you please. Then,' says the great brimstone beast—I beg your pardon, Sir, excuse my liberty of speech—'if anybody remark you are my servants, you can laugh, and tell them you are no such fools. As for any formulary of religion, follow in that the fashion of your country'—

"The cinder gentleman, Mrs. Pittis, my dear, rolled about in the fire, quite at his ease, and said, 'Very good, Phil. And what else have you to say of human nature?' by which you will see that he had discrimination enough to perceive the value of my observations. 'The result is, Sir,' I says to him then, 'that the whole human race is a dancing and a trumpeting in corners, every man singing hymns in honour of his self. And the old enemy capers up and down the country and the town, rejoicing at the outcry which he hears from every lip in his honour. A friend is rarer than a phœnix; for no man can serve two images, and each sticks firmly by his own.'

"'Have you no charity yourself, this Christmas, Mr. Spruce?' enquired the king, after he had called to his two imps that they should put fresh coals upon the bed, and rake it up. 'When I was a young man, Sir,' said I, 'no one could have started in the world with a stronger faith in human goodness. But I 've seen my error. All the ways of human nature are humbug, Sir; as for my fellow-creatures, I 've been very much deceived in 'em. That 's all I know in answer to your question.'

"'I understand you, Phil,' the king said, lounging back upon the bed, and kindling the new coals into a blaze around him by the mere contact of his body. 'You are a philosopher out at elbows, and therefore a little out of temper with the world. You would like best to make your observations upon human nature without being jostled. You 'd rather see the play from a snug little box, than be an actor in it, kicked about and worried.' 'Ah, Sir,' said I, 'and where is such a seat provided?' 'Philip, I can answer that question,' said the king; 'and what is more, I can give you free admission to a snug private box.' 'How so, Sir?' said I, quite eagerly. 'The coal-box, Phil,' replied the king. 'I 'm puzzled, Sir,' said I. 'In what way is my condition to be improved by the act of sitting in a coal-box?' 'That, my dear Phil, I will make as clear to you as a fire on a frosty night. Know, then, that I am King among the Coals.' I bowed, and was upon the point of kissing his extended hand, but drew back my nose suddenly. 'The cinder which I now have on I wear—because it is large and easy—in the manner of a dressing gown, when here at home. I am, however, a spirit, and ruler over many other spirits similarly formed. Now, Phil, the business and amusement of myself and subjects is to transfer ourselves at will into the tenancy of any coal we please. The scuttles of the whole kingdom are our meeting-houses. Every coal cast upon the fire, Phil, is, by our means, animated with a living spirit. It is our amusement, then, to have a merry sport among ourselves; and it is our privilege to watch the scenes enacted round the hearths which we enliven. When the cinder becomes cold, the spirit is again set free, and flies, whither it pleases, to a new abode.'"

"Isn't that the doctrine of metamicosis?" asked the boy (a national scholar) tapping the ashes from his pipe-bowl.

"It 's a thing I never heerd on," said the gamekeeper. Mr. Spruce went on:—

"'Did you never,' continued his majesty, 'when gazing into the fire, see a grotesque face glow before you? That face, Phil, has been mine. You have then seen the king among the Coals. If you become a cinder, Mr. Spruce, you may consider yourself made a judge.'

"'Well, Sir,' says I, 'your reverence, it 's firstly requisite to judge whether I will or won't sit down upon the fire. It 's my opinion I won't. I 'd like a little more discussion.' 'Talk away, Phil,' said the king. 'Well, Sir,' says I, 'since you 're always a-looking—leastways in winter—through the bars of grates, it 's possible you 've seen a bit yourself of human nature. Don't it fidget you?' 'Why,' says he, 'Phil,' a-stretching out his arms for a great yawn so suddenly as very nigh to set my coat on fire with his red fingers, 'I have been tolerably patient, haven't I?' 'If it 's sarcasm you mean,' says I, a little nettled, 'I must say it 's a figure of speech I don't approve of.'

"'I beg your pardon, Sir,' he says, 'and here 's an answer to your question. It 's my opinion, Mr. Spruce, that as a cinder you will be agreeably surprised. I do see people sitting around me, now and then, whom I can't altogether get my coals to blaze for cheerfully. They sit and talk disparagement about all manner of folks their neighbours; they have a

cupboard in their hearts for hoarding up the grievances they spend their lives in searching for; they hate the world, and could make scandal out of millstones, but if one hints that they are erring, they are up in arms and don't approve of sarcasm.' 'Sir,' says I, 'you are personal.' 'By no means, Mr. Spruce; you, and a number like you, are good people in the main, and deeply to be pitied for your foolish blunder. You're a philosopher, Phil,' he says, 'and did you never hear that your "I" is the only thing certainly existent, and that the world without may be a shadow or mere part of you, or if external, of no certain form or tint, having the colour of the medium through which you view it—your own nature.' Here I saw occasion for a joke. 'Sir,' I says, 'if my own "I" is the only thing certainly existing, then the external world is all my eye, which proves what I propounded.' His flames went dead all of a sudden, and he looked black from top to toe. 'I am sure I beg your pardon, Sir,' says I, 'excuse my liberty.'

"'He took no verbal notice of what I had said, but gave a tremendous shiver, and his flames began to play again. 'I'm of a warm and cheerful turn of mind,' says he, 'and I must say, that whenever I look out upon the men and women in the world, I see them warm and cheerful.' 'That's nothing wonderful,' said I; 'it's just because you see them sitting round your blaze.' 'Well,' says he, 'Mr. Spruce, I'm very glad you own so much; for my opinion is, that if you had shone out cheerfully when you were in the world, and warmed the folks that came within your influence—if you had put a little kindly glow into your countenance, you would have been surrounded always as I generally am.' 'You're young,' says I, 'and you have had no experience; least ways, your experience have not been human. You get stirred when you're low, and people tend you for their own sakes—you ain't preyed upon by disappointments.'

"'Young!' said he; 'disappointments!' And to my horror, he stood bolt upright, to be impressive. 'Look you, Mr. Spruce, the youngest is the wisest; the child remembers throughout years a happy day, and can forget his tears as fast as they evaporate. He grows up, and his budding youth imagines love. Two or three fancies commonly precede his love. As each of these decays, he, in his inexperience, is eloquent about his blighted hopes, his dead first love, and so on. In the first blossom of his manhood, winds are keen to him—at his first plunge into the stream of active life, he finds the water cold. Who shall condemn his shiver? But if he is to be a healthy man, he will strike out right soon, and glow with cheerful exercise in buffeting the stream. Youth, Mr. Spruce, may be allowed to call the water of the world too cold, but so long only as its plunge is recent. It is a libel on maturity and age to say that we live longer to love less. Preyed upon by disappointments—'

"'Yes,' says I, 'preyed upon.'

"'Say, rather, blessed with trial. Who'd care to swim in a cork jacket! Trouble is a privilege, believe me, friend, to those who know from whose hand, for what purpose, it is sent. I do not mean the trouble people cut out for themselves by curdling all the milk of kindness in their neighbours. But when a man will be a man, will labour with Truth, Charity, and Self-Reliance—always frank and open in his dealings—always giving credit to his neighbours for their good deeds, and humbly abstaining from a judgment of what looks like evil in their conduct—when he knows, under God, no helper but his own brave heart and his own untiring hand—there is no disappointment in repulse. He learns the lesson Heaven teaches him, his Faith and Hope and Charity by constant active effort become strong—gloriously strong—just as the blacksmith's right arm becomes mighty by the constant wielding of his hammer. Disappointment—let the coward pluck up courage—disappointment is a sheet-and-pumpkin phantom to the bold. Let him who has battled side by side with Trouble say whether it was not an angel sent to be his help. Find a true-hearted man whose energies have brought him safe through years of difficulty; ask him whether he found the crowd to be base-natured through which he was called upon to force his way? Believe me, he will tell you 'No.' Having said this, his majesty broke out into a blaze, and lay down in his bed again. 'Well,' he said, 'Philip, will you come to bed with me?'

"'Why, Sir,' said I, 'to say the best of it, you're under a misconception; but if it's in the nature of a coal to take such cheerful views of things as you appear to do, I'd rather be a coal than what I am. It's cold work living in the flesh, such as I find it—you seem jolly as a hot cinder, and for the matter of that, what am I now but dust and ashes? Coke is preferable.'

"'Coffin and Purse, you're wanted,' cried the king. And indeed, Mrs. Pittis, and indeed, gentlemen, I must turn aside one minute to remark the singularity of this king's body-guard, Coffin and Purse. 'Cash and Mortality,' said the king to me, 'make up, according to your theory, the aim and end of man. So with a couple of cinders you can twit him with his degradation. Sometimes Coffin, sometimes Purse, leaps out into his lap when he is cogitating.' 'Yes,' said I, 'that will be extremely humorous. But, so please your majesty, I still have one objection to joining your honourable body.' 'What is that, Phil?' 'I suppose, if I sits down in them there flames they'll burn me.' 'To be sure,' said the king, kicking up his heels, and scraping a furnace load of live coal over his body, just as you might pull up the blanket when you're in bed to-night, Mrs. Pittis.

'Well, your highness,' said I, 'how about the pain?' 'Pah!' says the king, 'where's your philosophy? Did you never see a fly jump into a lamp-flame?' 'Yes, sure,' I answered. 'And what happened then? A moment's crackle, and an end of it. You've no time to feel pain.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'if your majesty will make a hole for me as near the middle as is convenient to yourself, I will jump into the bed straightway.' The king made a great spatter among the coals, and in I jumped. You know, ma'am, that a great part of our bodies is composed of water."

"I don't know that of any gentleman in this room," replied the landlady. "But I do believe that you are two parts built out of strong beer."

"There was a burst—a flash, gentlemen; the liquid part of me went off in instantaneous steam. I cried out with a sharp burn in my foot. The pot was boiling over furiously that contained our bit of dinner; and as I sat close in to the fire, I got considerably scalded. How I got back in the steam to my own fireside, I never rightly comprehended. Fill the can now, Mrs. Pittis."

"Yes," said the landlady, "but let me tell you, Mr. Spruce, that king of the hearth's is a gentleman, and if you really had gone with the coals and got acquainted with fire-sides, it would have done you a great deal of good. You'd have owned then that there is a mighty deal more love than hatred in the world. You'd have heard round almost any hearth you chose to play eavesdropper to, household words, anything but hard or bitter. Some people do not pay their scores with me, but on the whole I live. Some of our human natures may run termagant; but on the whole we men and women love. Among the worst are those who won't bear quietly their share of work, who can't learn self-reliance, but run to and fro squealing for help, and talking sentiment against their neighbours, who won't carry their burdens for them. It's all very well for a musty, discontented old bachelor, to say there's no love in the world, but it's a falsehood. I know better."

"My pipe's out," said the boy. "Be smart there with the 'baccy."

LIFE IN AN ESTANCIA.

THIRD PART.

The horse department, although in point of value, it is greatly inferior to that of the horned cattle, is the right arm of the estanciero. It is to him precisely what horses are to an army; for as without them an army could neither convey its artillery, baggage, nor stores, so, without horses, the estanciero could neither collect his cattle, nor keep them together when, at certain periods, it is necessary to do so. There is, also, at certain seasons, work to be done which requires both the speed and strength of the horse to assist the men to perform it. For an Estancia to possess an effective supply, I consider that each peon ought to have ten sound horses assigned to him. There ought, also, to be a certain number reserved for special services, independent of those required for the daily labour of the establishment. Liable as the horses are to accidents, and lamed from so many causes when galloping at the top of their speed over whatever ground the rider finds in his way, it will be found that out of ten horses three or four are from one cause or another put *hors de combat*, and require to be left at ease for some time. They are not fed, as in England, on hay and corn, but turned out all the year round. Let the weather be as it may, the season favourable or unfavourable as regards the supply of food, the horse must still do his work. After he has been engaged all the morning in collecting the cattle, the peon brings him to the corral drenched with sweat, and in that state he is unsaddled, and turned adrift. The man then saddles another, and that one, in his turn, has to work all day, is tethered all night, and next morning at day-break is taken out to collect the cattle, and that done, he is let go in the same state as the other, let the weather be ever so inclement. It is this which founders the horses and soon renders them unfit for the work of the rodio; they are then turned over to the secondary duty, or given to the shepherds, to tend the sheep.

In order to secure a good supply of colts, to make good the wear and tear of the year, herds of brood mares are kept, which yield an annual supply. The small herds are called *manádas*, and consist of from twenty-five to thirty mares, and over them presides the father of the family. The way in which these *manádas* are brought together, is as follows: From such of the other herds as have too many females, you part off from twenty-five to thirty mares. These are delivered over to the horse, and with him shut up in the corral for the night. Observe him well, and see how he pays his addresses to them all in turn, and tries to ingratiate himself with the ladies of his harem.

They seem to feel their separation from their old friends and companions, and look cool and indifferent upon the gallant bridegroom. At sunrise they are let out, and a peon is appointed, to assist the horse to keep them together. Presently one jade bolts away at full speed, and tries to regain her old accustomed herd. Away goes the horse in chase, and as he overhauls her, with his ears laid back, and his nose to the ground, he compels her return quicker than she went away. Half in play, and half in earnest, he snatches at her haunches, whilst she, well aware that she has done amiss, looks as full of fear as it is possible for a runaway to do. Before he has got well breathed, another starts off in the opposite direction. After her goes the horse, and the jilt is brought back at the top

of her speed. This continues nearly all the day, and at night they are again locked up. Next day the same game goes on, the horse still assisted by a well-mounted peon; until, at the end of eight or ten days, their acquaintance is made. If any remain refractory, they are thrown down, the axe applied to one of the hoofs of the hind legs; it is cut to the quick, and, thus punished, she is compelled to *limp it* for fifteen or twenty days, until the hoof grows again. By that time she becomes reconciled, and the *manáda* is *entablada*, and keep together. They are then conducted to a quiet part of the ground, apart from the other herds, in order to prevent collision between the horses of the different families.

This is the way in which one *manáda* is established. Let me now describe the mode in which several *manádas* are founded at the same time.

Let us suppose that five hundred mares are to be parted off from the different herds, and that twenty-five horses are selected to form their future families. The first thing to be done is to throw down the mares, and cut to the quick one of the hoofs of the hind legs, taking care that the near side hoof be cut in them all, in order that they may all limp in one direction. They are then enclosed with the horses, and at daylight next morning are let out to graze. A peon is appointed to look after them, and prevent them extending too far over the ground. As soon as the peon observes that any one of the horses has got as many mares to follow him as are sufficient to form a *manáda*, he informs the capitaz, and they are allowed to remain at large, whilst others, less social, are condemned to be shut up in the *potrero*. As the peon reports daily, that the *chesnut*, the *brown*, or the *bay* horse has made up his complement, they are severally set at liberty, with their future charge, and by the end of the month the whole is completed.

When I have occasion to go to the Vigilante, as soon as I arrive my horse is unsaddled and turned loose. Having taken water and grazed awhile, he returns to the Estancia, and joins his *manáda*. As soon as the horse which I have saddled at the Vigilante arrives and is unsaddled here, he immediately returns home, and seeks the herd to which he belongs. The whole system is this:—the horse keeps the mares together, the colts and fillies follow their mother, and the saddle-horses cleave to the herd in which they have been bred and reared. As the colts reach the proper age (three years) they are given to the peons to break in for the daily duty of the Estancia. Each *manáda* has from fifteen to twenty saddle-horses attached to it; and these are brought to the corral in rotation for the men to change after collecting the cattle in the morning. When about to go a journey, I tell the capataz to bring me the *black horse*, the *roan*, the *chesnut*, or the *sorrel*, and he gives the order to his deputy, who knows in which *manáda* he is domesticated. It is brought to the corral, and the horse I order is caught with the lazo, and saddled for me. When I reach any of the more distant puestos, as soon as the capataz presents himself, and the usual "buenos dias" have been exchanged, the first question is, "Do you wish to change horse, Señor?" "Let this go, and saddle me the *tordillo*," and away goes the peon, brings up the herd, and the *grey* is immediately at my disposal; on him I ride from Sta. Isabel to the Vigilante, or San Martin, let him go there, and saddle another to bring me home. Each horse, as soon as dismissed, returns to the herd, although the distance was from ten to fifteen miles.

Apart from these herds of horses already described, we have small troops of horses accustomed to go together in company with a mare selected for that purpose, and called the *madrina*. These are reserved for particular service, and are called *tropillas*. The horses, which generally consist of ten or twelve, are selected of one colour, and the mare, to render her more distinguishable, is as different as possible from the horses. For instance, a tropilla of black horses will generally have a white mare; she wears a bell suspended from her neck, so that the horses, at night, may hear the sound, and prevent them from parting company.

The mode of forming these *tropillas* depends upon circumstances; if the horses are all ready, they are put with the *madrina*, kept together by day, and at night enclosed in the corral, until they are accustomed to each other, and form an attachment to the mare. When the horses are not all at once put with the mare, you proceed, one by one, to neck-collar them with her, and let them go a few days together; you then cast the horse off, and neck-collar another, and so on, until you complete the number required. It is necessary to keep the *tropillas* as much as possible from the *manádas*, to prevent them mixing, as the horse is apt to carry off the mare, and the horses of the *tropilla*, left to themselves, would separate after they lost the *madrina*. The principal value of the *tropillas* is, that they can be taken to any distance where the capataz requires them, and at night he places a sort of fetter or handcuff upon the fore-ancle of the mare to prevent her from going to a distance, and the horses stick by her all night. They appear to distinguish the sound of their own bell, for if twenty *tropillas* are near each other, each horse remains by the side of his *madrina*; and a careful peon, if he chances to lose the bell from the neck of his mare, will always shut up the *tropilla* for a few nights, until the horses become accustomed to the tone of the new one. We have here seven *tropillas* of twelve horses each, reserved for special purposes.

With these sketches of the equine economy

of a South American Estancia I conclude. The life I lead is, you perceive, a lonely one; but it is not without its profit and gratification.

A VISIT TO THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL.

TENS of thousands of people every year pass along Wellington Street, on their way from the Strand to Waterloo Bridge, and notice the empty space over the wall on the left hand, between the last of the shops and the turnstile of the toll-collector, and when doing so, can scarcely fail to note also the tall brick house-backs which bound the space, and give an unfinished look to what seems to be an ugly end of Somerset House. Perhaps not one in ten thousand of that multitude knows what the two last of those common-place brick buildings contain, or the spot would at once be interesting. The place would no longer be a mass of dingy brick and mortar, but would grow in interest as the centre to which comes the earliest, and most authentic, and where remains the most lasting record of the three great epochs in the existence of our great family of twenty odd millions of English people—the births, the marriages, and deaths—of the nation. The whole house would swell into the semblance of a huge book, with leaves as endless as the flow of the stream near by; names in hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, millions—almost as countless as the ripples of the Thames, and, like them, ever and ever repeated.

The most humble and the most lofty are chronicled alike in the parchment indexes of that great counting-house,—the unwelcome offspring of the pauper, and the cambric-clad heir of the peer; the wedding of Thomas Nokes with Mary Styles, and the fashionable alliance of the Right Hon. the Lord Fitz Philp with the Lady Adelina De Vavasour; the death of the felon in the gaol, of the outcast in the hospital, of the good man amid his family, of the noble in his palace—all alike have their record in the archives of the place. Pages enough to line Waterloo Bridge from end to end—tons weight of paper and of parchment—are needed for all this. But there they are. Each man posted out in his right place—chronicled and certified with official exactness—and all in such strictly alphabetical order, that the record of him may be found at any time in a marvellously few minutes. Smith, or Jones, who hurries across Waterloo Bridge to see his newly-wedded wife, little thinks that a whole housefull of clerks are at that moment passing the entry of the "happy event" from room to room, till it is finally and correctly stated and bound up in the archives of the Registrar. Thompson, or Jackson, who are proudly mounting outside the Waterloo 'bus, to make the best of their way to Camberwell, where their first-born is being dressed out for the christening, don't know that the little innocent will shortly be inscribed on the parchment indexes of the grand muster-roll of the British nation; nor is that heart-broken widow, just paying one of her last halfpence to cross the bridge, aware that the note of her partner's death has already passed into the black volumes of the Registrar; and that in the cellar-floor, deep down there over the wall, a zealous physician, searching for facts about mortality, has just numbered him amongst the thousands of other victims who fall year by year the early victims of the flesh-less spectre—Consumption.

This enumeration of the people is not merely startling or curious—it is most important for a variety of purposes. In questions of succession to property, registers of births, marriages and deaths, are most essential. The facts collected under this system throw great light upon the causes that affect the health of the people, thereby tending to show how sickness may be avoided, and life be lengthened. The number of marriages in any given period affords an unerring index to the opinions entertained by the people of their prospects in the world. When they are well off, they marry; when poorly off, matrimony is at a discount. Whilst the deaths indicate by their increase the past sufferings, or by their comparative fewness, the prosperity of the masses. The returns to the Registrar, therefore, are a kind of barometer of the real state of the nation, valuable alike to the philosopher, the statesman, the physician, the lawyer, and the man of business.

Unfortunately, the present mode of Registration has only been in operation since 1837. Before that time almost the only record of births, deaths, and marriages, was in the parish registers, and how miserably imperfectly such books were kept, was shown in the evidence taken before a Parliamentary Committee appointed at the suggestion of the dissenters to inquire into the subject. Since that year—that is, in the twelve years and three-quarters between 1838 and the autumn of 1850, the enormous number of one million six hundred and thirty-five thousand eight hundred and ten men, and an equal number, of course, of women, have been married in England and Wales; six millions, eight hundred and one thousand, two hundred and five children have been born; and four millions seven hundred and twenty thousand and seventy-four persons have died. The names of all these, with various circumstances connected with them, have been chronicled in the Registrar's office! How this labour was accomplished—and how day by day and year by year it is now progressing, as fresh births, deaths, and marriages, are perpetually demanding notice—let us now demonstrate.

The office where this system of national book-keeping goes on, is The General Register Office, and to find it, we must walk from the bustle of the Strand, into the handsome quadrangle of Somerset House, and thence

into Somerset Place. In the fine old times of heavy salaries and light work, the houses were appropriated to the private comfort of different *attachés* of the Government; but now-a-days, some at least of them are employed for the most useful of public purposes.

Threading a stone passage, and ascending a stone stair, we are ushered into a room where, surrounded with maps and books, sits the commander-in-chief of the operations we wish to inspect—Major Graham, the Registrar-General. Seated at his desk, with his blue-books and acts of parliament, and the forms and returns we shall presently know more about, he may be regarded as the centre of a grand piece of official mechanism, which has ramifications all over the country so complete, as to embrace not only large towns and open country, but the most secluded villages, and the most obscure city courts. He has, besides his staff in Somerset Place, the control of six hundred and twenty-four officers, called superintendent-registrars, each in an allotted district—generally a poor law union. Under these superintendents there are two thousand one hundred and ninety registrars; thus making altogether a perfect little army of two thousand eight hundred and fourteen officials, charged with the duty of keeping a correct record of the births and deaths, and of the dissenters' marriages. The weddings solemnised in the old-fashioned way, in the parish church, or by license by a clergyman of the establishment, are still registered by the clergy; and this adds to the list of the Registrar-General's correspondents no less a number than twelve thousand gentlemen. Adding all together, then, we find no less than fourteen thousand contributors to the volumes of Somerset Place, without counting divers persons who attend to the marriages of Jews and Quakers. The registrars are people in very various grades of life. Some are lawyers; some doctors; some farmers; some shopkeepers; some parish clerks; some schoolmasters; some sextons. Their qualifications are as various as their callings. Some write like print; and some indulge in the frightful scrawls which form the great misery of life to those who have to work out their returns. Scores of hours are lost in the London office, and hundreds of letters are written in the year, because registrars in the country will persist in making no difference between u's and n's, and between e's and i's. This, which seems so unimportant a matter at first sight, and which, in ordinary correspondence, really is comparatively unimportant, becomes a serious affair when it affects the entry of a name in books that are to be the legal evidence of a birth, or a marriage, or a death. But the fine flowing, fashionable writing-master hand is equally the horror of all who deal with such documents. The primitive pothook-and-hanger, plain, schoolboy-looking, writing, in which each letter has its own distinctive though awkward character, is their delight. The fourteen thousand

"Chiels amang us tak'ing notes"

have of course to be supplied with regular books, and forms, and rules, and the issue and account-keeping of these forms, is in itself a laborious and onerous duty. The books are oblong folios, with limp leather covers, which permit of rolling up, if necessary, when the Registrar sets off from his house to go over his district in search of subjects for entry on the pages. The books are three in number; and the colour of the cover of each indicates its purpose. Births are bound in a cheerful red; the contriver of the marriages' book was evidently determined to have a joke carried into every wedding-party,—for the marriages are clad in *green;* whilst the third book in its cover indicates its serious purpose: the deaths are black.

It seems a simple matter enough to make an entry in an official book, all ruled ready for the purpose, and to make that entry at the proper time, and with the needful formality; and yet it is found that when thousands of different persons have this simple duty divided amongst them, it is difficult, almost to impossibility, to get the thing done with accuracy. To promote the object in view all the plans that ingenuity can contrive are adopted. The printed forms are abundantly supplied; inspectors are constantly going about the country to examine the books, give suggestions, and report on the character and qualifications of the Registrars. Letters are eternally issuing from Somerset Place, pointing out any irregularities, and insisting upon correction; and above all this, a "general caution" is enclosed in the pages of each register book, recounting how certain misdoers have met with punishment. Here is a list of sinners gibbetted as a warning to negligent Registrars:—

The Registrar-General wishes it to be distinctly understood, that the commission of any one of the irregularities specified below cannot be permitted by him to pass with impunity. A Registrar of births and deaths in the City of London, was publicly dismissed, 25th April 1845, for having parted with the custody of one of his register books, and having made part of an entry, with the intention of obtaining the signature of the informant to it at a subsequent period. Another Registrar at Askrigg, Yorkshire, was publicly dismissed, 22nd Nov. 1845, for having inserted false dates of registration in his register book of births. [He had thereby rendered himself liable to be prosecuted for felony]. A third Registrar at Liskeard was publicly dismissed, 11th January 1847, for having omitted, for several weeks, to inform himself of the births and deaths that had occurred within his district, and having omitted, without reasonable cause, to register certain deaths respecting which he had received due notice. [He had, by the latter irregularity, rendered himself liable to a fine of fifty pounds on summary con-

viction before the magistrates upon the complaint of any common informer or other person]. A fourth Registrar at Westbourn, Sussex, was publicly dismissed, 30th March 1848, for not having made the whole of an entry (the signature of the Registrar included) at the time and in the presence of the informant; the entry having been completed, and the signature of the Registrar attached to it, in the absence of the informant, and after the informant had signed it. But a worse case still follows; a Registrar at Liverpool was publicly dismissed, 9th September 1848, for having wilfully made a false and counterfeit register of a pretended birth. For this offence he was, December 1848, tried at the assize, convicted of felony, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

By dint of incessant vigilance, in the detection of mistakes, and by instant applications to the authors of errors for immediate corrections, the entries all over the country are finally obtained with a remarkable degree of accuracy. In the course of three months the number of entries in different districts varies, of course, enormously. In Marylebone or St. Pancras, for instance, there will be hundreds of births, and deaths, and marriages by banns, by Registrars and by dissenters, according to the various forms of Methodists, Jews, and Quakers; whilst in remote places, the quarter of a year may pass by without a dozen claims upon the attention of the registering officer. Where there is most to be done, there the work is usually done best, because the fees are enough in amount to make the duty worth attending to; whilst in spots where a Registrar's quarterly bill amounts, perhaps, to ten shillings, it is not very marvellous that he should be somewhat indifferent about a task so little remunerative. In distant and rural places, the Registrars get very few fees for weddings. The church still holds its ancient sway in that respect. But in large towns like London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, many "happy couples" contribute to the emoluments of Major Graham's Officers.

The mode of marrying away from church or chapel has still, however, but little popularity. Made legal to satisfy the scruples of dissenters, even they seem to award it so little patronage, that the forms are comparatively unknown amongst the mass of the people. "Putting up the banns," and holiday clothes, and white gloves, and veils, and church aisles, and ringing bells, have been so long associated with the national idea of a wedding, that it is not unusual, after the brief forms of a matrimonial engagement at the office of the Registrar have been gone through, and the parties are as legally man and wife as Acts of Parliament can make them, for the lady to raise an objection to the proceedings.

"Is it all over?" asks a surprised and trembling voice.

"Yes," says the Registrar, bowing and smiling, "that is all. You are man and wife."

"Oh!" is the semi-spasmodic response. "It seems like no wedding at all!" And then turning to the bridegroom the lady may be heard appealing to the happy swain, and declaring "She would rather go to church as well." And often and often the ceremony is gone through according to old fashions after the newer and shorter one has been completed.

A wedding at the Superintendant Registrar's Office is certainly a very rapid and unimposing affair. The gentleman—say Mr. John Jones—gives notice to the Registrar of the district in which they have lived during the previous seven days, that he has arranged a match between himself and Miss Mary Smith. A printed form is filled up with their names, rank, age, and place of residence. This is entered in a volume called the "Marriage Notice Book." This first step of the operation is performed at the small charge of one shilling. The volume containing the solemn announcement remains in the Registrar's Office, "open at all reasonable times, without fee, to all persons desirous of inspecting the same." The notice so entered is read before the next three weekly meetings of Poor-Law Guardians. Unless the wedding has been "forbidden by any person authorised to forbid the same"—and a sharp papa or mamma would be needed to find out what had been going forward if Miss Smith desired to keep the little affair secret—at the expiration of the three weeks, the happy couple, between the hours of eight and twelve in the morning, may meet—accidentally, of course—just by the office of Mr. Thompson, the Registrar, and walking in (also accidentally, of course), may, in the presence of two persons accidentally present—the Registrar's Clerk and a passing stranger, for instance—join in the following brief and innocent dialogue:—

"I do solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment why I, John Jones, may not be joined in matrimony to Mary Smith."

One minute is enough for saying this. Whereupon the lady responds—

"I do solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment why I, Mary Smith, may not be joined in matrimony to John Jones."

Another minute has thus been passed.

Emboldened by the lady's declaration, the gentleman next says—

"I call upon these persons here present to witness that I, John Jones, do take thee, Mary Smith, to be my lawful wedded wife."

A third minute has passed, and the lady's turn has come again—

"I call upon these persons here present to witness that I, Mary Smith, do take thee, John Jones, to be my lawful wedded husband."

Just four minutes have been consumed, the fee is five shillings, and a shilling for a certificate, and the affair is complete. No ring, no kneeling, no fuss. They are bound

man and wife at the small charge of seven shillings altogether, with a degree of certainty which nothing but an Act of Parliament price one thousand pounds can undo. If Jones be rich, he can shorten the probationary three weeks to seven days, by paying a somewhat higher fee; and if the happy couple please they can adjourn from the Registrar's to any church or chapel, there to go through any further forms they may think good—as the ladies often insist upon doing—but the few words—the very brief dialogue just recapitulated, and the few minutes in the presence of the Registrar, have been the essential and only requisite legal steps to bind them together in the chain matrimonial, "for better for worse, till death shall them part."

But though five minutes may complete a wedding, and permit the couple to go their way rejoicing—and though an equally short space of time may suffice for the registration of their first-born, or the registration of a death—these brief duties of the public in a district office are but the beginning of the process we are about to trace through its various stages, till its completion for national purposes.

Let us suppose a case, for the sake of illustration. The Superintendant Registrar of Polton-cum-Chalvey has been going on his way, certifying the babies, the weddings, and the mortal departures of his district, when some evening, just as he has smoked his pipe, and is thinking about supper, he is told "a gentleman from London wishes to see him." His prophetic heart leaps to his mouth, and as he shuffles on his slippers, he mentally runs over his books, for he knows very well, before he sees the mysterious stranger, that he is about to meet one of the Inspectors—gentlemen of great keenness, who travel about all the year round, never telling when they are likely to visit any place, and, like bagmen, ever on the move, and seldom sleeping two nights together in the same place. Civil greetings are soon followed by an examination of the doings of the Polton-cum-Chalvey office. Formidable-looking papers are at hand, in which our Registrars know very well that his character will shortly be written down—his name, his address, his other occupations; where his office is; whether it be used for other purposes than those of registration; whether his books are kept in the fire-proof box provided by Government for the purpose,—if not, where; what kind of repository the books have; whether or not the place is damp; whether it seems safe from fire, and whether capable of being securely closed; whether he has gathered together all the documents he should possess—the returns of minor Registrars, and of the clerical certificates of marriages performed in churches; whether he does his own work, or employs a deputy; whether his place displays, in general, any want of order or arrangement; And, finally, he knows that in the corner of the formidable paper there is a ready-made frame for the insertion of his own official portrait, to be sketched by the Inspector at his leisure, in manner following:—

"Different degrees of Efficiency being represented by Numbers up to 6,—utter Inefficiency being indicated by 0, and complete Efficiency by 6,—write in the adjoining space the figure which most nearly expresses your opinion of the Efficiency of this Superintendent Registrar.



———— *Signature of the Inspector.*

That square is to contain the Inspector's opinion of his character. No. 1 is by no means the figure he wishes to stand at on this occasion; for he knows that numeral means but one step from 0, or, in other words, dismissal. Seven was the olden mystic number, but with the Registrars six is the favourite figure,—but what figure really stands against him in the archives of Somerset Place is to him a secret. The Inspector goes away as quietly and mysteriously as he came; his report is forwarded to head-quarters; and the result at Polton-cum-Chalvey is known very few posts afterwards, if said Polton-cum-Chalvey house has not been found to be in apple-pie order.

The Inspector of the books of the minor Registrars goes even to more minute particulars than in the case of the Superintendants. The colour of the ink is noted—for bad ink might lead to the loss of a large estate to its owner by the loss of the entry of his birth or of his parent's wedding. Any erasure is a deadly sin, and so is the cancelling of any entry. Mis-spelling of names and discrepancies between the spelling of surnames in different parts of a certificate are other great faults often committed, but almost always discovered, rebuked, and corrected. In an entry of a birth, the omission of the former name of a mother who has been twice married, is a heavy fault, and so also, in the registration of twins, is the non indication of which of the two is the elder. Only by a ceaseless vigilance can all these points, seemingly unimportant to many whose attention is required to them, but in fact all-essential to the perfection of the national documents of which each entry forms a part, be correctly ascertained.

By these several registering offices spread over England and Wales, about twelve hundred thousand names are, in round numbers, entered every year upon the official books. Every three months each local Registrar makes an exact copy of his register, and taking both original and copy, goes with them to the Superintendant of his district, who examines the transcript to see if it be correct, and then, after certifying its accuracy, sends it to the London Central Office in Somerset Place, himself retaining the original book. Any person wanting a certificate within the current quarter, may therefore obtain it from the local Registrar; but after the expiration of that time can only inspect the original

at the office of the Superintendant. Certified legal copies may be had at his office, or in London.

The postmen who bring letters to the Registrar-General's office, in Somerset Place, have no sinecure. About nineteen thousand letters a year are sent out and received there in reference to points for securing accuracy in certified copies alone—the largest number of errors (a curious fact) being made by the most educated class of persons connected with the registration—namely, the clergymen of the Established Church! But the great days for the postmen are when the certified copies of the registries begin to pour in after the end of the quarter. The packets that then arrive ought to be talked of by hundred-weights and not by number. Packets are due from no less than fifteen thousand eight hundred persons, and by dint of whipping-up they are all made to do their duty. The papers so sent up contain the one million two hundred thousand names already referred to, and the great job of resolving these into alphabetical order under the separate headings of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, has now to be begun. This is the heaviest business of the staff of officers engaged in London, and to see how they get through it we will again walk into the General Register Office, through the stone-passage and up the stone-stairs, at the head of which we first made Major Graham's acquaintance at the commencement of this paper. Again, under his official roof, let us trace the progress of a quarter's papers through the sixty or seventy pairs of hands, and under the sixty or seventy pairs of vigilant eyes, who have to deal with them before they are finally complete and settled in the General Register.

When the fifteen thousand local people have each responded to the demand for their "returns," and their fifteen thousand communications have been checked off as received, the papers are passed into the hands of Examiners,—a set of clerks under the immediate control of Major Graham. These gentlemen pass such as are regular and correct, whilst those presenting irregularities are sent into the Error Department, for further inquiry, and by post forwarded to the offending Registrar. The papers which have been examined and found complete, are then sent up to another room, in which clerks are all the year busily engaged copying the names upon large sheets of paper, marked off by lines into portions about a foot broad, and an inch and a half deep. These sheets of names are then again examined; after which they are sent down to the basement story, where a bookbinder cuts them into slips of the size so marked off. This operation is performed by an ordinary plough machine, and each slip, when separated, contains one name, and the reference to the certified sheet on which it may be found. These slips are then taken to rooms filled with *sorters*, the first of whom arranges them with great rapidity according to the first letter—all the A's together, all the B's together, all the C's together, and so on. Another sorter then takes a letter—say A, for instance—and arranges all the Ab's together, and all the Ac's together, and so on. A third clerk then arranges these again, according to alphabetical sequence of the third letter. In this way, the whole of the slips are reduced into strictly alphabetical regularity, even to the last letter in each Christian and surname. This done, the order of the slips is examined by another officer, and when he has found them to be correct, they are tied in bundles of three hundred and twenty each, and are handed to clerks, who copy them upon parchment sheets, which sheets are afterwards bound up to form the great index of names. Every quarter of a year the certified copies are bound up in eighty-one huge volumes; that is, twenty-seven of births, twenty-seven of marriages, and twenty-seven of deaths; and thus, in a year four times this number, or three hundred and twenty-four volumes are added to the collection. This number is without the Indexes, which themselves occupy about fourteen volumes a quarter, or between fifty or sixty for a year. Four times in each year this labour has to be begun, continued, and completed!

No sooner has one quarter been cleared off than another flood of names comes on to be examined, sorted, copied, and bound up; and so on from year to year.

The persons engaged on these duties have a most monotonous task. Imagine the tedium of going through the list of the eighteen hundred Jones's who are born, the thirteen hundred Jones's who die, and the nine hundred Jones's who marry, every quarter of the year. Imagine months of a life spent in looking all day at a repetition of such names, the duty being to see that Jones is spelt J.O.N.E.S, and in no other way. To see that it has not been carelessly made into Jonis or Janes, or otherwise perverted. Two of the examiners are deaf and dumb, and another is utterly deaf; and these gentlemen make, it appears, very excellent officers. The loss of a sense seems to assist that concentration of the mind upon the object in view, which the monotonous task demands.

The labours of the Register Office afford some highly curious facts as to the relative number of persons of different names living in England and Wales. From time immemorial it has been thought that Smith was the commonest of names. The Smith's are soldiers, and sailors, and parsons, and tailors, and bakers, and authors, and, indeed, everything. But the exact figures of the Registrar upset the long cherished fallacy that they form the most numerous of our clans. The Jones's out-number them and stand at the head of the list; Smith coming second. This question of the frequency of particular names must interest so many persons that we give the following list of the fifty most common

appellations, in the order in which they are found to rank in the books of the Registrar, together with the number of each name, who were born, married, or died, in the year June 30th, 1837, to July the 1st, 1838.

Jones	1	13429	Harris	26	2771
Smith	2	12637	Cooper	27	2698
Williams	3	8743	Clark	28	2683
Taylor	4	6440	Davis	29	2661
Davies	5	5589	Harrison	30	2502
Brown	6	5585	Baker	31	2385
Thomas	7	5278	Ward	32	2318
Evans	8	4930	Morris	33	2209
Roberts	9	4199	Morgan	34	2206
Johnson	10	3743	Martin	35	2272
Robinson	11	3555	James	36	2209
Wilson	12	3399	King	37	2156
Wright	13	3299	Clarke	38	2145
Hall	14	3227	Cook	39	2135
Hughes	15	3180	Allen	40	2116
Wood	16	3177	Price	41	2090
Walker	17	3148	Phillips	42	1997
Lewis	18	3134	Parker	43	1989
Green	19	3112	Moore	44	1985
Edwards	20	3097	Watson	45	1908
White	21	3067	Carter	46	1882
Jackson	22	3040	Richardson	47	1817
Turner	23	2908	Lee	48	1815
Thompson	24	2874	Griffiths	49	1801
Hill	25	2856	Shaw	50	1754

In the year from which this abstract was made, we find no less than thirteen thousand four hundred and twenty-nine persons named Jones had been born, married, or had died. Correcting the number for increase of population, the yearly number of Jones's who came into the world, went out of it, or got married, during the last twelve months would be, in round numbers, about sixteen thousand —an army in itself. Finding Jones to be the name at the head of our list of fifty we look to the foot of it to find Shaw; and the proportion of persons bearing that name, it seems, is in the ratio of one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four Shaw's to thirteen thousand four hundred and twenty-nine Jones's; the other names we have given, ranging between the two extremes; the Jackson's and the Thompson's, however, it will be seen, not mustering one-fourth the number of the Jones's or the Smith's.

Apart from the frequency of certain appellations, another curious point deserves notice. It is the very strange names given, at times, by parents to their children. One of the clerks in the office kept by him, for years, a memorandum-book in which he collected a variety of these, giving with each the number and page of the volume in which the certified reference might be found. Without such evidence one might almost be inclined to doubt the genuineness of some of them. But they are all real enough, as the documents show. Let us take a few specimens:—

Diewell Sykes. Father, a Weaver.
Loyal Thomas Inkpen. Father a Farmer.
Patiense Dinner. Wife of a Husbandman.
Zaphnathpaaneah Drayson. A Cooper.
Thankful Joy. His wife's name before he married her was Payne.
Acts Apostles Tong. Witness to a Marriage.
Albertena Regina Victoria Gotha Boult. Daughter of a Farmer.
Repentance Taylor. Daughter of a Labourer.
Emma Tuesday Taylor. Daughter of a Comb Maker, born on a Tuesday.
Eliza Thursday Taylor. Daughter of a Comb Maker, born on a Thursday.
Sanspariel Scamp. Daughter of John Scamp, a Tinker.
First Son Jones. Son of a Labourer.
Feargus O'Conner Frost Mason. Son of a Mule Spinner.
Feargus O'Connor Vincent Bronterre Hallowell. Son of a Shoemaker.
Fergus O'Conner Frost O'Brien McDonall Hunt Taylor. Son of a Shoemaker.
John Frost Fergus Bronterre Paine Smith. Son of a Printer.
Turnerica Henrica Ulrica Da Gloria De Lavinia Rebecca Turner. Daughter of a Book-keeper.
Jane Stickplorum. Wife of a Weaver.
Hostilina Iphigenia Maria Hypsihile Wadge. Daughter of a Carpenter.
Prince Albert Daniel Gamon. Son of a Labourer.
Zelousiania Chafer.
Matilda French Onion A Spinster.
James Death. A Butcher.
Samson Catchasides Kitchen.
Happy George Dadd. Son of a Blacksmith.
William Teatottle Cross. Son of a Mechanic.
Primus Communitatis Flitcroft. Son of a Bricklayer, born at Queenwood Community.
Martin Luther Spooner. Son of a Maltster.
Goin Teal. A Cooper.
Hubert Pay Day. An Engineer, married 1843.
Isabella Wilhelmina Jacobina Carolina Adelina Cunningham Campbell Moffat. Daughter of a Farmer.
Betsy Toast Divine.

This list and this paper might be greatly extended; but our limits forbid further present exemplification, since enough has surely been said to show the extent, the character, and the value of the operations carried on under the guidance of the Registrar-General. Any one of our readers who may feel inclined to see the place itself, and to test the completeness of the records we have attempted to describe, should visit the public room of the establishment. It is called the Search Room; and there, for a small fee, the curious may gain, in a few minutes, a certificate of any marriage, birth, or death that has occurred since the establishment of this public office; and he will get a glimpse into the bargain of the iron safes, with their tall narrow doors, where the parchment Indexes are kept, and may witness for himself the rapidity with which the practised clerks search out a name. The certified registers are too bulky to be held in any one apartment. In all the odorous dignity of bindings in Russia leather, they line shelf after shelf in the basement story—a portly and important library—in their way a truly wonderful national record and national work—the great muster-roll, in truth, of the people of Old England.

Such is the good fortune meted out to the three great events of the English human family at Somerset House, in registering them. What a contrast it presents to "The Doom of English Wills!"

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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WINGS OF WIRE.

In an age of express trains, painless operations, crystal palace, revolutions and republics, Mormons and Puseyites, and a hundred curiosities, such as our grandfathers and grandmothers never dreamt about, there is yet little difficulty in saying which of all our modern wonders is really the most wonderful. In our fast days, we have one thing, above all others, the fastest; in our generation of marvels, we have one thing of all others the most marvellous. We hear of it in conversation; we see it paraded in newspapers; we are reminded of it in our railway travels, until its very familiarity half blinds us to its merits. Yet, among all the useful things which human ingenuity has of late completed, it would not be difficult to show that the Electric Telegraph is one of the most useful. The new Dorado itself, with its plethora of yellow wealth, judged by the standard of what great services may come of it, cannot be more valuable than the strange machine that enables one side of a country to speak with another, regardless of the intervening hundreds of miles of hills, streams, and plains: solitudes and cities.

The old heroes of the race-course—the fleet footed descendants of Arabian deserts, bred and nurtured in England to a speed that outdid all previous rapidities of pace—have been outdone. Flying Childers is no longer a bye-word for swiftness; and Eclipse, with his race of a mile a minute is left far, far behind. Horse-flesh, in its finest forms, may henceforth aid our sports, grace our vehicles, give vitality to our green pastures, but may no longer typify haste. We have caught, and can control, another steed. We have bitted and bridled, and mounted and broken in, another wonder, which for ages sported, in elemental freedom, round about us; which, from the creation of the world, was more free than the wild-horse, or any other thing, trammelled by mortal elements, except the human thought.

This was long work. Watching, deep study, thousands of experiments, suggestions, and reasonings; numberless plans and models—not of one man, or of two, but of thinkers in many countries, in many generations—until, at last, some shrewd, practical men thought out the final means of turning to a purpose the accumulations of their predecessors; and, lo, the hidden vagaries of the element that claims close kindred with the lightning, are reined up and made to do the worldly work of men!

Straightway poles arise, and wires run along them from one end of England to another. The wires are made of the metal that the sister of the lightning loves best to fly through, and where that wire would touch the post supporting it, there is a little tunnel of porcelain for it to pass. But, the spirit (so let us call this principle which we term electricity, or electro-magnetism) hates the cold, half-vitrified burnt clay, and keeps, therefore, faithfully to the wire, no matter how long its course may be. One wire dipped into the earth, and starting from some great central point, say London, with other wires spreading from it, may run in all directions, as the nerves of the human body run from the brain all over the frame. As the will runs through the nerves, so this strange spirit runs through the wires, until those wires stay at any point, no matter whether Birmingham, or Dover, or Plymouth. At that point, the wire extends down into the earth, conveying into it this subtle messenger; which, quick as human thought, has made a circuit, by darting through the earth to join the tip of the wire, whence it started in London. And so the race goes on with almost inconceiveable swiftness—so swift, indeed, as altogether to outdo even delicate Ariel, the tricksy spirit who could "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes." If the wires went half across the globe, our Spirit of Electro-Magnetism would, it is calculated, fill the wires with itself, and make the circuit complete, through the intervening earth, eight times in a second! And this race goes on, imperceptibly, silently, incessantly, from end to end of any line, whilst the wires are kept from contact with anything the Spirit has a sympathy for. This is the condition of an electric telegraph whilst at rest. Round and round the ring—half isolated wire, half earth—goes the current. But, break the circuit,—divide the wire,—and, if there be against the gap a poised needle of magnetised iron—like the needle of a compass for instance

—*that needle will move.* Upon this fact,—this property,—the electric telegraph is constructed. The instrument is far more simple than a clock, and it does neither more nor less than this—it holds a poised needle, and first breaks and then reconnects the electric current; first cuts (as it were) and then rejoins the wire; and, as this interruption, this violence, is done to its free progress, the Spirit, before unseen, manifests itself, and either *attracts or repulses the needle.* And not the needle only, but a hundred needles if they be connected with the so broken wire, with the so interrupted race of the Spirit round and round along the wires and through the earth. This, the Spirit will do, early and late, day and night, with speed never flagging, on and on, so long as wires stand true and there is earth for them to rest upon.

The mystery, then,—the secret of the electric telegraph,—is simply this. Two handles serve to break and to re-unite the current of the Electric Spirit; each breakage causes a needle, swinging above the handles, to move. Another similar needle, miles away, moves at the same instant, in the same way. Different amounts of motion of this needle are understood to indicate certain letters; and thus the telegraph people talk to one another, by spelling what they have to say, letter by letter.

Theirs is a new calling, and a curious one, too. They hear the strangest and earliest of news. With hands upon the two handles of the instrument, and a sharp eye upon the dial, the work goes on;—it would be in silence, but for the noise made by the instrument. "Jerk! jerk!" go the handles—"Chop! chop! chip-chop!" are the sounds heard in response, as a little cylinder moves, and metal meets metal, to break and re-complete the circuit. At all the chief railway stations, on all the chief lines, with one or two exceptions, there are telegraph clerks day and night on duty, ready to indicate the approach or departure of trains, the safe arrival of packets in port, or the sailing of ships on their voyage; to forward newspaper dispatches, and trade advices; to send up the prices of corn, and to send down the quotations of consols and railway stock; to give orders for tracking thieves, or stopping runaway young ladies; to call doctors to the sick, and relatives to dying beds; to tell how much may be bid for a house at an auction; to let anxious papas know that their families have been increased, and that mamma and the new arrival are "as well as can be expected;" and to tell anxious wives that voyaging husbands "had a bad passage,—too tired to come up to-night."

Few of the thousands who have read telegraphic dispatches in the papers and in other shapes, have, perhaps, been behind the scenes in a telegraphic office; for it is necessary to keep such places free from intrusion. Could they be entered, there is much to excite surprise and wonder, not so much in the means by which the work is done, as in the curiously instantaneous results. In the telegraphic room at Tonbridge, for instance, the central station of the South-Eastern Company's system of telegraphs, we find the superintendent of that system, Mr. C. V. Walker, seated before a very business-like, but in no way remarkable, table, covered with papers. The apartment is small; for science, here again, claims but little house-room. Upon the shelf, are a few specimens of parts of apparatus. On one side of the wall, run numerous electric wires, concentrating above a kind of side-board or counter, on which there stand a row of the telegraph instruments, looking, at the first glance, not unlike the counter-fittings of a very gay public-house; on closer observation, like the fronts of little mahogany churches, with very large clocks. Under this counter you may see a number of galvanic batteries—wooden troughs filled with alternate plates of copper and zinc, buried in sand that has been saturated with sulphuric acid and water. These batteries generate the electro-galvanic fluid that is to be sent on its eternal round through wire and earth, the interruption of which is to set the needle in motion, that messages may be read between Tonbridge and London or Dover, or any other station on the line.

"Let us get Dover to read us some lines of 'Household Words,'" said Mr. Walker to his assistant, on the morning of our visit to him at Tonbridge. The clerk went to the little mahogany church front.

"Call Dover," said Mr. Walker. Jerk, jerk—chop, chop. Dover called.

"Dover answers: 'Go on,'" said the clerk.

"Tell him to ring our bell," said Mr. Walker.

In an instant, the alarum in the Tonbridge room was in a whirl of noisy excitement, ringing in a most determined and peremptory way. The Electric Spirit had been stopped in its circular chase; had pounced upon the piece of soft iron close by the point of breakage; had magnetised it, drawn it from its place as a boy's toy loadstone draws a toy swan round a basin of water; and, by so drawing it, released a little spring that set our bell ringing.

The bell having done its work, the Superintendent, Mr. Walker, gave another hint:

"Let Dover read the first article in number thirty-three."

"Jerk, jerk; chop, chop, chip-chop. In half a second, as it seemed, the direction was given. We took also, a number thirty-three, that was upon the table, to see fair-play; the clerk, before the little mahogany church front, stood watching the needle to read off what Dover might say. As word followed word, at the end of each, he moved the handles, to give the signal that he understood what was meant.

Wave, wave, went the needle; jerk, jerk,

went the clerk's hands; and he read off the words spelled by Dover; the sounds came in this fashion, as rapidly as any one could well read them from a book:

"The"—chop—"cow"—chop—"with"—chop—"The"—chop—"Iron"—chop—"Tail"—chop.

"Go on," said Mr. Walker; for there was a momentary pause.

Chop—chop—chip-chop. "Dover, says," interpreted the clerk, "that there is some one knocking at his door. Wait."

"Ask what it is."

Chop—chop—chip-chop.

"He says he was trying to send us the Cow with the Iron Tail, whilst somebody was knocking about a message; and they made such a noise that he stopped. He will send the message to London, and then attend to the Cow again."

All this was said as rapidly as though Dover was bodily in the room at Tonbridge, and was giving his explanation by word of mouth.

There was again a short pause. We had already found, not only that Dover and London had obviously different *hands upon the instrument*, but that the touch of each clerk at a station, where there are two or three, is easily known, and is a curious test of his natural impetuosity.

"Dover is now talking to London," explained Mr. Walker. He had scarcely said so, when the signal was given "Go on," and on went our friend the Cow.

It—*chop*—was—*chop*—four—*chop*—o'clock *chop*—in—*chop*—the—*chop*—morning,—*chip-chop*—and—*chop*—the—*chop*—Cow—*chop*—with—*chop*—the—*chop*—Iron—*chop*—Tail—*chop*—prepared—*chip-chop*—for—*chop*—the—*chop*—duties—*chop*—of—*chop*—the—*chop*—day—*chop*—with—*chop*—her—*chop*—accustomed—*chip-chop*—stolidity—*chip-chop*.

The word "stolidity" bothered the clerk for a second. "Is it 'stolidity?'" he asked. "All right, go on," was the response—but, before the words were uttered, Dover was reading on, for the amusement of us good folks, in the station at Tonbridge, miles away from him. And on he went until he had repeated thirty lines of the story, and brought it to the point where it arrives at the locality of the Cow in a certain Court in Holborn.

"High—*chop*—Holborn—*chip-chop*—"

"That will do," said we, turning to the clock. Then, counting up the amount sent, we found that two hundred and thirty-seven words had been telegraphed and read off in about fourteen minutes.

Some of the instruments have, on their large clock-looking faces, only one vibrating needle, whilst others have two. The needles, in the improved instruments, are much smaller and lighter than in those first constructed; it being naturally demonstrated by experience that the smaller needle turned the more readily and quickly on its axis. Let us hear Mr. Walker's first lesson in the art of conquering his mystic alphabet—the electric A, B, C. He would fain persuade us that it is vastly easy. And indeed, we should observe that it is unquestionably *so* easy, as that Mr. Walker's fairer and better half is mistress of it, and both despatches and reads messages with great facility, by a little electric telegraph established between the Tonbridge Station and his private house.

"Out of only *two* needles, each of which has but *two* movements, the telegraph alphabet is formed. On the face of the instrument are the letters of the alphabet, arranged *seriatim* in two lines, beginning at the left and ending at the right, as in ordinary writing. The commencing series, from A to P, is above the top end of the needles; and the concluding series, from R to Y, below the bottom end. Some letters are engraved *once*, some *twice*, and others *three* times. To make a letter engraved once requires *one* motion of the needle; to make one engraved twice, *two* motions of the needle; and to make one engraved three times, *three* motions. In respect to the upper row, the needle *nearest* to the letter is moved, and it is moved so as to point *toward* the letter. In respect to the lower row, both needles are moved, and their *lower* end is made to point in the direction of the letter required.

The rule of the current, is, that if it passes any magnet—such as the magnetised needle of the instrument—the north pole of the magnet moves to the right, if the current be a descending one. On the contrary, if it be an ascending current, it moves to the left. But to return to our letters;—

Six of the letters, C, D, L, M, and U, V, require a twofold motion of the needle or needles, first to the right then to the left for C, L, and U, and first to the left then to the right for D, M, and V. These six letters are engraved *intermediate*, and with a double arrow between. The alphabet produced by this arrangement is of a simple character, and is very readily acquired. To the stranger, it appears confused; but when he has the key to it, the difficulty disappears: it might at first sight appear that a dial instrument—a telegraph, that is, provided with alphabets engraved on a circular dial, and an index made to revolve and point to any required letter—is more simple. Several such telegraphs exist, and among them are some very happily arranged; and there is something so simple in the fact of being able to point to any desired letter, that it is no wonder the public generally may, on a hasty glance, and before studying the practical merits of the case, be ready to decide in their favour, and prefer them to any other plan, the A, B, C of which is less obvious.

"But is it such a *very* serious matter to learn another alphabet? Every schoolboy, now-a-days, knows some half-dozen alphabets: there are Roman letters large, and Roman letters small; manuscript letters large, and manuscript letters small; Old English large, and Old English small; Greek large, and Greek small, and so on, and all different; and not one of them in which the letters

are represented by so few *strokes of the pen* as are the telegraph letters by *beats of the needle*. Take one of our plainest alphabets as an example; the Roman Capitals, for instance, and place a few of them in juxtaposition with the corresponding telegraph signals:—

A \\ E G ///
B \\\ F // H \

"The simplicity of these symbols is obvious. Two diagonal and one horizontal line are required for the Roman A; two diagonal lines for the telegraph A; one vertical and three horizontal lines make the Roman E; one diagonal the telegraph E, and so on; the difference being that all the world have learned the Roman alphabet, but only a chosen few have studied the telegraph symbols. That the latter really are simple and distinctive; that they are full of meaning and very legible; that they are applicable to ordinary language, and good, ay, very good! no one will for a moment doubt, who has seen the rapidity and accuracy with which a telegraph officer receives a despatch."

Mr. Walker becomes more graphic as he warms with his subject:—

"To one who sees a telegraph in operation for the first time, the effect borders on the marvellous; setting out of the question the fact that the needles are caused to move by an individual perhaps a hundred miles off; the motion of the needles hither and thither, quicker than the untrained eye can follow; the want of all apparent order and rule in their movement; the ringing of the changes between one and the other, and both; the quiet manner in which the clerk points his needle to the letter E, in rapid intervals, implying that he understands the word; while to the uninitiated looker-on, all is wonder, and mystery, and confusion; and the rare occurrence of the clerk pointing to ✠, implying he did *not understand*; and, finally, the quiet manner with which the clerk tells you, very coolly, as the result of his operations,—that 'The very pretty girl with bright blue eyes and long curls *has* sailed for Boulogne in the "Princess Clementine,' now leaving Folkstone Harbour; and that she *is* accompanied by the tall, handsome man, with the dark moustache and military cloak:' as he tells you this, and says, 'Message and answer, forty words, two rates, at 10*s.* 6*d.*, one guinea, porterage a shilling—one pound two,'—if you happen to be the papa of the pair of blue eyes, you are bewildered, and wish you were an electric current, and could be sent after them."

"But to return to the alphabet; and here, by-the-bye, I should mention that the voltaic current is put into circulation and the needles deflected by a right or left motion given by the hand to the handles on the lower part of the instrument. Having described the general arrangement of the code, I need not go through the letters *seriatim*—but shall describe the arbitrary signals, also engraved on the face. The symbol like a Maltese cross ✠, which we term 'stop,' is used by the sender at the *end* of every word, and by the reader when he does *not understand* any particular word. In these cases it is merely pointed to by a left-hand deflection of the needle. The letter E is pointed to by the reader the moment he understands a word. Two beats to the letter E are used for 'yes.' For instance, to spell the word HEN, we make the four following beats:—

The first beat	(\)	is made with the	right needle,	and is	H
" second	(/)	"	left	"	E
" third	(/)	"	right	"	N
" fourth	(\)	"	left	"	✠

the last beat being the end of the word. If the correspondent *understands*, he makes with the left needle the *first* of the following deflections; if he does not, he makes the *second*:—

/ \

Some of the letters are engraved smaller than others, not for any other reason than to pack them comfortably on the engraved plate; there would be no room if all were made large.

"*Wait* and *Go on* are engraved on the instrument, and are useful signals. If London calls Dover at a time when Dover is otherwise occupied, and unable for the moment to attend, Dover exchanges signals with London and discovers who wants him, and he then points the lower end of his needles to the letter R, or word 'Wait.' When he is disengaged and ready to take the message, he calls London, exchanging signals in the usual way, and points the needles to W, or 'Go on.'"

Before any message is commenced, the attention of the clerk at the place it is to be sent to is aroused by the ringing of an alarum. This is done by sending a current of the electric fluid along one of the wires, the other end of which is near a piece of soft iron. The fluid attracts the iron, the motion of which releases a spring. This release sets free some clock-work—an escapement, in fact—which rings a bell. The wires seen, by an upward-glancing traveller, along the side of a railway line, ruling the sky like music-paper, are not all necessary for messages between the two termini. One wire would be enough for communicating messages between Dover and London, and the chief stations between, but the more convenient plan is to have two for the purpose; that is, one for the messages, and one for the alarum-bell. When more wires than two are seen, the additional number are set up for the convenience of intermediate smaller stations, grouped together for the purpose, in order that their electric conversations may not disturb, or be disturbed by, more urgent communications between the larger and more important stations of the railway.

The South-Eastern Line has already its telegraphic anecdotes and little romances. Here is one of them—

"On Thursday, the 2nd of October, 1847, a man named Hutchings was to have been executed for murder at Maidstone; but just before the appointed hour, the Government sent a message by the South-Eastern Telegraph to stay the execution for two hours. This was virtually looked on as a reprieve; and, regarding all the circumstances of the case, everybody in Maidstone considered that the man's sentence had been commuted. The sheriff was busily engaged in examining the

exact character of the communication, with a view, no doubt, of satisfying himself that, in acting on the order of the electric telegraph, he was not exceeding his duty. Perplexed as to the proper course to be adopted, the sheriff, in his trepidation, commenced by electric telegraph a correspondence with the Home Office, to the effect that he waited for further orders. Two hours and a half elapsed, when a second order was received per telegraph, instructing the sheriff at once to proceed, and carry the sentence of the law into effect. The order was to be forwarded from the London Bridge station of the South Eastern Railway; but here the telegraph clerk appealed to the railway officers, to know whether the authority for sending such a message was sufficient. The Chairman of the Company was at hand at the time, and expressed himself not satisfied with it, requiring further proof of its authenticity before allowing the telegraph to be the messenger of death. Accordingly, the superintendent, at once drove over to the Home Office to obtain the necessary proof, and stated to Sir Denis Le Marchant, that in a matter involving such consequences, it became his duty to have a written order, and that without evidence of this kind, the railway authorities would not be justified in instructing the sheriff. The Home Office authorities at once saw the reasonableness of the request; a written paper was signed, the message sent, and the man was executed."

But, the tales are not all of a tragic cast. "One day, some accidents on the railway had created much uneasiness, and gave to every want of punctuality an alarming aspect. The officers of the station were heard to mutter their 'wonder where the down train was.' Eyes were stretched to their utmost, but no sign of the train. All at once, there was a loud tingle of the telegraph bell—sudden thoughts of a terrible collision crossed all minds—the officer of the station ran in, and took his place before the telegraph, with his back to the anxious passengers in waiting, who, stretching their necks across the counter, gazed with amazement at the mysterious needle. There was a moment's pause, when the officer turned round, and gravely said—'*They want a pound's worth of coppers at the —— station!*' There was a sudden laugh and a buzz, in the midst of which a shrill whistle announced the coming train."

The greater part of the despatches sent by this wonderful invention, in England relate, we believe, to occasions of disaster and surprise. During the prevalence of the cholera, for example, they related principally to sudden sickness and death. Its greater general use in America has lately been the subject of interesting discussion; but the immense distances at which persons engaged in commerce are often apart, in that country, and the time required for the despatch and receipt of the fleetest Post in such cases, afford an obvious reason for its use there which does not exist in this Island. On the question of cheapness, it must be remembered that both wood and land are greatly cheaper in the United States than in England, and that these important items in the cost of construction are necessarily low across the Atlantic. The question of the relative degrees of speed in the transmission of so many hundreds or thousands of words, can only be settled on very accurate evidence. We have a great regard for our Brother Jonathan, but we cannot forget that the virtue of patriotism (which he possesses in a very high degree) occasionally inclines him to statements on such points a little resembling the preliminary announcements of that famous American steam-ship which was to arrive in Liverpool the day before it left New York.

A COAL MINER'S EVIDENCE.

The common scene of action for our mortal enemy, Death, in all his manifold shapes, whether of deep grief, slow pain, sudden terror, or prolonged and gentle decay, is upon the open face and fabric of our mother earth; but every now and then we are startled by the intelligence of some dreadful loss of life, a loss even of numbers, from a blow dealt in the darkness of many hundred feet beneath the ground. The details of one of the last of these frightful events,—together with some previous accidents of a similar kind in South Staffordshire and North Durham, we are enabled to lay before our readers in the words of a miner, as related by himself. He was in the pit at the time of the recent explosion. We only omit such technical terms and local phraseology as would be unintelligible; the rest is all in his own language.

"I am a coal miner, as you see, and have been all my life. I was one o' them as had the providential escape from the Sloughton Colliery explosion, which all the newspapers, I'm told, are a-talking about just now. They may talk with good cause, but they don't know, and cannot know, what we suffered, in our minds more than our bodies,—we as survived to escape. I pray to my God night and day—and I am not much used to praying, neither—that I may never again go through such a scene as that night was. Many a man prayed then, who had never thought of it much since he was by his mother's knee.

"Now I shall tell you what happened to us then, as well as I can; for it was a dark and smoky business, you know, and not long a-doing, till we got walled up in the ruin; and also, if you please to hear me begin my life a bit, of some things of the same kind that have happened to me afore. These explosions are nothing new to me. I have been all my life a miner, man and boy, now these two-and-forty year: first at Bilston, and now here in Durham. I must tell you all

in my own way, from the beginning: only, as you write it down for me, just be so good as make it all clear grammar-like and spelling; for I'm no great hand at that.

"I went down in the pit when I was six year old. My father and mother passed me off as seven and a half; so they got my wages. I was employed in carrying picks [little short-handled pickaxes that hew down the coals] to be mended, and often carried three at a time. I got two and sixpence a week. When I was a few months older, I was put to keep a trap-door. At first they let me have a candle, but after a week they said I could sit just as well in the dark to attend to the trap. I sat in a little hole like a chimney-place, cut in the coal. Sat in this way twelve hours a day, all in the dark. Not so *werry* dull and lonesome as you'd suppose. A good deal of company coming and going all day. When the horse came with an empty basket and skip, he could open the door with a poke of his head; but when he came along with a load, I pulled it open by a string. *He* knowed all about it. I sat there with a string in my hand. For this work I had eightpence a day. Some time after I was moved to a trap, where I always had to pull the door open, for the horse and tram, empty or loaded, and then I got ten-pence a day. Besides the coming and going of the horses, and men and boys, trappers have other amusement, or perhaps they might get very sad, or go to sleep, as we often did, and get woke with a whip. This other amusement was often a cruel one. I was taught it by other boys. There were rats and mice in the pit, as came down in the oats and hay, and they lived by stealing the candles, horses' food, and the bait-bags of the men. I sometimes killed a rat with a large coal; but when I caught mice, I used to put the tails of three or four of them into a split stick, and then shake them together till they fought like mad. I always kept a bit of candle to see the sport by, sorry I am to own it, now I'm a man. There were also a great many jack-gnats, and wood-lice, and old forty-legs, and black clocks —long-legged black beetles with horns. I was often cruel to the jack-gnats when they blistered me, and I used to try and make the clocks fight, but they soon shammed dead, and the old forty-legs always ran away.

"After about a year and a half in this way, I was put to sweep the tram-road and clear the rail with a whisp of hay, and pick up coals off the road; and next they set me to walk with a candle before horses. The candles were short sixteens. I was eight year old now, and got three and sixpence a week, which I took home to my mother.

"Before I was nine years old I had a bad accident from an explosion. The wild-fire came rushing along a road, and knocked itself out against the opposite end just at the cross way, where I was coming, which saved my life; but some of it reached me, and I was scorched all over the breast and arms. I lay ill nine weeks. It was caused by a man opening the Davy lamp to prove to another that the gas about them was not so bad as he said. They had betted a pot of beer on it. These sorts of doings are common enough, even when you hear the gas *pit-pit-pitting* in little explosions as it gets through into the lamp. I once heard a man, one of the under-goers, who was on his way to remove a pillar, complain that his Davy did not show light enough; so, another man accompanied him with a lighted candle in his hand to help him see his work better. A dreadful explosion followed, a few minutes after, and nine men and two boys were killed. The two underneath, where the pillar was to be hewn away, were got out all black, like coke and cinder. If they hadn't been Christians, there was no call to bury them, as far as their bodies were consarned, poor fellows. Wrong too; for they caused the death of other poor fellows by their carelessness and folly.

"After my accident I did not go down again in the pit for six months. I warn't strong enough. I drove a 'gin' on the bank. [the 'gin' consists of a horse going in a circle, and working a wheel that winds up or lets down loads into the pit]. The work was not hard, except in cold or wet weather; but then I often stood in a hovel by a fire, and kept th' old horse going by pelting him with small bits of coal, to let him know I was there. I learnt to read at an evening-school at this time; and to write a little too. But I've forgotten both since.

"When I next went down into the pit I drew little waggons of coals, with a girdle and chain; this is called *harrying*. Hard work it was. The blisters were often as big as shillings and half-crown pieces. All full of water they were. And the blisters of one day were broken the next, and the girdle stuck to the wound. Sore work, I promise you; but I got one-and-sixpence a day for it, and, the last three months, two shillings.

"After this, I was hired as *foal* to my uncle, a young fellow of nineteen who was a *putter*. Those who push the little waggons of coals along the tram-roads are called 'putters;' and when a young boy helps an elder he is called his 'foal.' When two boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age push together, equally, they are called *half-marrows*. I was a foal for near a twelvemonth; and then a half-marrow, and got twelve-and-sixpence a-week. One day the butty (overseer) sent us to a part of the mine where we had never been before. There was fire-damp there, and it put out our candles, one after another, as fast as we lighted them. So we saw as it was not safe to try it on any longer, and we began to scramble our way back in the dark. Laughing we were a good deal. But we missed our way, and got into an old working as had been abandoned for years, and got quite lost. We wandered about here two whole days and nights afore we

found our way out, and were nigh starved to death.

"I was strong of my age, and the butty said I had some sense in me, and set me to to use the pick sooner than is usual. In general the miner does not use the pick, and become a *holer* or *undergoer* [those who go into holes and undermine masses of coal] till he is one-and-twenty. I was set to do this at nineteen, and earned four shillings a-day, and sometimes more. Got badly burnt once at this work. I was lying in a new working where the air was bad, and I was obliged to use a Davy lamp. I had bought a new watch at Tipton, and I wanted to see what o'clock it was by it—else, what was the use on it?—and as I couldn't tell by the Davy, I just lifted off the top—and *phew!* went the gas, and scorched my face all over, so that the skin all peeled off. It was shocking to see. I was laid up with this for two months—and sarv'd me right, I say now, but it was hard to bear at the time.

"As for accidents from the explosion of gas, I say there's no help for them, and never can be, so far as the men themselves are concerned. I have been oftentime very careless myself, as I've told you, and so are all miners, and always will be. You may cure the mine of gas, perhaps, but you'll never cure the men. Nor I don't well see how you're to cure the gas, at all times, neither. When a heading [the working at the end of an excavation] is made up a slant, the gas collects in the upper end, and to disturb this gas, as you must do, and distribute it, and drive it away, a'nt so safe and easy a matter, without a chance of a bit of an explosion or two. The worst time of all is when an up-hill heading is united to another heading, for then you're almost certain to have a rush down of the gas, and if there's an uncovered light in the way, you're sure of an explosion. Well—then, don't *have* a light in the way, on such occasions; make the juncture of the two headings in the dark. That's easy said; and so we're ordered, and so we ought to; but to get men to do it, that's the job. Besides, if it *was* all being done in the dark, a boy might come running that way with a lighted candle in his hand, a-singing 'Susannah'—and then where are you?

"You want to know if there's no authority, and no order down in the mines—nobody to walk about and prevent accident from carelessness? Well—there's the *butty*, as gives out the work; and there's the *doggy*, who is always a-walking about to see it done. But what's one man to miles and miles of darkness underground, with gas or bad air everywhere, and roof and walls always liable to fall in? The overlookers have enough to do to take care o' theirselves, at times. Some years ago—1838 about—at Tamworth—a butty coming to his work in the morning, walked right into the pit's mouth with two candles in his hand; and only t'other day, in one of our mines here, a doggy had his head blown off with the wild-fire.

"It doesn't come of drink, this carelessness of the miners; it's just in our natur not to care—that's all. We do drink and eat too, a good deal; but not in the mine. Our dinners there, are not much, except on particular days, when there is a feast: but when we come up from the pit, we have hot suppers at night in our cottages. The doctors say that a miner needs to eat near three times as much as a mechanic who sits at his work all day; and we do eat three times as much. We're not a drunken set o' people; only on Mondays there's a many drunk, and not very handsome-like on Tuesdays. We mostly lie in bed and sleep half Sundays. Some of us are tee-totallers—but a *verry, verry* few. The Marquis o' Hastings, who's a great coal-owner, once told a collier that he knew a miner who had never drank a quart of beer in all his life, put together, yet he had lived to the age of ninety. But the collier said, that if such a man without beer could live to be ninety,—if he had but ha' drunk a quart of ale a day, he'd have lived for ever!

"After I had been an under-goer three years, I had a large piece of coal fall upon me from the roof in one of the workings which broke my leg. My mother was dead, and I was not married at this time, because the girl I should ha' married, took up with somebody else; so I went to my sister to be nursed. She and her husband were going to live at Durham, and persuaded me, when I was well, to go along with them. I soon went down into the pit again, and used to earn five shillings a day. It was here that happened one of those very bad explosions I told you of when you first spoke to me about this last business. The one I now speak of was in the Willington Colliery.

"It was in the Bensham seam of this colliery that the explosion I am going to tell on took place. It took place on the 19th of April, 1841, at a little arter one P.M. The Bensham seam lies about a hundred and forty fathoms from the surface; the coal is over four feet in thickness in most parts, and the pit is good nine feet four wide from wall to wall. The coals are drawn up in iron cages; two tubs on each cage. The pit had been in work some time. We had advanced two hundred and eighty yards from the bottom of the shaft. Besides this, there were two north headways, each seven feet wide, which had advanced more than two hundred yards. Holings were made between each of the headways for air. We had an up-cast shaft, called the Edward Pit, by which the air ascended to the surface, after ventilating all the workings. The current of air, you understand, descended by another shaft, as was called the Bigge Pit. One current went one way; another current another. There was pains enough taken to give us enough wholesome air.

"It was at the west the explosion took place. I was at work with another man and a boy, near five hundred yards, reckoning ins and outs, east of the shaft. A sudden rush of wind and dust came past us. It put out our candles. We knew directly there had been an explosion somewhere, and we ran along in the dark as fast as we could. We fell down several times, tumbling over stones and large pieces of coal or timber that had been shaken and blown out. When we got to the foot of the shaft, we found the iron cage stuck fast, all jammed with the explosion; but we made the signal, and another cage was lowered to us, into which we jumped, before it reached the bottom, by scrambling up the sides of the shaft. When we got to the bank, and had taken our breath a bit, we saw the chief viewer of the pit come running to us with his Davy lamp. We each took a Davy, and went down the pit, to see who we could help. We knew there had been sad work among them. When we got down to the bottom of the shaft, we soon heard moans and groans. They were two lads, still alive. We got them hoisted up in the cage to the bank; but they lived a very little while. Soon after, we found two more quite dead, shockingly burnt. We had not gone much further when we found there had been a great fall of the roofing; and among the loose coals and stones, and timbers we found a horse and a pony, all mangled and singed. We now met the after-damp, and were thinking of returning, when a groan made us go forward, and we brought out the body of a young man alive, but in such a state, he couldn't be recognised. We now found that the doors of the trappers in several places had been blown out, and consequently the air currents had ceased to ventilate all the west and north workings, so that those who were there, and had escaped the explosion, would be likely to lose their lives by the after-damp.

"A strange smell of burning now made us know that some other sort of fire was at work, and as we ran in the direction it smelt like burning straw, which told us it was the stables as had taken fire. And sure enough, there they were all in thick yellow smoke and red flames. The horses were prancing wild about, and one, who was blind, got out, and tore away, and killed himself by running agen a wall. We all saw death before us, if we couldn't master this fire; because if it communicated with the workings in the west and north, where the bad gas was, there would be another blow-up worse than the first. Mr. Johnson, the viewer, acted like a man. We all gave our minds to the work, and succeeded in stopping out, with wood and wet clay plaster, the entrances to these workings. Fire engines were then got down, and we continued to pump at the stables, and at the walls of coal which had took fire on each side, and after we had drenched them with water, for several hours, the fire was put out. It took thirteen hours and more to do this.

"The main currents of air were restored as usual, and we then continued our search for those who had suffered by the explosion. We found Robert Campbell and another man crushed and buried under a fall of stone, and William Coxon, and Thomas Wood, and Joseph Johnson, all dead, but not burnt. It seemed as if they had got to this place, and then been suffocated and poisoned by the after-damp. Johnson had the top of a linen cap forced into his mouth, to keep out the poison—but that was no use. A little further on, we found two more men, and near them three little boys —trappers they were—all burnt horrid. Some distance beyond, Thomas Bainbridge, James Liddel, and William Bower, together with two, if not three, more boys, who had been blown a long way, and also Robert Pearson and Richard Cooper, both very little boys—trappers. Up by the north heading we found the body of John Reed, the deputy who had charge of the pit, and also five others, some burnt, some mangled.

"The cause of this explosion, which cost all these lives, was traced, on examination of all signs and appearances, to the trapper boys, Robert Pearson and Richard Cooper. Cooper's body was found away from his own trap, and lying close beside that of Pearson, where we saw reasons for knowing he could not have been blown by the explosion; and all on us come to the conclusion that he had left his own trap-door open, and gone to play with Pearson. The proper course of the ventilation was thus destroyed, and when George Campbell, whose body was found near, went there with his candle, to fill coals, the gas that had accumulated while the boys were at play instantly exploded.

"You are surprised that children should have charge of these air-doors, on which the safety of the whole mine chiefly depends; but it has always been so. They are often trappers at six years of age. I was myself. Seven and eight are the most common ages; sometimes nine. In course the Queen's Ministers don't know anything about these underground matters. Some gentlemen were sent to look after us, about eight years ago. They said the Queen sent 'em; and they came down among us in the pits, and about on the bank; but I suppose they kept what they found to themselves.* For here we are with our little trapper boys, and our explosions, and our burnt and mangled men, just as we have always been. It's a hard life, any way; but to be killed slap off, is worst of all.

"Now, as to the dreadful explosion and loss of life that happened at Sloughton, I thought I could tell you all about it, in some sort o' order; but directly I begin to think about it, so many things come at once that

* Far from it. See Report and Evidence of the Children's Employment Commission; and, in especial, those of Dr. Mitchell and Mr Leifchild.

it 's not easy to think at all, or know what to say first. The overman had been out late on Sunday night. He went to the pit at two in the morning to see that all was safe. At three we all came to work, and a hundred and fifty of us, men and boys, went down. One of the workings was new opened, after being closed thirteen years. A dangerous place o' course. One o' the undergoers was sent in to remove the first pillar. I went to work with others at a good distance. We were at it about two hours, and then all of a sudden a rush of wind and coal dust cut by us, taking out all the candles, and there was a rumbling noise. We knew very well what it meant, and we all ran towards the shaft. As we ran we came upon others in the dark, and others came rushing out upon us from the side workings, and all of us together ran in a crowd and crush along the dark ways, in the direction of the shaft, and presently we found those who were foremost had fallen, and we got a sudden giddiness and gasping, so we knew we had met the choke-damp. It 's a deathly, sleepy sickness you feel, and sinking at the knees, only you 're sure it 's not the breath of sleep you 're a-feeling, but you 're breathing death. I called to those a-head to stop, and so did others near me, but many of them would go on, and down they went, one after the other. We felt the bad air couldn't be passed through, and we hurried backward in a worse disorder, if that 's possible, than we had come on ; and at last we all stopt in a scrambling crowd in a place where we found the air could be breathed. Here we remained. What a time it was, good Lord of Heaven ! At first the elder ones of us tried to keep some order, and quiet the rest by telling them, as we know'd those on the bank, and plenty of others would be sure to know what had happened, and they 'd soon come to help us. They would attend to this for a little, but soon they began to get wild and desperate, and sô they went on crying out, and shouting like mad, ending with a scream, until they were tired out. All this time many were down on their knees praying, and some lying about with their faces hid on the ground, and all of us expecting every minute another explosion, or else the advance of the after-damp would bring us certain destruction. And here we remained, hemmed round by the walls and by the after-damp, which we could no more get through than through the walls theirselves — hour after hour; every minute of which was a long torment of all sorts of things in ourselves, and in all those about us. I gave myself up for lost after the first hour—then I took hope a little ; but after more time had gone, I gave up hoping, and was as bad as the rest. Still as more time went on, I began to pick up a bit. I knowed our friends would help us if they could. Ay, but *could* they ?—*that* was the chance. And then again I fell into despair, and crouched down, and covered my face and head with my hands, and sat there a trying to pray, and make my last peace with God, amidst all manner of cries and loud praying, and miseries of despair and madness of those huddling in the darkness all round me. Sometimes they got a little silent and solemn-like, and listened to the voice of one man who had never ceased to pray aloud all along ; but presently somebody called out his wife's name—two or three cried out on their children, their mothers, the girls they were to be married to—and in a moment all again was wild cries and rushing about in the dark.

"You know how we were saved. A great part of the roofing had fallen with the explosion, and this had shut off the fire from us, and the advance of the after-damp. Our friends made their way through the ruin—got fresh air in to us, and helped us out. Some died from exhaustion when they reached the bank ; but most of us recovered, to thank God again and again in the arms of our wives and relations, who were all standing in crowds to receive us. They had come from all parts round about. The bank was like a fair, only a different sort of merriness, and many had no cause. The grief of some was a sad sight for any man. Five-and-twenty had been killed ; some crushed, some burnt to a black cinder, so that they couldn't be told ; some torn all in pieces, their limbs being found in different places, and the head of Anderson flung into a horse-tub—and the rest damped to death.

"We think the explosion was caused by the gas from the old working, now opened after being closed thirteen years. Some noise made the undergoer go to this place, and instead of taking his Davy lamp, he ran there with a lighted candle in his hand. He, and the man who was at work there, we found near each other all black and mutilated. He was a mere body of cinder, and was only known by a little book in his pocket, as escaped. The Queen's gentlemen, when they came down here among us, said they could mend these things ; but they hav'nt, you see. We think the Queen was'nt told."

An effectual remedy for these horrible accidents is indeed most difficult to devise. For even if the Government instituted a system of police inspection, it would require one officer, at least, to be constantly perambulating the dark roads and by-ways of every mine ; and still, as the miner, whose evidence we have just read, very truly says, an explosion might be caused by a moment's carelessness at one end of a mine, while the "authority" was at the other.

To us there appears no other chance of a remedy so good as this :—First, most stringent laws as to the proper ventilation of mines : Secondly, a system of Government inspection, extending to that of frequent visits by day

and night, at times not known to the masters or miners: and, Thirdly, a regular system of registration of all accidents that occur in mines, especially as regards defective machinery and the explosion of gases.

This system of registration has been put in operation with respect to the Factories, with very good effect. No child can receive an injury, which disables it from work for a fortnight, without a report of the same, under penalty of a heavy fine on the mill-owner, being sent to the Inspector of the District. The publicity caused by this has brought the question so continually into notice that the force of *public opinion* has operated most beneficially in reducing the number of accidents.

If then, a system of inspections and registration has been found necessary with regard to works above ground, where the difficulty of concealment must be so great, how much more necessary is it in works conducted hundreds of feet or fathoms under ground, where almost any recklessness or gross abuse may be committed with impunity, because unknown, and where none of its wrong doings come to light except with these terrific explosions and waste of industrious human lives?

THE MARTYRS OF CHANCERY.

In Lambeth Marsh stands a building better known than honoured. The wealthy merchant knows it as the place where an unfortunate friend, who made that ruinous speculation during the recent sugar-panic, is now a denizen: the man-about-town knows it as a spot to which several of his friends have been driven, at full gallop, by fleet race horses and dear dog-carts: the lawyer knows it as the "last scene of all," the catastrophe of a large proportion of law-suits: the father knows it as a bugbear wherewith to warn his scapegrace spendthrift son; but the uncle knows it better as the place whence nephews date protestations of reform and piteous appeals, "this once," for bail. Few, indeed, are there who has not heard of the Queen's Prison, or, as it is more briefly and emphatically termed, "The Bench?"

Awful sound! What visions of folly and roguery, of sloth and seediness, of ruin and recklessness, are conjured up to the imagination in these two words! It is the "Hades" of commerce—the "Inferno" of fortune. Within its grim walls—surmounted by a chevaux de frise, classically termed "Lord Ellenborough's teeth"—dwell at this moment members of almost every class of society. Debt—the grim incubus riding on the shoulders of his victim, like the hideous old man in the Eastern fable—has here his captives safely under lock and key, and within fifty-feet walls. The church, the army, the navy, the bar, the press, the turf, the trade of England, have each and all their representatives in this "house." Every grade, from the ruined man of fortune to the petty tradesman who has been undone by giving credit to others still poorer than himself, sends its members to this Bankrupts' Parliament.

Nineteen-twentieths in this Royal House of Detention owe their misfortunes directly or indirectly to themselves; and, for them, every free and prosperous man has his cut and dry moral, or scrap of pity, or screed of advice; but there is a proportion of prisoners—happily a small one—within those huge brick boundaries, who have committed no crime, broken no law, infringed no commandment. They are the victims of a system which has been bequeathed to us from the dark days of the "Star Chambers," and "Courts of High Commission"—we mean the Martyrs of Chancery.

These unhappy persons were formerly confined in the Fleet Prison, but on the demolition of that edifice, were transferred to the Queen's Bench. Unlike prisoners of any other denomination, they are frequently ignorant of the cause of their imprisonment, and more frequently still, are unable to obtain their liberation by any acts or concessions of their own. There is no act of which they are permitted to take the benefit; no door left open for them in the Court of Bankruptcy. A Chancery prisoner is, in fact, a far more hopeless mortal than a convict sentenced to transportation; for the latter knows that, at the expiration of a certain period, he will, in any event, be a free man. The Chancery prisoner has no such certainty; he may, and he frequently does, waste a lifetime in the walls of a gaol, whither he was sent in innocence; because, perchance, he had the ill-luck to be one of the next of kin of some testator who made a will which no one could comprehend, or the heir of some intestate who made none. Any other party interested in the estate commences a Chancery suit, which he must defend or be committed to prison for "contempt." A prison is his portion, whatever he does; for, if he answers the bill filed against him, and cannot pay the costs, he is also clapped in gaol for "contempt." Thus, what in ordinary life is but an irrepressible expression of opinion or a small discourtesy, is, "in Equity," a high crime punishable with imprisonment—sometimes perpetual. Whoever is pronounced guilty of contempt in a Chancery sense is taken from his family, his profession, or his trade (perhaps his sole means of livelihood), and consigned to a gaol where he must starve, or live on a miserable pittance of three shillings and sixpence a week charitably doled out to him from the county rate.

Disobedience of an order of the Court of Chancery—though that order may command you to pay more money than you ever had, or to hand over property which is not yours and was never in your possession—is contempt of court. No matter how great soever your natural reverence for the time-honoured insti-

tutions of your native land: no matter, though you regard the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain as the most wonderful man upon earth, and his court as the purest fount of Justice, where she sits weighing out justice with a pair of Oertling's balances, you may yet be pronounced to have been guilty of "contempt." For this there is no pardon. You are in the catalogue of the doomed, and are doomed accordingly.

A popular fallacy spreads a notion that no one need "go into Chancery" unless he pleases. Nothing but an utter and happy innocence of the bitter irony of "Equity" proceedings keeps such an idea current. Men have been imprisoned for many years, some for a lifetime, on account of Chancery proceedings of the very existence of which they were almost in ignorance before they "somehow or other were found in contempt."

See yonder slatternly old man in threadbare garments, with pinched features telling of long years of anxiety and privation, and want. He has a weak starved voice that sounds as though years of privation have shrunk it as much as his hollow cheeks. He always looks cold, and (God help him) feels so too; for Liebig tells us that no quantity of clothing will repel cold without the aid of plenty of food—and little of that passes his lips. His eye has an unquiet, timid, half-frightened look, as if he could not look you straight in the face for lack of energy. His step is a hurried shuffle, though he seldom leaves his room; and when he does, he stares at the racket-players as if they were beings of a different race from himself. No one ever sees his hands: they are plunged desperately into his pockets, which never contain anything else. He is like a dried fruit, exhausted, shrunken, and flung aside by the whole world. He is a man without hope—a Chancery prisoner! He has lived in a gaol for twenty-eight weary years! His history has many parallels. It is this:—

It was his misfortune to have an uncle, who died leaving him his residuary legatee. The uncle, like most men who make their own wills, forgot an essential part of it—he named no executor. Our poor friend administered, and all parties interested received their dues—he, last of all, taking but a small sum. It was his only fortune, and having received it he looked about for an investment. There were no railways in those days, or he might have speculated in the Diddlesex Junction. But there were Brazilian Mining Companies, and South Sea Fishing Companies, and various other companies, comprehensively termed "Bubble." Our friend thought these companies were not safe, and he was quite right in his supposition. So he determined to intrust his money to no bubble speculation; but to invest it in Spanish Bonds. After all, our poor friend had better have tried the Brazilian Mines; for the Bonds proved worth very little more than the paper on which they were written. His most Catholic Majesty did not repudiate (like certain transatlantic States) but buttoned up his pockets and told his creditors he had "no money."

Some five years after our friend was startled by being requested to come up to Doctors' Commons, and tell the worthy Civilians there all about his uncle's will—which one of the legatees, after receiving all he was entitled to under it and probably spending the money—suddenly took it into his head to dispute the validity of. Meanwhile the Court of Chancery also stepped in, and ordered him (pending the ecclesiastical suit) to pay over into court "that little trifle" he had received. What could the poor man do? His Catholic Majesty had got the money—he, the legatee, had not a farthing of it, nor of any other money whatsoever. He was in contempt! An officer tapped him on the shoulder, displayed a little piece of parchment, and he found that he was the victim of an unfortunate "attachment." He was walked to the Fleet Prison, where, and in the Queen's Prison, he has remained ever since—a period of twenty-eight years! Yet no less a personage than a Lord Chancellor has pronounced his opinion that the will, after all, was a good and valid will; though the little family party of Doctors' Commons thought otherwise.

There is another miserable-looking object yonder—greasy, dirty, and slovenly. He, too, is a Chancery prisoner. He has been so for twenty years. Why, he has not the slightest idea. He can only tell you that he was found out to be one of the relations of some one who had left "a good bit of money." The lawyers "put the will into Chancery; and at last I was ordered to do something or other, I can't recollect what, which I was also told I couldn't do nohow if I would. So they said I was in contempt, and they took and put me into the Fleet. It's a matter of twenty years I have been in prison: of course I'd like to get out, but I'm told there's no way of doing it anyhow." He is an artisan, and works at his trade in the prison, by which he gains just enough to keep him, without coming upon the county rate.

In that room over the chapel is the infirmary. There was a death lately. The deceased was an old man of sixty-eight, and nearly blind: he had not been many years in prison, but the confinement, and the anxiety, and the separation from his family, had preyed upon his mind and body. He was half-starved, too; for after being used to all the comforts of life, he had to live in gaol on sixpence a day. Yet there was one thousand pounds in the hands of the Accountant-General of the Court of Chancery, which was justly due to him. He was in contempt for not paying some three hundred pounds. But Death purged his contempt, and a decree was afterwards made for paying over the one thousand pounds to his personal representa-

tives; yet himself had died, for want of a twentieth part of it, of slow starvation!

It must not, however, be supposed that Chancery never releases its victims. We must be just to the laws of "Equity." There is actually a man now in London whom they have positively let out of prison! They had, however, prolonged his agonies during seventeen years. He was committed for contempt in not paying certain costs, as he had been ordered. He appealed from the order; but until his appeal was heard, he had to remain in durance vile. The Court of Chancery, like all dignified bodies, is never in a hurry; and therefore, from having no great influence, and a very small stock of money to forward his interest, the poor man could only get his cause finally heard and decided on in December, 1849—seventeen years from the date of his imprisonment. And, after all, the Court decided that the original order was wrong; so that he had been committed for seventeen years *by mistake!*

How familiar to him must have been the face of that poor, tottering man, creeping along to rest on the bench under the wall yonder. He is very old, but not so old as he looks. He is a poor prisoner and another victim to Chancery. He has long ago forgotten, if he ever knew, the particulars of his own case, or the order which sent him to a jail. He can tell you more of the history of this gloomy place and its defunct brother, the Fleet, than any other man. He will relate you stories of the "palmy days" of the Fleet, when great and renowned men were frequently its denizens; when soldiers and sailors, authors and actors, whose names even then filled England with their renown, were prisoners within its walls; when whistling shops flourished and turnkeys were smugglers; when lodgings in the prison were dearer than rooms at the west-end of the town; and when a young man was not considered to have finished his education until he had spent a month or two in the Bench or the Fleet. He knows nothing of the world outside—it is dead to him. Relations and friends have long ceased to think of him, or perhaps even to know of his existence. His thoughts range not beyond the high walls which surround him, and probably if he had but a little better supply of food and clothing, he might almost be considered a happy man. But it is the happiness of apathy, not of the intelligence and the affections—the painless condition of a trance, rather than the joyous feeling which has hope for its bright-eyed minister. What has *he* to do with hope? He has been thirty-eight years a Chancery prisoner. He is another out of twenty-four, still prisoners here, more than half of whom have been prisoners for above ten years, and not one of whom has any hope of release! A few have done something fraudulent in "contempt" of all law and equity; but is not even *their* punishment greater than their crime?

Let us turn away. Surely we have seen enough, though many other sad tales may be told, rivalling the horrors of Speilberg and French Lettres-de-cachet.

THE OUTCAST LADY.

The Lady sate at the castle gate,
  Her face was wan and wild,
And "Oh," she said, "that I were dead,
  But for ye, my bonnie wee child."

The night grew late, still there she sate,
  Biding the winter storm;
The morning came, and still the same,
  Sate there the muffled form.

With stately show, but sad and slow,
  They threw the portals wide,
And a little bier was drawing near,
  Borne with a mournful pride.

"Why sit ye there?" cried they who bare,
  "This is nae place for you,
Gae seek a name to hide your shame,
  And make nae mair ado."

She spake nae word, she never stirred,
  They plucked her cloak away—
From her face so wan, was the wildness gone,
  And there Death softly lay.

A CAPE COAST CARGO.

"Now then," said Jack Ayres, "we'll go and look for a ship." Accordingly, turning out of our boarding-house in Maddison Street, New York, we bent our steps towards the Shipping Master's Office, on the quay.

We were walking along the quay, under the jib booms of the large ships, that thrust their ends almost into the warehouse windows, when Jack suddenly stopped, as if he had forgotten something, and exclaimed, "Have you got your protection?"

"No," I answered, "nor do I exactly know how to get one. I have only been an American a month."

"Oh, that's nothing," cried Jack, "come along with me;" and he hurried me off to the Custom House. Jack stated at the proper department what I wanted, and in five minutes I had a document, stating I was born at New Bedford, Massachusetts, giving a concise and flattering description of my person, and entitling me to the rights and privileges of a free-born American—all for one dollar.

"And very cheap, too, for such a tremendous 'buster'!" said Jack.

"It's very shocking," I remarked; though I am afraid that I seized and pocketed the document without any repugnance whatever.

"Them sort don't count nothing, you know," said Jack, "afore a stranger—but here we are!"

The Shipping Office was a small room, containing a large counter, that extended quite across it. Behind this stood the Shipping Master, a keen-looking man, with more of a Jewish than American cast of countenance. Before it were a group of sailors dressed in

every style, from the long-tailed swinger and watch and chain of the better sort, down to the red or blue flannel shirt and sheath-knife of the regular Yankee Tar. A list of ships wanting hands hung on the wall. A sheet of paper, with a printed heading, was stretched on the counter as we entered, on which the Shipping Master was writing, vociferating at the same time, "Now then, who's the next? Here you are—John Brown—touch the pen—down with your mark. All right, John Brown; pass on. Next? Silas Jones, eh? Well, Silas, that's the place for *your* fist, I guess. Good again. You're the last, Silas. No more for the Rainbow," he cried, closing the articles, and turning to another sheet. "Now for the 'Lucy Anne.'"

"Where do *you* want to go to, my men?" added he, turning to Jack and I.

"Oh, we're not very nice," replied Jack, "anything in the small way. None of your tea-waggons for my money."

"Well, then, my lads, here's just the thing for you," rejoined the Shipping Master; "smart brig—good skipper—only wants two hands. Sails to-morrow for the South coast of Africa. A tarnation nice trip."

"What do you say—will this do?" said Jack.

"Just as you like," replied I.

"Then here goes!" cried Jack, and in another minute his mark and my signature were attached to an agreement between us and a certain John Curson pledging us to do his behests during a voyage to Ambriz and back, for the consideration of sixteen dollars, each of us, per month. Our month's advance pay was handed to us, and the next day saw us domiciled in the dimly-lighted, half-oval-shaped den—the furniture of which consisted of eight bunks—which was called the "Fok'stle," and was to be our home for some time. The crew consisted of four besides Jack and myself; a Maltese, a Portuguese, and two Americans. It was difficult to say what countryman the "old man" was, or what sort of a person he was, for captains do not generally "show out" at first, particularly if they have any teeth to show. As far as living went (and that very naturally makes a sensible impression on one's feelings), there could be no fault found with the "Lucy Anne." The crew stinted in nothing; so that when, the next day, we ran out with a fair wind past Sandy Hook and its lighthouses, it was with every apparent chance of a pleasant voyage.

Our passage across the Atlantic was accomplished without anything out of the usual routine of sea-life to disturb us. We had the average amount of fresh breezes, squalls, and variables, before we took the SE. trades, together with a proportionate number of disturbed "Watches below," and reefing matches in consequence; though, on the whole, we had nothing to complain of in that respect.

Everything went on smoothly, and the captain and his mate, who was a foreigner, seemed on particularly good terms. We had now arrived within a hundred miles of the coast, and had exchanged the regular fresh trade winds for sultry calms, and the first faint indication of land and sea breezes; the latter helped us on, and the next morning we could just discern the remarkable high land, shaped like a saddle, that rises behind Ambriz. As we neared the coast, but before we could make it out at all distinctly, we could discern a column of white smoke in the far distance, to the northward, rising over the dim haze that outlined indistinctly against the sky, where the land was; this was soon followed by a similar one nearer to us, and then another,

"And soon a score of fires I ween
From height, and hill, and cliff were seen;"

rising from the dim mist over the land at regular intervals, and extending along the line of coast to the southward as far as we could see; and visible to any vessel miles farther at sea than we were.

Jack and I had few opportunities of conversing on the passage, being in different watches. The hands were now on deck, and as the brig, running in before the wind, rapidly neared her destination, we were standing on the forecastle watching the progress of the fires.

"What in the world do they mean?" I asked.

"Oh! I suppose there's some cruizer in sight to the nor'ard, and they're a signalling any slaver from shore not to come too near."

"That's a capital dodge—why they can see them before they make the land—"

"'Course they can," replied Jack, "and the Brazilians as is regularly fitted, lays off and on till there's a slant o' wind and the coast's clear, then pops in and ships her poor devils of darkies, and is off again with the land breeze, before you can say 'Knife!'"

"You're right, Jack," I exclaimed. "See there—to the north; isn't that smoke? that dark, black streak, I mean."

"O'course it is—that's a British steamer's smoke—a regular blockader I pound it. She's running down the coast, and they're a lighting her along."

"Cus 'em," muttered the "old man" who was standing near us, "we shall have that fellow boarding us every day, I suppose."

In the mean time the brig had neared the anchorage, and we could see plainly the line of trees, behind which a cluster of barn-like factories, with their respective flag-staffs, peeped out upon the top of a bluff, red-coloured cliff. To the left, the coast was low with a heavy line of surf breaking, and on the bar, stretching from the bluff in the same direction, the long heavy swell sometimes capped and broke with a growling roar; inside of this, and sheltered by it, was the landing-place.

Before the brig's anchor was well down, a

man-of-war's boat came alongside. The papers were looked at and proved to be regular. As the officer of the boat was going, the old man said—

"Any of Uncle Sam's beauties about here, Capt'en?"

"The 'Perry' was here a week ago—She's gone on the north coast."

"She is—is she—" said the old man, unable to conceal a smile of satisfaction. The officer observed it.

"Ah!" said he, "I should like to be able to look down those hatchways of yours—there's a very good general cargo, I expect."

"Ha, ha, Capt'n," chuckled the skipper, "it won't do that, at any price—I guess you'd better take a good long look up at *that*," and he pointed to the stars and stripes at the brig's peak "before you think about lifting my hatches."

"More's the pity," rejoined the officer, descending into the boat, and shoving off; "it screens many a slaving scoundrel, and its pattern is cut deep enough in many a slave's back."

"And will be, too, I guess," muttered the "old man," turning away, "spite of all John Bull can do."

"Darned if I don't think this old man's up to something," said Jack to me, in a low tone.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, what made him so partic'ler as to where a Yankee man-of-war was? However, keep dark; we shall soon see how the wind sets."

The next day the skipper went on shore to one of the factories, and we saw little or nothing of him; so we commenced discharging our cargo. It consisted of those articles that are used in trading, either for the legal coast exports of gold-dust, gum, ivory, or the more valuable black, live commodity; we had powder, and gun-flints, and bales of trade-cloth and trinkets, knives and beads enough for a miniature Great Exhibition. We had no time to look about us much while at work, but we saw occasionally the white canvas of the man-o'-war steamer, dodging on and off the port, under sail. Her boat did not trouble us either by boarding us, though we caught a glimpse of her every now and then some miles down to the southward.

In a few days the hold appeared about half empty, and with the first boat that went ashore with cargo I was sent to take a letter from the mate up to the "old man," who was at the Portuguese factory. The path from the landing-place up the back of the bluff headland was a perpendicularly steep, beaten track, up and down which the great people of the place were carried in net hammocks slung on a pole, on the shoulders of their slaves or servants. The path was bordered with bush, and here and there patches of cultivation for rearing "cassada." On the brow of the hill we saw the factories between the trees, and had a long look out both seaward and inland. The "old man" was seated with three or four other men, dressed in the lazy, light style generally adopted on the coast, drinking the usual beverage, bottled beer, and smoking and conversing earnestly. They ceased talking as I entered.

"Well, my man. Is the brig's hold clean swept yet?" said he.

"No, Sir; the cargo is only about half out."

"Half out is it, eh?" said he, opening the note. "Go and cruize about the place, and come back here by-and-bye for an answer." Of course I cleared out; and as I left the place, I heard him add to the others, "We shall be ready by sunset."

"What does he mean?" thought I to myself, as I strolled along without any idea where I was going. "The brig won't be unloaded by that time; perhaps he's going to take a cargo of slaves on the top of all; there's something in the wind. I'll be shot if I have anything to do with it, though."

I had by this time strolled some distance from the factories, and found myself on an open space near a long wooden one-story building, surrounded by a high wood fence that enclosed a considerable space of ground around it. Suddenly, there arose from this place the most piercing yells and howls conceivable; then stifled shrieks and moans, and a low hum, as if there were many people there. Horrified by these cries, I turned into the enclosure. What a scene was there! Hundreds of wretched slaves, worn, emaciated; crouched in every attitude that misery, in its deepest anguish, could suggest. In one corner of the yard there were two men—black men, too—heating brands at a fire they had made there, and searing the living flesh on the legs and arms of the miserables, while others held them in turn, and stifled their heart-rending cries and screams of pain. My first impulse was to rush to the rescue of the unhappy one then undergoing the horrible atrocity, but before I was half-way across the slave-yard, the conviction of the utter uselessness of such a proceeding came upon me, and turning sick and faint, I stopped my ears with my fingers, and retraced my steps. The whole was so inconceivably horrible I could scarcely realise it. The cries and howls of agony still rung in my ears as I walked, and I could see the slave again writhing under the hissing iron, struggling with the brutal ruffians who held him, and crawling in agony on the ground as he was flung there, with that fearful mark upon him, burning into his very nerves.

"Why, I reckon you've been scared, young feller!" exclaimed a tall Yankee in a broad-brimmed straw hat, whom I recognised as one of the agents at the American factory for some American house. I was silent; I *had* been too much scared to speak.

Presently I learned from him what I had previously suspected; but could hardly be-

lieve that I was one of the crew of a regular slaver.

"But," I remarked, "the brig's not half discharged."

"Don't you believe it," said he. "There ain't much in her now, I guess, besides water for the passage. Your old man's made rather a good thing, I reckon; for they've let him take the lot up there a bargain. You see they're getting short of grub. They've been on short allowance this last week, and there ain't above another day or two's left, so they're glad to take a little less than usual for 'em. But prices ain't bad nohow. The cruisers keep the trade brisk enough. The more the merrier—though they starve a few occasionally."

As I walked towards the place I had been ordered to call for the letter, I turned over in my mind what was best to be done. That I would not go in the "Lucy Anne" and be a witness, if not compelled to be an actor in cruelties perhaps almost as bad as those I had witnessed, I was determined, come what might. My duty I felt to be to expose her real character to a man-of-war. But how was I to get away, and what chance was there of falling in in time—should I escape clear—with her or her boats? These things presented themselves in a very unsatisfactory light, as I revolved them in my mind; so at last I came to the determination of taking a straightforward course, and telling the "old man" I didn't wish to join him, and request my discharge at once. With this idea I hurried into the factory to tell the "old man" my mind. To my disappointent he had gone on board, leaving orders for me to follow, which I did, regretting all the way that I had not seen him when I felt worked up into good trim for a row with him, had such a thing occurred. The moment I got on board I rushed off to Jack Ayres, and detailed all that occurred, second thoughts having suggested taking his advice.

"Well, what are you going to do?" said Jack.

"Ask for my discharge."

"Absurd! If you go ashore here, you'll be murdered in no time. But, if you *will* bolt, wait till they begin to ship, and then pop off in a Kabenda boat, or a canoes, to the man-o'-war. But I don't see why you're so 'nation squeamish about the niggers. A couple of hundred dollars or so, don't often come amiss."

"Oh, Jack, if you'd only seen what I have seen"—

"Well, 'vast a bit. Let's hear what the 'old man' has to say," said Jack, for the skipper had just emerged from below, and sung out to the mate to send everybody aft.

"Now my men," said he, when we had all mustered round him. "I'm a going to ship a cargo of slaves at sunset; if you like to share, you'll have two hundred dollars apiece—if you don't, you may go ashore, or to blazes, if you like"—.

None of the crew answered: they were regularly taken aback at this unexpected announcement.

"I'll give you an hour to consider, all of you. But look out! if there's any double shuffling with me, or any one goes near those signal halliards, and attempts to lower that flag, I'll shoot him."

The men stood silent, and looked in each other's faces, as if to read what course each should adopt; still no one spoke.

"There—that'll do now; go for'ard and make your minds up."

"I, for one, Captain Carson, will never—"

"Hush! Hush!"—cried Jack, seizing me by the arm, and hawling me along with the rest.

"Go for'ard, Sir," added the skipper, turning away; and the next minute we were all in the fok'stle discussing the matter. The whole of the crew decided in favour of the "old man's" offer.

"I tell you, Jack, I'll have nothing to do with it," was my answer to Jack's entreaties "not to be a fool." "Well, if you won't, you won't," he continued; "at all events, you needn't say so, but wait till it's dark and get away; for if you go ashore to-day you'll be as dead to-morrow as a dried herring."

"But do come with me, Jack."

"Why you see, old fellow, I'm poor, and can't afford to throw away a couple of hundred dollars for the chance of more kicks than halfpence, in a man-o'-war."

"So be it, then. Every man for himself."

The Captain was told the crew were all willing to accept his offer—much to his satisfaction; and, much to mine, I saw, in the afternoon, the man-o'-war steamer standing in for the land, some distance to the northward, so I took an opportunity of making up in a bundle a selection of best things from my sailor's kit.

The last boat load of the cargo from the States had been despatched, and the "Lucy Anne's" hold now showed a tier of large water-casks, ready filled, which had hitherto been hidden by the cargo. A portion of the hold was stowed too with farina, jerked beef, and rice; and, when a few planks were laid upon the casks and covered with matting, and the large coppers for cooking placed, she was as regularly fitted a slaver below as ever was seen upon the coast; while on deck, her hatches on, and her colours flying, she defied any cruizer's scrutiny, even were one signalled to, unless at the risk of infringing the boasted impunity from search of the flag she wore.

Directly it was dark, the work commenced in earnest; crowds of boats of all kinds—launches, canoes, Kabenda-boats—all loaded to the water's edge with their living cargo, crowded alongside. Hundreds of the unfortunate beings, some of whom were still suf-

fering horribly from the undressed sores that the morning's work had given them, filed in succession on the deck, and were as quickly driven down below. During the bustle I took my bundle in my mouth, seized an unobserved moment, and slipped down the cable into a Kabenda-boat, passing close by, that I had beckoned to. Down in the bottom of the boat I threw myself, and we shoved off, and pulled away. As we did so the Captain just caught a glimpse of us, and roared out, with an oath, to the boat to stop—

"Come back, or I 'll fire at you!"

"Don't mind him. Pull, pull—give way—do, do pull!"—cried I, trembling with excitement. The boat sprung a-head into the gloom as a bullet splashed into the water, passing not a foot from the steersman's head. Now then, sails and oars—let her go. Hark they are lowering a boat to chase us. No, they can't spare time! I listened, with held breath, to the noise of shouting, and oaths; the sounds of bustle and confusion died gradually away—I was safe!

I had to bribe the Kabenda boatmen with all the money in my possession to induce them, after an hour's pulling, to continue the search for the man-of-war, or her boat, as I felt that now my only chance. They had seen her, as I had, last, at sunset, standing in—she must have fetched in somewhere where we now were, and had stood off the land again, perhaps for a short tack, perhaps for all night. Praying that the former was the case, I, at last, persuaded the Kabenda men to put the boat's head off shore and stand out in the hope of meeting her. Another hour passed and still no signs. The land wind freshened, the water rippled and broke at the boat's bows as she increased her speed, and the Kabenda men began to exclaim, that it was hopeless. I sat with outstretched neck straining my eyes to look through the darkness. We were about to give it up for the night in despair, when I heard a faint rushing noise over the water.

"'Tis porpoises!" said the steersman. "No—the sound is too regular for that;" and in a few minutes we could distinctly make out the regular beating of the paddle-wheels of a steamer, and her rushing noise through the water.

In five minutes I was on board, and had hastily explained everything to the officer of the watch. The captain was called—steam got up to full power, and we were soon tearing along for the anchorage off Ambriz. In a quarter of the time I had spent in looking for the steamer, we were there, and examining the spot—but we found no vessel. The "Lucy Anne" was gone. A consultation was now held; I was sent for, and had to repeat all the particulars of my escape, and was questioned as to the probable time that must have elapsed after my leaving, before she could make a start. The distance she had run since then was calculated, and opinions taken as to the course she had steered. At last it was determined to run directly off the land some twenty miles, it being supposed she would not have made more than that with the land-breeze now blowing, and there wait for daylight. This was done; and the first thing I heard on waking in the morning, was, "Sail ho!" from the look-out man. There was a sail just visible on the horizon. It was calm, so that in an hour or so we should know what she was. No alteration of sails or course, indicated any attempt on the part of the stranger of avoidance or escape. In little more than an hour we could make her out to be the "Lucy Anne." There was a bustling about forward, visible as we neared her, and that alone was the only sign of consciousness of our presence that she showed. We approached still nearer, and then was heard something like the faint echo of a stifled shriek over the water—no one could say what it was like. The steamer stops within a few hundred yards astern of her, and a boat is sent. Instead of crowds of slaves, not a vestige of one was to be seen. There was the "Lucy Anne"—hatches on and decks swept—just as she was when the boat boarded her before.

The officer was about leaving when a noise was heard forward. There was a noise of cursing and struggling, and a man half bound, his clothes torn from his back and bleeding from wounds, rushed up out of the fok'stle. It was Jack Ayres—"Look," shouted he to the officer, "Look at the larboard cable," and fainting from loss of blood, fell upon deck. As he said this, the captain coolly walked below, and a moment after the report of a pistol told his fate. The officer and boat's crew rushed forward, and looking over the bows saw that the brig's larboard anchor was let go and the cable hanging in the water. The crew of the brig stood huddled together, pale and terror-stricken. "Great heaven!" cried the officer, as an inkling of the truth flashed upon him.

"Man the windlass—heave in the chain—" round went the clanking purchase, and the chain grated and surged, a few fathoms are in, and all eyes, except those of the men heaving, are fixed upon it, as link after link emerges from the blue sea. What dark mass is that as deep as we can see? No one could speak for horror, as the chain dragging up shows the dead bodies of the slaves lashed to it; they had been let go with the anchor, their bodies thus prevented from rising to tell the fearful tale.*

The chain was unloaded, and the bodies of the poor unfortunates dropped where they had been murdered.

The crew, whose number had been increased by a number of Portuguese, two part

* This is no romance, cases of similar atrocity could be cited In 1831, the "Rapids" slaver, chased by H.M.S. "Fair Rosamond" and "Black Joke," threw overboard two hundred and fifty slaves shackled together, who were drowned.

owners in the cargo, were tried and suffered the punishment of the law. Jack Ayres received a free pardon, and I had a passage offered me in the next man-of-war to England, which I accepted.

THE SEA-SIDE CHURCHYARD.

The sea-side churchyard is a strange witness of the perilous life of the mariner and the fisherman. It is only by a walk in it that we acquire a clear conception of the real nature of that mode of livelihood which such hundreds of thousands, all round these islands, embrace, as a choice or a necessity. We resort to pleasant places in the summer time, and see the great ocean glittering and rolling in playful majesty, and our hearts leap at the sublime spectacle. We see white sails gleaming on its bosom, and steamers trailing their long clouds of smoke after them, as they busily walk the waters, bearing joyous passengers to many a new scene. We meet the hardy blue-cloth sons of ocean, on the beach and the cliff; see them pushing off their boats for a day's fishing, or coming in in the early morning with their well-laden yawls and cobbles, and the sea and its people assume to us a holiday sort of aspect, in which the labour, the watching, the long endurance of cold, the peril and the death are concealed in the picturesque of the scenery, and the frank and calm bearing of the actors themselves. What a different thing is even a fisherman's life when contemplated as a whole; when we take in the winter and the storm to complete the picture of his existence! But, as few of us can do this in reality, if we wish to know the actualities of a sea-faring life, we may get a very fair idea of them in any sea-side churchyard.

We lately took a survey of two such on the Yorkshire coast, and the notes which we there and then jotted down will afford some notion of the strange and touching records of such a place. Our first visit was to the churchyard of Filey, a mere village, well known to thousands of summer tourists for the noble extent of its sands, and the stern magnificence of its so-called bridge, or promontory of savage rocks running far into the sea, on which you may walk, at low-water; but which, with the advancing tide, becomes savagely grand, from the fury with which the ocean breaks over it.

In tempestuous weather this bridge is truly a bridge of sighs to mariners, and many a noble ship has been dashed to pieces upon it.

One of the first headstones which catches your eye in the little quiet churchyard of Filey bears witness to the terrors of the bridge.—"In memory of Richard Richardson, who was unfortunately drowned December 27th, 1799, aged forty-eight years:—

"By sudden wind and boisterous sea
The Lord did take my life from me;
But He to shore my body brought—
Found by my wife, who for it sought.
And here it rests in mother clay,
Until the Resurrection day.

"Also of Elizabeth, wife of the above, who died January 19th, 1833, aged eighty-nine."

This fisherman was lost on the bridge, and his wife sought his body on the bridge for *eleven weeks*. She was possessed with an immoveable persuasion that there some day she should find him. All through that winter, from day to day, till late in March, she followed the receding tide, and with an earnest eye explored every ledge and crevice of the rocks, every inch of the wild chaos of huge stones that storms had hurled upon the bridge, and every wilderness of slippery and tangling sea-weed. It was in vain that her neighbours told her that it was hopeless; that they assured her that she would get her death from cold; every day the solitary watcher might be seen, reckless of wind, or storm, or frost; and, at length, she did find the corpse of her husband, and saw it consigned to "mother clay." She must have had a frame as hardy as her will and strong as her affections, for she survived this strange vigil of conjugal love thirty-four years, and to the age of nearly ninety.

Near this stands a stone in memory of a master-mariner and his wife, both lost, in a severe gale, in a passage from London to Shields; another lost on a voyage to Quebec; and two brothers, one drowned in the Thames, and the other perishing at Constantinople. In the churchyard are numbers of such records. Humble as are the epitaphs on these graves, that hold no bodies in nine cases out of ten, they have generally a touch of real nature in them compared with the hacknied lines we generally find in churchyards. One tells us, that—

"From home he went, with mind most free,
His livelihood to gain at sea:
He ne'er returned, 'twas not to be—
He ne'er returned, 'twas God's decree.
Oh! sad to tell, a furious wave
Cast him into a watery grave—
A grave in motion—termed the deep."

A boat sinking, carved on the stone, symbolises his fate; while opposite a lucky old mariner has had a boat in full sail placed on his headstone, and gives God hearty thanks for having saved his life some dozen times. Two disconsolate parents address us thus:—

"Unfortunate parents tell
That this our son a victim fell.
In steering homewards they were caught,
With gust of wind upset the boat.
There three were cast into the sea,
And he launched into eternity.
He was a son both good and kind;
May he in God a Father find."

Some very philosophic friends have inscribed

the following lines, and. for a reason implied, avoided all suspicious encomium:—

"Most epitaphs are vainly wrote:
The dead to speak it can't be thought;
Therefore the friends of those here laid
Desired that this might be said.
That rose two brothers, sad to tell,
That rose in health, ere night they fell—
Fell victims to the foamy main;
Wherefore awhile they hid remain.
Friends for them sought, and much lament,
At last the Lord to those, them sent.
So child and widow may bemoan
O'er husband's and o'er father's tomb."

But Filey churchyard has touches of love and land stories as well as of the sea. Here is one, and a recent one too. Close on your left hand, immediately as you enter the gate, there is a stone by the wall bearing the names of Elizabeth Cammish, aged twenty-one, who died August 1848; and Robert Snarr, engineer, aged thirty-one, who died March 1849. Elizabeth Cammish died of consumption. She was betrothed to Robert Snarr, whose affection for her was so strong that he continued to regard her parents as his own, and used to be much with them, and also was very often seen lingering about the grave of the lost Elizabeth. One day he was seen very early at her grave in the morning. He was about to quit the place for an engagement in Northumberland. It was a farewell visit and his last. Elizabeth's mother had said to him, "Robert, in my grief I have forgotten to pay the doctor on account of Elizabeth's illness; I must go and pay it." "It is paid, mother," replied Robert, for he always called her mother. The sum was upwards of twenty pounds. Elizabeth's mother frequently insisted on his receiving the money again from her, but he steadily refused. And that morning, on his return from Elizabeth's grave, the old lady said, "Robert, you are leaving us, you don't know what you may want. I *will* pay you this money."

"Do you wish to insult me, mother?" he replied, "keep it, if anything happens to me, bury me with it; but in life I will never receive it. What is mine would have been Elizabeth's if she had lived, and I have had a melancholy satisfaction in paying this debt for her." Within half-an-hour after those words were spoken, the young man was brought back a bloody corpse from the railway by which he had set out on his journey; and that money did bury him in the same grave with Elizabeth Cammish. The romance of life is not extinguished; even railways contribute to it.

But for abundant and overwhelming evidences of the dangerous life of sea-faring men, a churchyard of a town like Scarborough is the place. There the old Church of St. Mary, at the foot of the Castle Hill, exhibits as densely crowded a scene of tombstones as any graveyard of the metropolis itself. It has been the great depository of the dead there for, probably, a thousand years. When the Saxons lived on the spot, it most likely received their remains. When the Danes, under Regner Lodbrog scoured this coast, fortified Flambro' Head, and built Whitby, or *Ilvitbege*—their *White-town*—where Pierce Gaveston held the castle for the foolish Edward II., when Robert Aske and his "Pilgrimage of Grace," were its masters, and when Sir John Meldrum, the Parliamentary general, was killed before it. Through all these times this thronged cemetery was receiving its generations of the dead. Yet still how many stones are mere memorials of those whose bones are scattered over the wide earth, and through the deepest depths of the sea. We can only indicate a few of the multitude who have perished in every imaginable region, and have mementos here. "William Allen, drowned at Charente, Nov. 1829, aged thirteen years; and Joseph Allan, son of the *above* (sic), drowned by the overturning of a life-boat, Feb. 17th. 1836, aged thirteen years."

There are records of three persons drowned by the upsetting of that same life-boat. One man was drowned in Russia, another on a passage to New Brunswick, another on a passage to Mauritius. Robert Scott was drowned off Elsinore, and his son off the Cape of Good Hope. William Ticklepenny *suffered* on Osgodby Sands, Jan. 1828. Were not Osgodby Sands always under water, and that it is added that William Ticklepenny "lived respected and died lamented," we might from the phraseology, have supposed that he was hanged. The whole crew and passengers of the "Selina" were wrecked on the Ram Head, drowned, and buried at Plymouth, but have a stone of memory here. There are various records of persons who were drowned in the wreck of "Betty's Delight," near Scarborough, in 1844. Another who died at St. Domingo and is buried at Port au Prince. Some drowned in Lynn Deeps—on the passage to Dover—"on the coast of France from the dreadful effects of war"—two are there who died on board of a man-of-war—some buried at sea—some bound for London—some for Jamaica—in Yarmouth Roads—off Whitby—in a yawl in sight of the town—off Sunderland—by overturning of a boat at Flamborough Head—at St. John's, New Brunswick—on the coast of Holland—off Jersey—at Batavia—in Java—coming from America—and one of *coup de soleil* at Calcutta.

Such, and from such varied regions of the earth are the memories of sudden death which you meet with here. Few, indeed, are the "water-rats," as Charles the Second used to call them, who can place on their head-stones so jovial a sort of even-song as this:—

"Tho' boisterous blasts and Neptune's waves,
Have tossed me to and fro,
Yet after all, by God's decree,
I'm sheltered here below:

Where I do safe at anchor ride,
With many of our fleet,
Who once again must all set sail,
Our Saviour, Christ, to meet."

If you turn from the churchyards to the histories of these places, you are met again by the records of terrible wrecks and disasters at sea. The "Glory," of Yarmouth, perishes with all hands; "Betsy and Ann" find the waves as faithless and fickle as their namesakes find their crews on land. The "Friendship" is broken on the rocks; "Hope" slips her anchor in the imminent moment; and even the "Happy Return" finds no guarantee for ever reaching home again in so auspicious a name. You would imagine any man mad, from all that you see around you, who would think of trusting himself to the ocean: but you look in the weatherbeaten faces that you meet, and there is no melancholy, no despair there. The tar is still the jolly tar; you have the cheerful Yo hevo! sung out heartsomely from the port, and the sailor bound for the most treacherous coasts, or on the most dangerous service, even in quest of the useless and impracticable North-West Passage, satisfies himself with the threadbare saw, that "we must all die some time."

It was precisely on the 5th of November, 1821, that a terrible gale from the north-west set in. It rose very early in the morning, and blew hurricanes all day There was a hasty and precipitate running and crowding of fishing-boats, colliers, and other vessels into the friendly ports of Scarborough and Filey, for these once past, excepting Burlington, which is far less sheltered, there is no place of refuge nearer than the Humber to flee to. As the morning broke dark and scowling, the inhabitants looking from their windows saw whole fleets of vessels thronging into the port. Men were seen on the heights, where the wind scarcely allowed them either to stand or breathe, looking out to descry what vessels were in the offing, and whether any danger were threatening any of them. Every one felt a sad certainty, that on that bleak coast, where this wind, when in its strength, drives many a luckless ship with uncontrollable force against the steep and inaccessible cliffs, such a day could not go over without fearful damage. Before noon the sea was running mountains high, and the waves were dashing in snowy foam aloft against the cliffs, and with the howling winds filling the air with an awful roar. Many a vessel came labouring and straining towards the ports, yet by all the exertions of the crews, kept with difficulty from driving upon the inevitable destruction of the rocky coast.

Amongst the fishing-vessels which made the Bay of Filey in safety, was one belonging to a young man of the name of George Jolliffe. By his own active labours, added to a little property left him by his father, also a fisherman, George Jolliffe had made himself the master of a five-man-boat, and carried on a successful trade. But the boat was his all, and he sometimes thought, with a deep melancholy, as he sate for hours through long nights looking into the sea, where his nets were cast,—what would become of him if any thing happened to the "Fair Susan?" The boat was christened after his wife; and when George Jolliffe pictured to himself his handsome and good Susan, in their neat little home, in one of the narrow yet clean little lanes of Scarborough, with his two children, he was ready to go wild with an inward terror at the idea of a mishap to his vessel. But these were but passing thoughts, and only made him the more active and vigilant.

He had been out some days at the Dogger-bank, fishing for cod, and had taken little, when the sky, as he read it, boded a coming storm. He immediately hauled his nets, trimmed his sails, and made for home with all his ability. It was not long before he saw his own belief shared by the rest of the fishermen who were out in that quarter; and from whom all sail was bent landward. Before he caught sight of land, the wind had risen to a violent gale; and as he drew nearer the coast, he became quite aware that he should not be able to make his own port, and must use all energy to get into Filey. In the afternoon of this 5th of November, he found himself, after stupendous labour, and no little anxiety, under shelter of the land, and came to anchor in a crowd of other strange vessels.

Wearied, drenched with wet, and exhausted by their arduous endeavours to make this port, as he and his four comrades ascended the steps to Filey village, their attention was soon excited by the crowds of sailors and fishermen who were congregated at the foot of the signal-house, and with glasses and an eager murmur of talk were riveting their attention on something seaward. They turned, and saw at once the object of it. A fine merchant vessel, under bare poles, and apparently no longer obeying the helm, was labouring in the ocean, and driving, as it appeared, hopelessly towards that sheer stretch of sea-wall called the Spectan Cliff—against which so many noble ships had been pitched to destruction.

"Nothing can save her!" said several voices with an apparent calmness which would have struck a landsman as totally callous and cruel. Already there might, however, be seen a movement in the crowd, which George Jolliffe and his comrades knew from experience, meant that numbers were going off to assist, if possible, in saving the human life on board the vessel, which itself no power on earth could save. Little hope, indeed, was there of salvation of life, for the cliff was miles in extent, and for the whole distance presented a perpendicular wall of two hundred feet in altitude, against which the sea was hurling its tremendous billows to a terrific height. But wearied as George Jolliffe was, he instantly resolved to join in the endeavour to afford

what help *was* possible, or at least to give to the terrified people on board the doomed ship the satisfaction of perceiving that their more fortunate fellow-creatures on land were not indifferent to their misery.

Hurrying, therefore, into the Ship public-house close at hand, he drank a pint of beer as he stood, took a couple of stout pieces of bread and cheese in his hand, and in the next moment was hauled up into a cart which was going off with a quantity of fishermen on the same errand. One only of his crew accompanied him, and that was his younger brother; the three hired men declared themselves half-dead with fatigue, and staid behind.

The cart drove along at an almost furious rate, and there were numbers of others going the same road, with the same velocity; while they could see streams of young men on foot, running along the tops of the cliffs, taking the nearest course towards the scene of the expected catastrophe. Long before George Jolliffe and those with whom he went reached the point where they left their cart, and started forward bearing coils of rope, and even warm garments with them, they heard the firing of guns of distress from the jeopardised vessel. It would seem that up to a certain moment the people on board trusted to be able to bring the ship under shelter of the land, and then get an anchorage: but the dreadful reality of their situation had now evidently burst upon them; and the crowds hastening towards the cliff, hurried forward more anxiously as the successive boomings of these melancholy guns reached their ears.

When Jolliffe and his companions reached the crest of the cliff, and looked out on the sea, it was already drawing toward evening. The wind still blew furiously. The ocean was one chaos of tossing and rolling billows, and the thunder of their discharge on the face of the cliff, was awful. The first sight of the unhappy vessel made the spectator ejaculate "Oh Lord!" That was all that was uttered, and it spoke volumes. The throng stood staring intently down on the ship, amid the deafening thunder of the ocean, and the suffocating violence of the winds. On came the devoted vessel like a lamed thing, one of its masts already gone by the board, and but few people to be seen on the deck. These, however, raised their hands in most imploring attitude towards the people on the cliff, as if relying on them for that aid which they despaired to afford. As the helpless vessel came nearer the cliff, it encountered the refluent force of the waves that were sent with a stunning recoil from their terrible shock against the precipice. It staggered, stooped, and was turned about without power of self-guidance. One mountainous sea after another washed over her, and the few human beings disappeared with shrieks that pierced even through the turbulent dissonance of the tempest. The assembled crowd on the cliff shuddered with horror, and felt that all need of their presence was at an end. But they stood and stared as with a fascinated intensity on the vessel that now came nearer and nearer to its final catastrophe; when all at once there was discerned an old man, with bare head and white streaming hair, lashed to the main-mast. He stood with lifted hands and face gazing up to them as if clinging firmly to the hope of their saving him. A simultaneous agitation ran through the crowd. The ship was lifted high on the back of the billows, and then pitched down again within a short distance of the cliff. A few more seconds—another such a heave, and she must be dashed to pieces. At once flew out several coils of ropes, but the fury of the wind, and the depth to which they had to go defeated them. They were hurled against the crags, and came nowhere near the vessel. Again were thrown out others, and amongst these one was seized by the old man. There was a loud shout at the sight; but the moment was too terrible to allow of much rational hope. The vessel was close upon the cliff—one more pitch, and she would perish. All eyes were strained to see when the old man had secured the rope round him. He was evidently labouring to do this before he loosed himself from the mast, lest he should be washed away by the next sea. But he appeared feeble and benumbed, and several voices exclaimed, "He will never do it!" A sea washed over him. As it went by they saw the old man still stand by the mast. He passed his arm over his face as if to clear his eyes from the water—and looked up. He still held convulsively by the rope which they had thrown; but it was evident he was too much exhausted to secure it round him. At that moment the huge vessel struck with a terrific shock against the solid wall, and staggering backward, became half buried in the boiling waters. Again it was plunged forward with a frightful impetus, and the next instant the mast fell with a crash—and the whole great hull seemed to dissolve in the liquid chaos. In another moment the black stern of the ship was seen to heave from the waves, and then disappear, and anon spars and casks were seen churning in the snowy surf, and tossed as playthings by the riotous sea again and again to the annihilating wall.

The next morning the wind had greatly abated; and, with the first peep of day, numbers of fishing-boats put out to see whether anything of value which had floated from the wreck could be picked up. George Jolliffe was amongst the earliest of these wreckers; but in his mind the face and form of that old man were vividly present. He had dreamed of them all night; and while the rest of his crew were all alert on the look-out for casks or other floating booty, he could not

avoid casting a glance far and wide, to see if he could descry anything of a floating mast. Though the wind was intensely still, the sea still rose high, and it was dangerous to approach the cliff. The vessels around them were busily engaged in securing a number of articles that were floating; but George still kept a steady look-out for the mast; and he was now sure that he saw it at a considerable distance. They made all sail for it; and, sure enough, it was there. They ran their vessel close alongside of it, and soon saw, not only a sling rope encircling its lower end, but a human arm clutching fast by it. Jolliffe had the cobble soon adrift, and, with a couple of rowers, approached the floating timber. With much difficulty, from the uneasy state of the sea, he managed to secure a cord round the drowned man's wrist, and with an axe severed the rope which tied him to the mast. Presently they actually had the old man in the boat, whom they last evening saw imploring their aid from the wreck. Speedily they had him hoisted into the yawl; and when they got on board, and saw him lying at his length on deck, they were astonished at his size and the dignity of his look. He was not, as he seemed from the altitude of the cliff, a little man: he was upwards of six feet in height, of a large and powerful build; and though of at least seventy years of age, there was a nobility of feature, and a mild intelligence of expression in him, which greatly struck them.

"That," said George Jolliffe, "is a gentleman every inch. There will be trouble about him somewhere."

While saying this, he observed that he had several jewelled rings on his fingers, which he carefully drew off; and said to his men: "You see how many there are;" and put them into his waistcoat-pocket. He then observed that he had a bag of stout leather, bound by a strong belt to his waist. This he untied, and found in it a large packet wrapped in oil-cloth, and sealed up. There was also a piece of paper closely and tightly folded together, which being with difficulty, from its soaked state, opened and spread out, was found to contain the address of a great mercantile house in Hull.

"These," said George Jolliffe, "I shall myself deliver to the merchants."

"But we claim our shares," said the men.

"They are neither mine nor yours," said George; "but whatever benefit comes of doing a right thing, you shall partake of. Beyond that, I will defend this property with my whole life and strength, if necessary. And now let us see what else there is to be got."

The men, who looked sullen and dogged at first, on hearing this resumed their cheerfulness, and were soon in full pursuit of other floating articles. They lashed the mast to the stern of their vessel, and in the course of a few hours were in possession of considerable booty. Jolliffe told them that, to prevent any interference of the police or the harbour-master with the effects of the old gentleman, he would be put out near Filey, and they must steer the yawl home. He secured the bag under his tarpaulin coat, and was soon set ashore at a part of the bay where he could make his way, without much observation, to the Hull road. He met the coach most luckily, and that night was in Hull. The next morning he went to the counting-house of the merchants indicated by the paper in the drowned gentleman's bag, and informed the principals what had happened. When he described the person of the deceased, and produced the bag, with the blotted and curdled piece of paper, the partners seemed struck with a speechless terror. One looked at the other, and at length one said, "Gracious God! too sure it is Mr. Ankersværd!"

They unfolded the packet, conferred apart for some time with each other, and then, coming to Mr. Jolliffe, said, "You have behaved in a most honourable manner: we can assure you that you will not fail of your reward. These papers are of the utmost importance. We tell you candidly they involve the safety of a very large amount of property. But this is a very sorrowful business. One of us must accompany you, to see respect paid to the remains of our old and valued friend and partner. In the meantime here are ten pounds for yourself, and the same sum to distribute amongst your men."

George Jolliffe begged the merchants to favour him with a written acknowledgment of the receipt of the packet and of the rings which he now delivered to them. This he obtained; and we may shorten our recital by here simply saying, that the remains of the drowned merchant were buried, with all respectful observance, in the old churchyard at Scarborough; a great number of gentlemen from Hull attending the funeral.

That winter was a peculiarly severe and stormy one. Ere it was over, George Jolliffe himself had been wrecked—his "Fair Susan" was caught in a thick fog on the Filey rocks, his brother drowned, and only himself and another man picked up and saved. His wife, from the shock of her nerves, had suffered a premature confinement, and, probably owing to the grief and anxiety attending this great misfortune, had long failed to rally again. George Jolliffe was now a pennyless man serving on board another vessel, and enduring the rigours of the weather and the sea for a mere weekly pittance. It was in the April of the coming year that one Sunday his wife had, for the first time, taken his arm for a stroll to the Castle Hill. They were returning to their little house, Susan pale and exhausted by her exertions, with the two children trudging quietly behind, when, as they drew near their door, they saw a strange gentleman, tall, young, and good-looking, speaking with Mrs. Bright, their next neighbour.

"Here he is," said Mrs. Bright; "that is Mr. Jolliffe."

The stranger lifted his hat very politely, made a very low bow to Mrs. Jolliffe, and then, looking a good deal moved, said to George, "My name is Anckersvœrd." "Oh," said George; all that rushing into his mind which the stranger immediately proceeded to inform him.

"I am," said he, "the son of the gentleman who, in the wreck of the 'Danemand,' experienced your kind care. I would have a little conversation with you."

George stood for a moment as if confused, but Mrs. Jolliffe hastened to open the door with the key, and bade Mr. Anckersvœrd walk in. "You are an Englishman?" said George, as the stranger seated himself. "No," he replied, "I am a Dane, but I was educated to business in Hull, and I look on England as my second country. Such men as you, Mr. Jolliffe, would make one proud of such a country, if we had no other interest in it." George Jolliffe blushed, Mrs. Jolliffe's eyes sparkled with a pleasure and pride that she took no pains to conceal. A little conversation made the stranger aware that misfortune had fallen heavily on this little family since George had so nobly secured the property and remains of his father.

"Providence," said Mr. Anckersvœrd, "evidently means to give full effect to our gratitude. I was fast bound by the winter at Archangel, when the sad news reached me, or I should have been here sooner. But here I am, and in the name of my mother, my sister, my wife, my brother, and our partners, I beg, Mr. Jolliffe, to present you with the best fishing-smack that can be found for sale in the port of Hull—and if no first-rate one can be found, one shall be built. Also, I ask your acceptance of one hundred pounds, as a little fund against those disasters that so often beset your hazardous profession. Should such a day come—let not this testimony of our regard and gratitude make you think we have done all that we would. Send at once to us, and you shall not send in vain."

We need not describe the happiness which Mr. Anckersvœrd left in that little house that day, nor that which he carried away in his own heart. How rapidly Mrs. Jolliffe recovered her health and strength, and how proudly George Jolliffe saw a new "Fair Susan" spread her sails very soon for the deep-sea fishing. We had the curiosity the other day to enquire whether a "Fair Susan" was still amongst the fishing vessels of the port of Scarborough. We could not discover her, but learnt that a Captain Jolliffe, a fine, hearty fellow of fifty is master of that noble merchantman, the "Holger-Danske," which makes its regular voyages between Copenhagen and Hull, and that his son, a promising young man, is an esteemed and confidential clerk in the house of Davidsen, Anckersvœrd and Co., to whom the "Holger-Danske" belongs. That was enough; we understood it all, and felt a genuine satisfaction in the thought that the seed of a worthy action had fallen into worthy soil, to the benefit and contentment of all parties. May the "Holger-Danske" sail ever!

THE YOUTH AND THE SAGE.

YOUTH.

Oh, Sage, the parentage of Wisdom tell!
She seems not of the earth—but from above?

SAGE.

Good Youth, she's part of earth, men know too well;
Pain is her father—but her mother, Love.

THE DEVONSHIRE DORADO.

A discovery is not thought much of, which has been made not less than ten thousand miles or so from home. Even California would have taxed our credulity for a much longer time than it did before conviction arrived in huge lumps and scales of gold, had it been within an easy sail of John o'Groat's or Land's End. Hence it has happened that the resources of our own English wilds and wastes are wholly overlooked—so busy are we straining our eyes afar, to magnify and exaggerate the treasures of the antipodes. Who, for instance, ever thinks of that great granite back-bone of the County of Devon—Dartmoor—except as a run for sheep, or as a grand show-place for the lovers of the picturesque? No very deep researches below the surface of this celebrated moor enable us, however, to perceive wealth-producing materials, if not so readily marketable, quite as valuable as the same number of square acres in California itself!

Here, in the mildest climate of all England, are two hundred and sixty thousand acres, or four hundred and twenty square miles of waste ground, every inch of which is two thousand feet below the point at which corn ceases to ripen. It might all bear luxuriant cereal crops. There is not an acre of it which would not raise potatoes and turnips. We ourselves have, this very year, seen green peas, and peas in bloom, on it in October. The myrtle, always the test of a delicately-nurturing climate, has been grown in greater perfection on Dartmoor than in any other part of England. Mrs. Bray mentions, in her letters to Southey, four of these trees, from twenty-seven to thirty feet high, and of from one-and-a-half to two feet girth at their bases. Pine grows rapidly, where the experiment of draining and planting is tried. While for animal life the climate is so favourable, that pulmonary consumption is unknown in the district. Yet this English Montpelier, surrounded by a dense population, is allowed to remain a vast, unprofitable, though not unproductive moor.

Of this immense tract, Albert, Prince of

Wales, is the lord of one hundred and sixty-six thousand acres. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests, with the Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall, are his land stewards. We are anxious to see what they will make of that which might render our future king the richest prince in Europe, and raise his fortune far above the necessity of any addition from the Exchequer.

It was with fond satisfaction that, on recently visiting Prince Town, in the centre of this moor—where formerly ten thousand French prisoners were kept—we observed the establishment which had been let to, and given up by, a company for the manufacture of naphtha, was in rapid course of re-conversion to the purposes of prison discipline. The experiment of making criminals support themselves, in place of suffering them to "eat off" their own heads" and a hole in honest folks' pockets, is about to be fairly tried. The worst classes of convicts are to be marched out daily, under military inspection, to reclaim the moor: and already two hundred convicts are on the spot, selected out of various handicrafts, to prepare the buildings for the reception of the rest. Setting aside the commercial results to be anticipated from this measure, it will help to solve the great problem, "What shall we do with our convicts?" If the principle be enforced of making them work out their emancipation in longer or shorter periods, according to the various terms of imprisonment, the best step towards the reformation, co-incident with the punishment of the criminal, will have been taken.

Our attention to the subject of the capabilities of Dartmoor has just been revived, by the recent announcement in the Times, of the complete and proved success of the experiments of Mr. Owen, an Irish landowner of large possessions, Dr. Hodges, Professor of Agriculture in Queen's College, Belfast, and Messrs. Cuffey and Sons, founded upon the discovery of Mr. Rees Reece, the eminent engineer of London, to convert peat into valuable articles of commerce, yielding a clear profit of cent. per cent. Although the chief object of these experiments was to render the bogs of Ireland, as Mr. O'Gorman Mahon hyperbolically expressed it, "A perfect California to the nation," their results are not less applicable to the case of Dartmoor.

Besides the riches to be culled from the surface of Dartmoor, the exploitation of much wealth from beneath the surface is to be expected. The strata abound in valuable lodes of tin ore. The unstratified formation is equally and universally rich in inexhaustible tracts of the finest granite, of the kind of which is composed the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, in London. Ascending again to the surface, we find that when fully drained—by the removal of the peat for the purpose of the contemplated profitable manufacture—many thousand acres of fine friable loam will be uncovered immediately below, capable of carrying crops of every description of agricultural produce common to the island; and at the south-western extremity of the region, in the parish of Haugh, within seven miles of Plymouth, and six of the Plympton station of the South Devon Railway, (which commences an unbroken line of rail from thence through the whole interior of the country,) is to be found an inexhaustible supply of the very finest fire-brick earth, superior in quality even to the far-famed brick earth of Stourbridge.

But in the district, popularly known as that sub-division of this region which is designated Lea Moor, a material has been found of the most vital importance to one of the most productive and extensive branches of our national industry.

It has long been known to geologists that a powerful chemical agent is produced by the solution of peat caused by the filtration through it of rain water; which, falling upon granite, decomposes it, and dissolves it into its component parts. A bed, the product of this powerful and useful agent, nine hundred acres in extent, and of an ascertained depth of one hundred and twenty feet, has been discovered, which on being analysed, is found to produce a virtually inexhaustible supply of the finest porcelain clay perhaps to be found in the world. It has been compared by Brogniart, the celebrated manufacturer of Sèvres; Bethier, and others; with that of St. Irieux in France, and St. Austell in Cornwall, and pronounced superior to either. Its extent may be imanined, when it is known that it will supply twenty thousand tons of China clay annually, for a period of upwards of two thousand years. Then, as to the means of manufacture: at the distance of only thirty miles, the Bovey Tracey lignite quarries supply an article eminently adapted for baking earthenware of every description; and as it is calculated that every ton of porcelain clay requires for its manufacture at least four tons of fuel, the Lee Moor beds of clay supply the only link necessary to raise this country to the highest point of pre-eminence in natural capability for the manufacture of pottery.

It may well excite the surprise of those who have been accustomed to watch the rapid progress of the enterprise and energy of our capitalists—that the resources of this vast district, susceptible of conversion to so many useful and profitable purposes—should have hitherto been suffered to remain comparatively undeveloped. That the greater portion of it is the property of the Crown, and has been left to the management of the stewards of its hereditary revenues, may perhaps in a great measure account for the neglect which has hitherto deprived the nation of the advantage of its numerous elements of productiveness. But as the stage-manager in Mathews "At Home," consoled himself for

a "poor house," by the reflection that there "were the more to come next night;" so, because our ancestors have not used up the natural resources of Dartmoor, we of to-day, may flatter ourselves with the pleasing fact, that they have left it all for our use and advantage.

The dependence of so vast a proportion of our whole population upon the manufacture of textile fabrics, is a mote in our horizon, which has long troubled the mind's eye of the social economist. The greater the number of branches over which the national industry is diffused, the less are the workers at the mercy of the vicissitudes of each. A failure in the cotton-crop, as we showed in a recent article, produces misery to millions. If the silkworms sicken, or sheep die, whole counties are reduced to idleness, want, and crime. We are already warned of the danger of too absolute a reliance upon the United States for a supply of the raw material of our staple manufacture; and the competition of foreign producers in a fabric, in the production of which we do not command superiority in natural advantages, has already driven us out of many neutral markets, and compelled us to seek new customers.

It is the peculiar excellence of the manufacture of porcelain and other earthenware, that the increasing wealth, civilisation, and luxury of mankind, renders the consumption of articles which have risen from the rank of luxuries to that of necessaries of domestic life, capable of almost indefinite increase; that our native producers have already carried the art to such a point that while in the year 1849 we imported only thirty-two thousand pounds worth of earthenware, we exported sixty-one million pieces of the declared value of eight hundred and seven thousand pounds; while there is no department of national industry which calls into requisition such a variety of trades and occupations. The raw materials of the manufacture, and its ancillary appliances, are all within the island itself, and none of them depend for their supply upon the vicissitudes of the seasons. The coal it consumes, and its transport, enrich the proprietor, the miner, the porter, and the carrier by land and water. Pottery is a bulky article, and occupies in its inland or foreign transport our packers, railways, canals, and shipping. The production and carriage of the clay, flint, and collateral substances which form its elements, and *which are all yielded by our own territory*, afford employment to our labourers of the most extensive kind, and large profits to our landowners and capitalists; while Science and Art are liberally encouraged by a process which calls into active requisition the inventive skill of the mechanician, the discoveries of the chemist, the thaumaturgic dexterity of the artisan and modeller, the taste of the colourist and designer, and the higher genius of the painter and the sculptor.

While candour would call upon us to concede to foreign nations an equality with our own in the higher attainments of abstract science, it is the peculiar excellence of our philosophers that their genius and knowledge are reproductive, and that having compelled Nature to yield up to them her secrets, they have the ability to apply them to practical and profitable uses. It is also the providential characteristic of scientific discovery, that it is generally found to subserve, not its direct object merely, but to be ancillary to the further development of the advantages of former inventions.

When Mr. Reece's experiments shall have been sufficiently confided in by the commercial public, to induce capitalists to convert his experiments into facts, Mr. Reece will not only substantially centuple the value of the soil and surface of Dartmoor, but the success of his experiments will have the effect of removing the "overburden" (as the super-soil is technically termed by miners) from the mineral substances which it now encumbers, not only without the present heavy cost, but with positive profit. The fire clay, the granite, and porcelain clay which lie immediately below the peat range of Lee Moor, may now be produced at a diminished expense, and thereby cheapen the raw material to the manufacturer, the first condition of an extended demand for his earthenware.

No discovery could come more opportunely for the weal of the experiment of rendering convict labour productive without injury to the honest poor. Criminals may be put to the rough work of digging and piling the peat, and of after-draining, dividing, and enclosing the open moor, to fit it for agricultural purposes. Where now the bittern and the fox contend with the moorland sheep for a scanty subsistence, we may expect to see fertile farms and waving corn; while the wealth which lies under the surface will be in full action of development, to the practical effect of adding four hundred and twenty square miles to the productive acreage of England. It is not, however, the sources of wealth upon the earth at Dartmoor, but to those under the earth, that we must look, to convert the forbidding waste into a profitable and genial territory—into, in short, a DEVONSHIRE DORADO.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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A DECEMBER VISION.

I SAW a mighty Spirit, traversing the world without any rest or pause. It was omnipresent, it was all-powerful, it had no compunction, no pity, no relenting sense that any appeal from any of the race of men could reach. It was invisible to every creature born upon the earth, save once to each. It turned its shaded face on whatsoever living thing, one time; and straight the end of that thing was come. It passed through the forest, and the vigorous tree it looked on shrunk away; through the garden, and the leaves perished and the flowers withered; through the air, and the eagles flagged upon the wing and dropped; through the sea, and the monsters of the deep floated, great wrecks, upon the waters. It met the eyes of lions in their lairs, and they were dust; its shadow darkened the faces of young children lying asleep, and they awoke no more.

It had its work appointed; it inexorably did what was appointed to it to do; and neither sped nor slackened. Called to, it went on unmoved, and did not come. Besought, by some who felt that it was drawing near, to change its course, it turned its shaded face upon them, even while they cried, and they were dumb. It passed into the midst of palace chambers, where there were lights and music, pictures, diamonds, gold and silver; crossed the wrinkled and the grey, regardless of them; looked into the eyes of a bright bride; and vanished. It revealed itself to the baby on the old crone's knee, and left the old crone wailing by the fire. But, whether the beholder of its face were, now a King, or now a labourer, now a Queen, or now a seamstress; let the hand it palsied, be on the sceptre, or the plough, or yet too small and nerveless to grasp anything: the Spirit never paused in its appointed work, and, sooner or later, turned its impartial face on all.

I saw a Minister of State, sitting in his Closet; and, round about him, rising from the country which he governed, up to the Eternal Heavens, was a low dull howl of Ignorance. It was a wild, inexplicable mutter, confused, but full of threatening, and it made all hearers' hearts to quake within them. But, few heard. In the single city where this Minister of State was seated, I saw Thirty Thousand children, hunted, flogged, imprisoned, but not taught—who might have been nurtured by the wolf or bear, so little of humanity had they, within them or without—all joining in this doleful cry. And, ever among them, as among all ranks and grades of mortals, in all parts of the globe, the Spirit went; and ever by thousands, in their brutish state, with all the gifts of God perverted in their breasts or trampled out, they died.

The Minister of State, whose heart was pierced by even the little he could hear of these terrible voices, day and night rising to Heaven, went among the Priests and Teachers of all denominations, and faintly said:

"Harken to this dreadful cry! What shall we do to stay it?"

One body of respondents answered, "Teach this!"

Another said, "Teach that!"

Another said, "Teach neither this nor that, but t'other!"

Another quarrelled with all the three; twenty others quarrelled with all the four, and quarrelled no less bitterly among themselves. The voices, not stayed by this, cried out day and night; and still, among those many thousands, as among all mankind, went the Spirit who never rested from its labour; and still, in brutish sort, they died.

Then, a whisper murmured to the Minister of State:

"Correct this for thyself. Be bold! Silence these voices, or virtuously lose thy power in the attempt to do it. Thou canst not sow a grain of good seed in vain. Thou knowest it well. Be bold, and do thy duty!"

The Minister shrugged his shoulders, and replied "It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME." And so he put it from him.

Then, the whisper went among the Priests and Teachers, saying to each, "In thy soul thou knowest it is a truth, O man, that there are good things to be taught, on which all men may agree. Teach those, and stay this cry."

To which, each answered in like manner, "It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME." And so *he* put it from him.

I saw a poisoned air, in which Life drooped. I saw Disease, arrayed in all its store of hideous aspects and appalling shapes, triumphant in every alley, bye-way, court, back-street, and poor abode, in every place where human beings congregated—in the proudest and most boastful places, most of all. I saw innumerable hosts, fore-doomed to darkness, dirt, pestilence, obscenity, misery, and early death. I saw, wheresoever I looked, cunning preparations made for defacing the Creator's Image, from the moment of its appearance here on earth, and stamping over it the image of the Devil. I saw, from those reeking and pernicious stews, the avenging consequences of such Sin issuing forth, and penetrating to the highest places. I saw the rich struck down in their strength, their darling children weakened and withered, their marriageable sons and daughters perish in their prime. I saw that not one miserable wretch breathed out his poisoned life in the deepest cellar of the most neglected town, but, from the surrounding atmosphere, some particles of his infection were borne away, charged with heavy retribution on the general guilt.

There were many attentive and alarmed persons looking on, who saw these things too. They were well clothed, and had purses in their pockets; they were educated, full of kindness, and loved mercy. They said to one another, "This is horrible, and shall not be!" and there was a stir among them to set it right. But, opposed to these, came a small multitude of noisy fools and greedy knaves, whose harvest was in such horrors; and they, with impudence and turmoil, and with scurrilous jests at misery and death, repelled the better lookers-on, who soon fell back, and stood aloof.

Then, the whisper went among those betters lookers-on, saying, "Over the bodies of those fellows, to the remedy!"

But, each of them moodily shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "It is a great wrong —BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!" And so they put it from them.

I saw a great library of laws and law-proceedings, so complicated, costly, and unintelligible, that, although numbers of lawyers united in a public fiction that these were wonderfully just and equal, there was scarcely an honest man among them, but who said to his friend, privately consulting him, "Better put up with a fraud or other injury than grope for redress through the manifold blind turnings and strange chances of this system."

I saw a portion of the system, called (of all things) EQUITY, which was ruin to suitors, ruin to property, a shield for wrong-doers having money, a rack for right-doers having none: a by-word for delay, slow agony of mind, despair, impoverishment, trickery, confusion, insupportable injustice. A main part of it, I saw prisoners wasting in jail; mad people babbling in hospitals; suicides chronicled in the yearly records; orphans robbed of their inheritance; infants righted (perhaps) when they were grey.

Certain lawyers and laymen came together, and said to one another, "In only one of these our Courts of Equity, there are years of this dark perspective before us at the present moment. We must change this."

Uprose, immediately, a throng of others, Secretaries, Petty Bags, Hanapers, Chaff-waxes, and what not, singing (in answer) "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen;" making flourishing speeches, pronouncing hard names, demanding committees, commissions, commissioners, and other scarecrows, and terrifying the little band of innovators out of their five wits.

Then, the whisper went among the latter, as they shrunk back, saying, "If there is any wrong within the universal knowledge, this wrong is. Go on! Set it right!"

Whereon, each of them sorrowfully thrust his hands in his pockets, and replied, "It is indeed a great wrong;—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!"—and so *they* put it from them.

The Spirit, with its face concealed, summoned all the people who had used this phrase about their Time, into its presence. Then, it said, beginning with the Minister of State:

"Of what duration is *your* Time?"

The Minister of State replied, "My ancient family has always been long-lived. My father died at eighty-four; my grandfather, at ninety-two. We have the gout, but bear it (like our honors) many years."

"And you," said the Spirit to the Priests and Teachers, "what may *your* time be?"

Some, believed they were so strong, as that they should number many more years than threescore and ten; others, were the sons of old incumbents who had long outlived youthful expectants. Others, for any means they had of calculating, might be long-lived or short-lived—generally (they had a strong persuasion) long. So, among the well-clothed lookers on. So, among the lawyers and laymen.

"But, every man, as I understand you, one and all," said the Spirit, "has his time?"

"Yes!" they exclaimed together.

"Yes," said the Spirit; "and it is—ETERNITY! Whosoever is a consenting party to a wrong, comforting himself with the base reflection that it will last his time, shall bear his portion of that wrong throughout ALL TIME. And, in the hour when he and I stand face to face, he shall surely know it, as my name is Death!"

It departed, turning its shaded face hither and thither as it passed along upon its ceaseless work, and blighting all on whom it looked.

Then went among many trembling hearers the whisper, saying, "See, each of you, before you take your ease, O wicked, selfish,

men, that what will 'last your 'time,' be Just enough to last for ever!"

A SUBURBAN ROMANCE.

When I became incumbent of the parochial district of St. Barnabas, Copenhagen Lanes, I lodged in Peppermint Place. It was then creeping its way into the fields, with the apparent determination not to stop till it had reached Highgate. The brick-and-mortar invasion had extended to two ranks of houses, which were then in all conditions, from neat snug finish, to cheerless rooflessness. When I went to take the rooms in number one, on a drizzling afternoon, my landlord was pleased to assure me, while sweeping his arm out of a back window over a landscape in the last stage of damp decay, that the situation was "uncommonly cheerful." The view consisted of a few dismantled garden allotments; a superannuated summer-house was lying in an attitude of utter despondency against a deserted pigsty; bunches of drooping hollyhocks, broken down by the weight of their misfortunes, wept rain-drops; patches of the cabbage and other greens were sicklied over with the pale cast of lime and mortar; and tulips struggled up out of their beds between brick-bats, in the last agonies of strangulation. This uncommonly "cheerful situation" was finished off in the back ground by a damp and ragged hedge; the whole presenting a vivid tableau of the insatiable Ogre, Town, swallowing up the passive, pastoral, Country.

The chief attraction from my sitting-room was a clayey slough, in which a constant succession of brick-carts were continually stuck during all the working hours of the day; yet the boundary to this prospect was far from uninviting. Several of the opposite houses were finished and inhabited. The neatest and prettiest of them was that immediately facing my room. If window curtains were ever made of woven snow, that must have been the material of those at the first-floor window of that modest habitation;—they were so white and transparent. There was such variety in their arrangement: so much taste in the disposition of the crocuses and snowdrops in the window-sill; such evident pleasure taken in concealing the wires of the bird cage in impromptu arbours, now of geranium, now of myrtle, or else by an intertwining of cut primroses—that I was irresistibly reminded of one of those charming little cottage windows in the scenes of a French vaudeville. Nor was this impression weakened when I occasionally espied—but very seldom—between the rows of bob-fringe that dangled merrily from the curtains, the face of a lovely brunette, framed in *bandeaux* of jet hair, and illuminated by a pair of piercing black eyes.

What busy eyes they were! Though I seldom saw *them,* I could see what they were doing all day long; for, every thing being dark, as if to correspond to them, (their owner was in mourning), I could observe the plainer how the little lady in black employed herself behind the film of white curtain. She was incessantly bending over a frame, and I could guess, from the motion of the arm nearest the window, that she embroidered, or did something of that sort, all day long. Now and then the hand appeared to move higher than the frame, and I supposed, from the angle of the elbow, that she was pressing it against her over-wrought eyes. Poor girl!—No wonder if they ached; for, from morning till evening, every day, except Sundays, during all that cold and cheerless spring, she was to be seen in busy motion. Except on Sunday mornings—I suppose to go to church—she never went abroad; and no other living soul was ever observed in her room.

In the course of months, my observations of the captivating Silhouette—so I had nicknamed the little black profile—were more frequent than polite. The delicious little gauze of mystery which half-veiled her, piqued my curiosity; and I could safely indulge in it, as my draperies were much less aerial than hers. Though the east wind blew with continued intensity, and it was quite an effort to leave one's fireside, she was never, during daylight, away from her window. Sometimes I could distinguish that she paused, leant her head on her hand, and gazed with earnest intensity directly under where I sat. Then, as if suddenly caught in the act, she would turn like lightning to her frame, and the little black arm would move up and down with unusual rapidity. There was a curious circumstance connected with these fits of abstraction and starts of work: I remarked that they happened inversely to the proceedings of my clever young landlord below (an in-layer, carver, and cabinet-maker); for, during the moments of my Silhouette's fascination, his saw, his chisel, or plane, or hammer were in full and noisy operation; and it was exactly at the instant that either of these tools were laid down and the sound ceased, that my little lady resumed her work. I was convinced one morning that this coincidence was no mere fancy. I had by this time got used to the noises in the shop below, and could distinguish, on the forenoon referred to, that friend Bevil was making, at each stroke of his plane, very long shavings. While trying to guess, from the sounds, the length of the plank he was smoothing, I observed the damsel opposite tracing an embroidery pattern against the glass. The tracing goes on well enough for awhile; but, presently, the left-hand is lifted to the little head, the tip of the elbow rests against the window-frame, the tracing hangs against the glass by the point of the pencil held in the other hand; and the black eyes pour their rays straight into the window below me. The long shavings are turned off

with vigorous regularity; but, hark!—the plane is suddenly arrested half way!—and see, the tracing and pencil instantaneously drop from the glass opposite, and the piquant little artist vanishes like magic from the window. Presently the planing goes on again with a slow and pensive irregularity that makes me feel quite low-spirited.

Although mine was a pastoral as well as an ecclesiastical charge of the St. Barnabas district, and I was bound to watch over my flock, yet it may be said that such close scrutiny of my neighbours as that which I have confessed was scarcely dignified in a clergyman; but it must be remembered that what I have here brought together in a short space was spread over several months. Nor did the arduous duties of a new district admit of much idle window gazing. My church was only a temporary one, and I made it my business to call, in succession, on my parishioners, not only to make myself personally acquainted with each, but to invite them to worship. I began this mission at home; for, although my landlord's mother was a regular attendant at church, the son never once made his appearance within its walls.

Old Mrs. Bevil was a large old lady of painfully timid temperament, whose existence was passed in one of the sunken kitchens, and whose mission on earth was apparently to cook glue for her son, vouchsafing any of the time to be spared between the steaming of the pots in attendance upon me. One Saturday morning I expressed my regret to her that so excellent and industrious a son should appear to be negligent to his Sabbath duties.

"He isn't!" said Mrs. Bevil, sidling towards the door, and feeling, with a hand outstretched behind her, for the handle.

I should mention that Mrs. Bevil was so much "put out" when spoken to by anyone above her in station, that when you showed symptoms of engaging her in talk, she winced and made artful efforts to escape—like a child when a dentist exhibits his instruments.

"What church does he go to?"

"French Protestant."

"Indeed! then he is conversant with French!"

Mrs. Bevil had by this time found the door-knob, and had turned it. Her confusion was so great, that her face—never very pale—glowed like a live coal.

"Of course," I repeated, "as your son attends a French place of worship, he understands French."

In the midst of her bewilderment Mrs. Bevil stammered,

"Yes—French polishing."

I dared not smile, lest the ignorant old soul's shame should overwhelm her; so in order to appear to change the subject without acually doing so, I asked if she knew anything of the mysterious young lady opposite?

The old woman curtseyed herself backwards into the opening of the door, and having felt that retreat was practicable, she said, "Please Sir; no, Sir;" and vanished with the rapidity of a mouse, let out of a lion's cage.

It was not difficult to guess why young Bevil preferred the French church to my own. I had never doubted that the charming embroideress opposite was a foreigner. She worshipped in a language she understood best; and her admirer—more in obedience to his silent passion than his spiritual duties — followed her thither to worship *her*. On expatiating one day, however, on the sinfulness of Sabbath-breaking, he partially disarmed me by owning that he had been assiduously learning French in order to understand and join in the service. I made not the slightest allusion to the charming Silhouette; for I saw from his nervous and blushing manner, that it was too deep an affair with him to be lightly touched. I ascertained that although he saw his adored daily, and followed her weekly to church, he had never had courage to speak to her, or to address her in any way whatever.

My interest in this absorbing case of silent love deepened daily. I pitied young Bevil. Supposing, after he had proceeded to the extremity of avowed courtship, his idol should prove a wicked little French coquette, and jilt him? Such a presentiment did not want foundation. Although the summer had arrived—and warmer, more congenial weather I never remember—the Silhouette disappeared entirely from behind the fairy curtains. During all the cold weather, when she must have shivered to sit there, she was never absent; but now, when the window is the only endurable part of a room, she is utterly invisible. Is she skilfully manœuvring Love's delicate, sensitive telegraph, conscious that she has secured her victim; and now, after the manner of finished coquettes, does she leave him to pine in the throes of hopeless despair? Or, doubts she the truth and ardency of his love, as expressed by his silent watchings of her window, and by his regular church-goings; and does she disappear from his longing, loving looks to lure him to the overt act—a verbal declaration? If the latter, her tactics will fail. Young Bevil's passion is not a mere flash of romance; it is earnest and practical. He does not stand idly gazing, and sighing, and hoping, and despairing. The more he loves the harder he works. Until he has placed himself in a position to speak to her with confidence as to the future, he will be silent.

Here I am probably asked, how could I know all this? I answer, from substantial evidence. When one sees a man running a race, it is certain that there is, far or near, a goal. Young Bevil raced manfully, and the winning-post he kept in view was matrimony. Early and late his tools were audible, not only to obtain capital in money, but to provide property of his own handy-work. When I first took his lodgings, they were scantily

furnished; but the rooms were rapidly filled up; evidently not for *my* use and pleasure. The capacious tea-caddy, curiously inlaid and splendidly mounted, did not signify much to me; neither was I ever likely to require the Gothic work-table that I found one evening slid, as if by accident, into a recess; and to what earthly use could a bachelor in lodgings put that frame on swivels, studded all round with cribbage-pegs, that looked like a swing-cheval without its glass? In short, every addition to the garniture of the apartments was of the feminine gender. I looked upon these novelties as so many notices to quit; for I did not doubt that the rooms were being quietly prepared for a more cherished occupant. This supposition was confirmed, when, curiosity prompting me to examine the work-table, I saw, exquisitely inlaid in cypher on the inside of the lid, the word "Manette."

All this while, the Silhouette remained obstinately invisible. For a few Sundays she continued to go to church, but so thickly veiled that a sight of her face was impossible. Still he followed; but refrained from speaking. The time had not come. He would not offer his rough but honest hand while yet without a home to which it could lead her.

Poor Bevil had soon to live on not only in silent, but in sightless, despair; the little black profile ceased to appear not only behind her snowy transparencies, but bodily on Sundays. From this time Bevil's intelligent, but sad and thoughtful features struck me with pity; I could not but see that he was staking his hopes—his very existence—on a cast, which might turn up a deadly blank.

On one occasion, my hopes revived for him. It was towards the close of a lovely summer's day. The whiteness of the gossamer curtains made them dazzle in the sun. The figure in black approached; and after a hesitating interval appeared in distinct outline close behind the gauze. All this while, the sharp incuts of Bevil's chisel were audible in busy succession under me. The Silhouette's eyes only, appeared just above the short curtain, darting a long, devouring gaze upon the toiler: they were red; a handkerchief was pressed closely to her face. The chisel goes on chipping away, without one intermission. I would give a quarter's stipend if Bevil would only be idle for a second, and look up; for as the gazer strains her eyes upon him, tears pour out of them, and sparkle in the sun like falling diamonds. Presently she sinks into a chair, as if overcome with grief; and disappears. With this anguish, whatever its immediate cause, I felt certain that Bevil was connected.

"Surely this mystery is not impenetrable. I will unravel it." Accordingly, next morning I took our opposite neighbours out of the regular order of my visits, called, and questioned the woman who rented the house. I learnt that the girl's name *was* Manette. She was an orphan: her father, a French teacher, had died recently in a hospital. Her embroidery was fetched and carried to and from the warehouse by my informant's husband. Her industry was extraordinary, and she earned a comfortable subsistence. I asked to see her, but was told she admitted no person whatever into her room. Of late, especially, she concealed her face, with an apparent dread of being recognised by strangers.

My inquiries, therefore, darkened rather than cleared up the mystery. As I left the house, I observed that my landlord had been watching. He looked wistfully into my face as I passed him on the door-step, and I answered his silent appeal by desiring him to follow me to my room.

A very short conversation proved that all my observations and deductions had been correctly made. He owned everything. It was painful to see a fine, muscular, handsome man, suffused with the shame—honest shame though it was—trembling with the weakness we only expect from young impulsive girls. I reasoned with him. I showed him the full risk he ran in nurturing so perfect an ideal out of a mere image; for to him Manette was nothing more. I pointed out the utter uselessness of his self-imposed penance. She might be all he thought her; she might be everything the reverse. How could he know without some acquaintanceship? It would be madness to give rashly a pledge of matrimony without some probation.

In the end he promised to try and see Manette the following day; and, descending to his shop, worked away harder than ever.

Even now I see Bevil as, next morning he stood at the door opposite. His lips quiver; but his brow expresses a firm but anxious purpose. The woman who admits him tells him something which surprises and disappoints him. Manette, for the first time for a month, has gone out.—The next day was Sunday, and the lover abstained from intruding himself. On the Monday he had as little success. In the evening he consulted me as to what he had better to. Should he write?

I advised him by no means to commit himself; and offered, if he would wait, I would use the influence of my cloth to obtain an interview for him. When the morning came, Bevil desired to accompany me. He would, he said, go himself; but would feel comforted and fortified by the sanction of my presence.

Accordingly we sallied forth across the road at noon the next morning. I would not wait to hear the answer of the landlady; but, pushing by the driver of a spring cart that had just stopped at the house, went straight up to Manette's door. Bevil followed. I knocked; no answer. Not a sound within. I knocked again, and quietly called her by name. Utter silence. I then tried the door; it yielded, and we entered.

The picture of neatness and prettiness which I had drawn as existing behind those dainty muslin curtains was not realised. It was indeed reversed. The room was in the greatest confusion, and untenanted. "Why you see, Sir," said the woman of the house who had ushered the carter up behind us, "Madam'selle went away the first thing yesterday morning. She sold her bits of things to the broker (you 'll have to get the sofa bed out o'window, Mr. Bracket), and never give us no notice in a regular way (now mind the walls with them saucepans), leastways not a week's; but my husband never went for to charge her, poor thing, for she paid as punctual as the Monday morning cum—allays."

"Has she left her present address?" I asked.

"O dear no, quite contra-ry. Says she to me, says she—leastways as well as I could understand her French brogue, and she had her han'kercher a kivering of her face—Mrs. Blinkinson," says she, "don't," says she, "answer no questions as may be asked about me. I am a going," says she, "to where I hope nobody may find me out." And then she pulled the street door to, and I never see her more—and never shall."

I looked at Bevil. He was shivering as if an icy chill had struck to his heart. He looked round the room slowly, vacantly. The bird was lying at the bottom of its cage—dead. The flowers, no longer tended, were drooping. He stretched forth his trembling hand, and, plucking a geranium, put it into his bosom. He then turned, and, without speaking, descended the stairs. With unsteady gait he entered his own house.

For more than a week I missed the sounds from below. Bevil had gone straight to his bed-room, and had not left it since. His mother now, instead of tending him with glue-pots, was constantly on the stairs with broths, and coffee, and tea, and a variety of other sloppy sustentation; but her son would partake of them but very sparingly. I determined to rouse him, and advised that, as he would not or could not work, an active search after the lost damsel was better than stolid, inactive grief. This roused him, and he followed my advice.

Weary days and weary weeks were spent in the search. The cunning Silhouette eluded him as if she had been an *Ombre Chinois*. Bevil first addressed himself to the shop for which Manette had worked. The master of it said that he never saw Manette but once, and then she came with specimens of her embroidery, to get more. It was so good that he had employed her ever since, and was both surprised and chagrined at her sudden desertion. He had, through her landlord, offered her a good salary to work at his house, and had hoped she would accept. Her strange disappearance was therefore the more unaccountable.

The clergyman of the French church, when Bevil sought him, was as surprised as her lover at Manette's absence from service and communion. In the latter he said she was a regular and deeply-impressed partaker. He could give no information. Neither could the officers of the hospital, where the girl's father had died in the winter (of whom Bevil also inquired), give him comfort.

"There is nothing for it," I told him one day, "but time and work."

He did after a time resume his work, but the sounds given out from his bench made me melancholy. His tools were taken up, used and laid down with a slow, intermittent apathy, which showed that the heart and the hands did not go together.

Work, on the contrary, grew so fast on *my* hands, that I hardly had time for sleep. My successor to the curacy I had left in Southwark was taken ill, and besides my own duty, I had volunteered to do a part of his. This occasionally consisted in administering consolation and prayer to the inmates of one of the Borough hospitals.

During one of my visits to the female ward, I was attracted by a few words which fell from the clinical lecturer who was addressing a knot of pupils standing at the bed on a case of tumour of the face. He had, in fact, (warming with his subject), glided from an explanation of the operation which had been performed and of the after-treatment, to an involuntary eulogium on the beauty of the patient, which the consequences of the disease and its remedy tended to impair. I got a peep at the damsel between the shoulders of a couple of the shortest of the listeners, and saw just above the bedclothes (which were held up with extreme rigidity and care to conceal the lower part of the face) a pair of familiar black eyes. They quite thrilled through me. The students were dismissed; and I overheard a sweet voice ask "if zat scar——"

"Don't let it trouble you for one instant," said Dr. Fleam, as he left the bed-side; "it will hardly be visible, and in a week you will be as well—and as pretty—as ever."

I looked again. Those piercing black eyes met mine point-blank. There was a scream, smothered by the bedclothes—under which the head was instantly popped.

But that was enough. I felt convinced that Manette was found.

About a month from that date there was joy at No. 1, Peppermint Place. It is November: on one side of my fireplace sit Bevil and Manette. Old Mrs. Bevil has gradually pushed her chair back to the window; and bit by bit has nibbled folds of the curtain, until she is completely hidden behind it in that comfortable obscurity in which she alone delights. They had assembled to hear a lecture from me.

"Personal vanity," I began with all the solemnity to be invoked in the presence of a pair of eyes, which sparkled so with joy, that

it seemed impossible for their mistress to school and temper them to the occasion—"the vanity of mere personal comeliness had nearly wrecked the happiness of both of you. Because you, Manette, were afflicted with a mere tumour that distorted for a time that which you seemed to cherish more than your worldly welfare—your beauty—you sold your worldly goods and deserted your home, and means of subsistence, rather than the deformity should be seen by one whom you secretly loved. Had you no confidence in the attractions which never fade, that you depended solely upon those which, despite all your efforts, will assuredly pass away?"

"*Non*," said Manette, lifting her eyelids with a sort of timid courage, "He loved me only for my face—he 'ad nevare spoken. When he saw and loved my face, it was *comme il faut. Eh, bien!* if he 'ad seen my face when it was horrib' disfiguré, would he not have hate me? *Oui.*"

A pardonable impulse threw Bevil's arm over the back of Manette's chair, as he exclaimed—

"Oh! no, no."

"You were, I must say, both to blame. Bevil for timidity, and Manette for rashness," I remarked.

Manette, looked down on the prettiest little toe in the district of St. Barnabas, as it pointed itself to trace in outline the pattern of the hearth-rug, and went into a long explanation of her motives in the most delicious broken French. She was quite alone in the world, and the pain and hideous tumour in her face prevented her from working—she saw ruin, and nothing but ruin before her. The day her bird died, she felt so desolate, that she determined to go to a hospital, in order to have the operation performed. On recovering, if she had been much disfigured, she intended never to see Bevil more. She had not courage to bear the disappointment which he might have inflicted, by the altered sentiments she anticipated in her lover, in consequence of her altered appearance; and she preferred the certainty of trying to forget him. If she were perfectly cured, she intended again to return to her old lodging, and by hard work to regain her furniture.

The end of this, like most other romances, was marriage. With marriage, as is well known, all mysteries vanish. Manette's story was this: Her father was a political refugee from the storm of 1848; he had been a staunch Orleanist Deputy in the French Chamber, and had to fly, with his daughter, for his life. In England he taught his native tongue as a means of livelihood, till overtaken by illness. Then Manette practised an accomplishment she was proficient in, with so much success that she supported her father till his death. She knew the time would come when the family property they possessed near Bordeaux would be restored, and she did not wish to let her situation be known, especially to the unhappy family at Claremont. Hence, she kept herself a recluse till the terrible disappointment drove her to the hospital.

I was not allowed the honour of officiating, the minister of the French Protestant Chapel having been preferred. Of course I was obliged to remove to another lodging.

Nor did the Bevils stay long in Peppermint Place. Their united talents in the decorative arts did not long remain hidden. They removed to a fine house near Cavendish Square, and worked for the first nobility. A label in the window tells you, that there "They speak French."

Passing the shop the other day, I was surprised to find another name over the door. The owner of it told me that Mr. Bevil had gone to live in France, in order to superintend his wife's estate on the Garonne. It appeared, then, that my piquant Sillhouette had regained her patrimony. The next holiday I get I shall certainly pay them a visit.

BACK STREET CONSERVATORIES.

In threading the mazes of squalor in the purlieus of Whitechapel or Seven Dials in London; in the back settlements of Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin; or the "wynds" of the Cowgate and Canongate; where every sense is offended; where it is impossible to anticipate improvement in the moral, while the physical condition of the denizens is low and comfortless,—the sight of a flower on a window-sill imparts a gleam of hope and of respect. It redeems the surrounding debasement. You feel that however hard the toil and poor the sustenance of the cultivator, the higher faculties of enjoyment and of taste have not been ground away.

The cockney's love of the country and of what reminds him of the fields, may continue the subject of the mild and simpering jest; but it is one of the most pleasing traits of his character. That miniature fence and five-barred gate with the road-lamp suspended over it, which forms the boundary of his flower-pots and mignonette box outside his window, is not a thing to be laughed at, so much as to descry good qualities from. Its owner will in all probability be found more thrifty, better conducted, more self-reliant, and addicted to less expensive and debasing pleasures than most of his neighbours.

The very difficulty of rearing the tenderest offsprings of Nature in unwholesome atmospheres shows, where moderate success is attained, a degree of care and perseverance, unknown to those who have not tried the experiment. We may see, by dry leafless sticks,—all that is left of once flourishing myrtles—by the mortal remains of rhododendrons, or at best by consumptive geraniums struggling against darkness, and a "foul and

filthy air;" how often these experiments are given up in despair, or have languished from ill-success. One case in particular, of this sort, led to a remedy; and to this remedy it is the purpose of this paper to draw more particular attention than it has already attracted; especially among the humbler orders.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, a surgeon living in the densest part of Eastern London, had converted a space at the back of his house into the semblance of a garden. He contrived banks of rock-work, and endeavoured, in the face of opposing influences, to cultivate flowers with all the patience of a Chinese. His efforts, however, were constantly thwarted; his favourite plants would sicken and die, in spite of his utmost vigilance and care. Much as he loved flowers, he was doomed to endless vexation and disappointment; for every sort of ingenious shelter was adopted, in vain.

On returning home from a botanical excursion in the summer of 1829, he buried the chrysalis of a moth in some mould contained in a glass bottle, and covered the bottle with a lid to prevent the escape of the insect when developed. "In watching the bottle from day to day," he says, "I observed that the moisture which during the heat of the day arose from the mould, became condensed on the internal surface of the glass, and returned whence it came, thus keeping the mould always in the same degree of humidity. About a week prior to the first change of the insect, a seedling fern and a grass made their appearance on the surface of the mould. I could not but be struck with the circumstance of one of that very tribe of plants, which I had for years fruitlessly attempted to cultivate, coming up spontaneously in such a situation; and asked myself seriously what were the conditions for its growth."* Reflecting upon the matter, he found that while the conditions essential to the existence of plants were fully realised, all prejudicial influences were effectually excluded. The fern and grass flourished; he now tested the value of the discovery in various ways, and with the most satisfactory results. Every window of his house soon had its occupant; here a tasteful case filled with flowers of various hue; there, another with graceful ferns and diminutive palms; in one place some peat of difficult growth, favoured with special protective covering, and here and there, quaint-looking bottles with quainter occupants of the aloe and cactus tribe.

A view of dead walls and unsightly specimens of domestic architecture, from one of the back windows, was soon excluded, and the eye and taste were gratified by the ruins of a miniature ivy-clad abbey, around whose walls the ferns and wild flowers grew in rich profusion. The highest attainable "ground"—the roof of the house—was made available for an Alpine case, where the plants lived on in the delusion that they were still enjoying their native mountain air. The rock-work already noticed soon received a glass investment, and a closed case on a larger scale made its appearance, its dimensions being increased at intervals, until nearly the whole space behind the house was enclosed, and in the midst of smoke-evolving sugar-houses and factories, one might enjoy the luxuriance and seclusion of a tropical jungle. The success of the plan was now triumphantly demonstrated. The only wonder was, that some observing naturalist should not sooner have hit upon a method, at once so simple and so beautifully adapted to the necessities of the plants destined to grow in crowded towns. Mr. Ward himself honestly admits, that but for the incident narrated above, the suggestion might never have occurred to him. "The simple circumstance," he adds, "which set me to work, must have been presented to the eyes of horticulturists thousands of times, but has passed unheeded, in consequence of their disused closed frames being filled up with weeds instead of cucumbers and melons; and I am quite ready to confess, that if some groundsel or chickweed had sprung up in my bottle instead of the fern, it would have made no impression on me."

Such is the history of those miniature conservatories occasionally displayed in the windows of middle-class dwellings, known as "Ward's cases."

The most fanciful notions have been entertained respecting the construction and mode of action of these cases,—some supposing that they were air-tight, or hermetically sealed; others, that plants enjoyed in them a perennial blossom; and one intelligent lady fancied that if budding flowers were placed in them, their further development would be arrested, and they would remain in bud for ever. Possibly, too, our fair friend might regret that some such bloom-preserving medium could not be devised for frail mortality. Nothing, however, can be more simple than the principle and mode of construction of these cases. The first thing to be done is to procure a zinc case, or wooden box, japanned or tarred within, with an aperture in the bottom for drainage of superfluous water. Supposing the case to be six inches deep, we fill it for an inch or two with pieces of brick or stone; over this place the mould, and then, if we please, any tasteful arrangement of rock-work on the surface. The plants, whether bulbs, flowering plants, or ferns, are now inserted, and over the whole a closely-fitting bell-glass, or glazed framework of varied form, is accurately placed. The only material novelty, in fact, about the arrangement, consists in the presence of the glass covering. In the first place, it is quite clear that this interferes in no way with the transmission of the vital stimulus, light. Again, if the case be allowed to remain undisturbed for a day or two, either outside the window, or against it within the room, we shall discover

* "On the Growth of Plants in closely-glazed Cases." By N. B. Ward. Van Voorst.

another beneficial effect of the glass in excluding the quantity of sooty particles deposited on its surface, which would otherwise have fallen on the leaves, and interfered with the process of respiration for which they are specially designed. We shall also observe that the glass is covered within, on the colder side, with globules of moisture, and these tell us of another beneficial influence which it exerts. One difficulty experienced in growing plants in London under the old method, consisted in the dry character of the atmosphere of towns, compared with that of the country, and the consequent trouble in keeping plants sufficiently watered. If the mould be well saturated with water, this will rise in vapour, the escape of which is prevented by the glass. It consequently becomes condensed on its cold surface, streams down the side, and thus alternately rises and falls, little or no escape taking place, and many months, or even years, elapsing before a fresh supply is required.

Again, the glass covering, though so closely fitted as to exclude soot and dust, and prevent the escape of the watery vapour, is not intended to be air-tight or hermetically sealed. If it were, the glass would be broken by the first expansion or contraction of the air contained within, which takes place with every rise and fall of temperature, and by which, to some extent, the change of atmosphere necessary for the well-being of the plants is effected. This is further ensured by the operation of a law, by which the intermixture of different gases is provided for. In order to understand this, we must know something of the life of a plant. In its process of respiration, as in that of man, one kind of gas is emitted, and another inhaled. The gas given out differs in weight and other qualities from the surrounding air; but, in obedience to a law known among chemists as the "diffusion law," it finds its way out between the glass and the case; the external air, in like manner, effects an entrance, and this interchange continues until an intimate blending of the two is effected. The carbonic acid gas exhaled by man is incapable of sustaining life; and, being heavier than the atmosphere, it would, but for this law, accumulate in rooms and on the surface of the earth, and produce the most destructive results. In obedience to this, however, as soon as given out, it begins to ascend in opposition to the laws of gravity, and soon becomes lost in surrounding space. Such are some of the unseen processes going on around us, and thus marvellous are the silent workings of Nature! Another important influence exercised by the glass consists in keeping the plants in a perfectly tranquil atmosphere, and thus enabling them to bear much greater degrees of heat and cold than they could do if exposed to currents or even the ordinary agitation of the air, protecting from the injurious effect of these the full-blown flower, and preserving it fresh and perfect much longer than when it is exposed. Even cut flowers placed in a vase containing water will last much longer if protected by a bell-glass. In short, we isolate our plants, place them as it were in a world of their own, where all noxious influences are excluded, and they are furnished with everything necessary for their life and growth.

The various modifications in the form and contents of the case are mere matters of taste. Its applications are various. It affords every inhabitant of the town the opportunity, at comparatively trifling expense and trouble, of enjoying, on a limited scale, the beauties of nature. Instead of the wearying view of walls and houses, he may, at one of his windows, have an elegantly constructed case, filled with fairy roses, fuchsias, heaths, &c., or with the graceful forms of ferns, and dwarf palms, delighting by their delicate tracery and varied tints. Or, if means permit, a case of larger magnitude may be built out from a study or breakfast-room, and a model of some old ruin be erected, or broken rock-work, with a fountain-basin in the centre, and plants dispersed around. Another advantage offered by this plan is, that if the cases are kept in the ordinary sitting-room which has a fire in it daily during the colder period of the year, the denizens of a warmer clime will grow therein with perfect luxuriance, delighting us with their verdure in the depth of winter, and when the snow is on the ground, and the bosom of mother-earth closed up by frost, reminding us of a brighter and more genial season. To all who preserve a healthful and natural feeling, the "Ward Case" will afford varied and continual pleasure, reminding them of vegetation of larger growth, and of scenery more expanded and majestic. Constant gratification, too, is afforded by watching the growth of plants, especially of the ferns, which exhibit fresh beauties at every stage of their development; whilst amid the hurry of business and the anxieties of life, even a momentary glance at these humble members of creation thus fulfilling the purposes of their existence, cannot fail of imparting tranquillity to the troubled spirit.

To the sick room they are peculiarly adapted, and their office here is indeed that of "ministering angels." We know of no present so cheering and acceptable to the wasted sufferer as flowers. We have seen the victim of disease, worn out by pain, and almost dead to external impressions, suddenly revive at their appearance, and the countenance light up as these friends of childhood were again welcomed. But the loveliest flowers are, at times, objectionable from their exhalations; when cut, too, they are but short-lived, and in severe seasons it is extremely difficult to procure a constant supply. None of these objections can apply to the closed case, for when the plants are once inserted, they require little or no attention, the perfume, if there be any, is confined, and many preserve their freshness in the coldest seasons.

The "miniature conservatory" is ever a cheerful companion, assisting the efforts of the medical attendant where a cure may be hoped for, and where it is hopeless, serving to dissipate the gloom that too often is needlessly spread over the chamber of sickness and death. To the unfortunate sufferer from the country, whom hard fate compels to end his days in the close town, the ever fresh verdure may recall the village-green on which he was wont to sport as a child, and bring vividly before him the green fields and happy vales of earlier years; and if separated from those who are dear to him, he will at least have some humble friends near, who will smile brightly at the last!

The presence of flowers at the poor man's door, and other indications of a love for nature, invariably bespeak industry and sobriety. "When we see a plot," observes an eminent writer, "set apart for a rose-bush, and a gilliflower, and a carnation, it is enough for us; if the jasmine and the honeysuckle embower the porch without, we may be sure that there is a potato and a cabbage within; if there be not plenty there, there at least is no want; if not happiness, the nearest approach to it in this world—content." Those who are interested in improving the condition of the poor would do well to encourage such taste. In one of the most crowded districts in the eastern part of the metropolis, some money was contributed three or four years since, and applied in the purchase of several of the closed cases. These were entrusted to the care of some of the better class of poor, who not only derived the greatest delight from them, but made profitable use of them in the rearing and subsequent sale of plants, or in the cultivation of salad for domestic use. A case, constructed of the cheapest materials, would cost but a few shillings, and a poor man, to view the matter in a purely utilitarian spirit, could not make a better investment of his money. That the lower classes are frequently inbued with a keen love for the objects of nature, and experience the purest pleasure in their cultivation, may be seen by the following extract from a letter with which we have been favoured, addressed to Mr. Ward, by an artisan of Bristol. "I have, with great pleasure and with greater profit, read your work on plants in closed cases, and have now outside my sitting-room window a Lilliputian landscape (entirely through reading that work), obtained by enclosing a space with glass. In this case, which has no sun upon it until near two p.m., and gradually coming on later until it will not be visited for near two months by that luminary, I have a variety of ferns, wood, sorrel, &c., and many other wild plants, which many persons here very much admire, wondering how I could keep them alive *without air*. At the back of my premises, and close to my cases, are some blacksmiths' forges, and a great deal of smoke issuing from a bake-house chimney. I am quite certain that if I admitted the air of the yard, my present greenhouse would soon become a black-house. If at any time my services will be of use to you, they will be most readily at your command, having been from a boy exceedingly fond of growing anything in the earth; for I well recollect when a row of chick-weed against a wall was to me as great a delight, as a new fuchsia or a purple 'sturtium would be to an amateur of the present day, and when, after having sown some barley in a space of eighteen feet by ten feet, I had a bed of beautiful green, I thought I was a wonderful gardener. I still delight in these things, and I must say I am extremely obliged to you for a great enjoyment I now possess, for when I come in tired with business, and fatigued perhaps in body and mind, there's my little greenhouse looks so refreshing, that I cannot help feeling its influence soothing my mind, and it rewards me for all the trouble I may have taken with it."

We have yet to glance at another and most important application of the Ward case—in the transport of plants from one country to another. Formerly, they were closely packed in cases, and either deprived of light, or exposed to the salt spray, and drying, destructive wind; and, partly from these causes, partly from inadequate supply of fresh water, they died in their transit by hundreds, but few surviving a very long voyage. Now, a genial home is furnished for them on the ocean, and from their snug retreat, they

"Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm,
And seem to smile at what they need not fear."

The cases used for purposes of conveyance on ship-board are of stouter material, the glass protected by wire-work, and they are lashed securely on the poop of the vessel. The protective glass covering admits the light, wards off wind and spray, and retains the moisture. This mode of conveyance has now quite superseded the old one; many of the rarest palms and ferns in the magnificent collection at Kew have been brought over in this way, and every horticulturist can bear testimony to its value. Mr. Fortune, in the last edition of his "Wanderings in China," gives a relative estimate of the old and new methods. Under the old method, according to a paper published by Mr. Livingstone, in the "Transactions of the Horticultural Society of London," only one plant in a thousand survived the passage to England. Mr. Fortune brought over two hundred and fifty plants in some closed cases, and of these two hundred and fifteen were landed in England, in a perfectly healthy state. One illustration being as good as a thousand, we give the following very pertinent one, of the incalculable benefits conferred by this plan in the introduction of useful plants into countries where they were previously unknown. When Mr. Williams, the missionary, left England for the Navigator Islands, in 1839, he took

with him in one of the glazed cases, among other plants, a species of banana. This reached Upolu, one of the group, in a healthy condition, was transplanted, and, in May, 1840, bore a fine cluster of fruit exceeding three hundred in number, and weighing nearly a hundredweight. The parent plant then died, leaving behind more than thirty young ones, which were distributed to various parts of the Island, and multiplied in the same ratio. To "estimate the importance of the introduction of this plant, we must bear in mind the great quantity of nutritious food furnished by the banana. Humboldt says, that he was never wearied with astonishment at the smallness of the portion of soil which, in Mexico and the adjoining provinces, would yield sustenance to a family for a year, and that the same extent of ground which, in wheat, would maintain only two persons, would yield sustenance, under the banana, to fifty."

Whilst large prizes are annually awarded to new pansies, tulips, and other ephemeral monstrosities in the vegetable world, the inventor of the "miniature conservatory" has, we believe, received no testimonial whatever of the services he has rendered to horticulture from those who have been most benefited by the invention. He reaps his reward, however, in the consciousness of the good he has done "in his generation," and in the feeling that, in the homes of many, his name, associated with ferns and flowers, has become a "Household Word."

CHIPS.

"STREETOGRAPHY."

Though we English flatter ourselves that those systems of general and social polity—which we are pleased to term the British Constitution—give to existence more security and liberty than is ensured to our Continental brethren; yet in the smaller arrangements for public convenience we are, compared with them, barbarians. The details of municipal management in France, for example, are infinitely superior to the arrangements made for the English towns'-people by those knots of well-fed wisdom Corporations. In France it is always possible for a stranger to find his way to any street; and to know its name when he is in it; in England, impossible. In Paris, the dullest Dutchman or most opium-soddened Turk never need lose his way in an intricate neighbourhood, because labels tell him, in large and legible letters at the corner of each street, those he wants; but set down the cleverest country gentleman in any one part of London, to find his way to any other part of it with the best map to be got, and he will be only able to find it in a cab; for those who have the ordering of these things in certain districts of the Metropolis, believing that the names of streets ought to be known by the world at large by instinct, take little care about getting them written up.

The other day a gentleman of Coblentz, by dint of several cabs and endless enquiries, found out at last the residence of a young baronet to whom he was accredited, near Portman Square. He was unusually methodical about trifles, even for a German, and had taken very good care to note down the name of the street in which he had fixed his temporary lodging. The baronet, when he was taking leave, naturally enquired where he should have the pleasure of returning the visit? The German produced his pocket-book, and gravely read from it, "Number nine, Stick-no-bill-Street." "Stick no bills" being the only words he could find written up against the houses, he of course, adopted them, as his proper address.—A similar mistake is recorded of an American, from Fourth Street, Philadelphia. He too was in search of the address on a letter of introduction; and, when he got into the street, actually disbelieved the information given to him, that he had arrived at his proper destination. "Don't I see," he said, looking up at the corner, "that this is F. P. Sixteen-feet Street?"—and returned to his hotel without delivering his letter.

The rustiest select vestryman of the old-school is unable to deny that the name of every street ought—for the convenience of the inhabiting, but more especially for that of the visiting-public—to be distinctly and legibly inscribed at the corners of every street in Great Britain; within the range of ordinary visions, and not some twenty feet high, to be obscured by the friezes of shop-fronts and the balconies of private houses. This very necessary job should be snatched from the neglect of the various parochial officers, and put into the hands of the Commissioners of Police; together with several other small reforms, by a very great deal too numerous for the limits of a "Chip."

We will not dismiss this suggestion without pointing out that in every improvement in Streetography (Like Bentham, we coin as we require, and defy the Dictionary) some variety in the names of our public ways would be very advantageous. As the sponsors of old streets have exhausted all the Charles's, George's, Mary's, and other common-place nomenclatures, the respectability of streets in progress (and they are legion) might not be damaged by being designated by the names of a few of the benefactors of our race—our eminent inventors, divines, poets, and artists. But while the naming of thoroughfares is left to individual caprice, the inestimable confusion of metropolitan topography will continue to be worse and worse confounded. Already, according to the "London Directory," there are streets, squares, terraces, and groves, which are honoured with the names of "Victoria" or "Albert" in twenty-five instances. Thirty-four London thoroughfares bear the title of York, and twenty-three that of Gloucester;

of Wellington "Places" alone, there are ten; besides several Wellington Streets and Squares. Royalty spreads its titles over miles and miles: there are no fewer than thirty-seven King Streets, twenty-seven Queen Streets, twenty-two Prince's Streets, and seventeen Duke Streets; not to mention Courts, Alleys, Terraces, and brick-and-mortar "Groves" innumerable, with one or other of these designations. The list is to be swollen to an endless confusion; and without some improved system of "Streetography," it will soon be as impossible for a stranger to find a Londoner in London, as it is, to trace a fly through the tangled intricacies of a spider's web.

LAND HO!—PORT JACKSON.

An esteemed Contributor has laid open a page of his travelling note-bote, to allow us to extract the following graphic "Chip":—

"LAND HO!" cried the look-out. Blessed sound to the weary landsman!—a sound associated with liberty and society, a walk on turf, a dinner of fresh meat and green vegetables, clear water to drink, and something to do. The dark line in the horizon was Terra Australis, the land of my dreams. As we approached more near, I was not greeted, as I had hoped, by sloping shores of yellow sands, or hills covered with green pasture, or clad with the bright-coloured forests of southern climes; but far above us towered an iron-bound coast, dark, desolate, barren, precipitous, against which the long rolling swell of the Pacific broke with a dull disheartening sound.

No wonder that the first discoverers, who coasted along its shores in the midst of wintry tempests, abandoned it, after little investigation, as an uninhabitable land, the dwelling-place of demons, whose voices they fancied they heard in the wailing of the wind among the inaccessible cliffs.

But soon a pilot boarded from a stout whale-boat, rowed by a dozen New Zealanders. He reached the rocks which, divided by a narrow cleft, or canal, and towering above the coast line, are the sailors' landmark, known as Sydney Heads,—the cleft that Captain Cook overlooked, considering it a mere boat harbour. Steering under easy sail through this narrow channel, the scene changed, "as by stroke of an enchanter's wand," and Port Jackson lay before us, stretching for miles like a broad silent river, studded with shrub-covered islands; on either hand of the shores, the gardens and pleasure-grounds of villas and villages descended to the water's edge; pleasure-boats of every variety of build and size, wherries and canoes, cutters, schooners, and Indians, glided about, gay with flags and streamers, and laden with joyous parties, zig-zagged around like a nautical masquerade. Every moment we passed some tall merchant-ship at anchor,—for in this land-locked lake all the navies of the world might anchor safely.

It was Sunday evening, and the church bells clanged sweetly across the waters, mingling in harmonious discord with the distant sounds of profane music from the pleasure parties. On we sailed, until we reached the narrow peninsula where, fifty years previously, trees grew and savages dwelt, and where now stands one of the most prosperous cities in the world,—there, in deep water, close along shore at Cambell's wharf, we moored.

In the buildings there was nothing to denote a foreign city, unless it were the prevalence of green jalousés, and the extraordinary irregularity in principal streets,—a wooden or brick cottage next to a lofty plate-glass fronted shop in true Regent Street style. There were no beggars, and no half-starved wretches among the working-classes. In strolling early in the morning through the streets where the working-classes live, the smell and sound of meat frizzling for breakfast was almost universal.

One day, while strolling in the outskirts of the town, above a cloud of dust, I saw approaching a huge lumbering mass, like a moving haystack, swaying from side to side, and I heard the creaking of wheels in the distance, and a volley of strange oaths accompanied the sharp cracking of a whip; presently the horns of a pair of monstrous bullocks appeared, straining solemnly at their yokes; then another and another followed, until I counted five pair of elephantine beasts, drawing a rude cart, composed of two high wheels and a platform without sides, upon which was packed and piled bales of wool full fourteen feet in height.. Close to the near wheel stalked the driver, a tall, broad-shouldered, sunburnt, care-worn man, with long shaggy hair falling from beneath a sugar-loaf shaped grass hat, and a month's beard on his dusty chin; dressed in half-boots, coarse, short, fustian trousers, a red silk handkerchief round his waist, and a dark blue cotton shirt, with the sleeves rolled right up to the shoulders of his brown-red, brawny, hairy arms. In his hands he carried a whip, at least twenty feet long, with the thong of which, with perfect ease, he every now and then laid into his leaders, accompanying each stroke with a tremendous oath.

A little mean looking man, shabbily dressed in something of the same costume, trotted humbly along on the off-side. Three huge ferocious dogs were chained under the axle of the dray. This was a load of the golden fleece of Australia, and its guardians the bullock driver and bullock watchman. The dust, the creaking of the wheels, and the ejaculation of the driver had scarcely melted away, when up dashed a party of horsemen splendidly mounted and sunburnt, but less coarse and worn in features than the bullock driver, with long beards and moustaches and long flowing hair, some in old shooting jackets, some in coloured woollen shirts, almost all in

patched fustian trousers; one, the youngest, had a pair of white trousers, very smart, tucked into a pair of long boots—he was the dandy, I presume; some smoked short pipes; all were in the highest and most uproarious spirits. Their costume would have been dear in Holywell Street at twenty shillings, and their horses cheap at Tattersall's at one hundred pounds. These were a party of gentlemen squatters coming down after a year or two in the bush, to transact business and refresh in the great city of Australia.

DEATH IN THE TEAPOT.

By the help of Mr. Slivers, we were enabled in a recent number to expose to an injured public some of the ingredients of metropolitan milk—"London Genuine particular." A correspondent now makes a further revelation of how our tea-pots are defiled when it is innocently supposed that a pure beverage is in course of concoction.

"A short time since," he says, "a friend of mine, a chemist in Manchester, was applied to for a quantity of French chalk, a species of talc, in fine powder; the party who purchased it, used regularly several pounds a week; not being an article of usual sale in such quantity, our friend became curious to know to what use it could be applied; on asking the wholesale dealer who supplied him, he stated his belief, that it was used in '*facing*' tea (the last process of converting black tea into green), and that within the last month or two, he had sold in Manchester upwards of a thousand pounds of it. Our friend the chemist then instituted a series of experiments, and the result proved that a great deal, if not all the *common* green tea used in this country is coloured artificially. The very first experiment demonstrated fraud. The plan adopted was as follows:—A few spoonfuls of green tea at five shillings a pound, were placed on a small sieve, and held under a gentle stream of cold water flowing from a tap for the space of four or five minutes. The tea quickly changed its colour from green to a dull yellow, and upon drying with a very gentle heat gradually assumed the appearance of ordinary black tea. On making a minute microscopic examination of the colouring matter washed from the leaf, and which was caught in a vessel below, it appeared to be composed of three substances, particles of yellow, blue, and white. The blue was proved to be Prussian blue—the yellow thought to be the turmeric, and the white, French chalk. If the two former be mixed together in very fine powder, they will give a green of any required shade. It is made to adhere to the tea-leaf by some adhesive matter, and then it is "faced" by the French chalk, to give it the pearly appearance so much liked.

"This simple experiment any one can perform. A gentleman assured me that a friend of his a short time since happened—though quite unintentionally—on his part, to walk into a private room connected with the establishment of a wholesale tea-dealer, and there he saw the people actually at work converting the black tea into green; the proprietor soon discovered his presence in the room, and before him, in no measured terms, severely reprimanded the workmen for having permitted a stranger to enter."

CITY GRAVES.

I WALKED straight through the gathering fog,
By drains and ditches fed,
Until I saw the City church
High towering over head,
And came to where the grave-yard holds
Its half unburied dead!

Hard by the Thames, those high-piled graves
Higher and higher grow,
Where living men, at morn and eve,
By thousands come and go:
Where ledgers pile the desks above,
And gold lies hid below.

Within those walls, the peace of death—
Without, life's ceaseless din:
The toiler, at his work, can see
The tombs of his mouldering kin;
And the living without, grow, day by day,
More like the dead within.

I saw the wheezy beadle pause,
Panting with gold and lace.
He turned the key in its creaking lock,
With handkerchief over his face.
And pale-faced urchins gambolled round
The "consecrated" place.

I saw from out the earth peep forth
The white and glistening bones,
With jagged ends of coffin-planks,
That e'en the worm disowns;
And once a smooth round skull rolled on,
Like a football, on the stones.

I thought of those who bear the sounds
Of Life across the foam,
In foreign climes, in savage lands,
Who rear Religion's dome;
They might have taught our rulers first
To spare *our* lives at home.

Too late the wished-for boon has come,
Too late wiped out the stain—
No Schedule shall restore to health,
No Act give life again
To the thousands whom, in bygone years,
Our City Graves have slain!

THE HUNTERIAN MUSEUM.

LONDON is full of strong contrasts, and one of them may be met with in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Two large public buildings adorn that fine open square—as different in character, appearance, associations, and objects as two structures could be—the one appertaining to law, and the other to physic.

Lincoln's-Inn Hall is a noble-looking place, in the English style that perhaps suits our

English climate better than any other—with red brick walls, gables, towers, and buttresses, and a wide spanning roof, betokening a noble building fit for the usages of hospitality or the despatch of legal business.

The second of the two buildings instead of warm red brick, presents a cold stone, stately classic front, adorned by a row of tall Grecian columns, under which we pass to enter the place. In two minutes we are in a different world. Without, we left an atmosphere of life and living bustle; within, we find a stiller, calmer company. We walk amidst an abundant harvest yielded by death to teach the lesson of how life continues, and we come in absolute contact with some things that moved upon the earth before the Flood. About us are innumerable forms in which life has been. Now all are quiet in the serene dignity of death. Very few minutes are generally enough to calm down the minds of those who may visit the two buildings in succession—who, after seeing the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, will pass along the square and enter the Hunterian Museum at the College of Surgeons.

But if we witness here the revelations of the dissecting-room, we are startled by none of its grossness or its taints. The museum is a large architectural building, lighted from above, and at first glance seems to be a noble hall of stone, mahogany, and plate-glass, raised for the occupation of a regiment of skeletons and an army of bottles. Shelves and galleries run round the place, from the floor to the roof, and every shelf is crowded with specimens of all sizes and colours. Upon the front of the galleries, skulls and antlers, of various kinds, are fixed, and amongst them some of gigantic size, which we soon learn belonged to the creatures the traveller Bruce spoke of, as the mysterious Sauga of Central Africa. From the door we enter at, to the extreme end of the place, run two rows of mahogany, glass-roofed cases, the lower portions filled with drawers containing specimens for reference, and the tops covered with others of more beauty or interest. These cases divide the floor into three straight walks, along which, at regular intervals, are pedestals to support various things too large for enclosure. Nearest the door are the oldest and most curious of the contents of the place—the relics of the huge monsters who roved in the primeval wilds of our earth long before the Flood.

These are the ancient glyptodon, the still older mylodon, and the megatherium, more ancient than either. Looking at the bones of these extinct monsters, and glancing from them upon the other bony relics disposed about the place, we see, at once, how immensely larger some of the animals of our earth once were, than they are now. The skeleton of the elephant, at the opposite end of the hall, and the bones of the hippopotamus, close by, look small in comparison with those of the creatures no longer found alive, and whose existence is now one of the romances of geology and of the animal world. The whale is the only existing creature that can bear comparison with the by-gone monsters whose existence is shown by the bones in this place; and of the skeleton of the whale we have no perfect specimen, because the building is not large enough to hold it, and the college wants funds to build a place for the reception of the creature that would make this national collection more complete. Amid the real riches of the place we cannot avoid wishing it more perfect. The skeleton of a whale was exhibited in London some years ago, and attracted much notice; but it was taken away, and is now in France. Another may be seen in the Museum at Berlin. We ought to have a perfect one in the Hunterian Collection. The money of the College has been liberally poured out to secure the strange old-world relics. One Don Pedro de Angelis, an active collector, who secured the bones of the glyptodon and mylodon, on the alluvial plains near Buenos Ayres, received for them no less than three hundred pounds thirteen shillings; for the bones of the mastodon, found in Kentucky, another speculative gentleman got one hundred and sixty pounds; whilst a Mr. Cumming received one hundred and six pounds for a set of choice shells he collected in the Philippine Islands; making together a handsome sum well spent to enrich the collection. Everything, however, need not be sacrificed to the past. The creatures of our period deserve a place, the more so since the extension of commerce, and of whaling energy, threatens the ultimate extinction of the mammoth of the deep. If the College cannot afford to extend their building to make room for a whale, let the extension be made by the Government. Mr. Arnott, the President of the College, should plead the cause of science to Lord John Russell; and the minister—himself an author as well as a statesman—could scarcely withstand the appeal now that he has an exchequer balance in hand.

But the consideration of what might be in the Hunterian Museum must not divert our attention from the many things it contains. Walking along the central path we gradually obtain an idea of how abundant these riches are. We see around contributions from all countries; hundreds of skeletons; but not one horror. All are clean, calm, and white—bones, dry bones—but standing up in all the characteristic attitudes of life. Asia sends its elephant; Africa its cameleopard, and its hippopotamus; the new world of Australasia, its gigantic extinct bird, the Dinornis of New Zealand; Europe, a species of extinct, gigantic deer. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, the myriad of creeping things, the reptiles of oozy rivers and marshes, and dark forests, send each their contribution to this assemblage of all things—this bony parliament of the natural creation—this Hall of Skeleton Assembly—this

Post Mortem Palace. All rest quietly in company. Lions and lambs; dolphins, turtles, and sharks are on the very best terms with each other; eagles, hawks, swans, and pigeons perch in harmony. Different portions of the animal economy are also displayed. One case contains skulls from all parts of the globe; in another are brains of various creatures, beautifully preserved, and abundant enough to satiate the wildest phrenologist; a third has stomachs sufficient to startle any number of aldermen, or to outdo in capacity the largest of luxurious corporations. The noblest and the meanest of created things send each their contribution; from the mammoth to the mouse,—from man to the ape.

In one case are some illustrations of the durability of the skin of different creatures, and amongst others is a specimen of the integument of the extinct animal giant, the mammoth, discovered in the frozen soil of Siberia, where it must have lain bound up in its crystal prison doubtless not for hundreds, but for thousands, of years. The story of its discovery is told in the Catalogue, and is worth repeating:—

"A Tungusian hunter and collector of fossil ivory, who had migrated in 1799 to the peninsula of Tamul, at the mouth of the Lena, near the seventieth degree of north latitude, one day perceived, amongst the blocks of ice and frozen soil, a shapeless mass, which in the following year was more disengaged and showed two projecting parts. In 1803, part of the ice between the earth and the observed body—which was then recognised as that of a mammoth, yielding the tusks commonly found in the soil of that coast—having melted more rapidly than the rest, the enormous mass fell by its own weight on a bank of sand. Of this, two Tungusians, who accompanied Mr. Adams, the recorder of the fact, were witnesses. In the month of March, 1804, the discoverer came to his mammoth, and having cut off the tusks, exchanged them with a merchant for goods of the value of fifty rubles. Two years afterwards, or the seventh after the discovery of the mammoth, Mr. Adams visited the spot, and found the mammoth still in the same place, but altogether mutilated: the Jakutski of the neighbourhood had cut off the flesh, with which they fed their dogs during the scarcity. Wild beasts, such as white bears, wolves, wolverines, and foxes, also fed upon it, and the traces of their footsteps were seen around. The skeleton, almost entirely cleared of its flesh, remained whole, with the exception of one fore-leg, probably dragged off by the bears. The spine, with other parts of the skeleton, still held together by the ligaments, and by parts of the skin. The head was covered with a dry skin; one of the ears, well preserved, was furnished with a tuft of hair. The point of the lower lip had been gnawed; and the upper one, with the proboscis, having been devoured, the molar teeth could be perceived. The brain was still in the cranium, but appeared dried up. The parts least injured were one fore-foot and one hind-foot; they were covered with skin, and had still the sole attached. The skin, of which about three-fourths were saved, was of a dark grey colour, covered with a reddish wool, and coarse long black hairs. The dampness of the spot where the animal had lain so long, had in some degree destroyed the hair. The entire skeleton, from the fore-part of the skull to the end of the mutilated tail, measured sixteen feet four inches; its height was nine feet four inches. The tusks measured along the curve nine feet six inches, and in a straight line, from the base to the point, three feet seven inches.

"Mr. Adams collected the bones. He next detached the skin on the side on which the animal had lain, which was well preserved; the weight of the skin was such, that ten persons found great difficulty in transporting it to the shore. After this, the ground was dug in different places to ascertain whether any of its bones were buried, but principally to collect all the hairs which the white bears had trod into the ground whilst devouring the flesh, and more than thirty-six pounds' weight of hair were thus recovered. The tusks were re-purchased at Jakustk, and the whole sent thence to St. Petersburgh, where the skeleton is now mounted."

Very many heads and hands have contributed to complete this museum. As its name indicates, the founder of the collection was the self-educated, self-elevated physiologist, John Hunter, who, born to the condition of a village carpenter, raised himself to the foremost rank as an investigator of the laws of Nature. Hunter did not accept as truth all that was told him; nor did he rest content with what his predecessors had done or said; but, intent upon the discovery of facts, he went to work for himself. Animal and vegetable products of all kinds were materials full of interest to him; come whence they would, they were made to contribute to his knowledge of natural things; and when his skill and his fame grew, and as skill and fame gave money and power, both were used for the acquisition of a larger stock of materials for observation.

During his lifetime he prepared and accumulated a marvellous number of specimens; and when his sudden death whilst attending at St. George's Hospital, brought enemies and friends alike to a recognition of his great services to science, it was determined to buy his museum, with funds provided by the public purse, and to place its contents where they might be ready for public reference. The valuable charge was first offered to the College of Physicians, and declined upon the plea that they were too poor. It was next offered to the College of Surgeons, and accepted. The Government voted a portion of the money necessary for building a museum, the College finding the rest. Since then,

without any help from the taxes, the collection has been increased and enriched from various sources.

Fifteen hundred pounds were given for fifteen hundred preparations left behind him by Sir Astley Cooper; four hundred and fifty pounds were given for four hundred and fifty made by Mr. Liston; eight hundred and sixty-eight pounds for preparations made by "old Brooks," and seven hundred and sixty pounds for a number of specimens prepared by Mr. Langstaff. Innumerable things have been given by different scientific surgeons and others, until the total of the combined supply makes up what we see—undoubtedly the finest physiological collection in the world. The whole cost of bringing the thing to its present perfection has been very great. Since the museum has been in charge of the College, it is calculated that they have spent upon it, in specimens, salaries, catalogues, and preservation (a very costly business) upwards of sixty-six thousand pounds.

With the consequences entailed by its custody (ingloriously escaped by the College of Physicians) the sum spent has been much larger still. This has come almost wholly out of the fees paid for diplomas, the College having no property in houses or lands; and such being the case, now that they see the museum has grown and grown till it almost chokes up the existing space for its reception —large though that be—and now that specimens are hidden up for want of space for their display; the public may fairly demand that aid from some source may be given for its proper expansion. In other countries the Government are foremost in their provision for science; in ours, the public voice has often to be raised again and again before a scanty dole is afforded for such public purposes.* About three thousand a-year is now spent out of the funds of the surgical public for keeping up this national museum—open to the nation without fee or stint, with no twopenny fee at the door, as they have at St. Paul's—a museum into which the contributions of science are ever and anon pouring new abundance. The Government of France, or Prussia, or Russia, if they had such an institution, would surely not stint something for house-room. Why should the Government of England?

Whilst to the scientific this museum affords ample means for study, it has also points of deep interest and instruction for the simplest of unlettered visitors. On a pedestal in the centre of the room, stands the skeleton, eight feet high of the Irish giant, O'Byrne, the living human wonder of his day. He died about seventy years ago, when only twenty-two years old, his death being hastened by his love for drink. His last fears were, that his enormous frame might fall into the hands of the doctors, and he made those about him promise to carry his body out to sea, and sink it there. So remarkable a specimen of the human family was not, however, fated to be utterly lost. A hundred years might pass without producing another man of the same height; extraordinary exertions were made to secure his skeleton, and John Hunter succeeded in adding it to his museum, but not without an expenditure of a very large sum of money to the depraved associates of the drunken dead giant. Beside O'Byrne's skeleton are those of an adult man and woman of the ordinary stature, and the contrast is sufficiently complete. A more striking one, however, is secured by a fourth skeleton, that of a little woman, known thirty years ago, as the Sicilian Dwarf. Her name was Caroline Crachami, and she was exhibited in various parts of England, being much less than two feet high! She died in Old Bond Street, in 1824, and her skeleton measures but twenty inches. The man who put up her skeleton, had evidently a dash of the satirist in his composition; for at the foot of the tiny bony frame lies a silk stocking that once clothed the dwarf's leg, and a little ring filled with pearls, and a ruby that once encircled her finger. The glitter of the gew-gaws is a silent commentary on the vanities once allied to the dry bones they now lie beside—vanities not limited to poor dwarfs.

Beyond the human giant, loom the bones of a quadruped the skeleton of poor Chuny, "the mad elephant of Exeter Change." Many of our readers will remember the days when Zoological Gardens were unknown in England, and when Exeter Change projected half across the present Strand near the end of Catherine Street, and ran for a considerable distance down towards Charing Cross—the under part being an arcade for the sale of nick-nacks, and the upper stories being full of caged wild-beasts. Those who remember that old favourite haunt of shopping ladies and sight-seeing Londoners, will remember also the day when the town was alarmed by news that the elephant had gone mad, with love and tooth-ache, and was breaking out of his den; and how, in spite of drugs by pailsful, and poisons by the pound, he could be neither cured nor killed; and how, at last, men were summoned from the neighbourhood armed with guns to fire upon the enraged creature, and at last a file of grenadiers were sent for, and all fired, and fired more than two hundred muskets and rifle shots in vain, until at length one ball took effect in the poor crazy monster's brain. To all who remember these things, Chuny will appear an old acquaintance when they see him in the College Museum, for which he was bought at a cost of two hundred pounds.

Round about the museum are many other, smaller objects of attraction. The paper nautilus is there with a word in the catalogue, dissipating the old poetical notion that their expanded arms are used as sails; also some beautiful Italian models of the torpedo—the fishy living galvanic battery;

some cases of most curiously dissected insects, and also some skeletons of fish, showing, each in its proper place, the multitude of small bones that bother the hasty epicure. One of the specimens is a trout caught at Drayton Manor. It weighed twenty-two pounds, and was sent by Sir Robert Peel, as a curiosity, to the College, when the council, in compliment to the statesman who dealt so much more liberally with science than many other ministers had done, spent a round sum in putting up the skeleton in the present style.

Besides remarkable instances of normal structure, many curious freaks of nature are there also; some of them being in a small additional room on the left of the hall. One of these, the child with two skulls, may be mentioned. It is the skeleton of a boy born in Bengal, about seventy years ago. Here is the description from the catalogue:—"The child was healthy and was more than four years old at the time of its death, which was occasioned by the bite of a poisonous snake. When born, the body of the child was naturally formed, but the head appeared double, there being, besides the proper head of the child, another of the same size, and to appearance almost equally perfect, attached to its upper part. This upper head was upside down, the two being united together by a firm adhesion between their crowns, but without any indentation at their union, there being a smooth continued surface from one to the other. The face of the upper head was not over that of the lower, but had an oblique position, the centre of it being immediately above the right eye. When the child was six months old, both of the heads were covered with black hair, in nearly the same quantity. At this period the skulls seemed to have been completely ossified, except a small space on the top. The eyelids of the superior head were never completely shut, but remained a little open, even when the child was asleep, and the eyeballs moved at random. When the child was roused, the eyes of both heads moved at the same time; but those of the superior head did not appear to be directed to the same object, but wandered in different directions. The tears flowed from the eyes of the superior head almost constantly, but never from the eyes of the other except when crying. The superior head seemed to sympathise with the child in most of its natural actions. When the child cried, the features of this head were affected in a similar manner, and the tears flowed plentifully. When it sucked the mother, from the mouth of the superior head the saliva flowed more copiously than at any other time, for it always flowed a little from it. When the child smiled, the features of the superior head sympathised in that action. When the skin of the superior head was pinched, the child seemed to feel little or no pain, at least not in the same proportion as was felt from a similar violence being committed on its own head or body." A fuller account of this remarkable case of monstrosity may be found in the "Philosophical Transactions," by those who like to seek it.

Many other things equally strange might be named, were it needful, for the smaller museum is half-full of curious things. There are, for instance, illustrations of two of the most marvellous cures, or rather escapes, on record:—such as the bones of the front of the chest of a man who was literally impaled by a gig shaft, but recovered; a second, are drawings to illustrate the injuries of another man, a sailor, who was pinned to the deck by an iron spike at the end of a mast, weighing six hundred pounds, but who yet recovered, and is believed to be yet alive, and well, in Wales. The crowning curiosities, however, are not named in the catalogue, though they stand in two small bottles, on a mahogany pedestal, in the centre of this smaller room. To a man with a soul for identicals, they must offer great attraction, for they are two portions of the small intestine of the Emperor Napoleon, showing the presence of the cancerous disease that killed him. These post-mortem relics were removed by a French surgeon who assisted in opening the body of the deceased conqueror, and were given by him to Barry O'Meara, who presented them to Sir Astley Cooper. They offer scientific and historical evidence of the cause of the great man's death. Some time ago a card leant against the bottles, explaining the nature of their contents, but more than once a French visitor to the place became excited, and even violent, on seeing the relics of their venerated chief. One day a perfect scene occurred:—"Perfide Albion!" shrieked a wild Gaul, whose enthusiasm seemed as though it had been fed upon Cognac. "Perfide Albion!" again and more loudly rang through the usually quiet hall. "Not sufficient to have your Vaterloo Bridge, your Vaterloo Place, your Vaterloo boots, but you put violent hands on de grand Emperor himself. Perfide! perfide! perfide!" he yelled again, and had he not been restrained, would have run a Gallic muck among the bones and bottles that would have been recollected for many a day. From that time the pathological record of Napoleon's fatal malady has been unnumbered, and—to the million—unrecognisable.

A popular enquiry of the place is, "Where's Mrs. Van Butchell? Which is Mrs. Van Butchell?" The lady in question was the first wife of Martin Van Butchell, a celebrated quack doctor, who, eighty years ago, used to ride in Hyde Park a pony painted blue, green, and red, as an advertisement of himself and his pretended cures. When the good lady died, her husband employed some eminent medical men of the day to try a mode of preserving her remains, and they were accordingly embalmed with turpentine and

camphorated spirits of wine. Seventy-five years have elapsed since it was done, and Mrs. Van Butchell, judging by her head, is still a most respectable mummy. Another female, who desired about the same period to be so treated after her demise, and whose wish was realised, is in a similar state of preservation. But we have said enough. Let those who would know more of the fine collection, go and search out its curiosities for themselves.

THE WEALTH OF THE WOODS.

Those uncultivated regions, dotted here and there with trees, and serried everywhere with brambles, which we of Europe call a forest, is a garden compared with the least extensive forest of New Brunswick. A saunter only a few hundred yards from a New Brunswick settlement suddenly brings you to a barrier of trees, firmly rooted, side by side, in the severest military order, and you are told that that (pointing between the crevices of the trees) is your way into the forest; the reflection at once passes through your mind that the famed Daniel Lambert would have been an indifferent backwoodsman. However you are in a North American wilderness, a few hundred miles from the most distant approach to the comforts of civilisation; and your resolution to make the best of matters is strong. With a desperate effort, that rapidly pumps the blood into your face, you force your way through the barrier. In a few minutes you are buried in the vast solitude. You hear the chirp of birds at a great height. It is March, and you are reminded that about this season of the year the black bear, having sucked the thick part of his paw throughout the winter, and taken no other kind of nourishment, issues from his den in quest of more substantial fare. This reflection, however unpleasant at first, is soon dispelled by the marvellous variety of the scene. Life in a thousand forms is busy about you. Pussy is changing her winter coat of white for the grey of summer; and the fox is quietly speculating upon the hen who is sitting under your neighbour's shed. After a quarter of an hour's desperate scrambling you emerge into a small open space; and are startled to find a busy band of people at work. On inquiry, you learn that you have surprised the workers of a maple-sugary. The sugar maples, into which holes have been bored, are noble trees, rising, in some instances, to the height of seventy or eighty feet. The ground on which they grow is a gentle declivity, in the valley of which a stream, with bits of frail ice still clinging about its banks, bubbles along. The back of the rock or sugar maple is of a dazzling whiteness. The sugar camp is a rough shanty, pitched in one corner of the cleared space, to shelter those who attend to the kettles. The process of extracting the saccharine sap and reducing it to sugar is, at present, rude, and perhaps wasteful. The trees are perforated with an auger in an oblique upward direction, at about twenty inches from the ground, and on the south side. The trough, which is to receive the sap is placed at the foot of the tree, and left there throughout the day, at the close of which its contents are poured into casks, or into a huge trough made of the hollowed trunk of a birch tree. The evaporation is kept up by a brisk fire, night and day, until the liquid is reduced to a syrup. It is then strained through a blanket. Afterwards it is boiled till reduced to the proper consistency for being poured into the moulds. When properly refined, the maple-sugar of New Brunswick equals in quality and beauty the finest sugar consumed in Europe. Maple sap is also convertible into vinegar by acetous fermentation under the rays of the sun.

Maple-sugar is consumed throughout New Brunswick, and in various other parts of the American Continent. Some of the sugaries tap eight hundred trees annually; yet these trees, so valuable for their saccharine matter (and the extraction of which does not retard their growth), have been indiscriminately felled by the settlers; and already many New Brunswick farmers when they hear of the pains the people of the United States are taking to plant maple orchards, look back with regret to the noble maple groves they have chopped up into firewood. The wood when worked has a rosy tinge, and a silky texture. It exhibits two accidental forms, which give it additional value in the eyes of cabinet makers. One is known as "curled maple," that is, maple with an undulating grain, such as the red flowering maple (which also grows plentifully in the dense forests of New Brunswick) often shows.

The second accidental formation of which cabinet makers take advantage, is found only in old trees. It consists of an inflexion of the fibre from the circumference towards the centre, producing spots of half a line in diameter, sometimes contiguous, and sometimes several lines apart. This formation is called "bird's-eye maple." The sugar-maple is now beginning to be imported into this country in considerable quantities. Even from the excrescences or knobs of this beautiful and valuable tree, cabinet-work of rare beauty is manufactured by the French.

Passing from the sugary, and leaving behind you the graceful rows of silver maple, that look like fairies' wands, you may pass one or two stunted grey oaks. The severe winter dwarfs them, yet their wood is sound and hard, and serves for agricultural implements, and sleighs. Your attention is, however, soon taken from the puny oaks to be rivetted upon some magnificent specimens of vegetation. The grand walnut or butternut trees of New Brunswick, are hardly known in England. The butternut, however, makes noble

timber, and most useful for many important purposes. It sometimes grows to the height of eighty feet, and its branches, which generally shoot at a right angle from the trunk, give it a wide-spreading and luxuriant tuft. The fruit of this tree is an oily nut, called a "butternut," which the settlers pickle. The bark of the tree makes an excellent yellow dye. Butternut-wood is a most valuable timber; it has great powers of resistance to heat and moisture. For coach-panels it is in request from its lightness, toughness, and the manner in which it receives paint. At Fredericton, butternut wood is used generally for furniture. The grain is handsome, easily worked, and susceptible of a good polish. Some of the public buildings of Fredericton have been fitted up with butternut wood with a most pleasing effect; yet this timber is never imported into this country, although it can be procured in large quantities and blocks, and is easily propagated. Near the great butternut tree you will find the flowery dog-wood, a most useful timber from its hardness and the beauty of its grain. Its diminutive proportions, however, render it useless except for tool handles, or other equally small articles.

Upon a gentle declivity, or in a valley of rich soil, you find the tall and slender canoe-birch, another most valuable and beautiful tree. The wood of this birch exhibits, immediately below its first ramification, gentle undulations of the fibre, which American joiners turn to account for inlaid work. The bark of this birch, however, is the most valuable part of it. From this bark the Indians manufacture various ornaments and build their canoes.

In close proximity to the ash, and surrounded with black spruce and hemlock spruce, you find a tall tree with a stem like a shaft of gold. Its lowest branch is forty feet from the ground. This is the yellow birch, esteemed by cabinet-makers for its durability, and its handsome appearance when polished; large quantities of it reach Europe. It is from the bark of this tree that the empyreumatic oil is extracted with which Russian leather is dressed, and it is from this oil that prepared Russian leather obtains its peculiar odour. The most useful of the American birches, however, is that species known to the Canadians as cherry birch, and to the inhabitants of New Brunswick as black birch. It is imported into this country in large quantities. Under water it is almost imperishable; but its tendency to warp when dry, detracts greatly from its value for furniture. For that part of vessels which is under water, this wood is extensively used. Its sap yields excellent vinegar, and its leaves, when rubbed and dried, emit a pleasant perfume, or make a refreshing infusion when steeped in milk and sugar. Its inner bark is valuable for tanning.

You ramble on, pushing your way through the dense underwood, starting many hares, catching a glance, perhaps, at rare intervals, of a quiet fox making his disappearance on tip-toe with grotesque caution, or pausing in astonishment at the shrill cries of some of the great birds that flaunt lazily about in the air. When you get upon low moist ground you find the common alder and the black alder growing in thick clusters. The wood of the alder takes black better than any other timber; from this property chiefly it derives its value. With sulphate of iron the bark forms a good black dye for wool, and this dye is not unfrequently used by American hatters.

To see the wild cherry tree to advantage you must take a forest ramble about the end of August. You will then find the wild cherries hanging in rich profusion above you. You will seldom find the wild cherry tree of New Brunswick exceed thirty-five feet in height, with a trunk averaging from eight to ten inches in diameter. The wood is of a dull light-red tint, which deepens, with age, into a brilliant brown. In the United States, where the tree grows to a large size, it is so worked that it rivals the beauty of the finest mahogany. The settlers of New Brunswick turn the wild cherries of their forests to account by extracting a liqueur from it, which, when carefully prepared, is said to outrival the Kirschwasser made from the cherries of the Black Forest. Now and then in your forest rambles your sense of smell will be gratified with the odour emitted from that almost useless, though graceful tree, the balsam poplar. This odour comes from a yellow gum which exudes from the spring-buds of the tree. The American aspen is a tender, graceful tree; the larger kind is a valuable wood, equal in richness, when carefully polished, to satin-wood.

It has been, and probably is still, a matter of dispute which tree is the monarch of the North American forests. The oak, of which Englishmen are so proud, is a puny, sickly plant in new Brunswick, overshadowed by the butternut and cherry-birch; but the rambler, who has a sense of the beautiful, will give a decided supremacy to the beech. All botanists have united in extolling the magnificent feathery folinge of the beech; its grand proportions, its roots, like the claws of a giant stretched along the surface of the earth around it, then suddenly plunged below. The traveller in New Brunswick will suddenly find himself buried in a dense forest consisting entirely of these noble trees—such a forest is one of the grandest scenes in nature. The white birch depends for its preservation upon its marvellous beauty, inasmuch as it can minister to the wants of man only in the shape of firewood. The red birch is less ornamental, but more useful than its gorgeous brother. Red beech timber is stronger and tougher than oak, but less stiff

Water is almost powerless to corrupt it; but variable atmospheres rapidly destroy it. After forty years' immersion in water it has been found as sound as when it was felled. The finest specimens of this timber are to be found in Prince Edward Island. Timid ramblers learn with some concern that the bears resort to the beech forests to satisfy their partiality for beech nuts.

Here and there you come across a specimen of the iron-wood tree. It is a stunted plant, not often exceeding seventeen feet in height. The fine grain and weight of its timber, however, gives it a particular value. Near the brilliant yellow birch the ash will generally be found. The white ash is tougher and stronger than oak; but is principally esteemed for its remarkable elasticity. In swampy ground the black ash thrives. Its wood is yet more elastic, though weaker than that of the white ash—it is, however rich in alkali.

You will also, in the course of the shortest forest ramble in New Brunswick, come up with lofty specimens of white and red elm. These trees, remarkable for their beauty wherever they are found, are in the forests of New Brunswick magnificent plants, reaching sometimes one hundred feet in height. The toughness of elm timber forms its chief value. It perishes rapidly when exposed alternately to wet and dry atmospheres, but under water it lasts in a sound condition for centuries. Red elm timber resists variable weather better than the white elm, but its grain is coarse. Another gigantic tree to be found in the loose, deep soils of New Brunswick forests, is bass-wood, or the American lime. It is a handsome tree, but of little more value than the gorgeous beech.

The speculative man cannot walk ten paces in any part of the vast forests of New Brunswick, without pausing to inquire how it is that the wealth he sees about him lies there unproductive. In the noble trees, the heads of which are lost in the clouds, the utilitarian, whom it is the fashion to deride, sees so many incipient arm-chairs and sofas. He notes how the handsome knotty branch of yonder elm might be fashioned into a garden-chair. If this current of reflection be indulged at the expense of a little poetry; if a man, with a hatchet and a foot-rule, be a less poetic visitor of the forest than the verse maker who muses in its mighty labyrinths, at least the prosaic leveller of arboricultural monarchs does good service to his kind. Our forest ramble is open to the charge of utilitarianism; we have not used pre-Raphaelite colours; but while pleading guilty to a practical tendency in our inquiries, we shall, perhaps, be permitted to gather unto ourselves a consolation, in the hope that some of the wood, the useful properties of which we have noticed, may in due time be fashioned into easels for some seraphic painter of very angular virgins, draped in a costume of most painful stiffness. Grateful as all men must be, that Nature presents to them pictures as grand as those of the American solitudes, they cannot, if they look at the question in its human light, be sorry to learn that there is a faint hope of one day beholding the solitudes which the poet loves peopled by happy families. There is poetry in the practical, as well as in the purely imaginative. The man who first stayed the mountain's stream to turn a mill-wheel, was, in all probability, as poetic a being as the author of the finest lines on its pellucid waters, the music of its flow, and the verdure of its banks. In this view, let our practical view of the untrodden wildernesses be regarded; if we have not written poetry on their beauty and their grandeur, we have endeavoured to show the resources they contain for the profitable exercise of that honest labour which fails to find its due reward in our teeming island. Thus the muse may forgive us for taking our forest ramble with a note-book in one hand and a foot-rule in the other.

THE MAGIC CRYSTAL.

It is the fashion—especially among people of fashion—to point with pity to a tale of modern witchcraft, to an advertisement of a child's caul, or to the *bonâ fide* certificates of cases from the takers of quack medicines, and to deplore the ignorance of their inferiors. Delusions, however, of the grossest kind are not confined to the illiterate. A cloud of dupes have ever floated about in the higher regions of society; while it is quite a mistake to suppose that the refinements and discoveries of the nineteenth century have dispersed them. The reign of Queen Victoria, like that of Elizabeth and of Anne, has its Dr. Dees, and Lillys, and Partridges, who are as successful as their precursors in gaining proselytes who can pay handsomely. Damsel of high degree, fresh from boarding-school, with her head more full of sympathy for the heroes and heroines of fashionable novels, and ideas more fixed upon love affairs than on any legitimate studies, can easily find out, through mysteriously worded advertisements in the Sunday papers, or through the ready agency of friends who have already become victims to the "science" of astrology and magic, the whereabouts of these awful and wonderful beings. There are a number of styles and classes of them, all varying in appearance and mode of operations. There are the old women, who, consoled by the glories of their art, repine not at inhabiting comfortless garrets in the purlieus of the New Cut, Lambeth; and hiding their vocation under the mask of having staylaces or infallible corn-plaisters to sell, receive more visitors from the fashionable cream of Belgravia than from the dross of Bermondsey. Disguises are sometimes resorted to, and parties of titled ladies have been known to meet, and put on the

habiliments of "charwomen," and to pass themselves off as dressmakers. There is an old man with unshaven beard and seldom washed face, who lives in more comfortable style with his son, in Southwark (the favoured district of the conjurors), who, to keep up appearances, has "Engineer," hugely engraved on a great brass plate over the door; who casts nativities, and foretells events of the future, for three or five shillings, as the appearance of the visitor will warrant him in demanding; receives all his votaries sitting at a terribly littered table of dirty papers, with a well-smoked clay pipe beside him.—Passing to a higher grade, the "agent," or arranger of matters, legal, pecuniary, or domestic, only practises the black art for the love he bears it and to oblige his friends, but never refuses a few shillings fee, out of respect to the interests of the science. Nearly all *his* customers are people of title.

But the most successful of these astrological conjurors is the possessor of a certain MAGIC CRYSTAL; to the surface of which he pretends to call up angels, constellations, and heroes of the past, with all of whom familiar conversations are held, to the amazement of large parties of fashionables assembled in elegant salons. Were the rank and numbers of the persons weak enough to be deluded by such exhibitions to be divulged, the revelation would not be credited by the sane part of the world. The Magic Crystal, during the London season last past, became the wonder, the talk, and—with not a few—the belief. Some account of the antecedents of Magic Crystals will not be without interest:—

Those who have passed any time in India, will have become acquainted with the use made of round masses of rough hewn polished glass, designated Divining Crystals, and bear testimony to the superstitious awe with which they are regarded. The High Priest of the Bhuddist and Hindoo Temples in former times, when arrayed in the consecrated garments for the festivals, had one of these round knobs—about the size of a large pendant drop of a chandelier, or the top of a beadle's staff—suspended from his neck by a chain of great value, and of dazzling brilliancy. It was through the agency of this crystal that he was supposed to hold communion with the spirit or spirits to whom he and his followers accorded devotion and made intercessions; and the glass, acting as did the famed oracle of Delphi, gave orders and commands, and settled all great questions that might be submitted to its spiritual master. The priest, although he might be a pattern of purity, and the quintessence of all that was good, having, however, the sin of being in years, and not able perhaps to keep from the spirit inhabiting the crystal all the transactions of his youth, could not hold direct communication with it; to arrange this, a certain number of boys (and sometimes, in some of the temples, young damsels) were retained, who, never having mixed with the world, could not be supposed to be in any way contaminated by its vices. These alone were said to be capable of beholding the spirit when he chose to make his appearance in the divining glass, and interpreting to and fro the questions put, and answers received. Although it was not every boy or "seer" to whom was permitted the gift of spiritual vision, yet in later times, when divining crystals multiplied, little ragged boys would run after the passers in the streets and offer to see—anything that might be required of them—for an anna, or even a cake or sweetmeat. In Egypt, the Divining Glass is superseded by putting a blot of thick black fluid into the palm of a boy's hand, and commanding him to see various people and things, of which practice Lane, in his "Modern Egyptians," gives some curious disclosures.

Divining mirrors were not confined to the East. Dr. Dee was the first English impostor who vaunted the possession of one of these priceless treasures. He had for the "seer" one Kelly, an Irishman, and to this, doubtless, was attributable the impression that prevailed among the astrologers and amateur spirit hunters, that when the spirits condescended to speak, they always gave speech with a very strong spice o' the brogue. This "beryl," as it is called, was preserved amongst the Strawberry Hill curiosities, and fell under the hammer of George Robins at the memorable sale. It proved to be a globe of cannel-coal. In Aubrey's Miscellany there is an engraving of another larger crystal, and there is with it (as also in other works produced about the same period) many wonderful stories; yet notwithstanding the magic capabilities of these mirrors, they went out of fashion until the beginning of the present year.

This revival and its consequences is like a page out of a silly romance. The story, if told by a disinterested historian, would require authentication as belonging to the year 1850. We therefore turn, by way of voucher, to a publication—which on any other occasion, it would require an apology to our readers for quoting—called "Zadkiel's Almanac for 1851." At page 46 of that farrago, after referring to the existence of Magic Crystals at the present day, the writer says:—"One of large size (four inches in diameter) was a few years since brought over by a friend of Lady Blessington; after the sale of whose effects it recently fell into the hands of a friend of mine; and, having tested its powers, I have resolved on giving my readers an account of this wonderful mode of communicating with the spirits of the dead. The crystal is spherical, and has been turned from a large mass of pure rock crystal. I have been shown some few others, but, with the exception of one shown me by Lord S.,* they are all much

* For which his lordship, we are told, paid Zadkiel's friend £50.

[illegible]. These are said to be consecrated to the Angels of the planets, and are, therefore, far less powerful than Lady Blessington's Crystal, which, being consecrated to the Archangel of the [illegible] Michael, may be consulted during four hours each day, whereas the others can generally be used only for a very brief space of time; nor can very potent spirits be called into them or made to render themselves visible. It will be seen that in this large crystal spirits appeared without being 'called,' as is usual; and that they give us most *important information of the actual existence of the soul after death, and of the state in which it exists and will exist until the Judgment.* They confirm all the great truths of Revelation and of the Christian religion; and they tell us that we should take the Holy Scriptures as our guide alone, and not rely on the *dogmas* of any Church, or heed the opinions of any human teachers. They aver that Prayer and Praise are essential to salvation, but that forms and ceremonies are not; and they say that ALL the spirits, and even the highest Angels in Paradise, do pray to God, who is always pleased with *earnest* prayer."

It is this sort of blasphemy which, unhappily, makes the most dupes, for weak minded people mistake it for religion. The mode in which this delusion was "worked," we learn from a friend who accidentally became acquainted with the imposture. He says:—

"The first intimation that we received of the revival of this notable practice of divination was about six months ago, when we were casually informed that the son of a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy was, at that time, frequently, engaged in developing before a few privileged friends, the extraordinary faculty of being able to hold intercourse with the world of spirits. It was added that the revelations made through the medium of this youth were of so wonderful a nature, and carried such conviction to the minds of those who listened, that they were declared to be the result of more than human power.

"We made inquiry as to the nature of these revelations, and found—as we expected — that they were precisely what might be expected, not from a supernatural intelligence, but from a naval young gentleman who carried to the ceremony a fair proportion of that readiness of belief in supernatural agency which is, more or less, characteristic of all sailors. On the subject in general these gallant officers were imaginative enough, but their specific yearnings —we are forced to admit—did not display any very lofty range. Their questions, instead of turning on

"'Fate, foreknowledge, and free-will,'

were limited to inquiries as to the personal appearance of some of our distinguished naval Commanders, and the spirit who communicated his replies, through the interposition of the son of a Captain in the Royal Navy, must have been somewhat of the chillest capacity if he could not have satisfied the ingenuous interlocutor. One specimen of this sort may serve for a dozen.

"'Ask him,' said Lord ——, for such was the rank of the querist, 'ask him to describe Lord Nelson!'

"And, accordingly, the spirit, with an accuracy which was quite astonishing—considering that no portrait, bust, or statue of Nelson is known to exist—gave a full, true, and particular account of England's hero, describing him as a very thin man, in a cocked-hat, with only one eye, one arm, &c.; and the truth of this description was declared to be something truly marvellous.

"What the spirit of Lord Nelson said we were not informed, but we have no great difficulty in believing that it was to the effect that 'England expects every man to do his duty,' if, indeed, those memorable words were not actually used. Something more he might have added of an equally astonishing nature, for we have since discovered that there is a formula in these matters. Whatever it was, his hearers were perfectly satisfied, and the fame of this apparition soon got bruited abroad amongst the relations and friends of the noble and gallant lord already adverted to.

"Another boy, also the son of a naval officer, about thirteen years of age, was a skilful interpreter; and even if he had not been an agent between two worlds, must still have shone forth as something remarkable, for one young lady, the daughter of a dignitary in the Church, declared that 'in her conversation with him, upon *metaphysical subjects*, she had been particularly struck by the depth and clearness of his reasoning!' The youthful agent had, certainly, the advantage over his principals in this respect, their answers being mostly delivered in the hazy manner which usually characterises communications of an oracular nature.

"There was, however, on the occasion of a *matinée* at the retired naval officer's, who was and is, the Arch-Priest of this mystery, one Spirit who spoke plainly enough, but whose attributes and revelations were at once so comic and appalling, that we are almost afraid to transcribe them; still, for the benefit of our readers, we will venture:—

"A demand was made that the spirit of a deceased brother of one of the querists should be summoned to appear.

"The lieutenant's son averted his face, and bent over the crystal.

"Presently he said, 'I see him—he has red, curly hair, and stoops a good deal. I can't exactly see his features, but I think he squints.'

"This account of her late brother's personal appearance, though not very flattering, satis-

fied the lady as far as it went; but being, like Macbeth—

> "'———bent to know,
> By the worst means, the worst,'

she required further proof of her relative's identity.

"There was a pause for a minute or two, and then the Spirit-seer spoke again:

"'He has got a scroll in his hand, which he unfolds; there is this inscription on it, *in letters of fire:*

"'I AM TOM!!!'

We were assured that this sublime revelation was received with a degree of solemn awe, which caused our informant to shake with suppressed throes of well-bred laughter.

"Besides the particular cases of 'Tom' and "Lord Nelson," others, not a whit less marvellous, have been described, and with perfect good faith on the part of the narrators, who could not be reasoned out of their absurdity, and who insisted, moreover, that there could be no deception in the matter, on account of the means employed, and the evident sincerity of the *employés!* These means, they said, required that the person who looked into the crystal should be perfectly *pure;* that is to say, a child free from sin (and by no means given to lying, as sometimes happens with the best of children), and that the form of adjuration used was, '*In nomine Domini,*' &c.; Latin being, as is well known, the language which spirits of all denominations, 'red, black, and grey,' are most accustomed to. When interrogated after this fashion, the spirit, if evil, fled away, howling (inaudibly); if good, it came, when called, unless particularly engaged *in the Sun;* for it appears that it is to that planet almost all spirits go when their term of purgatory is over."

Thus far we are lighted on our amusing way by private information; but for more evidence of the balderdash by which educated persons are capable of being deluded, we must revert to the Almanac. According to this veracious record, the first spirit who favoured Zadkiel with a visit (it was on the 29th of January last) was Orion, of whom such frequent mention is made in the fathers. He is described as "a TALL man, with a helmet on, and in armour; a bear on its hind legs near him! He is fierce-looking, but has a pleasant smile."

Zadkiel indulges the readers of his Almanac with woodcuts of the various spirits as they are said to have appeared in the Crystal. They were drawn by one of the seers—a young gentleman having a knack with the pencil. The bear "on his hind legs" does not appear; but Orion himself is, in the guise of a knight, precisely like those theatrical heroes dear to the eyes of youth, and sold at a "penny plain, and twopence coloured." What renders this portrait quite authentic, is a sentence in a letter which our friend showed us, from the author of the Almanac to an old retired officer, in which he speaks of the young seer and draughtsman, as a recreant, and denounces him for having owned that what he had seen in the glass was—nothing. That the portraits he took, the visions he declared he saw, the answers he pretended he heard from the glass, were simply of his own invention. That in short he had perpetrated an egregious hoax. *After* the date of the letter in which this is dolorously communicated, the young artist's drawings are published in the Almanac as authentic likenesses of what appeared in the extraordinary glass of spirits.

The substance of Orion's communication is as follows, commencing with the caution that what he tells is not to be published "for the first half of this year," that is to say, till the Almanac is ready. All his communications are evidently copyright.

He says that the Crystal in which he appears was made in the year 657 B.C.; that any questions may be asked, "except wicked ones;" that the querist "cannot always be told;" and that he comes "from the atmosphere." Being out of breath with talking—though he says little besides the above—Orion has recourse to the expedient of "*letters of fire,*" which, observes Zadkiel, in a note, "appear *written* in various ways in the Crystal; sometimes on flags, which the Spirits hold up; but sometimes they are *in print.*" In these letters of fire, Orion thus counsels the querist: "Be merry. Quarrel not. Keep your temper, and your children, too. You are a good man, but try to be better. I am wanted. Let me go."

Besides Orion, there is a spirit whom we never had the advantage of hearing of before—his name is GEGO. He is not quite so clever as Orion, or the Egyptian magicians. However we learn from him that in the Preadamite era the world did *not* go round the Sun, which is something worth knowing, and would be satisfactory information for Dr. Cullen. He also says, that "The Babylon mentioned in the Revelations did not allude to Rome but to London."

Without troubling Orion or Gego any further, we turn to a few deceased celebrities who were at different times summoned into the Crystal, and hear what they have to tell us.

Milton relates that the idea of "Paradise Lost" was suggested to him in a dream, by his guardian angel. Homer was born in Athens, and knows Virgil. Tacitus, who is eminently modest, prefers Cæsar's account of the Britons to his own, and says that the Druids were "stupid fellows in general." Sir Isaac Newton says, that "Electricity is *partly* the cause of the moon's motions," and that "the nature of light will be discovered, but not for a long time."

The following specimens of colloquies heard by large parties of amazed, titled, and be-

having listeners, are copied from the Almanac literatim :—

"Are you Pharaoh, that was King of Egypt?—Yes. Where do you dwell now?—In Jupiter. How long have you been there?—About thirty years. Where did you dwell till then?—In the Atmosphere, and was undergoing punishment till then. Were you King of Egypt when Moses was there?—Yes, *and Aaron too.* Did you build the Pyramids?—*Some.* Were any built before your time?—Yes. Do you know how long the first was built before Christ?—About three hundred years after Adam; it was building then. Do you mean that it was built before the flood?—No, it was not finished; the flood destroyed them. What was the principal object of them?—To hold the Kings of Egypt. Were there Kings of Egypt so soon after the Creation?—Yes; that was the first country Kings were in. *Were* you drowned in the Red Sea?—*Yes.*"

"On a certain Sunday Alexander the Great appeared—on horseback—in armour; the horse also in armour, &c. He is undergoing his punishment, but looks to be released next Sunday. Deeply regrets killing Clitus, and all the murders he perpetrated. Has seen his father once only; not allowed intercourse with any Spirit till after next Sunday. Amuses himself in fighting his battles over again."

In another Crystal dialogue, Emmanuel Swedenborg objects to capital punishments, and also to paying tithes to clergymen. He volunteers information about Sir John Franklin, which Zadkiel says he should like to see "for his wife's sake," and not at all with any hope of reward from the Admiralty!

"What do you wish?" asks Swedenborg. What is the best way to communicate with him? replies Zadkiel. "*By the natives; they speak to him sometimes.*"—Will he be home next summer? "No."—Why? "*Because he he cannot help himself;* he is stopped by ice, but his heart does not fail him; he wants to explore."—How will he do for *provisions?* "He will find *bears, dogs,* and *wolves.*"—Will he find the passage? "No; there is a continent there."—But there is also a passage? "There is one, but he will not find it." What latitude does it lie in chiefly? "I do not know; *good bye.*"

It appears odd that Swedenborg, who knew so much, did not know this; but we learn in another place, that "Spirits do not *well* understand about latitude and longitude." Orion seems to have been a trifle more explicit, for he places the expedition "to the north-east of Melville Island," where certain young gentlemen of Zadkiel's acquaintance had just killed a bear. The voyagers, we are further told, get "a *kind* of wolves" (to eat) and "a *kind* of *turf* full of gas" (perhaps to drink).

According to the seer Socrates, for he has rather a French taste in dress, came forward in this guise: "A tall, middle-aged man, rather bald, *dressed with striped coarse trowsers, very loose at the top and tight near the feet; a kind of frock, open in the front, and without sleeves.*" He is generally employed in "singing praises," but was not quite happy. Like no other Spirits, he is very polite, for when going, he said, "Many happy returns of your Birthday." ("It was," says Zadkiel, "the seer's thirteenth birthday.") It was this young gentleman who proved a traitor, and proclaimed that he had imposed on Zadkiel and all his friends.

It may be objected that the miserable stuff which we have quoted must prove its own antidote; but, when we find that its author boasts of the scores of thousands which he has sold of his vapid publication, and sets forth the example set by the higher classes with the view of selling more—an example which always finds a certain number of imitators—we hold, that the pernicious tendency of the publication calls for exposure. Observe the direct effect of the following paragraph, with which Zadkiel sums up the nature of the success he has experienced in the course of a few months—the italics are his own :—

"In concluding this account, I may remark that *numerous children* have seen these visions, some of them the sons and daughters of persons of high rank; and that *several* adults have also seen visions, one of them a lady of title, another a member of one of the highest families in England. It will be easily seen that delicacy prevents my publicly naming individuals; but I can assure my readers that *above one hundred of the nobility,* and several hundreds of other highly respectable ladies and gentlemen, have examined this wonderful phenomenon, and have expressed the highest gratification and astonishment."

What is likely to be the future career of "*children*" who have been trained to a system of imposture? And what may not be the influence upon persons of weak minds, of the opinions expressed by "hundreds of highly respectable ladies and gentlemen," in a community who hold "respectability" in so much reverence? If "above one hundred of the nobility" are not likely to find imitation, amongst their dependents alone, why do we see daily the shrewdest, money-making tradesmen of London advertising the "nobility" as encouragers of their professions, or purchasers of their wares? The answer is obvious.

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A CHRISTMAS TREE.

I have been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled round that pretty German toy, a Christmas Tree. The tree was planted in the middle of a great round table, and towered high above their heads. It was brilliantly lighted by a multitude of little tapers; and everywhere sparkled and glittered with bright objects. There were rosy-cheeked dolls, hiding behind the green leaves; there were real watches (with movable hands, at least, and an endless capacity of being wound up) dangling from innumerable twigs; there were French-polished tables, chairs, bedsteads, wardrobes, eight-day clocks, and various other articles of domestic furniture (wonderfully made, in tin, at Wolverhampton), perched among the boughs, as if in preparation for some fairy housekeeping; there were jolly, broad-faced little men, much more agreeable in appearance than many real men—and no wonder, for their heads took off, and showed them to be full of sugar-plums; there were fiddles and drums; there were tambourines, books, work-boxes, paint-boxes, sweetmeat-boxes, peep-show boxes, all kinds of boxes; there were trinkets for the elder girls, far brighter than any grown-up gold and jewels; there were baskets and pincushions in all devices; there were guns, swords, and banners; there were witches standing in enchanted rings of pasteboard, to tell fortunes; there were teetotums, humming-tops, needle-cases, pen-wipers, smelling-bottles, conversation-cards, bouquet-holders; real fruit, made artificially dazzling with gold leaf; imitation apples, pears, and walnuts, crammed with surprises; in short, as a pretty child, before me, delightedly whispered to another pretty child, her bosom friend, "There was everything, and more." This motley collection of odd objects, clustering on the tree like magic fruit, and flashing back the bright looks directed towards it from every side—some of the diamond-eyes admiring it were hardly on a level with the table, and a few were languishing in timid wonder on the bosoms of pretty mothers, aunts, and nurses—made a lively realisation of the fancies of childhood; and set me thinking how all the trees that grow and all the things that come into existence on the earth, have their wild adornments at that well-remembered time.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. I begin to consider, what do we all remember best upon the branches of the Christmas Tree of our own young Christmas days, by which we climbed to real life.

Straight, in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top—for I observe, in this tree, the singular property that it appears to grow downward towards the earth—I look into my youngest Christmas recollections!

All toys at first, I find. Up yonder, among the green holly and red berries, is the Tumbler with his hands in his pockets, who wouldn't lie down, but whenever he was put upon the floor, persisted in rolling his fat body about, until he rolled himself still, and brought those lobster eyes of his to bear upon me—when I affected to laugh very much, but in my heart of hearts was extremely doubtful of him. Close beside him is that infernal snuff-box, out of which there sprang a demoniacal Counsellor in a black gown, with an obnoxious head of hair, and a red cloth mouth, wide open, who was not to be endured on any terms, but could not be put away either; for he used suddenly, in a highly magnified state, to fly out of Mammoth Snuff-boxes in dreams, when least expected. Nor is the frog with cobbler's wax on his tail, far off; for there was no knowing where he wouldn't jump; and when he flew over the candle, and came upon one's hand with that spotted back—red on a green ground—he was horrible. The cardboard lady in a blue-silk skirt, who was stood up against the candlestick to dance, and whom I see on the same branch, was milder, and was beautiful; but I can't say as much for the larger cardboard man, who used to be hung against the wall and pulled by a string; there was a sinister expression in that nose of his; and when he got his legs round his neck (which he very often did), he was ghastly, and not a creature to be alone with.

When did that dreadful Mask first look at me? Who put it on, and why was I so

frightened that the sight of it is an era in my life? It is not a hideous visage in itself; it is even meant to be droll; why then were its stolid features so intolerable? Surely not because it hid the wearer's face. An apron would have done as much; and though I should have preferred even the apron away, it would not have been absolutely insupportable, like the mask? Was it the immovability of the mask? The doll's face was immovable, but I was not afraid of *her*. Perhaps that fixed and set change coming over a real face, infused into my quickened heart some remote suggestion and dread of the universal change that is to come on every face, and make it still? Nothing reconciled me to it. No drummers, from whom proceeded a melancholy chirping on the turning of a handle; no regiment of soldiers, with a mute band, taken out of a box, and fitted, one by one, upon a stiff and lazy little set of lazy-tongs; no old woman, made of wires and a brown-paper composition, cutting up a pie for two small children; could give me permanent comfort, for a long time. Nor was it any satisfaction to be shown the Mask, and see that it was made of paper, or to have it locked up and be assured that no one wore it. The mere recollection of that fixed face, the mere knowledge of its existence anywhere, was sufficient to awake me in the night all perspiration and horror, with "O I know it's coming! O the mask!"

I never wondered what the dear old donkey with the panniers—there he is!—was made of, then! His hide was real to the touch, I recollect. And the great black horse with round red spots all over him—the horse that I could even get upon—I never wondered what had brought him to that strange condition, or thought that such a horse was not commonly seen at Newmarket. The four horses of no colour, next to him, that went into the waggon of cheeses, and could be taken out and stabled under the piano, appear to have bits of fur-tippet for their tails, and other bits for their manes, and to stand on pegs instead of legs, but it was not so when they were brought home for a Christmas present. They were all right, then; neither was their harness unceremoniously nailed into their chests, as appears to be the case now. The tinkling works of the music-cart, I *did* find out, to be made of quill tooth-picks and wire; and I always thought that little tumbler in his shirt sleeves, perpetually swarming up one side of a wooden frame, and coming down, head foremost, on the other, rather a weak-minded person—though good-natured; but the Jacob's Ladder, next him, made of little squares of red wood, that went flapping and clattering over one another, each developing a different picture, and the whole enlivened by small bells, was a mighty marvel and a great delight.

Ah! The Doll's house!—of which I was not proprietor, but where I visited. I don't admire the Houses of Parliament half so much as that stone-fronted mansion with real glass windows, and door-steps, and a real balcony—greener than I ever see now, except at watering-places; and even they afford but a poor imitation. And though it *did* open all at once, the entire house-front (which was a blow, I admit, as cancelling the fiction of a staircase), it was but to shut it up again, and I could believe. Even open, there were three distinct rooms in it: a sitting-room and bedroom, elegantly furnished, and, best of all, a kitchen, with uncommonly soft fire-irons, a plentiful assortment of diminutive utensils—oh, the warming-pan!—and a tin man-cook in profile, who was always going to fry two fish. What Barmecide justice have I done to the noble feasts wherein the set of wooden platters figured, each with its own peculiar delicacy, as a ham or turkey, glued tight on to it, and garnished with something green, which I recollect as moss! Could all the Temperance Societies of these later days, united, give me such a tea-drinking as I have had through the means of yonder little set of blue crockery, which really would hold liquid (it ran out of the small wooden cask, I recollect, and tasted of matches), and which made tea, nectar. And if the two legs of the ineffectual little sugar-tongs did tumble over one another, and want purpose, like Punch's hands, what does it matter? And if I did once shriek out, as a poisoned child, and strike the fashionable company with consternation, by reason of having drunk a little teaspoon, inadvertently dissolved in too hot tea, I was never the worse for it, except by a powder!

Upon the next branches of the tree, lower down, hard by the green roller and miniature gardening-tools, how thick the books begin to hang. Thin books, in themselves, at first, but many of them, and with deliciously smooth covers of bright red or green. What fat black letters to begin with! "A was an archer, and shot at a frog." Of course he was. He was an apple-pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility, that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe—like Y, who was always confined to a Yacht or a Yew Tree; and Z condemned for ever to be a Zebra or a Zany. But, now, the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean-stalk—the marvellous bean-stalk up which Jack climbed to the Giant's house! And now, those dreadfully interesting, double-headed giants, with their clubs over their shoulders, begin to stride along the boughs in a perfect throng, dragging knights and ladies home for dinner by the hair of their heads. And Jack—how noble, with his sword of sharpness, and his shoes of swiftness! Again those old meditations come upon me as I gaze up at him; and I debate within myself whether there was more than one Jack (which I am loth to believe possible), or only one genuine original admirable Jack, who achieved all the recorded exploits.

Good for Christmas time is the ruddy color of the cloak, in which—the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through, with her basket—Little Red Riding-Hood comes to me one Christmas Eve, to give me information of the cruelty and treachery of that dissembling Wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Little Red Riding-Hood, I should have known perfect bliss. But, it was not to be; and there was nothing for it but to look out the Wolf in the Noah's Ark there, and put him late in the procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded. O the wonderful Noah's Ark! It was not found seaworthy when put in a washing-tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in, even there—and then, ten to one but they began to tumble out at the door, which was but imperfectly fastened with a wire latch—but what was *that* against it! Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant: the lady-bird, the butterfly—all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet were so small, and whose balance was so indifferent, that he usually tumbled forward, and knocked down all the animal creation. Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco-stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to warm little fingers; and how the tails of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string!

Hush! Again a forest, and somebody up in a tree—not Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the Yellow Dwarf (I have passed him and all Mother Bunch's wonders, without mention), but an Eastern King with a glittering scimitar and turban. By Allah! two Eastern Kings, for I see another, looking over his shoulder! Down upon the grass, at the tree's foot, lies the full length of a coal-black Giant, stretched asleep, with his head in a lady's lap; and near them is a glass box, fastened with four locks of shining steel, in which he keeps the lady prisoner when he is awake. I see the four keys at his girdle now. The lady makes signs to the two kings in the tree, who softly descend. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

Oh, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful; all rings are talismans. Common flower-pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beef-steaks are to throw down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them. Tarts are made, according to the recipe of the Vizier's son of Bussorah, who turned pastrycook after he was set down in his drawers at the gate of Damascus; cobblers are all Mustaphas, and in the habit of sewing up people cut into four pieces, to whom they are taken blindfold. Any iron ring let into stone is the entrance to a cave, which only waits for the magician, and the little fire, and the necromancy, that will make the earth shake. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky date, with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genie's invisible son. All olives are of the stock of that fresh fruit, concerning which the Commander of the Faithful overheard the boy conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent olive merchant; all apples are akin to the apple purchased (with two others) from the Sultan's gardener, for three sequins, and which the tall black slave stole from the child. All dogs are associated with the dog, really a transformed man, who jumped upon the baker's counter, and put his paw on the piece of bad money. All rice recals the rice which the awful lady, who was a ghoule, could only peck by grains, because of her nightly feasts in the burial-place. My very rocking-horse,—there he is, with his nostrils turned completely inside-out, indicative of Blood!—should have a peg in his neck, by virtue thereof to fly away with me, as the wooden horse did with the Prince of Persia, in the sight of all his father's Court.

Yes, on every object that I recognise among those upper branches of my Christmas Tree, I see this fairy light! When I wake in bed, at daybreak, on the cold dark winter mornings, the white snow dimly beheld, outside, through the frost on the window-pane, I hear Dinarzade. "Sister, sister, if you are yet awake, I pray you finish the history of the Young King of the Black Islands." Scheherazade replies, "If my lord the Sultan will suffer me to live another day, sister, I will not only finish that, but tell you a more wonderful story yet." Then, the gracious Sultan goes out, giving no orders for the execution, and we all three breathe again.

At this height of my tree I begin to see, cowering among the leaves—it may be born of turkey, or of pudding, or mince pie, or of these many fancies, jumbled with Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, Philip Quarll among the monkeys, Sandford and Merton with Mr. Barlow, Mother Bunch, and the Mask—or it may be the result of indigestion, assisted by imagination and over-doctoring—a prodigious nightmare. It is so exceedingly indistinct, that I don't know why it's frightful—but I know it is. I can only make out that it is an immense array of shapeless things, which appear to be planted on a vast exaggeration of the lazy-tongs that used to bear the toy soldiers, and to be slowly coming close to my eyes, and receding to an immeasurable distance. When it comes closest, it is worst. In connection with it, I descry remembrances of winter nights incredibly long; of being sent early to bed, as a punishment for some small

offence, and waking in two hours, with a sensation of having been asleep two nights; of the leaden hopelessness of morning ever dawning; and the oppression of a weight of remorse.

And now, I see a wonderful row of little lights rise smoothly out of the ground, before a vast green curtain. Now, a bell rings—a magic bell, which still sounds in my ears unlike all other bells—and music plays, amidst a buzz of voices, and a fragrant smell of orange-peel and oil. Anon, the magic bell commands the music to cease, and the great green curtain rolls itself up majestically, and The Play begins! The devoted dog of Montargis avenges the death of his master, foully murdered in the Forest of Bondy; and a humorous Peasant with a red nose and a very little hat, whom I take from this hour forth to my bosom as a friend (I think he was a Waiter or an Hostler at a village Inn, but many years have passed since he and I have met), remarks that the sassigassity of that dog is indeed surprising; and evermore this jocular conceit will live in my remembrance fresh and unfading, overtopping all possible jokes, unto the end of time. Or now, I learn with bitter tears how poor Jane Shore, dressed all in white, and with her brown hair hanging down, went starving through the streets; or how George Barnwell killed the worthiest uncle that ever man had, and was afterwards so sorry for it that he ought to have been let off. Comes swift to comfort me, the Pantomime—stupendous Phenomenon!—when Clowns are shot from loaded mortars into the great chandelier, bright constellation that it is; when Harlequins, covered all over with scales of pure gold, twist and sparkle, like amazing fish; when Pantaloon (whom I deem it no irreverence to compare in my own mind to my grandfather) puts red-hot pokers in his pocket, and cries "Here's somebody coming!" or taxes the Clown with petty larceny, by saying "Now, I sawed you do it!" when Everything is capable, with the greatest ease, of being changed into Anything; and "Nothing is, but thinking makes it so." Now, too, I perceive my first experience of the dreary sensation—often to return in after-life—of being unable, next day, to get back to the dull, settled world; of wanting to live for ever in the bright atmosphere I have quitted; of doting on the little Fairy, with the wand like a celestial Barber's Pole, and pining for a Fairy immortality along with her. Ah she comes back, in many shapes, as my eye wanders down the branches of my Christmas Tree, and goes as often, and has never yet stayed by me!

Out of this delight springs the toy-theatre,—there it is, with its familiar proscenium, and ladies in feathers, in the boxes!—and all its attendant occupation with paste and glue, and gum, and water colors, in the getting-up of The Miller and his Men, and Elizabeth, or the Exile of Siberia. In spite of a few besetting accidents and failures (particularly an unreasonable disposition in the respectable Kelmar, and some others, to become faint in the legs, and double up, at exciting points of the drama), a teeming world of fancies so suggestive and all-embracing, that, far below it on my Christmas Tree, I see dark, dirty, real Theatres in the day-time, adorned with these associations as with the freshest garlands of the rarest flowers, and charming me yet.

But hark! The Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas Tree? Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city-gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a Cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard. "Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Still, on the lower and maturer branches of the Tree, Christmas associations cluster thick. School-books shut up; Ovid and Virgil silenced; the Rule of Three, with its cool impertinent enquiries, long disposed of; Terence and Plautus acted no more, in an arena of huddled desks and forms, all chipped, and notched, and inked; cricket-bats, stumps, and balls, left higher up, with the smell of trodden grass and the softened noise of shouts in the evening air; the tree is still fresh, still gay. If I no more come home at Christmas time, there will be girls and boys (thank Heaven!) while the World lasts; and they do! Yonder they dance and play upon the branches of my Tree, God bless them, merrily, and my heart dances and plays too!

And I *do* come home at Christmas. We all do, or we all should. We all come home, or ought to come home, for a short holiday—the longer, the better—from the great boarding-school, where we are for ever working at our arithmetical slates, to take, and give a rest. As to going a visiting, where can we not go, if we will; where have we not been, when we would; starting our fancy from our Christmas Tree!

Away into the winter prospect. There are

many such upon the tree! On, by low-lying misty grounds, through fens and fogs, up long hills, winding dark as caverns between thick plantations, almost shutting out the sparkling stars; so, out on broad heights, until we stop at last, with sudden silence, at an avenue. The gate-bell has a deep, half-awful sound in the frosty air; the gate swings open on its hinges; and, as we drive up to a great house, the glancing lights grow larger in the windows, and the opposing rows of trees seem to fall solemnly back on either side, to give us place. At intervals, all day, a frightened hare has shot across this whitened turf; or the distant clatter of a herd of deer trampling the hard frost, has, for the minute, crushed the silence too. Their watchful eyes beneath the fern may be shining now, if we could see them, like the icy dewdrops on the leaves; but they are still, and all is still. And so, the lights growing larger, and the trees falling back before us, and closing up again behind us, as if to forbid retreat, we come to the house.

There is probably a smell of roasted chestnuts and other good comfortable things all the time, for we are telling Winter Stories—Ghost Stories, or more shame for us—round the Christmas fire; and we have never stirred, except to draw a little nearer to it. But, no matter for that. We came to the house, and it is an old house, full of great chimneys where wood is burnt on ancient dogs upon the hearth, and grim Portraits (some of them with grim Legends, too) lower distrustfully from the oaken panels of the walls. We are a middle-aged nobleman, and we make a generous supper with our host and hostess and their guests—it being Chri tmas-time, and the old house full of company—and then we go to bed. Our room is a very old room. It is hung with tapestry. We don't like the portrait of a cavalier in green, over the fireplace. There are great black beams in the ceiling, and there is a great black bedstead, supported at the foot by two great black figures, who seem to have come off a couple of tombs in the old Baronial Church in the Park, for our particular accommodation. But, we are not a superstitious nobleman, and we don't mind. Well! we dismiss our servant, lock the door, and sit before the fire in our dressing-gown, musing about a great many things. At length we go to bed. Well! we can't sleep. We toss and tumble, and can't sleep. The embers on the hearth burn fitfully and make the room look ghostly. We can't help peeping out over the counterpane, at the two black figures and the cavalier—that wicked-looking cavalier—in green. In the flickering light, they seem to advance and retire: which, though we are not by any means a superstitious nobleman, is not agreeable. Well! we get nervous—more and more nervous. We say "This is very foolish, but we can't stand this; we'll pretend to be ill, and knock up somebody." Well! we are just going to do it, when the locked door opens, and there comes in a young woman, deadly pale, and with long fair hair, who glides to the fire, and sits down in the chair we have left there, wringing her hands. Then, we notice that her clothes are wet. Our tongue cleaves to the roof of our mouth, and we can't speak; but, we observe her accurately. Her clothes are wet; her long hair is dabbled with moist mud; she is dressed in the fashion of two hundred years ago; and she has at her girdle a bunch of rusty keys. Well! there she sits, and we can't even faint, we are in such a state about it. Presently she gets up, and tries all the locks in the room with the rusty keys, which won't fit one of them; then, she fixes her eyes on the Portrait of the Cavalier in green, and says, in a low, terrible voice, "The stags know it!" After that, she wrings her hands again, passes the bedside, and goes out at the door. We hurry on our dressing-gown, seize our pistols (we always travel with pistols), and are following, when we find the door locked. We turn the key, look out into the dark gallery; no one there. We wander away, and try to find our servant. Can't be done. We pace the gallery till daybreak; then return to our deserted room, fall asleep, and are awakened by our servant (nothing ever haunts *him*) and the shining sun. Well! we make a wretched breakfast, and all the company say we look queer. After breakfast, we go over the house with our host, and then we take him to the Portrait of the Cavalier in green, and then it all comes out. He was false to a young housekeeper once attached to that family, and famous for her beauty, who drowned herself in a pond, and whose body was discovered, after a long time, because the stags refused to drink of the water. Since which, it has been whispered that she traverses the house at midnight (but goes especially to that room where the Cavalier in green was wont to sleep), trying the old locks with her rusty keys. Well! we tell our host of what we have seen, and a shade comes over his features, and he begs it may be hushed up; and so it is. But, it's all true; and we said so, before we died (we are dead now) to many responsible people.

There is no end to the old houses, with resounding galleries, and dismal state-bedchambers, and haunted wings shut up for many years, through which we may ramble, with an agreeable creeping up our back, and encounter any number of Ghosts, but, (it is worthy of remark perhaps) reducible to a very few general types and classes; for, Ghosts have little originality, and "walk" in a beaten track. Thus, it comes to pass, that a certain room in a certain old hall, where a certain bad Lord, Baronet, Knight, or Gentleman, shot himself, has certain planks in the floor from which the blood *will not* be taken out. You may scrape and scrape, as the present owner has done, or plane and plane, as his father did, or scrub and scrub, as his

grandfather did, or burn and burn with strong acids, as his great-grandfather did, but, there the blood will still be—no redder and no paler—no more and no less—always just the same. Thus, in such another house there is a haunted door, that never will keep open; or another door that never will keep shut; or a haunted sound of a spinning-wheel, or a hammer, or a footstep, or a cry, or a sigh, or a horse's tramp, or the rattling of a chain. Or else, there is a turret-clock, which, at the midnight hour, strikes thirteen when the head of the family is going to die; or a shadowy, immovable black carriage which at such a time is always seen by somebody, waiting near the great gates in the stable-yard. Or thus, it came to pass how Lady Mary went to pay a visit at a large wild house in the Scottish Highlands, and, being fatigued with her long journey, retired to bed early, and innocently said, next morning, at the breakfast-table, "How odd, to have so late a party last night, in this remote place, and not to tell me of it, before I went to bed!" Then, every one asked Lady Mary what she meant? Then, Lady Mary replied, "Why, all night long, the carriages were driving round and round the terrace, underneath my window!" Then, the owner of the house turned pale, and so did his Lady, and Charles Macdoodle of Macdoodle signed to Lady Mary to say no more, and every one was silent. After breakfast, Charles Macdoodle told Lady Mary that it was a tradition in the family that those rumbling carriages on the terrace betokened death. And so it proved, for, two months afterwards, the Lady of the mansion died. And Lady Mary, who was a Maid of Honour at Court, often told this story to the old Queen Charlotte; by this token that the old King always said, "Eh, eh? What, what? Ghosts, Ghosts? No such thing, no such thing!" And never left off saying so, until he went to bed.

Or, a friend of somebody's, whom most of us know, when he was a young man at college, had a particular friend, with whom he made the compact that, if it were possible for the Spirit to return to this earth after its separation from the body, he of the twain who first died, should reappear to the other. In course of time, this compact was forgotten by our friend; the two young men having progressed in life, and taken diverging paths that were wide asunder. But, one night, many years afterwards, our friend, being in the North of England, and staying for the night in an Inn, on the Yorkshire Moors, happened to look out of bed; and there, in the moonlight, leaning on a Bureau near the window, stedfastly regarding him, saw his old College friend! The appearance being solemnly addressed, replied, in a kind of whisper, but very audibly, "Do not come near me. I am dead. I am here to redeem my promise. I come from another world, but may not disclose its secrets!" Then, the whole form becoming paler, melted, as it were, into the moonlight, and faded away.

Or, there was the daughter of the first occupier of the picturesque Elizabethan house, so famous in our neighbourhood. You have heard about her? No! Why, *She* went out one summer evening, at twilight, when she was a beautiful girl, just seventeen years of age, to gather flowers in the garden; and presently came running, terrified, into the hall to her father, saying, "Oh, dear father, I have met myself!" He took her in his arms, and told her it was fancy, but she said "Oh no! I met myself in the broad walk, and I was pale and gathering withered flowers, and I turned my head, and held them up!" And, that night, she died; and a picture of her story was begun, though never finished, and they say it is somewhere in the house to this day, with its face to the wall.

Or, the uncle of my brother's wife was riding home on horseback, one mellow evening at sunset, when, in a green lane close to his own house, he saw a man, standing before him, in the very centre of the narrow way. "Why does that man in the cloak stand there!" he thought. "Does he want me to ride over him?" But the figure never moved. He felt a strange sensation at seeing it so still, but slackened his trot and rode forward. When he was so close to it, as almost to touch it with his stirrup, his horse shied, and the figure glided up the bank, in a curious, unearthly manner—backward, and without seeming to use its feet—and was gone. The uncle of my brother's wife, exclaiming, "Good Heaven! It's my cousin Harry, from Bombay!" put spurs to his horse, which was suddenly in a profuse sweat, and, wondering at such strange behaviour, dashed round to the front of his house. There, he saw the same figure, just passing in at the long french window of the drawing-room, opening on the ground. He threw his bridle to a servant, and hastened in after it. His sister was sitting there, alone. "Alice, where's my cousin Harry?" "Your cousin Harry, John?" "Yes. From Bombay. I met him in the lane just now, and saw him enter here, this instant." Not a creature had been seen by any one; and in that hour and minute, as it afterwards appeared, this cousin died in India.

Or, it was a certain sensible old maiden lady, who died at ninety-nine, and retained her faculties to the last, who really did see the Orphan Boy; a story which has often been incorrectly told, but, of which the real truth is this—because it is, in fact, a story belonging to our family—and she was a connexion of our family. When she was about forty years of age, and still an uncommonly fine woman (her lover died young, which was the reason why she never married, though she had many offers), she went to stay at a place in Kent, which her brother, an India-Merchant, had newly bought. There was a story that this place had once been held in trust, by

the guardian of a young boy: who was himself the next heir, and who killed the young boy by harsh and cruel treatment. She knew nothing of that. It has been said that there was a Cage in her bed-room in which the guardian used to put the boy. There was no such thing. There was only a closet. She went to bed, made no alarm whatever in the night, and in the morning said composedly to her maid when she came in, "Who is the pretty forlorn-looking child who has been peeping out of that closet all night?" The maid replied by giving a loud scream, and instantly decamping. She was surprised; but, she was a woman of remarkable strength of mind, and she dressed herself and went down stairs, and closeted herself with her brother. "Now, Walter," she said, "I have been disturbed all night by a pretty, forlorn-looking boy, who has been constantly peeping out of that closet in my room, which I can't open. This is some trick." "I am afraid not, Charlotte," said he, "for it is the legend of the house. It is the Orphan Boy. What did he do?" "He opened the door softly," said she, "and peeped out. Sometimes, he came a step or two into the room. Then, I called to him, to encourage him, and he shrunk, and shuddered, and crept in again, and shut the door." "The closet has no communication, Charlotte," said her brother, "with any other part of the house, and it's nailed up." This was undeniably true, and it took two carpenters a whole forenoon to get it open, for examination. Then, she was satisfied that she had seen the Orphan Boy. But, the wild and terrible part of the story is, that he was also seen by three of her brother's sons, in succession, who all died young. On the occasion of each child being taken ill, he came home in a heat, twelve hours before, and said, Oh, Mamma, he had been playing under a particular oak-tree, in a certain meadow, with a strange boy—a pretty, forlorn-looking boy, who was very timid, and made signs! From fatal experience, the parents came to know that this was the Orphan Boy, and that the course of that child whom he chose for his little playmate was surely run.

Legion is the name of the German castles, where we sit up alone to wait for the Spectre—where we are shown into a room, made comparatively cheerful for our reception—where we glance round at the shadows, thrown on the blank walls by the crackling fire—where we feel very lonely when the village innkeeper and his pretty daughter have retired, after laying down a fresh store of wood upon the hearth, and setting forth on the small table such supper-cheer as a cold roast capon, bread, grapes, and a flask of old Rhine wine—where the reverberating doors close on their retreat, one after another, like so many peals of sullen thunder—and where, about the small hours of the night, we come into the knowledge of divers supernatural mysteries. Legion is the name of the haunted German students, in whose society we draw yet nearer to the fire, while the schoolboy in the corner opens his eyes wide and round, and flies off the footstool he has chosen for his seat, when the door accidentally blows open. Vast is the crop of such fruit, shining on our Christmas Tree; in blossom, almost at the very top; ripening all down the boughs!

Among the later toys and fancies hanging there—as idle often and less pure—be the images once associated with the sweet old Waits, the softened music in the night, ever unalterable! Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof, be the star of all the Christian world! A moment's pause, O vanishing tree, of which the lower boughs are dark to me as yet, and let me look once more! I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved, have shone and smiled; from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the raiser of the dead girl, and the Widow's Son; and God is good! If Age be hiding for me in the unseen portion of thy downward growth, O may I, with a grey head, turn a child's heart to that figure yet, and a child's trustfulness and confidence!

Now, the tree is decorated with bright merriment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness. And they are welcome. Innocent and welcome be they ever held, beneath the branches of the Christmas Tree, which cast no gloomy shadow! But, as it sinks into the ground, I hear a whisper going through the leaves. "This, in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy and compassion. This, in remembrance of Me!"

CHRISTMAS IN LODGINGS.

A bachelor's life is not without its attractions. Freedom of will and action are, at least, among a bachelor's joys; but experience has taught me that, after a certain time, such absence from restraint resolves itself into that species of liberty which Macaulay touchingly designates "the desolate freedom of the wild ass."

I came to London about ten years ago to study for the bar. I was entered at the Inner Temple, and, as far as the dinner-eating went, I can safely assert that I was an ornament to the Hall. I adorned the margin of my copy of "Burn's Justice" with caricatures of the benchers; and my friends appended facetious notes to my "Blackstone." I went to the masquerade in my gown; and strolled down to my law-tutor's chambers for the ostensible purpose of reading, about two P.M., daily. In short, I went through the usual routine of young gentlemen of ardent temperaments and competent means when they begin life: like most men, also, the pace of my fast days moderated in due time. About the time of my call to

the bar I began to study. My old companions, finding that I was becoming, what they were pleased to designate, "slow," dropped off. I entered into the solitude of lodgings, near Brunswick Square, and read eagerly. Still I found it necessary to relieve my legal studies with copious draughts from all the great fountains of inspiration, and I fear, that even when I was endeavouring to crack the hardest passages of "Blackstone," my ideas continually reverted either to the grace of Montaigne, the wit of Congreve and Pope, the sparkle and depth of Shakspeare, or the massive grandeur of Milton. By degrees my books became my dearest, my only associates. Though as a companion and friend I had decidedly fallen off, I improved as a lodger: I kept regular hours, and paid all my bills punctually.

My landlady grew confidential, in proportion as I grew domestic. She favoured me with her history from the time of her birth. I knew how she took the measles; the precise effect of her visit to a vaccine establishment; the origin of a scar over her left eye-brow; the income of her brother in Somersetshire; the number of kittens which her cat annually produced; the character she gave her last servant; and the fond affection she had lavished upon a brute of a husband. These matters, however, were intrusted to me in confidence; and, to use an original phrase, they shall be buried with me in my grave! I had no occasion to repay my landlady's confidence with my own, because she paid herself. I could keep no secrets from her. She knew the contents of my trunks, desks, and drawers, as well as I did—better, for, if I lost any little article, I never, perhaps, missed it. I was seldom allowed to wear a pair of dress gloves more than once: when a collar was not to be had, "them washerwomen was," I was told, "always a losing of something or other." I am sure the flavour of my tea, the quality of my mutton, and the excellence of my coals, were no secrets to my landlady: but she had many good qualities, so I ate what she left me in silence and in peace.

Despite my but too prying landlady, however, I got on very well by myself; and, like men who live alone, I became egotistic and lazy. I thought of the weaver at his loom; the lawyer burning the midnight composition over his brief; the author, with his throbbing temples, hard at work; and I rejoiced quietly by my fire and in my books. There was a selfish pleasure in the conviction that my case was so much better than that of thousands of the toilers and strugglers of the earth. This I found a capital philosophy for every day in the year—except one. On that day my landlady entered my room, and, with a few words, blighted my happiness, and made me miserable as the veriest outcast.

"Beg pardon for interrupting you," the worthy soul said, "but I wish to know whether you dine at home on Christmas Day. Though, of course, you will be with your friends—but I thought I might as well make sure."

The good woman must have noticed my confusion. I stammered out something in the most awkward manner; but contrived to make her understand, in the end, that I *should* dine at home.

"On *Christmas* Day, Sir?" the woman repeated, with particular emphasis. "I'm talking about Christmas Day, when every gentleman dines with his friends and relations; leastways, all the gentlemen *I* ever had, have done so."

"My friends live in Scotland, where Christmas is no festival," I replied, rather relieved at the opportunity of explaining my solitary condition.

"Well, dear a-me!" my landlady went on to say, "that 's very awkard, very awkard, Sir, indeed. Dear, dear a-me, what shall I do? My table, down stairs, won't hold any thing like fifteen!"

Fifteen persons to greet my landlady on Christmas Day, and not a soul to break bread with me! I saw, at once, the tendency of her observation as to the size of her table; and willingly offered to vacate my room for her great annual festivity. This offer was eagerly accepted, and once more I was left to my solitude. From that moment my fortitude deserted me. I knew that the weaver would enjoy his Christmas feast; that the lawyer would throw aside his brief, and abating his professional solemnity, would, on Christmas Day, make merry; and that the author would leave the pen in the inkstand to be jolly during a great portion of those twenty-four happy hours. Let me confess that I felt sick at heart—stupidly and profoundly dejected.

On Christmas Eve the maid came into my room, and, with a beaming face, begged that I would allow her to decorate it with holly:—she said nothing about the misletoe which she carried under her apron, but *I* saw her dexterously fasten it above the door-way. I was very lonely that evening. The six square yards of space which I occupied were the only six square yards in the neighbourhood not occupied by laughing human creatures. The noise of my landlady and her relatives below made me savage; and when she sent up the servant to ask whether I would like to step below, and take a stir at the pudding, my "no!" was given in such a decided tone that the poor girl vanished with miraculous celerity.

The knocks at the street-door were incessant. First it was the turkey, then the apples, oranges, and chesnuts, for dessert, then the new dinner-set, then the sirloin. Each separate item of the approaching feast was hailed with smothered welcomes by the women, who rushed into the passage to examine and greet it. Presently a knock re-

sounded through the house, that had to me a solemn and highly unpleasant sound, though it could not have differed from the preceding knocks. I listened to the opening of the door, and heard my landlady, in a sympathetic tone of voice, declare, that "it was only the first-floor's steak;—poor fellow!" My loneliness, then, was a theme of pitiful consideration with the people below! I was very angry, and paced my room with rapid strides. I thought I would wear cotton-wool for the next four-and-twenty hours, to shut out the din of general enjoyment. I tried, after a short time, to compose myself to my book; but, just as I was about to take it down from the shelf, the servant, having occasion to enter my room, informed me, in a high state of chuckling excitement, that "missis's friends was a going to light up a snap-dragon!"—and the shouts that burst upon me a few minutes afterwards confirmed the girl's report. I was now fairly savage, and, having called for my candle, in a loud determined voice, went to bed, with the firm conviction that the revellers below were my sworn enemies, and with the resolution of giving warning on the following morning—yes, on Christmas Day.

Brooding over the revenge I promised myself for the following morning, I went to sleep, and dreamed of the Arctic solitudes and the Sahara Desert. I was standing at a dry well, surrounded, on all sides, by endless sand, when a loud rumbling noise broke upon my dream. I awoke, and heard a heavy footstep passing my chamber. I started from my bed, flung open my door, and shouted, "Who's there?"

"It's only me, Sir, a going for to put the puddin' in the copper," said an uncommonly cheerful voice.

Here was a delightful opening scena of my Christmas Day. I believe I muttered a wish, that my landlady's pudding had been in a locality where it might boil at any time without disturbing any lodger.

That morning I rang four times for my hot water, three times for my boots, and was asked to eat cold ham instead of my usual eggs, because no room could be spared at the fire to boil them. I occupied my landlady's back parlour, and was intruded upon, every minute, because a thousand things wanted "for up-stairs" were left in odd nooks and corners of the room. I had no easy-chair. My books were all "put away," save a copy of "Jean Racine," which I had taken down by mistake for a volume of *the* "Racine." My breakfast-table could not be cleared for three hours after I had finished my meal. I was asked to allow a saucepan to be placed upon my fire. It was suggested to me that I might dine at two o'clock, in order to have my repast over and cleared away before the feast up-stairs began. I assented to this proposition with ill-feigned carelessness—although my blood boiled (like the pudding) at the impertinence of the request. But I was too proud to allow my landlady the least insight into the real state of my feelings. Poor soul! it was not her fault that I had no circle within my reach; yet I remember that throughout the day I regarded her as the impersonation of fiendish malice.

After I had dined she came to ask me if there was anything she could do for me? I regarded her intrusion only as one prompted by a vulgar wish to show me her fine ribbons and jaunty cap, and curtly told her that I did not require her services. To relieve myself of the load of vexation which oppressed me, I strolled into the streets; but I was soon driven back to my landlady's little parlour—the gaiety that resounded from every house, and the deserted streets without, were even more annoying than her marked attention. I sat down once more, and doggedly read the heavy verse of Jean. I called for my tea; and, in reply, I was informed that I should have it directly the dinner was over up-stairs. My patience was giving way rapidly. My tea was produced, however, after a considerable delay; and I then thought I would make a desperate attempt to forget the jovial scenes that were going forward in every nook and corner of the country—save in my desolate, sombre, close back parlour. I swung my feet upon the fender, leisurely filled the bowl of my meerschaum, and was about to mix my first fragrant cup, when that horrible servant again made her appearance, holding a dark steaming lump of something, on a plate.

"Please, Sir, missis's compliments, and p'raps you'd accept this bit of Christmas puddin'?"

I could have hurled it, plate and all, into the yard below. I saw myself at once an object of profound pity and charity to the company above. Although I am extremely fond of that marvellous compound of good things eaten with brandy-sauce on Christmas Day, I could not have touched my landlady's proffered plateful for any consideration. I gave a medical reason for declining the dainty, and once more turned to my pipe and my tea. As the white smoke curled from my mouth a waking dream stole over me. I fancied that I was Robinson Crusoe: my parrot dead, and my dog run away. I cursed fate that had consigned me to a solitude. I recited a few verses from Keats aloud, and the sound of my voice seemed strange and harsh. I poked the fire, and whistled, and hummed—to restore myself to the full enjoyment, or rather to the misery, of my senses. The tea on that evening only was green tea. I felt its effects. I grew nervous and irritable.

The servant once more invaded my seclusion—what could she want now?

"Please, Sir, have you done with the tea-things? I'm a going to wash 'em for up-stairs."

"Take them;" I replied, not very grace-

fully. The servant thanked me, as I thought, with impertinent good-nature and cleared the table.

About this time, sounds of merriment began to resound from the Christmas party. The shrill laughter of children was mingled with the hoarse guffaws of their parents; and the house shook at intervals with the romps of both parties. In the height of my desolate agony it gave me no little consolation to think that those children who were at their games, would probably dance to the tune of a tutor's cane at no distant interval. Such was my envy at the exuberant mirth that reached me in fitful gusts as the doors were opened or shut, that I felt all sorts of uncharitableness. Presently there was a lull in the laughter-storm. I began to hope that the party was about to break up. A gentle footstep was audible, descending the stairs. There was a smothered call for Mary. Mary obeyed the summons; and the following dialogue was whispered in the passage:

"Did he eat the pudding?"

"No, Mum—he was afraid of it: and he was *so* cross!"

"Cross! I was going to ask him to join us: do you think he would, Mary?"

"Bless you, no Mum! *He* jine! I think I see him a jining! Nothing pleases him. He's too high for anybody. I never see the likes of him!"

The feet then ascended the stairs, and after another pause of a few moments, the din of merriment was resumed. I was furious at the sympathy which my loneliness created. I could bear the laughter and shouting of the Christmas party no longer, and once more with a determination of having my revenge, I went to bed. I lay there for several hours; and did not close my eyes before I had vowed solemnly that I would not pass another Christmas Day in solitude, and in lodgings—and I did'nt.

In the course of the following year, I married the lovely daughter of Mr. Serjeant Shuttleface. My angel was a most astonishing pianoforte performer, and copied high art pictures in Berlin wool with marvellous skill, but was curiously ignorant of housekeeping; so, we spent the beginning of our wedded bliss in furnished apartments in order that she might gain experience gradually.

On one point, however, I was resolute; I would not spend a second Christmas Day in lodgings. I took a house, therefore, towards the close of the year, and repeatedly urged my wife to vacate our apartments that we may set up for ourselves. This responsibility she shrunk from with unremitting reluctance. There were besides innumerable delays. Carpets wouldn't fit; painters wouldn't work above one day a week: paper-hangers hung fire; and blacksmiths, charging by the day, did no more than one day's work in six. Time wore on. December came, advanced, and it seemed to be my fate to undergo another Christmas torment. However, to my inexpressible joy, everything was announced to be in readiness on the twenty-fourth. My sposa had by this time learnt enough of housekeeping to feel strong enough for its duties, and on Christmas Eve we left our rooms in Bedford Square, and took our Christmas pudding, in a cab, to my suburban villa near Fulham. And a merry Christmas we made of it! I don't think I ever ate a better pudding, though I have eaten a good many since then.

CHRISTMAS IN THE NAVY.

If there be any fire, above all fires, in which one ought to be able to see pleasant "figures," it is a Christmas fire. So I will just plant myself opposite my log, and look for some pleasant images of memory, to recal Christmas at sea.

"Lash up hammocks!" The pipe of the boatswain's mate thrills shrilly through the lower-deck some winter morning, at four o'clock. You begin to be gradually aware that you are an officer in Her Majesty's service once more; that you belong to the "Bustard;" and that you have got the morning watch. Of the last fact, the quartermaster makes you most thoroughly aware, by routing away at the "nettles" of your hammock (very much like a boy routing out a blackbird's nest); and so does the young gentleman you are to relieve, who, having called the lieutenant of the next watch, glides alongside you, and says, "Be quick up, Charley. I'm very sleepy."

"Is it cold?"

"Infernally!"

You temporise for five minutes. You think about Lord Nelson. At last you hear "Watch to muster!" *You* have to muster that watch. Out you jump, fling yourself into blanket trousers and a tremendous coat, and run up on deck. The watch are gathering aft; the quartermaster brings a lantern; you produce your watch-bill, and commence calling over the names. If you are a man of idle habits, your watch-bill is probably in an incorrect state. Among the main-top-men you come to the name "Tomkins." "Tomkins!" you cry. No answer. "Tomkins!" (with indignation). A voice answers "Dead." There is a kind of solemnity about that, which touches you rather poetically. But the lieutenant of your watch is affected by it in a more homely way, and indulges in a growl. However, a man's watch-bills, and quarter-bills, and division-lists, can't be always right. I remember that my friend Childers, of the "Rhinoceros," who had no division-list at all, used to bring up a copy of "Thomson's Seasons," which looked rather like one, and by judiciously asking the men what their names were, first, and then roaring them out, afterwards, rubbed on very well.

You glance round the ship. The rigging is glittering with icicles, and looks like a tremendous chandelier. We suppose you to be at anchor somewhere. Halifax is a very good place for a winter scene,—a very hospitable place, and capital quarters for salmon. Or, what do you say to Athens? It sounds too warm for a jolly Christmas; but, in reality, it is sometimes terribly cold. There is a wind that comes down from Russia as biting and peremptory as an ukase.

But at present we are in the "Bustard." She was a line-of-battle ship; and I will tell you, first, how they pass Christmas in a line-of-battle ship. The "Bustard" was a credit to the profession; for she could sail right off at once, directly after she was launched, and was not repaired above twice in four years! We had a very pleasant Christmas in her, at anchor, in Vourla Bay, near the entrance of the Gulf of Smyrna. We had been looking after "British interests" in Smyrna, that autumn, and had protected two balls, a masquerade, and several dinners at the consul's.

"It's getting near Christmas," said the lieutenant of the watch to me after we had set the men to work holystoning, that morning.

"Very true, Sir," I said, as if he had made a striking observation.

"Are you cold, Mr. Topples?"

"Very, sir," I answered; for my

'Blue-veined feet unsandalled were,'

like Geraldine's, in 'Christabel.' They always made us keep the morning-watch barefoot in that precious "Bustard."

"Ah, you'd better walk about, then. Just lift that hammock-cloth over me," said the lieutenant, composing himself in the nettings. "Thank you."

There was considerable discussion in the "Bustard," how Christmas should be kept that year. Should the ward-room ask the gun-room and Captain to dinner? or the Captain ask them? The last was impossible. Captain Barbell expected every man to do his duty—and to ask him. So we plucked up courage. We were an ambitious gun-room mess. One of that mess was a duke's son. It was notorious that we had Madeira, while the ward-room drank mere port. We invited the ward-room, and Captain Barbell. With a condescension which is the true charm of greatness, Captain Barbell accepted. I shall never forget my emotions when I saw him enter our mess-room, as if he had been a gentleman—(I mean, of course, as if he had been only an ordinary gentleman), and ask twice for soup!

It was a brilliant preparation that we had made to receive him. The tiller (which traverses the gun-room) was wrapped round with flags. The standards of every nation hung gracefully blended around in waves of colour. Eagles and trio-headed eagles swung together, as if they never pecked at each other,—never laid bullets instead of jolly edible eggs—never fed on blood, or turned men into sausages! The mess looked like a menagerie. The British lion lay down with every conceivable animal. Friend Jonathan's stars helped the Turkish crescent to make a night of it; and the laurel which they all fight for (and which grows so impartially in every country,—why should poor Daphne be made to back the Furies?) glittered tranquilly and green among them all.

But, before we went to dinner—just as the "Roast Beef of Old England" was played, and Captain Barbell marched out of his cabin, looking very like the roast beef in question, raw—we all visited the lower deck where the seamen were beginning the evening. There, on the little tables, suspended by their polished bars, stood plum-puddings. Perhaps there were a couple to each mess—looking very like a pair of terrestrial and celestial globes. How the coppers ever hold these puddings, I mean some day to inquire, when I have found out who wrote "Junius," why Ovid was banished from Rome, and some easier questions. These coppers had boiled a lake of cocoa that morning; had swallowed and boiled masses of junk, sparkling with lumps of salt; how they managed to hold the puddings, and to make them so good, I don't know, just now. Each pudding was decorated, perhaps with a paper ornament, perhaps with a sprig from some bush. Each "great globe itself" vanished that night! I could feel no doubt of their destiny when I saw the expression of the biggest fellow in the ship—the captain of the forecastle—as, like incense before the shrine of Neptune, his pudding sent up an awful steam before his weather-beaten face!

We returned to the gun-room. Captain Barbell took the place of honour. He gave a little grim smile as he saw the Sauterne. There was no Sauterne in *his* time—when *he* was a youngster. And yet he seemed to like it! He paused, startled at the sparkling Burgundy also—but he managed to swallow it! The duke's son asked him to take wine. There was a sensation. The captain nodded ("Homer sometimes nods"), and a thrill went through the mess. Meanwhile, the commander chatted with the senior mate; my messmate Riverby got confidential with the gunnery lieutenant, and found out that they were related through the Selbys of Blocksey; and a few youngsters made desperate attempts to shatter the sobriety of the boatswain.

The boatswain! He was one of our guests. He always dines with the officers (generally with the Captain) on Christmas Day. It is the aloe-blossoming of his life. It is his Lord Mayor's Day. With a yellow waistcoat as large as the mizen-topsail,—with a blue coat quite new and creasy, that seems to have been kept in a glass-case, for show, all the year—he takes his seat. He is asked to take wine. In olden days, he would have said, "No, thank 'ee, Sir—I'll take a potato!" Now he says, "My respects," and tops off the

glass at a draught. Brave old boatswain—descendant of the sea-kings—if I ever look with anything but respect on even thy most trenchant peculiarities,—may I remain as ignorant of seamanship as are the dandies who "look down" on blue.

The dinner passed off. Little Pipp, a youngster, got maudlin, and cried at the sight of some preserved pears, which reminded him of home. Several fellows became sentimental, and wondered whether their relatives in England were "keeping it up." I also grew tender as I thought about—no matter! I imitated Cleopatra, and dropped a pearl into my wine!

Then, you know, there was no misletoe. And if there had been, you couldn't have embraced old Barbell under it! You couldn't well salute. We might have saluted the Admiral, had he been there—tenderly, from the jaws of a nine-pounder. So we talked about England, and each speculated which of his pretty cousins was being kissed by an ugly cousin at that moment. The time wore on—the bell struck—and as you turned away from the circle chatting about home, and gazed out of the ports—you heard the water go booming by, wave after wave telling its watchman's cry—and far away shone the black Asiatic coast, with the light in a mountaineer's cottage quivering here and there—and *not* lighted in honour of Christ's day!

At last, Captain Barbell rose, and bowed, and sailed out in a stately manner. We broke into groups. The fiddle was heard going on the lower deck. Singing began on the forecastle, and we were soon informed how—

"The sea looked black and dark all round,"

in the commencement of some naval epic; how

"Four jolly sailors, so stout and so strong,"

accomplished some feat in remote times; or of the adventures of a merchant ship of Liverpool, which thrashed a pirate, with a jolly chorus, wishing—

"Success to the gallant Liverpool ship,
With all her gallant crew!"

I have not always had so lively a Christmas Day as that in the "Bustard." I once spent it in a gale of wind, in the brig "Roarer," when we had nothing in the mess but some woodcocks, which we had shot in Albania, and which the caterer could not carve, having got drunk, before dinner began, on ship's rum. I once spent it in prison, in Spain, for having made a row, with some other youngsters, at a bull-fight. Another time, I spent it in a whaler which had had a bad whale season; likewise in a galleot, where there were plenty of Dutchmen and very little "Hollands."

But, I have usually found that one may be very happy on that occasion, on that merry element where the moonlight seems to like to [illegible] so richly—and which buries you, and thousands of you, and spares men the sight of their brothers' groans! Yes, indeed. I have found that one may have a very pleasant Christmas at Sea.

A CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Mr. Oldknow had been romping with his children on Christmas Eve. At last they had gone to bed, with flushed faces and disordered curls, and the drawing-room was deserted. Mrs. Oldknow, a careful matron, looked thoughtful as she saw that the pride of the sponge-cake was utterly fallen, and that unquestionably another must be procured for the next day's festival. Mr. Oldknow, "on hospitable thoughts intent," half soliloquising, said—

"My dear, we must have a second pudding to-morrow."

"Indeed! How is it to be made?" replied the lady.

"How made? Why, of course, with plums and flour, and plenty of brandy."

"Oh, you are a precious cook!" said Mrs. Oldknow. "You think a Christmas pudding can be made as easily as a pancake—do you? Why, our pudding *is* made already. Come into the kitchen. The cook is gone to bed, and I will show it you."

The kitchen mantel was radiant with the brightness of brass candlesticks that were never used, but were duly cleaned; pewter water-plates, also for ornament, gleamed over the dresser; an ancient clock, something too big for the corner in which he stood, stretched up from the floor to the ceiling, with the crown of his respectable old head pressed against its whitewashed surface, and his vigorous pendulum passing and re-passing behind its own peculiar little window, like a sentry always on guard. A walnut-tree bureau was still smart, in another and larger recess, under the polishing of half a century. Mr. Oldknow sighed as he recollected that, in his father's time, he had often taken his frugal meals in that kitchen; and now, when the family home had acknowledged him as master for twenty years, the refinement of our days had banished him from a room where his father used to sit in patriarchal dignity. There was the identical arm-chair, the fine old high-backed chair, which, to his boyish imagination, was a King's throne!

Mrs. Oldknow took out her Family Receipt Book from the polished bureau, and then read aloud, for her husband's edification:

"A POUND CHRISTMAS PUDDING."

"One pound raisins; one pound currants; one pound suet; one pound bread-crumbs; quarter pound orange-peel; two ounces citron-peel; two ounces lemon-peel; one nutmeg; one teaspoonful powdered ginger; one teaspoonful powdered cinnamon; one wine-glassful brandy; seven eggs; one teaspoonful salt; quarter pound raw sugar; milk enough to liquefy the mass, if the eggs and brandy be not sufficient for this purpose."

"And why, my love, can't we have two Pound Christmas Puddings, or four Half-Pound Puddings?" said Mr. Oldknow. "I want the Porters to have a pudding, and old nurse Franklin, and the Corderys. Fruit is cheap. And why not?"

"My dear Oldknow, they always *do* have a pudding, every one of them. Look here!"

Mrs. Oldknow then lifted a cloth off a vast earthen pan, and behold! a rich, semi-liquefied mass, speckled throughout with plums and currants, presented itself to her husband's view. He was content. He learnt that at the peep of dawn the copper-fire would be lighted, and the fruity treasure would be divided into several portions; the mightiest of which would be for the home table, and the others for the Porters, and the Franklins, and the Corderys.

"My love," said the contented Mr. Oldknow, "as I am in the old kitchen for the first time these dozen years, I think I'll light a cigar—for there is a fire, I see, in this new-fashioned cooking range—and rest for a quarter of an hour, after all the polking and blind-man's buff we have had."

And so Mrs. Oldknow went to bed.

Now, Mr. Oldknow was a great reader of travels, ancient and modern—a kind of social antiquarian, also. He read the travellers, partly for commercial information and general views of life, and partly with an imaginative taste for unfamiliar scenes. The Moving Panoramas—the Niles, and Mississippis, and Overland Routes—had given a new intensity to these studies. The vast pudding dish was before him; and he mused and mused over the mercantile history of the various substances of which that pudding was composed. The light wreath of the cigar crept round the old kitchen, forming fantastic shapes before it melted in the dim distance. More and more obscure became the well-remembered room; as Oldknow sent forth feebler and feebler puffs from the weed. Its dying fragrance mingled with thoughts of nutmeg and cinnamon, and became

> "Sabæan odours from the spicy shore
> Of Araby the blest."

The walls of the kitchen then gradually expanded. The bright pewter plates became mirrors, in which landscapes of every clime were reflected. At length all the other mirrors were absorbed by one central mirror of vast proportions, upon whose vivid pictures the contemplative Mr. Oldknow long gazed with a blissful serenity.

And first, the shores of Malaga floated before his vision. Groves of orange-trees clustered around secluded convents; the sugar-cane and the cotton-plant covered the plains; vineyards, creeping up the bright mountain slopes, basked in the autumnal sun, and their ponderous fruitage grew browner and browner as the white or red skin of the delicious muscat shrivelled in the noontide heat. Ruins of Moorish towers and mosques were studded amidst white-washed houses; and the brilliant columns of the Alhambra glittered as in mockery amidst its fallen roofs. By the side of the tributaries of the Guadalquiver, the *Carmenes*—(the vineyard gardens of the Arabs)—formed enchanting walks; and, as our book-traveller heard the night-breeze, laden with a thousand perfumes, whispering amidst the orange groves, an articulate sound gradually dropped upon his ear, and he saw the GENIUS OF THE RAISIN, with the fresh vine-wreath of a Greek Bacchante on the head, and the Cashmere shawl of an Arabian Sultana round the waist.

"Son of a vineless land," said the form, "behold how I labour for thee! I gather the sun-beams in my hand, and range over the salt wave of the Mediterranean, to scatter ripeness wherever the vineyards bow beneath the pulpy clusters which are too rich for the wine-press. Your ships throng my Andalusian ports of Malaga and Valencia, ranging onward to the Eastern Chesmé; and they bear to your cold and cloudy land the richest gifts of our sunny South. Why come ye, every year more and more, with your linens and your woollens, your glass and your pottery, to exchange with our native fruit? Why strip ye the gardens which the Faithful planted, of the grapes which ought to be reserved for the unfermented wine which the Prophet delighted to drink!"

"Immortal child of the Arab," replied the son of the vineless land, "your nation gave us the best element of commerce when you gave us your numerals. Your learning and your poetry, your science and your industry, no longer fructify in heaven-favoured Andalusia. The sun which ripens your grapes and your oranges makes the people lazy and the priests rapacious. We come to your ports with the products of our looms and our furnaces, and we induce a taste for comforts that will become a habit. When our glass and our porcelain shall find its way into your peasant's hut, then will your olives be better tended and your grapes more carefully dried. Man only worthily labours when he labours for exchange with other labour. Behold that pudding!—It is our England's annual luxury. It is the emblem of our commercial eminence. The artisan of Birmingham and Manchester—the seaman of London and Liverpool—whose festive board will be made joyous, to-morrow, with that national dish, has contributed, by his labour, to make the raisins of Malaga and the currants of Zante—the oranges of Algarve, the cinnamon of Ceylon, and the nutmegs of the Moluccas—of commercial value; and he has thus called them into existence as effectually as the labour of the native cultivator. Child of the Arab civiliser, be grateful."

Mr. Oldknow looked for an approving answer; but the Genius of the Raisin had fled. The hill sides of Andalusia rapidly change

into the great plain of Zante. No longer is it the woody Zacynthus of Homer, but a land of olives and vines. There lies the Flower of the Levant before our home traveller, with its gardens of pomegranates, and peaches, and oranges, and melons; and its fields of vines and currants. The GENIUS OF THE CURRANT arose—a diminutive figure, winged like the Pegasus of Corinth, and having the Rose of England entwined with the olive leaf amongst his hair. The Genius smiled upon the listener.

"Welcome is your Christmas," said he, "to Zante and Cephalonia. We have twelve thousand acres of our little grapes under culture for your festivities; and your ships have this year carried off our fifty million pounds of currants for your puddings and your cakes. Welcome are ye with your sugar and your coffee, your rice and your cheese. Welcome are ye with your gold. Our corn crops are gone; and without ye the Morea would not yield us the wheat and the maize which we shall need till the next harvest. It is better to grow currants in the soil which they delight in, and buy our wheat, than plough up our little vines for a bread-producing crop. We are sure of our bread for our currants, whilst England demands plum-puddings; as England is sure of her puddings whilst she weaves calico and forges steel. So a happy Christmas to you, and good night."

"The same to you, and bravo, my little free-trader," cried Mr. Oldknow, to the Genius of the Currant.

An English scene! It is harvest time all over the wide chalk fields of Kent. Wherever the eye can stretch inland, the golden corn is bending under the sea-breeze, or the sheaves are patiently waiting for the coming waggon. On every side a visible plenty smiles upon the traveller. The GENIUS OF BREAD arises. He is a stalwart figure in a white smock-frock. From his straw hat to his laced boots all is tight and trim about him. He is slow of speech; but he ever and anon mutters the word "Protection."

"Protection!" exclaimed Mr. Oldknow, "who taught you that song? Do *you* want protection against cheap bread, my friend; against warm and clean clothing; against a sound roof with glazed windows; against a coal fire; against your tea, your sugar, your butter, your cheese, your bacon, and your Christmas pudding? Eh? what are you thinking of? Anything! Call up the ghost of your grandfather. Show him your wheaten bread, and ask him to compare it with his black loaf of rye. You have small wages, it is true; but your wages do not depend upon the cheapness of your produce. Your real wages are as great as you ever got in the protection-days; and they go twice as far. You stand up now as a man, instead of breaking stones upon the road at the bidding of the parish. Leave the beer-shop; cultivate your garden; have a pig in the sty; send your children to school; and believe me you will be better off than any other labourer of Europe."

Mr. Oldknow was excited; but he was fairly angry when the GENIUS OF SUET presented himself in the guise of a Smithfield drover, with an over-driven ox falling upon his knees in a crowded street, as if imploring for rest. Mr. Oldknow groaned, and was wicked enough to wish that the drover's dog was scattering the Court of Aldermen.

The Banda Islands now filled the scene. Grouped in the Indian Archipelago, they reared their volcanic peaks abruptly from the ocean, their mountain-sides clothed with timber trees; and the sago-palms yielding sustenance to the people of the plains. In the covert of the forest-trees sate the brilliant Birds of Paradise, occasional visitants. But the great feature of the landscape was contributed by the nutmeg trees. It is the gathering time. The Bandanese, mingled with their Dutch masters, are plucking the peach-like fruit from their shelter of green and grey leaves. The ripe fruit has split in half as it hangs on the tree, and there is the kernel surrounded by the mace. But the precious nutmeg has a second protection—its shell. The mace is removed—the kernel is dried in the sun—the shell splits—and there is the nutmeg of commerce!

The GENIUS OF THE NUTMEG appeared. He was a fantastic figure—half man, half bird—a Dutchman's head on a wood-pigeon's body.

"Englishman," said he, "you have wrestled with me for the Spice Islands; but they are mine. You have taken from me the cinnamon groves of Ceylon—they are yours. In the sea traditions of your country you have the Flying Dutchman. I am he. We of the Zuyder Zee built up our commerce upon restrictions and monopolies. When we drove the Portuguese from the Archipelago, we rooted up all the clove-trees but those of Amboyna, and all the nutmeg trees but those of Banda. We limited the world to a fixed quantity of cloves and nutmegs, as we limited also the commerce of cinnamon. Rather than fill the market and lower the price, we have thrown our nutmegs into the deep, and made a bonfire of our cinnamon in the streets of Amsterdam. When in the Indian Seas, in the dim twilight, or under the hazy moon, a figure has been seen flying along the still waters in which the keel left no furrow—I was that navigator. I was pursuing the wood-pigeon, who defied all the rigours of my unsocial laws, and carried the nutmeg seed to lands which owed Holland no tribute. I have given up the contest against nature. My spice monopoly was ruinous to myself and injurious to my colonists. In Ceylon I saw your English diffusing comfort and equal laws, opening roads, encouraging industry, destroying forced labour, and selling cinnamon to all the world. I have made an alliance with the wood-pigeon; I have planted the nutmeg in Java, and there will I contest with

you the commerce of cinnamon. I have learnt that a small demand at high prices, for any useful commodity, is neither so safe nor so profitable as a large demand at moderate prices. I have learnt, further, that the end of commerce is not to make individuals rich, and support public expenditure by heavy duties, but to diffuse all the productions of nature and art, amongst all the inhabitants of the globe. You have taught me a lesson. The old trade of the United Provinces has died under monopolies and restrictions. We may once more be your honest rivals under a wiser code. You want two hundred thousand pounds weight of nutmegs yearly; we will deal like merchant princes and good men and true."

"Agreed!" said Mr. Oldknow.

A West Indian Sugar Plantation is now mirrored—with its canes ripening under a tropical sun, and its mills with their machinery of cylinders and boilers. The GENIUS OF SUGAR is a freed Negro. It was said that in freedom he would not work; he has vindicated his privileges in his industry and his obedience. The grand experiment has succeeded in all moral effects. But the nation that demanded cheap corn would not be content with dear sugar. We must buy our sugar wherever the cane ripens. We use seven hundred millions of pounds of sugar annually, which yield a duty of four millions sterling. Mr. Oldknow thought this, but was silent, when he saw the negro sitting under his own fig-tree; for the political questions which his freedom involved were somewhat complicated. He would trust to the ultimate power of a noble example, and in the meantime rejoice that the great body of the British people could buy their sugar at half the price that their fathers paid.

Mr. Oldknow, being somewhat at fault upon the sugar question, grew confused as new forms flitted before him. The solitary EGG-COLLECTOR, of Cork, was there, in her blue cloak and her *kish* on her back. Her step was brisker than in the famine years, and her light grey eye was once more laughing under her long black eye-lashes. She had walked from cottage to cottage some twenty miles; and her kish was to form part of the many hundred egg-crates that England required for her Christmas puddings. "May the daughters and sons of Erin," soliloquised Mr. Oldknow, "never again suffer as they have suffered! May plenty smile upon their fields, and comfort in their cottages! May they have just masters and wise rulers! May they rely upon industry, and not upon agitation! May they"——the Blue Cloak was gone.

A figure started up, half Gnome, half Nereid. Mr. Oldknow was thinking of his evening gambols of "Yes and No;" so, with half-consciousness he asked—

"Animal kingdom?" "No." "Vegetable?" [illegible] "Yes." "In England?" [illegible]

"Here," continued the figure, "I am free. I fly through the land, scattering blessings as widely as the dews of heaven. I bring my treasures out of the bowels of the earth and from the depths of the sea. I make the fields fruitful; I forbid your food to perish. Without me the sustenance of man and beast is imperfect. The herds of unfathomable forests wander to the plains in search of me; the child that loves me not, loses the bloom of its cheek and the odour of its breath. I am the universal friend. And yet kings have impiously dared to deny me to their subjects, even though they should perish—their crimes have been punished. Even now, the Hindoo, whom you have benefited in so many things, is deprived of me by your fiscal injustice. Learn to be wiser. You have freed me from the burdens of your home taxation, and your industrial wealth is quadrupled. I am,—"

"SALT!" guessed Mr. Oldham.

To Salt succeeded a singular figure as the MILKY GENIUS. It seemed one-half dairy-woman, with her pail and stool, decently clad in woollen petticoat and black stockings; but above was a Naiad of the Thames, with dripping locks held loosely together with a wreath of rushes. Mr. Oldknow was about to harangue, when a brisk *power-loom weaver* stepped forth, with pudding-cloth in hand. "The water boils," said he; "the ingredients are mixed. Be it mine to bind them together!"

"Right," cried Mr. Oldknow. "Again our country's emblem. The bundle of sticks and the pudding cloth have each the same moral. Our ancestors in their 'civil dudgeon' made 'plum-porridge.' We, in our united interests, well bound together, produce Christmas pudding."

There was a silence and a pause. Mr. Oldknow peered out. The mirror had lost its brilliancy. But suddenly the great pudding-bowl expanded into a mighty flat dish. The pudding swelled into an enormous globe, black with plums, and odorous with streaming sauce. A holly-tree, with its prickly leaves at bottom, its smooth leaves on high, and its bright red berries, grew up under a crystal dome. On the edge of the dish were grouped the Andalusian with the Cashmere shawl, the Ionian islander with the wings of Corinth, the Kentish ploughman in the smock-frock, the Flying Dutchman, the Negro without the chains, the Irish market-woman, the Gnome-Nereid, the London Naiad, and the Weaver with the cloth; and they all took hands, and thrice danced round the edge of the dish. And, lo! out of the holly-tree dropped a moustached denizen of the Palais Royal. He had a flask of brandy in one hand, and a huge silver bowl in the other.

"Oh, nation of anti-chemical cooks," he cried, "you put the cognac into the pudding, and nine hours' boiling drives off all the spirit

into unprofitable gas. Look at me. It is the genius of our nation to flare up!"

With that he emptied the flask into the bowl, and set it on fire, and poured it over the pudding. And the makers of the pudding again danced round it in the blue flame; and the pudding was nothing hurt by the flare-up, but remained as sound and unscathed as the land itself after a month's polemical fire. And then Mr. Oldknow volunteered a song, of which four lines remained in his memory; for he had learnt it as a child, when England was threatened with invasion:—

"Britain, to peaceful arts inclined,
Where commerce opens all her stores,
In social bands shall league mankind,
And join the sea-divided shores."

Mr. Oldknow opened his eyes. The kitchen was in darkness, and his cigar smoked out. "Bless my heart!" said he, "the Waits are playing 'The Wooden Walls,' and the clock strikes two!"

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE LONDON POOR AND SICK.

Out of the family parties, two millions and a quarter strong, assembled in London, some eighty or a hundred thousand have their Christmas dinner provided for them by their respective parishes. Their pauper-hood does not sink them below the reach of the genial season. Christmas finds them out, even in their wards and their day-rooms. A cheerful bustle betokens the welcome day. An extra polish is seen on workhouse shoes; here and there, a stray morsel of finery, or a special evidence of neatness, is visible in workhouse garments. The workhouse chapel has a spray or two of the green emblems of the season, and the sermon has an extra spice of geniality. The dining-room has quite an exhilarating polish. The white bare walls are warmed up with their sprigs of holly, and the tables—well scrubbed as usual—are graced by the promised feast. No *skilly* to-day—but beef! No hard dumplings, but plum-pudding! The plums are not stoned, and there's no brandy sauce; but the appetites are not epicurean.

But, the huge prandial army of eighty to a hundred thousand paupers in London do not all feast in the workhouses. In round numbers, only about twenty thousand, young and old, are so accommodated. The majority are out-door poor, who enjoy anything they may receive at their own lodgings. The number of both classes had greatly diminished last year as compared with the previous twelve months. It is anticipated that Christmas, 1850, will show a still greater reduction in the number of persons dependent on charity for their holiday meal.

Of the twenty thousand who usually partake of workhouse beef and plum-pudding in the metropolis, the largest party assemble in Marylebone. In the workhouse of that parish, last year, nearly two thousand paupers were feasted. The City of London, in its establishment at Bow, and at the Norwood Schools, fed the next largest number: their ranks mustering altogether some sixteen hundred. Third in the list, stood St. Pancras, who fed on Christmas Day, of young and old, sick and well, more than thirteen hundred. To the East of this Modern Babylon for the two next great Christmas gatherings, and we find them in Stepney and Whitechapel—each gathering, together, upwards of a thousand candidates for beef and pudding.

Across the river, we have the next strong parties, in Lambeth, and the two Southwark parishes; after these, follow a list of places where snug sets of seven hundred, six hundred, five hundred, assembled. Unfashionable St. George in the East musters only two hundred more than aristocratic St. James, whilst such suburban places as Edmonton and Kensington display the fewest candidates for parish fare.

The largest party of children has always assembled at the Norwood Schools, where about a thousand of the progeny of London pauperism open their young hearts on the great festival of the English year.

From this chronicle of the pauper's Christmas, let us now trace a faint outline of the Christmas of the London sick. A dozen large Christmas dinners are eaten in the great general Hospitals of London, besides smaller feasts in minor institutions for special diseases. The income of these twelve Hospitals amounts, every year, to upwards of one hundred and forty-two thousand pounds, of which large sum considerably over a hundred thousand pounds is derived from property, the balance only being made up from voluntary donations. From this large fund three thousand three hundred beds are kept, all the year through, occupied by poor sick persons, too ill to attend as out-patients. This little army of invalids includes unhappy people suffering from all the severest ills to which humanity is subject. Frightful accidents; hideous deformities; fearful and dangerous operations, have been the lot of successive unfortunates who tenant these Hospital beds. To such, though Christmas may come, it can bring little festivity. Yet, there are many by whom the time of rejoicing may be welcomed; and these, in all cases where indulgences are at all permissible, find Christmas beef and plum-pudding at their bedsides. Some, who are well enough, hobble from their beds to the table of the ward; and there the dinner of the day has even more of the semblance of the season.

Though given with caution, and with the kindliest of motives, and though it spread a new air of cheerfulness in places full of pain and painful thought, these luxuries do rather harm than good within the walls of the Hospitals; whilst, amongst the out-patients,

Christmas is invariably recognised as a time when almost all diseases become aggravated. Within the walls the sick are under control, but those who seek it only for medicine, and live in their own way, are at liberty to follow or neglect the advice which is to cure them. Christmas, to most of them, is a time of over-eating and over-drinking, and hence it is a notorious morsel of Christmas Hospital experience, that the out-patients will all be worse after "Boxing Day" than they were before. In some large classes of diseases this may be said to be invariably the case.

In a large Hospital like Bartholomew's, for instance, it is always a question who is to be house surgeon on duty on Boxing Night; for so sure as the night shall come, it shall be no night of rest for him. Double the number of casualties are brought in as compared with the average of any other night in the year. Broken heads, "got in a scrimmage, your hanner, with Paddy Phelan;" broken legs, and sometimes thighs, from slipping down stairs after the feastings and drinkings: stabs given by folks who met and quarrelled "just in a friendly way;" insensible bundles of clothes and humanity, who had taken poison with their drink for jealousy sake; and cabs with men in a state which defies policemen and good-natured pedestrians to decide whether they be dead with drink or dying of an apoplectic fit. A dreary side of the Christmas picture is this, but a true one nevertheless; the shadow of the subject; the gloom that must exist, to contrast with brightness in all things human. The poor house surgeon, possibly, ought to think so, but as splints, and bandages, and plaisters, and sleepy-looking nurses, and lancets, and drugs, and stomach-pumps, throng round about him in the disturbed quiet of his Hospital night, no one can blame him much if he lectures the hero of the "scrimmage" and the broken head, or mildly supplies advice, as well as bandages, to the tipsy proprietor of the broken leg, upon the old and good adage "That Enough 's as Good as a Feast"—even at Christmas Tide.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

Christmas in India!—There is anomaly in the very sound. Christmas in the heart of the land, where millions fall in idolatrous worship before the rude images of Brahma, Shiva and Vishnu—and where hundreds of thousands of the followers of Mahomed scoff at the promises of the Redeemer! Christmas—identical in English minds with frost and snow, and crisp holly—in a clime where the scorching rays of the sun eternally pierce the very marrow of man, and penetrate the very bowels of the earth!

And were India solely tenanted by the Hindoo and the Mussulman,—had the zealous missionaries and propagandists, who followed the fortunes of Albuquerque and Vasco de Gama, borne the cross to the shores of Hindostan,—had the French Abbés who enjoyed the protection of Lally and Dupleix failed to till the field of proselytism—had England never played her part in the revelation of Christian truths—to this moment no voice would be heard to tell with impunity, on the blessed anniversary, how herald angels sang "glory to the new-born King!"

But, the tide of European conquest, and, better still, the tide of European civilisation, has carried to the benighted land knowledge, and a large spirit of toleration; and now, from Cape Comorin to the farthest northern confines of the Punjaub, the cross is recognised by thousands who gladly accept its guarantee of salvation. In Western India, and in many parts of the Peninsula, the peasantry have adopted the Roman Catholic faith: imperfectly taught, however, and rudely administered by the degenerate descendants of the early Portuguese settlers. At all the Presidencies, there are handsome Romish churches, and still more chaste and beautiful edifices dedicated to Protestant worship. In many parts of the large towns, the eye can take in, at a single view, a Pagoda, a Mosque, a Protestant church, and a Catholic chapel. Sixty thousand Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen, scattered over India; and five hundred thousand of the half-castes or country-born, in whose veins some British blood flows and throbs, together with a few hundred natives, are of the Protestant persuasion. And every day sees their number and the beneficent effects of their example, and the teaching of their ministers, augment.

Is there, then, anything so very anomalous in the connection of the idea of Christianity with idol-worshipping India? Or can it be a matter of surprise that Christmas Day should be observed throughout the localities tenanted by Europeans, and (so called) Portuguese, with peculiar interest and solemnity?

At once the season of worship and rejoicing, Christmas in India, and more especially at the Presidencies, abounds with interesting features.

It is early morning; the sun is up and Christians of all classes are afoot. The bells of all the places of Christian worship are summoning to prayer. Hurrying along the roads and across the *maidauns*, or esplanades, the Portuguese clerks and *ayahs* (nurses and waiting-women) attired in their best cottons, wend their way to mass, to celebrate the glorious Nativity, and behold the image of Nossa Senora. The gorgeous paintings which decorate the massive religious structures in Italy, Austria, Spain and Portugal, are wanting; but, there are other types which equally address themselves to the vulgar sense. After mass, at many chapels and churches, a little bed is exhibited, and, within, reposes an effigy of the Virgin mother bearing the infant Jesus. Crowds rush forward to render homage to the image. It is kissed by thousands, and bedewed with the tears of joy and gratitude. Holy water is at a premium. The vast congregations

return homewards the better and the happier for the annual commemoration. Away from the chief towns, and more especially along the Malabar coast, the small primitive chapels are thronged by the rustic Christians bearing offerings to the poor and worthy *Padré*, in the shape of wheat sheaves, fruits, cheeses, conserves, and whatever their own poverty will permit. Herein, their offerings resemble the contributions of the Irish peasantry to Father Luke or Father Brady.

While early service is performing in the Roman Catholic places of worship, the servants of the Protestant householder are busy testifying their respect for "master." By dawn, the portico of his house has been hung with festoons of marigolds or *Mogree*, (the Indian Jasmine). Wreaths and branches of laurel — the tropical substitute for holly — adorn the columns of his verandah, and the entrances to his rooms.

Now, "master," or the *saheb*, has breakfasted, and the head-servant announces that the rest of the domestics claim permission to pay their respects. What procession is this? Is a marriage-feast toward? Behold the *sircar*, or clerk, who keeps the *saheb's* accounts! Attended by a coolee, or porter, he makes his salaam, and lays before his employer a huge *rooee* or *seher* fish, a plum-cake charmingly frosted with sugar-candy, a copper tray of almonds and raisins, two vast cauliflowers, and a nosegay. His offering is graciously accepted, and a small present cancels the obligation. Now comes the *Khetmudghar*, or body-servant. He has brought a leg of mutton, some oranges, a smaller cake, and a quantity of *kissmiss*—the small Sultana raisin from the shores of Persia. *Kissmiss!* whence the word? Has it been adopted by the Hindoos, because it is acceptable at Christmas? We never could divine the etymology. *Kissmiss* is a pretty dessert fruit to play with—and isn't it suggestive of the standard joke of the old *Qui hye?* He accidentally on purpose rolls a mango towards the fruit-plate, and exclaims with a chuckle, "See how naturally *man goes* to *Kissmiss!*" The children laugh; and a faint smile plays about the lips of the adults, who have heard the veteran jest a score of times. The *Khetmudghar* is dismissed with a present. Anon comes the Sirdar bearer, the tailor, the washerman—even the poor *mehtur* (sweeper), each with the Christmas present—and each receives a suitable douceur or *buksheish*—often pronounced *buxis*, and so suggesting the notion, that we have borrowed the term and converted it into "boxes."

Blessed and blessing, the master now dismisses his domestics, and the carriage is ordered to the door to carry the family to church. Service is performed with the extra solemnity suitable to the occasion. The church is garlanded with laurel and other evergreens; an appeal is made to the charitable feelings of the congregation; and as the organ peals the final voluntary, the bank-notes, and the silver coin, are freely dropped into the churchwarden's plate, to provide food and clothing for the indigent of all castes and classes.

Home! and the family are greeted at the door by visitors, native and European, of the highest grades. More cakes, more fish, more legs of mutton, more oranges, more almonds and raisins, crowd the hall and staircases.

The question is, how to dispose of all this perishable matter; for *Khansumagee*, the butler, takes care that all these supplies shall not interfere with his usual bazaar arrangements. He has, in anticipation, made the market for the day. So, when the children are satisfied, the perishable presents are given to the poor.

As evening closes in, the house of each family of respectability opens its hospitable doors to the reception of friends; and the roast beef and the plum-pudding, and the mince pies, the port wine and the champagne, attest the attachment of the English to old home-honoured usages. The glass goes round; good wishes are exchanged; many a thought is directed to friends and relatives at a distance, and the day closes much as it closes in England. In Calcutta, fires are burnt in English grates, in the months of December and January; and although a handsome bouquet of roses decorates the drawing-room table and the chiffoniers, there is a wintry *feel* about the atmosphere; and as the chairs are drawn round the fire-place, and the whiskey-punch is brewed, the cherished idea of *home* on Christmas Day is suitably and completely realised.

CHRISTMAS IN THE FROZEN REGIONS.

Think of Christmas in the tremendous wastes of ice and snow, that lie in the remotest regions of the earth! Christmas, in the interminable white desert of the Polar sea! Yet it has been kept in those awful solitudes, cheerfully, by Englishmen. Where crashing mountains of ice, heaped up together, have made a chaos round their ships, which in a moment might have ground them to dust; where hair has frozen on the face; where blankets have stiffened upon the bodies of men lying asleep, closely housed by huge fires, and plaisters have turned to ice upon the wounds of others accidentally hurt; where the ships have been undistinguishable from the environing ice, and have resembled themselves far less than the surrounding masses have resembled monstrous piles of architecture which could not possibly be there, or anywhere; where the winter animals and birds are white, as if they too were born of the desolate snow and frost; there Englishmen have read the prayers of Christmas Day, and have drunk to friends at home, and sung home songs. In 1819, Captain Parry and his brave

companions did so; and the officers having dined off a piece of *fresh* beef, nine months old, preserved by the intense climate, joined the men in acting plays, with the thermometer below zero, on the stage. In 1825, Captain Franklin's party kept Christmas Day in their hut with snap-dragon and a dance, among a merry party of Englishmen, Highlanders, Canadians, Esquimaux, Chipewyans, Dog-Ribs, Hare Indians, and Cree women and children. In 1841, I, who am now at home to write this, kept Christmas Day with the South Polar expedition, consisting of the "Erebus" and "Terror," and their crews. In 1850, some commemoration of Christmas may perhaps take place in the Frozen Regions.—Heaven grant it! It is not beyond hope!—and be held by the later crews of those same ships: for they are the very same that have so long been missing, and that are painfully connected in the public mind with FRANKLIN'S name.

The Christmas Day of 1841 was ushered in by one of those dense fogs so peculiar to very high latitudes. The two ships, beset in the heavy pack, or vast belt of ice, drifting on the confines of the Antarctic Pole, alone broke the still, deep solitude of the wide scene of desolation.

On the lifting of the fog, the "Terror" appeared closely beset behind a large iceberg, her topmasts just peering above the shelving extremity of its lower end. It was a very remarkable-looking berg, little less than two hundred feet in height, surmounted by two white cupola-shaped hummocks; whilst the cracks and fissures on its stupendous sides, reflecting the blue rays, relieved the uniform whiteness of its surface by tints of the most beautiful and delicate azure. We christened this the "Christmas Berg," and, as it was destined to be the frequent companion of our zig-zag course through the monotonous pack, it was soon looked upon as an old familiar friend. The "Erebus" was beating about in a "hole of water," as the temporary openings in the pack were called, surrounded on all sides by ice, in heavy floe-pieces of irregular shapes; heaped together by the enormous pressure which the whole mass was exposed to, when the vast body of water composing the Southern Ocean was disturbed by heavy gales.

Many interesting objects, however, occurred to beguile the tedium of our protracted detention within this pack, which could not have been less than seven or eight hundred miles in breadth. It was studded over with numerous bergs; some of them three or four miles in length; their tabular-shaped summits towering to the height of from a hundred to two hundred feet above the pack itself. Whales frequently appeared in the "holes of water," their black backs just rising above the surface like a dark curved line. They were sometimes followed by a flock of petrels. In another direction, the scene would be varied by a long line of penguins leaping out of the water, one after the other, in quick succession, like so many "skip-jacks," moving along with the greatest regularity in single file, and which at a distance might be easily mistaken for a shoal of those fish, did not their harsh, loud cawing betray them. Overhead, a passing flock of the agile and graceful Tern now and then enlivened the air with their shrill and animated screams; whilst, on pieces of ice, as they floated by, the seal basked or slept unconscious of danger,—as undisturbed in the raging gale, and during the thundering collision of ice with ice in the foaming surf, as in the most quiet calm.

Such was the general character of the scene amidst which we of the "Erebus" and "Terror" had to keep our Christmas holidays in 1841; and, notwithstanding our isolated position, we managed to reserve for our Christmas dinner the usual old English fare Roast beef, with roast goose, followed by the homely never-to-be-forgotten plum-pudding. Our ox and goose, it must be confessed, were not of English growth. They had never seen the old country; but drew their first breath on the fern-clad plateau of the Waimate, near the Bay of Islands in New Zealand. We had brought them thence, that they might be offered up a sacrifice to Christmas on the ice-girt sea of the Antarctic Circle.

The position of the "Erebus" was cheerless enough; tacking about in so limited a space of open water; involved in a fog; and with her decks encumbered by blocks of ice, piled up abaft; twelve tons of the cold substance having just been taken on board, from a hummock, to complete our water. This work had given additional chilliness and cheerlessness to the ship. After Divine Service had been performed, we hoped for few other signs of the day; but all the amusements contemplated for the Christmas evening were reserved, not resigned. On New Year's Day we crossed the Antarctic Circle, just two hundred and fifty miles within the margin of the pack, which was drifting with us to the southward. Both ships were made fast, with ice-anchors and hawsers, to a floe-piece which formed a fender between them, admitting of free communication. On this piece of ice, both ships' companies were actively employed on the last day of the year, making preparations for "seeing the old year out, and the new one in." A quadrangular space was hewn out in the ice for a dance; having, in the centre, an elevated chair, carved out of the same substance. Adjacent to this crystal ball-room, another excavated square formed the refreshment-room; having a table in the midst, also cut out of a block of ice, on which glasses with bottles of wine and grog were placed as refreshment for the dancers. This edifice of ice, all open as it was to the sky, and entered by descending a flight of steps cut in the ice, received the appellation of "*Antarctic Hotel*," and bore on a sign-board, fixed to a pale, the words "*Pilgrims of the*

Ocean," and on the reverse, "*Pioneers of Science.*"

These devices were contrived by the worthy Boatswain of the "Erebus," who undertook to perform the part of landlord. Not rejoicing in a sufficiently portly person, as he thought, for sustaining with becoming dignity the new character he assumed, he made up what Nature had denied him in rotundity of figure by stuffing a pillow under his waistcoat. Thus rigged, he strutted about much after the fashion of a cropper pigeon; his hands stuck in his shooting-jacket pocket; an apron fastened round his waist, in front of which dangled a huge bunch of keys. Inexpressibles buckled at the knees; and a round cap, worn jauntily on one side, completed his costume: he played his part with much humour. Two young seamen, acting as his waiters, were busily employed in handing round *genuine* "Antarctic ices" on a tray. In front of the Hotel, the English ensign waved to the southern breeze, guarded by a cannon and pile of shot, not of iron, but ice, which spared our powder. Near the gangway of the "Terror," a female figure, in a sitting attitude, her head ornamented with a profusion of ringlets, was modelled in snow, and surmounted by the word "Haidee;" but whether she bore any resemblance to the beautiful Greek girl of Byron's imagination, is an affair of the sculptor's. In front of the gangway of the "Erebus" appeared the bust of a male figure, wearing a foraging cap, and formed of the same plastic material.

As the bells of the two ships struck their nautical number, eight, which announced the hour of midnight, the New Year was welcomed in by three loud and hearty cheers; and whilst the echo from the last cheer was reverberating among the surrounding bergs, the sharp crack of a fowling-piece, ringing through the rarefied air, was followed by the whirling descent of the lifeless form of the beautiful White Petrel, (*Procellaria nivea,*) the first offering to the New Year, and victim in the cause of science. This true and faithful harbinger of ice, hovering over the scene at such a moment—poor bird!—paid dearly for the gratification of its curiosity; the temptation to possess it, proving too strong for an enthusiastic ornithologist to resist, as he reclined, gun in hand, on a hummock of ice, a close observer of the surrounding scene.

Whilst these amusements were progressing in the ice-built Hotel, the scene visible from the "Terror's" "crow's nest" (a cask with the head out, and with a seat in the centre, placed at the fore-top-gallant-mast head, as an observatory for watching the movements amongst the ice) was even more ludicrous and amusing. On her decks below, several of the crew commenced singing and blowing horns, whilst others, full of rude mirth, seizing the pigs in the sty by the ears, pinched them until the hapless grunters united their cries in concert with the horns, varying the key, as Jack tightened or relaxed his grasp, according to his own notions of keeping time. This elicited roars of laughter from the rest of the crew. All the time, showers of snow-balls flew about in all directions; the entire group appearing as full of boisterous mirth and frolic as if the whole had been enacting on the frozen surface of the Thames or Medway.

The usual New Year's present, consisting of a suit of warm clothing and extra allowance of rations, was served out in the course of the day to each individual of the Expedition. And all the officers dined with the Captain, who had been their guest in the gun-room on Christmas Day. Roast goose and roast beef again constituted the fare; mince-pies superseding the plum-pudding.

The day was closed with a dance in the "Crystal Ball-room," in which both Captains joined. In the absence of our fair countrywomen this could scarcely be otherwise than a dull affair.

Thus ended our Christmas holidays in the pack. About midnight, from the main-top-mast cross-trees of the "Erebus," the view presented one unbroken surface of ice; not the slightest opening of water was to be seen, anywhere around, to the horizon; just above which, that beautiful orb of both day and night, here, for a time, appeared rolling along its verge like a bright globe of fire. A few majestic-looking bergs, alone, broke in upon the general uniformity of the pack, casting their shadows upon its surface. A solitary Antarctic gull, winding his way past the ships in search of open water, for his predatory excursions, gave the only indication of life in the vast solitude.

From that solitude of the South Pole the "Erebus" and "Terror" safely returned, to make their way to the frozen North, where their absence, with their gallant leader, Sir John Franklin, has caused such a painful degree of excitement throughout the length and breadth of our native land, and raised so wide a sympathy through the whole civilised world. And although, at the approaching festive season, many a family circle, assembled round the winter's hearth, may have to lament the absence of some relative or much-valued friend from the otherwise joyous scene, let no such family despair, however discouraging their forebodings; for, in the absence of all tidings of our long-missing countrymen, hope still remains. It is fostered and supported by the fact, that the annals of the Northern Whale Fishery record instances of the return of adventurers from those regions, after periods of absence, as long protracted, and in which the absent sailors have been as long unheard of, as in the case of Franklin and his crew. Let it be borne in mind, that where the Esquimaux can live, there the English seaman can live. We may yet hope to see the crews of the "Erebus"

and "Terror" once more ready with a yarn about Christmas at the Pole, to help out a Christmas in England.

CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE BUSH.

In 1840, on a burning Christmas eve—real summer weather—two young gentlemen, in very light costume, were sitting opposite each other in a bark Bush hut, weary, dusty, and rather disconsolate. The stockwhips and saddles on the ground, with half-boots kicked off beside them, showed that they had just returned from a long ride. The hut was evidently recently built, and it was plain that this was a new station.

"Well, Jack," said the shorter of the two, "this is a pleasant look out for Christmas Day,—no dray up, our last flour gone today, and our last sugar melted away last week; that disgusting emu has eaten up all the pumpkins and melons, so we may dine to-morrow on tea, *au naturel*, and the remains of the last cask of salt beef; unless you prefer to kill a bit of fresh, and eat it without damper, salt or pickles No doubt the dray's hard and fast in some gully, or safe on one wheel by the Sugar-loaf Range, and Bald-faced Dick and his mate, if they are the sensible fellows I take them to be, are now picking the plums and weighing out the flour for their Christmas pudding."

"Or, perhaps," put in Jack, "amiably dividing your stores with a party of Bushrangers. A pleasant prospect, truly, for a man who has ridden four hundred miles to spend his Christmas Day with an old chum—no dinner, no books, no tobacca. It almost makes one wish to be sitting wigged, gowned, and briefless, in the back benches of the Queen's Bench, drawing caricatures; or reading three services a-day to a Low Church congregation, upon fifty pounds a-year."

"A bright thought strikes me," said the host, Martyn by name, commonly called Betty Martyn, because he commenced his career in the Bush by wearing gloves and blacking his boots. "Let us ride over to that Devonshire man's station,—I mean the man with the pretty daughters. There's a short cut across the range Bald-faced Dick made out the other day, that won't make it above thirty-five miles, instead of a hundred and twenty, by swimming one creek and climbing over one awkward bit of hill work. We'll start at sunrise, and do it comfortably by ten o'clock, if we can only make out the bearing right. Our but too true excuse—the missing dray—is a safe card for a dinner, if not a dance and a pleasant day or two."

"Agreed," said jolly Jack Bullar.

By day-break they were off, combed and trimmed, in the blue and red Jerseys, belts, trowsers, and broad-brimmed hats, that form the picturesque costume of the Bush: Bullar on a big-boned thorough-bred: Martyn on his half-bred prancing Arab, over hill and dale and plain, through a broad creek, with a quarter of a mile's swimming, guided by Bushman's signs and instincts. About ten o'clock they had struck the river, and running it down soon came where it swelled to a broad lake or water hole before the Devonshire man's station.

They did not know his name, but rode up confidently, according to the custom of the country.

"Hurrah," cried Jack, "no starvation here: there's a six pair oxen dray unloading, by a whole generation of younkers; sugar-plums in plenty; and look at the black fellow grinding away at the hand-mill—how fat the rascal looks. Well, we've reached the land of plenty this time."

"Why you see, Bullar," said Martyn, "in this country all the rules go by contraries. It is Christmas Day, and, instead of frost and snow, it is a burning sun and green leaves we are perspiring under. Instead of a skate, I am thinking of a swim; and, in the same way, while in old England, very often it's the more mouth, the less to eat; here, as every mouth has a pair of hands under it, the more mouths, the more food. So you see, Jack, while you and I, with a balance at the bank to start with, often have to put up with Lenten fare, this hard worker has contrived to make comforts we can't buy."

"How be'ee, gentlemen," said a voice in a strong Devonshire accent, as the owner came up alongside them, mounted on an ugly piebald stock-horse, which had stolen over the soft ground unheard during their conversation He was a little slim man, with thin grey hair hanging long under his broad-brimmed hat, round an intelligent face, burned a deep brown; he sat his horse awkwardly, with long stirrups, his toes pointing down and his bridle-hand poked out, like most men who have only taken to horsemanship late in life. But he wore an air of content, self-satisfaction, and well-to-do-ism, that bespoke, at a glance, a man with whom the world went well.

"Have 'ee come var?" asked the host.

"From the next station," said Bullar.

"Zo, we be neabours, be us!" he continued. "Well, I'm cruel glad to zee 'ee. Here, Bat, take the gentlemen's horses and put 'em in the paddock!"

Bartholomew, a wild Indian-looking urchin, about two feet high, in a kilt composed of a Jersey strapped round his middle, forthwith clambered upon the thorough-bred: how, it is impossible to say, but something after the manner of a monkey ascending a camel; and not a little to the astonishment of the young travellers, for children were not the kind of young stock they had been accustomed to. With a cluck, and a crack of his miniature stockwhip, the boy sent the big horse off at a swing gallop, and slap over the fence of the paddock. Returning as calmly as if he had been doing the most proper and natural thing in the world, young Flibbertigibbet observed,

"Your horse don't jump amiss, stranger, though I don't think much of the big 'uns in a general way."

"Get away with 'ee, you young scamp," cried the grandfather; and then they all went into the cottage.

Great were the preparations. Green boughs and flowers adorned the walls and roof, in brilliant yet imperfect imitation of holly-boughs and miseltoe.

The hostess, a handsome, middle-aged woman, had given up active service to a crowd of daughters, granddaughters, neighbours, and friends, who surrounded her. She sat at ease in an Indian cane chair, until she saw, and came forward to greet the strangers.

"Who could have thought," observed Martyn, "that it would have been possible to be so comfortable in the Bush!"

A great shout of "Here comes Aunt Mary!" brought every one out into the verandah, and slowly trolling up to the door came a high-wheeled dog-cart landau, in which sat, beside the driver, a fair-haired young Australian, of the true colonial type. Aunt Mary was a pretty woman, in a fashionable light mourning bonnet. Her double parasol looked not a little incongruous and droll amid such wild scenery. Two varmint little boys, in sky-blue plaids and kilts, were perched behind the dray. "Here we are," cried Aunt Mary's husband; "did the last hundred miles in two days—not bad work for Bush roads. Now, young ones, who'll help to see what we've brought from town?" There was a tremendous rush at the boot of the dog-cart. A cry of "Uncle Dick and Aunt Sally" made a slight diversion; but, as these new comers came on horseback, and brought nothing but a few head of game, the dog-cart proved the more attractive. By this time guests dropped in thick and threefold.

It is a rather degrading confession for poor human nature, but Christmas Day, anywhere, would be very blank without the eating and drinking. This is especially so in the Bush, where there are no old associations to fall back upon. So our friends, leaving the relations to exchange news, walked about sniffing the various delightful odours that arose from the detached kitchen; where an old woman and a sailor cook quarrelled and worked away with extraordinary unanimity.

Instead of romantic, sentimental confidences, the conversation of our two young squatters ran on more substantial topics:—"By Jove, Bullar, *did* you see the sucking pig?"

"No, but I spied the pudding! It fills the largest copper. Did you hear the hutkeeper asking for a shirt-sleeve to boil the men's dumplings in?"

"No; but I saw him walking down to the servants' huts with a great side of beef."

"Well, we have dropped into clover; but what a pretty girl! Is she one of the daughters?"

At length, as the sun was descending, dinner-hour arrived; it having been deferred some time, much to the ire of the cooks, in order to give every expected guest a chance.

When Martyn exclaimed carelessly, "What a pretty girl!" he registered a vow to sit beside her at dinner—and he kept it. During the repast, his attentions to Miss Jane Paige were unremitting. All the news which they were possessed of, had to be retailed entirely by Bullar.

When the repast was over, the old patriarch rose to make his accustomed oration;

"And now, my children and vriends," he said, "let us drink a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all absent vriends, and especially all vriends over the watter. I drink it with all my heart; though yet eight year ago I little thought—not I—to be able to have such a party round me a' Christmas Day. Eight year ago I left Devon a beggar and an outcast. But now, thanks be to the Lord, I know all was for the best."

Three days afterwards, as Bullar and Martyn rode back together, the former exclaimed, "Strange country this, where beggars get on horseback and don't ride to the devil."

"Of course not," cried Martyn, "don't you see why it is? A man can't take so long a journey double, and a wife is his salvation in this country."

"When do *you* mean to be saved, then?"

Martyn blushed. There was an awkward pause. Bullar muttered something about love at first sight, rapid courtships, &c.: when Martyn broke out with: "Well, then, if, when you return home to England, you'll promise not to break it too abruptly to my aunt, Lady Pummney, I'll confide to you that ——"

"What!" gasped Bullar, with affected surprise at what he knew he was going to hear.

"I mean to marry Jane Paige!"

"And she ——"

"Intends—if eyes do not flash falsehoods, and blushes are not perjuries dyed crimson—to marry me."

Sure enough when Bullar returned to this country, he had to report that Miss Jane Paige *had* become Mrs. Martyn. She and her spouse spent every succeeding Christmas Day under his own roof in the Bush.

HOUSEHOLD CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

Chorus.

BRIGHT thoughts and hopes are now awake,
As constant as the circling years;
They penetrate each grief, and make
A golden radiance of our tears.
In that confused, yet heavenly shine,
The soul unearthly music hears;
The Eastern Star sheds rays divine
On our afflictions and our fears;
And now amidst a gleaming halo stands
The Infant Christ—and stretches forth his hands!

THE LAME CHILD'S CAROL.

To the chords of the harp,
And the warbling of the flute,
The merry tambourine,
And the beat of shoe and boot—
In the drawing-room, the parlour,
The alms-house, or the street,
Oh, what joy it always is to me
To see those dancing feet!

The ball-room is all brightness!
I sit and watch the throng;
My spirit, with their lightness,
Bounds happily along:
The village school room strives to shine
With candles prim and small!
But oh, what beaming faces
Light up the whitewashed wall!

Then dance, my loving playmates,
Like birds upon the wing,
Flit by me—whirl around me—
While I sit here, and sing.

Chorus.

Bright sunny hopes are now awake,
As constant as the circling years;
They penetrate each grief, and make
A golden radiance of our tears.

THE DEAF CHILD'S CAROL.

Sing, happy children, standing in a row,
With smiling rosy cheeks, and hand in hand;
When the voice answers to the full heart's flow,
Mine sings within—and I can understand.

'Tis now three Christmas Eves since I have lost
All sense of sound—in constant silence dwelling;
But in my soul I hear, in tones august,
The wonders that the earth and heavens are telling.

Suns, stars, and moons, and oceans fathomless;
Man's generations—seed, and grass, and corn;
All these are hymned; but in its happiness,
The heart hears angels sing, that "Christ was born!"

So, will I gaze upon each emblem holy,
And at the festive board, or merry game,
In sympathy absorb all melancholy,
And loving thoughts to joyful visions frame.

Chorus.

Bright sunny hopes are now awake,
As constant as the circling years;
They penetrate each grief, and make
A golden radiance of our tears.

THE DEFORMED CHILD'S CAROL.

There was a gentle steadfast gleam
Upon the morning sky,
Which shone across a stable door,
With shepherds standing by.

And wise old men were also there,
With beards that downward flowed,
And folded turbans on their heads,
And staves, o'er which they bowed.

The shepherds were of manly grace,
Their limbs of finest mould,
And noble were those field-born fronts,
Sun-brent to swarthy gold.

The stable-door was open wide,—
Within 'twas dusky dim,
Save that a circle of soft rays
Glowed to a low-breathed hymn.

It shone around an Infant's head;
And to its Mother's voice
The glory seemed to palpitate,
And tell me to rejoice.

I turned unto those shepherd men,
Of matchless thews and bone,
So lordly in their grace and strength—
And they were kneeling down!

I turned to see those old, wise men,
The wisest of the land;
And all of them were kneeling, too—
Bowed head—and upraised hand!

Another, and a greater strength
To cope with earth's sad storms—
Another, and a wiser lore,
Smiled in that Mother's arms.

And shall not I, with these frail limbs,
This framework of poor earth,
Rejoice with inward grace and strength
At my great Teacher's birth!

Chorus.

Bright sunny hopes are now awake,
As constant as the circling years;
They penetrate each grief, and make
A golden radiance of our tears.

THE DEAF AND DUMB CHILD'S CAROL.

I cannot speak, I cannot hear,
But I can feel and think,
And mine eyes are filled with the joyfulness
That hand to hand doth link,—
While round and round
The dancers bound,
And laugh and shout—and I see the sound,
Though silent to me
All the noise and the glee
Of the dance, the round-game, and revelry.

Something within me struggles oft
My happiness to tell in sounds;
Words—words—I strive to shout, or waft,
Along the room—across the grounds—
And o'er the snow
As my playmates go:
But though 'tis in vain since the day of my birth,
The voice of my mind
Is ne'er left behind,
And cries welcome Christmas and all its good mirth!

The faces laugh in the red fire light!
Fingers, looks, actions, all speak to me:
Antics and fun make a merry night,
Till I fancy I hear the low hum of a sea,—
A murmur and rush—
Though it ends in a hush,
All tell me there 's something outside of my ears;
But my life 's in my eyes,—
Oh, thank God for the prize!
Which I carol at Christmas as year rolls on years!

Chorus.

Bright sunny hopes are now awake,
As constant as the circling years;
They penetrate each grief, and make
A golden radiance of our tears.

THE BLIND CHILD'S CAROL.

My life is in the night—
The never-ending night—
But my soul is not in darkness,
And hath a starry flight.

My nights are like my days—
All never ending days—
And to me a constant morning
Of heaven-enfolding rays.

To me the sun and shade
Are of one substance made,
And one eternal glory,
Which ne'er can fail or fade,

For on my close-seal'd eyes
Hath Christ, in all things wise,
Reversed the common miracle—
And given me inward skies.

Therein His form I trace,
In all it's Infant grace !—
And pictures of His sufferings
For all the human race !

Therein, I recognise
Earth's littleness of size,—
And all the planet-nations
Whom Love will Christianise.

Chorus.

Bright thoughts and hopes are now awake,
As constant as the circling years ;
They penetrate each grief, and make
A golden radiance of our tears.

THE SICK CHILD'S CAROL.

You say I do not look so pale to-day,
But in my cheek
A rose-leaf tint begins to bloom and play,
And I am not so weak.
It is because I see you all
So happy at the feast—the ball—
The merry-making in the hall.

And Christmas Eve, and Christmas Day, to me
Are very dear ;
They bring a bright and wondering memory
Of one delightful year.
I look back through my little span,
And thinking how its joys began
Forget how thin and changed I am.

They led me—I was then a little child—
Through a dark door,
Into a room all hung with branches wild,
With lights upon the floor ;
And lights above—in front—behind—
So bright they almost made me blind,
While other sights confused my mind.

It was the splendour of a Christmas Tree !
With fruits thick hung,
And glittering pictures, lights, and spanglery,
The dark fir boughs among.
While soft-toned music came—and went—
I cried in joy's bewilderment,
"This Tree I 'm sure from heaven was sent !"

Chorus.

Bright sunny hopes are now awake,
As constant as the circling years ;
They penetrate each grief, and make
A golden radiance of our tears.

THE HEALTHY CHILD'S CAROL.

Come hither, dear playmates,
Let's rove hand in hand,
And some shall be carried,
And others be led.
You can speak with eyes—fingers—
We all understand,
And away we will go
To the frosty upland,
Where the sun shines like gold
On the roof of the shed.

There, the long row of sliders
Go down the keen slide !
There, others are building
A huge man of snow !
While yonder a crowd,
Half-way down the hill side,
A great snow-ball battle
Are now to decide,
And all the fresh faces
Are sharp and a-glow.

Now come home—draw the curtains,
More coals, and a log !—
Clear the room for the forfeits,
The dance, and the game ;
Horace promised to gallop
Thrice round like a dog,
And Virgil will show
His proud feat of "the frog,"
While we all look like ghosts
In the snap-dragon's flame.

The green holly-boughs,
With their berries so red,
Adorn the bright room
Where the feast is set out ;
Ah, this is a night
When we can't go to bed,
For no one could sleep
While such mirth fills his head,
With troops of gay fancies
All dancing about.

Now all clasp your hands
At the treasure all find,
That He whose Nativity
Angels now quire,
Gave help to the weak,
In the strength of the mind,
Bidding those who are strong
To be loving and kind,
When the holly-boughs sparkle
And blaze in the fire !

Chorus.

Bright thoughts and hopes are now awake,
As constant as the circling years ;
They penetrate each grief, and make
A golden radiance of our tears.
In that confused, yet heavenly shrine,
The soul unearthly music hears ;
The Eastern Star sheds rays divine
On our afflictions and our fears ;
And now amidst a gleaming halo stands
The Infant Christ—and stretches forth his hands !

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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MR. BENDIGO BUSTER ON OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES AGAINST EDUCATION.

WRITERS on birds tell us, that feather makes a bird much hungrier than flesh. The Germans are all feather. That 's why the Germans are always hungering after something new, and why they can't be satisfied with ancient institutions. I 'm not partial to feathers; I 'm for flesh—flesh is the article for me! I have bought M. Romieu's book upon the Era of the Cæsars, and I like it. Liberty, and progress, and education, are, as he says, 'mere cuckoo cries.' Force is the thing; the only hero is king Fist. *I* should think so! I take in 'Household Words'—on purpose to differ from it. I meet with a good deal of puling in that journal. It annoys me. I consider Izzy Solomon the strongest man and the prettiest sparrer in England. I have in vain looked for an article on Izzy Solomon.

What I say is, the Germans are a speculative people, and there 's a deal too much in this country of the German school. There 's a spirit of poring and pondering; whereas the man ought to be knocked down who ruminates. If 'Household Words' is fair enough to let a man stand up against a man, and see a man fairly backed, what I say is, I 'll put my fist into print and do a little execution. It will put some vigour into that journal to admit a Rustum. Rustum, being only a strong man, I suppose you don't remember all his deeds? I do. I 've read, that when he fought one day with his brother Persians against the army of Afrasiab, he killed, with his own sword, one thousand one hundred and sixty enemies. What do you think of that? Two men a minute, in a battle of nine hours! The sword of Rustum has been made into steel pens, and I 've got one of 'em. Look out!

I strike immediately at a vital part—I go in at the School. Schools are intolerable follies; and of all schools the most foolish is the German School. England is acting, in regard to schools, as becomes her practical good sense. Her boys are in the gutters, growing up to manly independence; they swear well, fight like bricks, and have game in 'em. By her boys, I mean the multitude, the children of the people. I know that in the upper classes there are children more or less demoralized by education, and that the same evil influence is sometimes brought to bear upon the poor. But, England, as a nation, don't trouble herself much about the education of the masses; something like forty-five out of a hundred of 'em can't read and write. That 's what I call being practical. That 's why I 'm partial to my country, and shout "Rule Britannia," with a will.

If any man ever immortalised himself it was Toomer. Who was he? says you. He was a gamekeeper to Sir Henry Mildmay, and he trained the black sow, Flat, into a sporting pig. She used to point game as surely as the best of dogs, and entered in a spiritual manner into that kind of work,—took to it hearty. If I had the arrangement of a Walhalla of all nations, there should be a colossal Toomer in the front of it, big enough to extinguish Schwanthaler's affair; Flat should repose at Toomer's feet; and, round his pedestal, we 'd group in miniature your humdrum baby-trainers, Pestalozzi, Lancaster, Vehrli, and such fellows. What I say is, reading and writing don't make shoes, and you can't work up A, B, C into chairs and tables. Arithmetic won't make beds. When people are born to be cobblers, carpenters, or housemaids, they ought not to have their minds distracted, and be lifted up out of their calling. Ignorance is nature; we are born ignorant, and we ought to be kept so.

The Germans are nice men! Nice un-English men! Why, it 's painful—as my prize-fighting friend the Chicken says, it 's mean—to see how they sophisticate their children, willy-nilly. They have got a word like a Brazil nut, Schulpflichtigkeit, which means the duty of instructing children as a sort of moral law over a state and all its subjects. Swiss, Swedes, Dutch, and French, follow the German crotchet. There is not a young Dutchman, sound in mind and limb, who can't read, write, and cipher; nor a young healthy German from fourteen to twenty, who cannot do as much and something more. Your true ignorant children are to be found—out of England—only in Spain, Portugal, and South Italy, or among Turks and Russians.

The diabolical deliberation with which these

foreigners I have alluded to, set about corrupting innocence by training it into the ways of men, freezes one's blood. The Chinese tell of one of their old Emperors, Chéou-sin, that, seeing a man wade through a cold stream, one frosty morning, he bade him remain for some time in the water, and then had his legs cut off to see whether the marrow in his bones was really frozen. There were no Prussian schools so many centuries ago, unluckily for Chéou-sin. They are the places to freeze your marrow, if you 're a real, natural-born, good old Englishman. Go into any Prussian town, or village, a little before eight o'clock, some December morning. The iron grasp of an imaginary duty has dragged all the children out of bed, washed them, and given them their breakfasts; and here they all are, turned out into the raw frost, all running to one point—the school!! Nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven—morning, afternoon—search all the gutters, and there 's not an innocent disporting himself—there 's not a mud-pie made in the whole district—the children are all emptied out of streets, and houses, and poured away into that great building yonder, that abominable school!!

Whereas, go into any great English town, go into London as the greatest of 'em all. What do you find there? Freedom! Go down into Westminster, or up into Whitechapel. There you 'll find the young Bricks, by thousands upon thousands, left to themselves from the moment when they are first able to crawl, and herding and growing together, in the gamest manner, like so many wolves. And you 're not deterred by this German business, but you want to alter that state of things! Don't deny it. You do. Some of you do. I have heard of the conductor of the very Journal that I write this remonstrance to, giving expression to sentiments like the following. "London in this aspect is so horrible to me, that when I go into such quarters of the town, using my eyes, I lose belief in the possibility of the progress, or even of the long existence, of an Empire, with such a mighty crime and danger at its heart. I do not believe that any one can be well acquainted with the sights of ignorant and neglected childhood, which are hidden in the Metropolis alone, and entertain within himself the possibility of any wealth, or any power, or any spirit in a people, sustaining, for many generations longer, a State on which that wicked blight is resting."

That 's constitutional and British, an't it? I call it Prussian. Ask a Prussian and he 'll tell you, that to leave a child untaught, is only two or three degrees less fearful than to murder it. Not to feed the mind, is in his eyes a punishable crime, as in our eyes it is an indictable offence to starve the body. The Prussian state does not dictate to its subjects any place of education, as our state does not dictate articles of food; but, educate you must says the German law; and if you want the means, the state makes a provision to supply them for you;—just so we say—feed yourselves, and all your children; but if you cannot, don't starve, come upon the parish; your bodily support costs us seven millions a year.

The whole income of Prussia, as a state, is somewhere about ten millions, and its population is that of England and Wales as to numbers, or not much less. Yet Prussia burdens itself with the charge of education on a most unstinting scale; whatever fund is pinched, the exchequer is ready to meet every demand, which corresponds to a real want, in the way of education. Not having much to pay for the support of pauperism (one great result of ignorance and its vices), does certainly give freedom to the public purse; but I consider pauperism a noble institution. What 's to be the privilege of wealth, when all the world is comfortable. You have to take your hat off when you accost the German peasant—'Hollo, you Sir,' won't go down with him—he stands upright, and looks you in the face, and undertakes to answer you politely. What I say, is, that humble people who are educated, won't be satisfied with standing still; they 'll get impertinent ideas about the rights of man, and duty, and moving on. You can see in the eyes of those Germans, that they are civil because it 's their duty; and that they don't rightly reverence you for your money's sake. Now, this is revolutionary; if not, I should like to know what is. There is no way of arguing with such men. For people like myself, men of your true genuine blood, the only course is, to knock 'em down.

Just step into the interior of one of these same German schools, and see what manner of outlandish work is going on. There! Did you ever see the like of that! Call that a school! The boys are comfortably seated, and the master stands!

Mean-spirited fellow, there he stands, as though it were he who had the hardest work to do! The room is lofty, airy, and well warmed; the children sit, I do believe, in absolute enjoyment of the lesson. No other sound interrupts the teacher and his class; the other classes are under the same roof in other rooms. Ruined by luxury, there sit the children—with a grown man, and, what 's worse, a trained and educated man, standing before them, pouring out his energies. He isn't hearing them their lessons out of book; the lesson they have learned out of a book, he is explaining with all the art of a Jesuit, enlivening with anecdotes, sprinkling about with apt questions. The children are all on the *qui vive*, and asking questions in their turn—why don't he knock 'em down for their impertinence? See! now he asks a question of the class, up go two dozen little hands! The owners of those hands believe that they can answer it. There! he selects one to answer, who looks pleased at the distinction. When the next question comes, he 'll tackle some one else.

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ordinate, of course, to the central government at Berlin. The Consistorium has a President, who is the chief provincial authority, and it is divided into three committees. One, directs ecclesiastical affairs; one, cares for public bodily health; and one, for public education. The last, with which we are concerned, is called School Collegium. The School Collegium has the control of the superior schools and normal colleges; it superintends the training of the teachers. Before a committee of the School Collegium, all teachers are examined for certificates. The members of this committee are selected by the Government at Berlin, from the most learned men residing in the province.

Each province of Prussia is divided into two or three counties, and each county again has its governing council or Regierung. This is divided into four committees, and has a president, whose authority extends over each. The four committees have entrusted to them—1st. Police; 2nd. Collection of Taxes; 3rd. Justice; 4th. Education. The men employed upon this council, which acts as the local government, receive fit salaries, and are elected from among the residents within the county. Of this Regierung the educational committee has charge, not of the training schools, but of the primary schools, the schools for children. It is composed of a president, called Schulrath, who is catholic or protestant according to the creed prevailing in the county over which he presides; with him are joined the presidents of the two other committees, Justice and Taxation, and two members who represent the two religious interests, one catholic, one protestant. These are men living in the county, well acquainted with its wants, and known for the high interest they take in education.

The subdivision of each county is into Unions, and each union, or Kreis, has an inspector, or Landrath, who acts as an intermediate functionary between the Regierung, and the petty local officers.

Each Kreis is broken into parishes, and over each parish there is a magistrate, or Schulze, appointed by the Regierung, who attends to the police, taxes, and other matters in his own department.

That 's the machine. Now, note how it is brought to bear on the unhappy children, so that they shall infallibly be torn from their mud-pies, and brought from the remotest alley of the remotest little village to a seat in the great German school.

Every parish is compelled to provide for its children's proper school accommodation. If that provision be, in any parish, not forthcoming, notice is given to the Schulze that it must be made. This magistrate communicates the notice to the people of his district, and requests the householders to elect, from among themselves, three or four men to form part of a committee for devising ways and means. The other members of this committee are, *ex officio*, the magistrate himself, and the religious ministers of each denomination in the parish. The question before them, is, not whether schools ought to be provided; government takes that topic out of debateable ground, and settles imperatively that school accommodation there shall be. The first question discussed in this committee, is, whether there shall be one school for Catholics and Protestants, or whether they shall teach in separate establishments. The latter alternative is chosen when the population will admit of the arrangement. Where that is impossible, a mixed school is amicably adopted, directed by ministers of each persuasion, with religious teaching according to the views of the majority—from which the children of Dissenters are permitted to absent themselves; but, they are absent on condition of receiving religious education, at the same hour, according to the views of their own ministers, elsewhere. Out of this arrangement, no disputes arise; each parish exercises its own discretion. The local committee then selects a site for the new school, ascertains how much can be spent in the building, and selects a plan for its construction. The decisions are sent up for the approval of the Regierung, which follows, of course, unless an unhealthy site or a defective plan have been selected, in which case the Regierung requests reconsideration of the question, and points out such objections as occur.

The local committee then pleases itself in the election of a teacher out of the body of trained teachers, who have passed their examination, and obtained the right diploma. The teacher is presented to the parish by the minister in church, with earnest ceremony. He acts, thereafter, in church, as organist, and leader of the choir. Great pains are taken by the law to secure for him due respect. His diploma stamps him a well educated man. He has been taught field-botany, and lore of household medicine, which makes him a useful oracle to the surrounding peasantry. His salary is, in no case, allowed to fall below a certain fixed amount; and no parish after having raised the salary it pays, will be permitted ever again to reduce it. It is collected for him by local officers, and placed in his hands without trouble to himself. And no teacher, once chosen, can be dismissed by any freak of local spite or jealousy. His neighbours must state their complaints, if they have any, to the Regierung; and, even from the Regierung, he may appeal against dismissal to the Minister of Public Instruction, at Berlin, or, if it so please him, to the king.

The local School Committee is a body permanently constituted. It meets periodically, provides school apparatus, attends to repairs, and protects the teacher. Its members also, from time to time, visit the school as inspectors, and make reports to the Regierung. The lay members of the local committee do not inspect often, but each religious minister is obliged, by law, to do so, several times a-year.

Next above these, are the inspectors for the Kreis or Union, in connection with the Regierung. There is one inspector for the Protestant schools, and one for the Romanist: each, being a man high in his own Church. They visit each school in the district, once, at least, every year, and report on all to the Regierung. Their duty of inspection is considered part of their clerical work: their travelling expenses, only, being defrayed by the county. The Protestant Inspector is appointed by the Consistorium; the Romanist by his own Bishop; subject in each case to the approval of the Government at Berlin. These inspectors report where there is a deficiency of school accommodation. The Prussian teachers wish that these inspectors, who are in most active and real connexion with themselves, should be elected from their own ranks, as being then more able to comprehend what they see done. The Government, as a small step in this direction, has lately ordered that every candidate for holy orders shall have attended a training college for six weeks, and passed an examination in the art of teaching. But, they desire this inspection to be by the clergy.

Moreover, the President of the educational branch of the Regierung in each county—Schulrath—always a scholar, is required every year to pay as many visits as he can find time for, to the county schools.

Lastly, from the Bureau of Public Instruction, the minister, at Berlin, sends yearly three inspectors to examine such districts as are suspected to be insufficiently attended to, and to apply their supervision in such a manner as to let no part of the great German school suffer neglect.

Finally comes after lastly. Finally, directors of the training colleges float about, paying visits to their ancient pupils; and where they see, by their mode of teaching, that they have not kept up with the march of time, have overlooked the last improvements, or forgotten their old lore, a substitute is found—while they are quietly invited to pay a visit to their old friends at the normal school. And there, the blunt razor is sharpened.

Here's a pretty coil indeed, about teaching little ragamuffins their A B C! One would think, by the way Prussia goes to work, that education ranked among the most anxious duties of the Government. Schools are put on the same level with gunpowder, as defences of the State. If it were so, here, Sir Francis Head might well be an alarmist over the defenceless state of England.

Well, but I haven't yet fully exposed the enormity of the offence committed by these Germans against wholesome Ignorance. Just see what pains they give themselves to fit a man for office as a teacher. In the first place, he is generally of the peasant class, and, though educated like a gentleman, he is at no time raised above that sympathy with his own class which is necessary to his full influence in after life. Any young peasant may aspire to be a teacher. He goes, first, in the usual manner, for eight years, to the primary school; learns there to read and write well; gets a knowledge of arithmetic, of the history and geography of Germany, of Scripture history, and a few leading facts of natural history and science. Then, for the next three or four years, that is to say, until he attains the lowest age (eighteen) at which he is admissible into a training college, his education can be continued at a superior public school. These superior public schools, containing endowed places for poor boys, exist, of course, only in the towns. In villages, the candidate for teacher's honours contents himself with receiving evening tuition from the local teacher, attends his classes during some parts of the day, and renders himself useful in them. At the superior public schools, the education goes on, and includes mathematics, with a little classics, lectures on history, physical geography, music, and drawing.

Preparatory training-schools are also established by private persons.

At the age of eighteen, candidates are admissible into the normal colleges. In each college, the yearly vacancies are filled up with those young men who have passed the best examination before the Professors of the College and the representative of the Regierung. The examination is very strict, and vacancies are not filled up at all, if candidates are not up to the proper mark. There must be produced, also, at this time, a certificate of perfect health and strength. The selected candidates sign an undertaking to practise the profession of a teacher for at least three years after obtaining licence so to do. In consideration of this, they are maintained and educated at the expense of Government, incurring for themselves no other cost than that of clothes, and about three pounds a-year for breakfast. If, however, any student forfeit his engagement by not remaining during three years after obtaining his diploma in the service of the state, he is then called upon to refund the money that has been expended on his education.

Each student remains in the training college two or three years—never less than two, or more than three. There are, in Prussia, forty-three training colleges, and thirty thousand licenced teachers. Where the population requires it, there are separate colleges for Catholics and Protestants. In fact, there are only two normal colleges in Prussia where Catholics and Protestants are educated together: the directors of those institutions being chosen from among the clergy.

The students in the normal colleges have frequent occasion to revisit home, and maintain full connexion with their peasant families. The mode of life in college is laborious, and studiously simple, in order that the student may not be unfitted for the enjoyment of his

after lot; a frugal household and a constant kindly intercourse with parents in humble life.

"The course of study in the normal college includes, for the first two years, Latin and French, often English; Geography, History, Natural History, particularly Field Botany, and properties of plants; Physical Sciences; Drawing, Singing, and Chanting; the Violin, Pianoforte and Organ (for the pupil is destined to be organist and leader of the choir, hereafter, in his parish church) together with the Science of Teaching. (The idea of the Science of Teaching. As if there could be any science in it!) Afterwards, the advanced pupils practise teaching under a professor on a model class, and are minutely warned and criticised. They are taught, also, how to provide for medical emergencies; the antidotes to poisons, remedies for burns, &c. In addition to all this, they perform household work and field work; make beds for themselves, and beds for vegetables; pump water and prune trees; ring bells, peel potatoes, and run of errands. Every year, they undergo a strict examination. If any then appear so hopelessly backward that he is not likely to get a diploma, he is quietly removed, and no more salt is wasted on him. Each student, at the end of his third year, undergoes an examination of two days' continuance for his diploma. The examination is as searching as it can be made. According to their qualifications, candidates receive a certificate marked 1, or 2, or 3, or are rejected. Any person not educated at a normal college may present himself at this examination, and obtain a diploma if he can. Those who win diploma 1, are qualified for any situation. Those with diploma 2 or 3, must serve for two or three years as assistant teachers, and must be re-examined, until they obtain diploma 1. Those with diploma 3, are obliged to present themselves in the succeeding year, and if they do not then give satisfaction, are rejected altogether. Without a diploma, no person is allowed to teach. There's despotism for you!

Students, when they are constituted teachers, always maintain a filial relation towards their normal college. In cases of doubt, they apply to it for information; if they fall back in their attainments, they return to it to have their minds refreshed. Thither, they generally send their children.

Teachers' Conferences are held monthly, on a day, and at a place, previously notified, to which all teachers are enabled to travel free of cost. Here, from their scattered village-schools, and from their towns, the teachers of a province meet, and shake hands with each other; they formally discuss practical theories of teaching; one teaches before the rest, and when the children are retired, all hold a debate upon his method; each hears at the conference, the best improvements in the science to which his life is devoted, and goes home strengthened with a consciousness that he is a member of a great and influential body in the state. Books, periodicals upon the history and philosophy of teaching, are written, read, and largely taken in. Teaching a science again! Surely this is enough to make England crack her sides with laughing. The science of hearing lessons and rapping knuckles!

The German School object to monitors; they say it is unwholesome and ridiculous to put a child to teach a child, even the alphabet. On this account, the skilled teacher in the poorer villages has, now and then, more on his hands than one person can rightly manage. The Prussians say, they know that; but, of two evils, they prefer the less.

Well, there you have it; that's the German school so far as Prussia is concerned! In Saxony, it's pretty much the same. Every child is required by law to receive, for eight years, uninterrupted education—there, as in Prussia, it don't matter where—of any competent teacher—of the parent, if it be desired, and if the parent be competent to fulfil such a trust. But, in the primary schools, all over Germany, you may see children of paupers, tinkers, street-porters, sitting, clean, intelligent, and cheerful, on the same bench with the children of physicians, land-owners, and counts. All are attached with a firm faith to the primary schools: Protestant or Catholic, rich man or poor, all are impressed with the sense of their "schulpflichtigkeit," and thoroughly appreciate the state provision of a well-conducted education. In Bavaria and smaller states—even in Austria—the same feeling exists.

It is the same in Switzerland; there I am reminded to take note of a circumstance, and here it is. The Catholic cantons require education as much as the Protestants, but they are content with much less. In fact, that is a general rule, throughout Europe.

In Denmark, education is compulsory. In Sweden, and Norway, there is only one person in a thousand unable to read and write. In France, parents are not compelled to educate their children; but M. Guizot has done much to place education at the parents' door. There are, in France, seventy-six training-schools, sixty thousand primary schools under certified teachers, two hundred school inspectors, and a Government grant of two million pounds a year, for the furtherance of National Education. In Holland, there is a carefully-devised school system; and, although education is not made compulsory, there is scarcely a sound child of twelve years old who cannot read and write. Catholics, Calvinists, and Lutherans, sit side by side, and receive religious teaching in those precepts, which are the pith of Christianity, and which all followers of Jesus recognise.

I say no more. Who can wonder that we see the institutions of our ancestors neglected, time-honoured customs crumbling underneath

our feet, the fiend of change abroad? The lover of the past, and Rule-Britannia—I am one—must check the morbid tendency to educate, or we shall all be swallowed up in contemplations of the future. The country, certainly, is not in any immediate danger of education, thank Heaven, but forewarned is forearmed.

Britain, I warn you! Don't open your eyes when you are asked to look at yonder German school. You have other irons in the fire. Besides, the British are fine fellows, men of the right quality, and want no teaching. What says the comedian? 'Les gens de qualité savent tout, sans avoir jamais rien appris.' (People of quality know everything without ever learning anything.) England is of the true quality, and may sit down and be content—in company with Turkey, Russia, Spain, Portugal, and Southern Italy.

Good company; for they are the best foreign countries that I know—the best, in fact, that anybody knows. I know a thing or two, I believe, for I was an Oxford man, and I have had the champion of England (with his belt on) in my rooms, many a time. My name's Bendigo Buster. I have a little run to seed, of late years, but I am of the right sort yet. Show me a man who broaches any of this revolutionary gammon about education, and I'll show you a man who 'll knock him down. I have alluded to the conductor of this Journal. I enclose my card, with the present contribution; and am ready to pitch into him, or any one holding the like detestable sentiments.

RAILWAY WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Gentlemen who *will* look out of the windows of railway carriages to see "what 's the matter," and get their hats knocked off and left behind at the rate of fifty miles an hour; third-class young Ladies who *will* hold parasols over their complexions on windy days, and let them go ballooning down the line at hurricane time; Dandies who won't look after their own luggage, but leave everything to "those fellows, the porters," and so lose it; Wives who *will* terminate their journeys at the terminus in their husband's arms, regardless of their "trifles from Tunbridge" packed up in pretty baskets; Commercial Travellers who forget their samples; Gents who rush away without their canes; Aunts who leave behind their umbrellas; Nieces oblivious of their pattens;—in short, everybody who misses, or forgets, or leaves behind, or loses anything on a railway, may consider it nearly as safe as if they had not been stupid, or careless, or in too great a hurry, or forgetful;—and have a much better chance of finding it than if they had never stirred away from home.

To the terminus of most railways is attached what the French would call an *administration* or *service*—a warehouse and staff of clerks and porters—for the deposit and restoration of the lost or left behind; which, for variety and value, would put to shame the dazzling and heterogeneous treasures of Don Rolando's Cave. Inspecting one of these offices some time since, the writer had occasion to describe the scene in the following terms:—

A visit to this depository would repay a philosopher. He might readily guess at the owners from the articles—they are so perfectly characteristic. Some of the single articles are in themselves idiosyncracies; whilst many of the bundles tie up unwritten histories, and journals of travel. There was one which we had the curiosity to inspect, that belonged, there can be not the smallest doubt, to a courier or a valet. It was formed by a silk handkerchief, in one of the ends of which were secured about sixpennyworth of Italian halfpence. Its contents proved to be pretty nearly as follows:—A pair of hair-brushes; a chart and tariff of fares of the Austrian Lloyd's Steam-Boats Company; a small jar of preserved meat beside a pot of bear's-grease, to give it a flavour; a play-bill of the San Scala Theatre, where the owner had, it would seem, the pleasure of hearing Donizetti's new opera of "La Regna de Golconda;" a case of toothpicks, a Prussian bill for post-horses, a comb, a half nibbled pipe of macaroni, and a screw of tobacco, the savour of which imparted the predominating smell to the entire bundle.

From this pleasing amalgamation, an experienced tourist might have traced a complete *carte du voyage*. It presented a map of the owner's route, which evidently began in an English perfumer's shop—for the hair-brushes and bear's-grease were of British manufacture—was continued through Italy to the office of the Austrian Lloyd's in Vienna, and back to the Dover terminus by way of Prussia.

Before we pry into the next parcel, we must make an apology for breaking the sacred confidence of a lady's basket; but it was irresistible. There it stood inviting curiosity—a straw-bonnet-like receptacle bound with red leather, having a close-shutting flap and no button—which is our apology. Within we found a pair of ladies' shoes, the neat covering of as pretty a foot as ever stepped out of a carriage—railway or family—wrapped up in a quarto leaf of a popular religious periodical. Beside them lay, *horresco referens!* a pint bottle, which emitted an odour neither of Rose-water, nor of Eau-de-Cologne, but of very excellent Geneva. Could there have been, however, any doubt as to the nature of the spirit, it would have been cleared up at the bottom of the basket, where there lay a wine-glass without a foot. On whom shall we fix the ownership of this treasure? Shall it be a muddling duenna, entrusted with her lovely mistress's shoes, or—a more probable conjecture—a "serious" lady slightly addicted to gin?

Our old friend, Mrs. Gamp, was as plainly

visible on one of the shelves as if she stood before us. She was personified by a cotton umbrella, with a tremendous horn-head, and a pair of pattens as tall and as clumsy as Dutch horse-shoes. Beside these was stretched at full length a well-folded, well-brushed precise-looking silk umbrella, very seedy at the edges, with a dingy ivory knob, the property, we infer, of an elderly bachelor with a limited income. Slim umbrellas, of foreign extraction, in polished leather cases, stood beside family concerns which would answer for picnic tents, having convenient wires to hang up the ladies' bonnets. There were some with comic handles carved to resemble Punch and Tim Bobbin, grimly contrasting with ivory Death's-heads. The umbrella shelf, in short, is a collection of silk, gingham, and whalebone characters, as palpable as those of Lord Shaftesbury or La Bruyère.

Commend us, however, to the hat-shelf; for nothing can exceed the heterogeneous jumble of rank, station, character, and indicative morality which that conglomeration of castors presents Here a dissipated-looking four-and-nine leans its battered side against the prim shovel of a church dignitary; there a highly-polished Parisian upper-crust is smashed under the weight of a carter's slouch. On one side the torn brim of a broad straw strays into the open crown of a bran new beaver. Some bear the crushing marks of the wheels of a luggage-train, or the impression of the moistened clay of an embankment; others are neat, trimly brushed, and show how carefully they have been hung up in the first-class carriage while the owner inducted his caput into an elegant Templar, or fascinating foraging cap, and how he carelessly left it behind. Boys' and men's, quakers' and soldiers', carters' and lords', clergymen's and sporting-men's are all ranged side by side, or thrown together higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, topsy-turvy, in such a confused conglomeration that, should an applicant endeavour to comply with the clerk's suggestion to "Choose your own, Sir," he would be in very great danger of committing petty larceny, and finding his head under somebody else's hat. If, however, these head-casings were arranged according to their owner's probable rank in life, they would plainly indicate their wearer's station and mode of travelling. There would be first-class hats, consisting of sporting, clerical, military, and best beavers—second-class, all neat and well brushed—and third class, composed of carters', carpenters', valets', and hay-makers'.

Over and above articles left behind by mistake, some are impounded, and consist of forced deposits exacted in satisfaction of unpaid-up capital. A gentleman has not only forgotten to pay his fare, but has also forgotten to provide himself with the cash necessary for that very necessary element in most railroad transactions. In such cases the majesty of the law, clothed in green and represented by the police, institutes peremptory proceedings, and, suing out a peremptory *fieri facias* (a species of high-pressure process, which may be designated legal spontaneous combustion), puts in an immediate execution on the debtor's movables, and distrains on the spot, in a sufficient amount to cover the debt and costs. Such deposits generally consist of walking-sticks of various sizes and values, pocket-handkerchiefs, whips, and workmen's tools. Odd mixtures are made in this way. One insolvent traveller was deprived of a twelve-rowel ladder; another, a doctor's boy, (who had, perhaps, dissipated his master's money in hardbake) had nothing left to offer to the ruthless cashiers but a few bottles of physic! And there they stand, labelled with the usual directions of when to be taken, and in how many table-spoonfuls, in far more harmlessness than if they had reached their destinations.

As evidence of carelessness these deposits are scarcely credible. We were shown purses innumerable, all containing money, sometimes as much as from ten to fifty pounds, jewellery of every sort and description, from whole suites to single rings and breast pins, all left behind in carriages. It is difficult to imagine how it is that the losers *can* get quit of some of the articles without carrying carelessness and forgetfulness to an extraordinary point of ingenuity. A glove, a shawl, a handkerchief, or a walking-stick are readily left behind; and as to umbrellas, to be lost would seem to be one of the passive functions they are destined to fulfil; but how such a ring, which must cost some trouble to remove from the finger; a watch which, when a question of time has been decided, it is usual to return to the pocket—can be left in a railway carriage, is not easily to be comprehended.

The most astonishing kind of property to leave behind, at a railway station, is mentioned in an advertisement, which appeared in the newspapers, dated Swindon, April 27th, 1844. It gave notice, "that a pair of bright bay carriage horses, about sixteen hands high, with black switch tails and manes," had been left in the name of Hibbert; and notice was given, that unless the horses were claimed, on or before the 12th day of May, they would be sold to pay expenses. Accordingly on that day they *were* sold.

The lost luggage warehouse, of another railway—that at the North Western Railway terminus, has been cleverly sketched by Sir Francis Head. It consists "of," he says, "a large pitch-dark subterranean vaulted chamber, warmed by hot-air iron pipes, in which are deposited the flock of lost sheep, or, without metaphor, the lost luggage of the last two years. Suspended from the roof, there hangs horizontally in this chamber a gas-pipe about eight feet long, and as soon as the brilliant burners at each end were lighted, the scene was really astounding. It would be infinitely easier to say what there is not than what there is in the forty compartments, like great wine-bins, in which all this lost pro-

perty is arranged. One is choke-full of men's hats, another of parasols, umbrellas, and sticks of every possible description. One would think that all the ladies' reticules on earth were deposited in a third. How many little smelling-bottles—how many little embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs—how many little musty eatables and comfortable drinkables—how many little bills, important little notes, and other very small secrets each may have contained, we felt that we would not for the world have ascertained; but when we gazed at the enormous quantity of red cloaks, red shawls, red tartan plaids, and red scarfs, piled up in one corner, it was, we own, impossible to help reflecting that surely English ladies of all ages, who wear red cloaks, &c., must in some mysterious way or other be powerfully affected by the whine of compressed air, by the sudden ringing of a bell, by the sight of their friends—in short, by the various conflicting emotions that disturb the human heart on arriving at the up-terminus of the Euston Station; for else how, we gravely asked ourselves, could we possibly account for the extraordinary red heap before us? Of course there were plenty of carpet-bags, gun-cases, portmanteaus, writing-desks, books, bibles, cigar-cases, &c.; but there were a few articles that certainly we were not prepared to meet with, and which but too clearly proved that the extraordinary terminus-excitement which had suddenly caused so many virtuous ladies to elope from their red shawls—in short, to be all of a sudden not only in a 'bustle' behind, but all over—had equally affected men of all sorts and conditions. One gentleman had left behind him a pair of leather hunting-breeches! another his boot-jack! A soldier of the twenty-second Regiment had left his knapsack containing his kit! Another soldier, of the tenth, poor fellow, had left his scarlet regimental coat! But what astonished us above all was, that some honest Scotchman, probably in the ecstasy of suddenly seeing among the crowd the face of his faithful Jeanie, had actually left behind him the best portion of his bagpipes!"

The trouble which is bestowed by the Railway Companies to cause the restitution of lost property is incalculable. Not long ago, a young lady lost a portmanteau from the rest of her luggage—a pardonable oversight, for she was a bride starting on the honeymoon trip. The bridegroom—never on such occasions an accountable being—had not noticed the misfortune. When the loss was discovered and application made respecting it, the lady spoke positively of having seen it at the station whence they started, then again at a station where they had to change carriages; she saw it also when they left the railway: it was all safe, she averred, at the hotel where they stopped for a few days. She was also certain that it was amongst the rest of the "things" when they again started for a watering-place; but, when they arrived there, it was missing! It contained a new riding-habit, value fifteen pounds. The search that was instituted for this portmanteau recalled that of Telemachus for Ulysses; the railway officials sent one of their clerks with a *carte blanche*, to trace the bride's journey to the end of the last mile, till some tidings of the strayed trunk could be traced. He went to every station, to every coach-office in connexion with every station, to every town, to every hotel, and to every lodging that the happy couple had visited. His expenses actually amounted to fifteen pounds. He came back without success. At length the treasure was found; but where?—At the bye station on another line, whence the bride had started from home a maiden. Yet she had positively declared, without doubt, or reservation, that she had "with her own eyes," seen the trunk on the various stages of her tour; this can only be accounted for by the peculiar flustration of a young lady just plunged into the vortex of matrimony. The husband paid the whole of the costs.

In further illustration of the pains taken to return missing property by the railway company, we may revert to Sir Francis Head, on the North-Western:—A ledger, entitled "Luggage Inquiry Book," is kept, and if the articles therein inquired after have not been brought in by the searcher, copies of the description are forwarded to each of the offices where lost luggage is kept; for by the company's orders all luggage found between Wolverton and London is without delay forwarded to the latter station, all between Wolverton and Birmingham to Birmingham, and so on. "It is possible, however, that the above orders may not have been attended to, and therefore, as a last resource, the superintendent of the Lost Luggage Office at Euston Station writes to three hundred and ten stations on forty-two lines of rail to inquire after a lost article, be it ever so small, and if it be at none of these stations, a letter is then addressed to the owner, informing him that his lost property *is not on the railway*."

We are sorry to find that the public do not always show themselves so conscientious as the companies. They are, as carriers liable—under certain circumstances—to make good the losses of their customers; and in some cases articles are no sooner missing than an apparent eagerness to turn them into cash is displayed. A demand for payment is sent. The managers demur, and ask for particulars; then arrives a long list of contents—value to the highest possible amount is set upon every describable thing, and after many *pros* and *cons*, a settlement is generally made upon a very reduced scale of charges. One such demand was sent in the other day by an elderly lady and her sister, who said they had lost a box of apparel. They set the contents down at thirty pounds prime cost. Upon the eve of payment of a sum something approaching to this demand, the box was recovered and

five pounds proved to be the utmost value of it, with all it contained. In another instance, a gentleman of property lost a leather hat-case, containing "very valuable articles;" but did not, in his modesty, name their exact worth in money. For some time the search was fruitless, and a heavy drag upon the treasury was anticipated—when, at the eleventh hour, the hat-case was "washed ashore" as the wreckers would say, and the value of the inside did not prove so much as that of the outside—the price of a second-hand hat-box.

On the North-Western Railway, luggage left behind at the stations is kept for two days; and if, during that time, no one calls for it, it is, if it be *properly addressed* (a proviso which should impress all travellers with the necessity of using legible labels) it is forwarded to its owner. Should there be no address, it is kept for a month, and then opened to find a clue to the possessor. Some time ago the superintendent, on breaking open a locked leather hat-box, found in it, under the hat, sixty-five pounds in Bank of England notes, with one or two private letters, which enabled him to restore the money to the owner; who, it turned out, had been so positive that he had left his hat-box at an hotel at Birmingham, that he had made no inquiry for it at the railway office.

Lastly, should no clue whatever be found to ownership, the property is kept about two years, and has hitherto been sold by auction in the large coach-factory to the company's servants—a portion of the proceeds being handed over to the sick-fund for persons who have been hurt in the service, and the remainder to "the Friendly Society" among the men. It having, however, been ascertained that a few of the railway men who had spare cash purchased the greater portion of these articles, it has been determined henceforward to sell the whole of this property by auction *exclusively to the public;* and as the company's servants are not allowed to be purchasers, they can no longer derive any benefit whatever from lost property.

The quantity and value of property thus remaining, even after passing through the two days' and two months' tests, is almost incredible; and while it surprises, it may amuse the reader to glance over a list of the two years' accumulations but very recently submitted to public auction.

Umbrellas, 243; Parasols, 168; Walking-sticks, 173; various sorts of Men's Attire, 508 articles; Men's Caps, 129; Women's Attire, 301 articles; Respirators, 2; Pocket Handkerchiefs, 302; Clogs and Pattens, 28; Travelling Bags, 63; Gloves, 366; Brushes, 47; Combs, 17; Books, 135; Sample Cases, 5; Card Cases, 7; Cushions, 20; Baskets, 50; Whips, 14; Fishing-rods, 6; One Cricket-bat; Bird-Cages, 3; Small Casks, 2; Beds, 3; One Bundle of Horn; One Iron Wheel; Boxes, 8; Purses, 14; Cigar-cases, 7; Snuff-boxes, 5; Smelling-bottles, 8; Pocket-knives, 10; Scissors, 7; Razors, 4; One Paper-knife; Bracelets, 4; Brooches, 26; Shawl and Scarf Pins, 17; Necklaces, 4; Gold Rings, 2; One Gold Toothpick; One Gold Eye-glass; Gold Pencil-Cases, 3; One Gold Chain and Seals; Pairs of Spectacles, 20; Silver Pencil-Cases, 4; Studs, 5; One Lever Watch Cap; One Fusee Box; Flask Bottles, 3; One Opera-Glass.

It has been calculated that only about forty per cent. of Railway waifs and strays remain unowned, and come to the hammer. From the above list, therefore—that of only one trunk line—the enormous amount of property that is continually left behind may be calculated.

These facts show, that while the public is excessively heedless, Railway officials are curiously careful.

CHIPS.

THE BARON OF BEEF AND THE MARQUIS OF WELLINGTON.

The following Chip embodies a true story, not at all disagreeable to know, at this time of year.

At Slough, near Eton, then a small straggling village, was to be seen, in the year 1813, a magnificent coat of arms over the door of a shop: the blazoning was of the most gorgeous kind, but they were not the royal arms. The quarterings of the hero of the Peninsula cast down their glittering beams upon the dazzled eyes of the admiring travellers on the Bath road; and under them was inscribed in flaming letters of gold—"Shirley, Butcher to the Marquis of Wellington!"

This seemed strange; for, in this year, the great Marquis was fighting the battle of Vittoria, and crossing the Pyrenees! How, then, was he to eat beef in England, and become the patron of a newly-fitted up butcher's shop in Slough?

This butcher was a dashing young fellow, in his way. His father, wishing to make him "genteel," had placed him with an attorney, and he duly served out his articles. But, in course of succession, the patrimonial inheritance of the butcher's shop became his; and young Shirley thought that a thriving trade, and a spirited hack, who could bear him gallantly in a day's hunt, were to be preferred to the drudgery of a country lawyer's office. He accordingly flung aside his rusty black office-coat, and exchanged it for a suit of light brown, with blue linen apron and sleeves, a steel, and a purple satin waistcoat with gold button-drops for Sundays. If he abandoned all design of shining in the law, he was determined to make a figure in some other way, and to do something worthy of note.

After the battle of Salamanca, in the summer of 1812, the British nation was excited to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm; nor was their sympathy of less degree with the suffer-

ings of our brave army, during the celebrated retreat of November, when they had to endure continuous storms of cutting wind and rain, while struggling through almost impassable roads, and experiencing sufferings from famine more terrible than the harassing guns of the enemy. At length the army having retreated upon Ciudad Rodrigo, was in safety, and went into cantonments on the Coa and the Agueda.

Hearing, and taking a "Briton's" interest in all these things, our young butcher of Slough bethought himself that perhaps the most acceptable present that could be made at Christmas to the Commander-in-Chief of the English forces, under such circumstances, would be a good piece of home-fed beef. He selected a fat and magnificent "baron," with which he proceeded forthwith to the Horse Guards. Having made known his wish, and deposited his Christmas present, the mighty "baron" was forwarded by the most speedy means that offered.

The "baron," whom all good fortune attended, arrived at head quarters in the very nick of time; and the Commander-in-Chief and his staff made their Christmas dinner from the welcome amplitude. By the next despatches that reached home, the delighted young butcher of Slough received a precious letter of thanks in the Marquis of Wellington's own hand, wherein he described the excellent and joyous dinner that he and his staff had made from the "Roast-beef of Old England," and said that they had never enjoyed anything half so much in all their lives, and that they had all drunk to the health of Edward Shirley, the patriotic donor; as we hope to drink to the brave old Duke himself, this present Christmas, wishing that he may live long, and die happy.

DEATH IN THE BREAD-BASKET.

Every one knows how different home-made bread is in flavour and sweetness to that procured at the bake-house. In making bread at home, we use nothing but flour, water, yeast and salt. The bakers sometimes add potatoes, alum, magnesia, and other substances, to give it a white appearance and impart lightness. Alum is largely used, not as an adulteration of itself, but for the purpose of enabling them to work up and whiten an inferior flour to mix with that of a better quality. Ask a baker why he puts alum? he tells you "it keeps water and raises well," meaning, we suppose, that it improves the look of the bread, rendering it firmer and whiter.

This alumed bread might not, perhaps, hurt a stout labourer, whose healthy digestive organs would be strong enough almost to convert leather into nutriment, but for persons of sedentary habits or infirm constitutions, it is a very serious matter to have their digestive process daily vitiated by damaged flour, whitened with alum. The quantity of alum is always proportionate to the badness of the flour, and hence, when the best flour is used, no alum need be introduced. "That alum is not necessary," says Dr. Ure, "for giving bread its utmost beauty, sponginess, and agreeable taste, is undoubted, since the bread baked at a very extensive establishment in Glasgow, in which about twenty tons of flour are regularly converted into loaves in the course of a week, unite every quality of appearance with absolute freedom from that acido-astringent drug."

Some of the adulterations of flour are made by the baker; others by the wholesale flour dealers who, in large towns, supply the bakers with the corn ready ground.

We observed a little time ago, in the public papers, an account of a gentleman who, whenever he visited Newcastle-under-Line, Staffordshire, was invariably seized with severe pains in the stomach; he suspected it was caused by the bread he had eaten. This led to an inquiry, and the bread, upon analysis, was found to contain Plaster of Paris.

The baker declared his innocence; but on searching the miller's premises from whence the flour was procured, a large quantity of this substance was found, which led to his being mulct of a considerable sum in the shape of a fine. Not a very pleasant thing to have one's stomach walled up with Plaster of Paris! it may be very good to keep the damp from our houses, but not so agreeable to line the inner man with.

A REMEDY FOR COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

Sir.—Having read in the 37th number of the "Household Words," a coal miner's evidence, I take the liberty of forwarding for insertion a suggestion to relieve the pits from large accumulations of gas, and thus render them safer than under the present system of working.

I have attended two or three inquests which have been held upon the unfortunate miners who had lost their lives in following their dangerous calling. I have paid great attention to the details; and though it has been my lot to listen to the evidence of some men who had been burnt by the explosion, and of others who had lost sons by either the fire or the after-damp, I never heard these men complain of a want of ventilation, or of the neglect of the owners or viewers in taking every precaution to provide for their safety. How is it, then, that the public is so often horror-struck by such awful catastrophes as are continually occurring? The "viewers" are all agreed that a sufficient current of air circulates through the workings; that in dangerous parts candles are strictly prohibited; that in some pits known to be more than usually fiery, an additional precaution is taken in placing a barometer at the bottom of the shaft, the indications of which are

registered by the overmen three times a day; it being well known that a diminution of atmospheric pressure would allow the gas to escape more readily from the "goaf" into the workings. Hence when there is a sudden fall in the barometer, the overmen are more careful and watchful than on ordinary occasions. And the evidence of the miners confirms that of the viewers. They almost invariably state that all has been done which science could suggest or forethought devise. Yet, from some unexplained or unexpected cause, a blast takes place, and numbers of men and boys are hurried in a moment into eternity. After the misfortune the pit is closely examined by viewers from distant parts. No fault can be found with the ventilation; eighteen or twenty thousand cubic feet of air pass through the workings in the space of one minute, and all is mystery as to how the explosion took place, except it had been traced to the carelessness of some of the workmen. This is the oft-repeated testimony given before the coroner. A verdict of "accidental death" is returned, or sometimes the gas was suspected to have fired at one of the men's candles, which party was of course certain to have been killed, and there the matter ends.

All this proves very clearly that something more is required for safety, and that other precautions than those usually adopted are needed to stop the invasion of the death-dealing blast, and no less dangerous and insidious after-damp, which too surely follows the track of the fire, and completes what the explosion may have left unfinished.

It may be necessary for the information of some of your readers to explain the method of working pits in Northumberland and Durham. In large collieries there are generally two shafts—a down-cast and an up-cast shaft. In the former, the air descends into the workings, is conducted along the main air-course to the different parts, and is finally expelled by the up-cast shaft. There is a furnace continually burning to keep the current in circulation, which is of considerable importance; for if it was stopped, the air would remain in the workings, but would not be renewed, and therefore become charged with gas. There are two parts of the mine, called by the names of the "whole" and the "broken." The broken is the most dangerous portion, being the spaces from whence the coal has been abstracted in the form of chambers, leaving pillars standing at intervals to support the roof. In the latest method of working, there are vacant spaces left which are called "goafs," and in which the gas accumulates. This gas being carburetted hydrogen is much lighter in specific gravity than common air, and has a tendency to rise to the roof of the mine. This tendency is taken advantage of, and goafs are constructed in particular portions as reservoirs. The form of the goaf is that of the interior of a dome. For the sake of illustration, I will suppose it will be similar to an inverted water bowl, the gas being collected in the inside, and prevented from escaping by the pressure of the atmosphere round the edges. It is also found that if a certain quantity of air can be driven through the mine, even should there be a small escape of gas from the goaf, it will do no harm, provided it is diluted with air below the explosive point. Now here is the theory of working: if a good current of air be maintained, and Davy lamps are used in dangerous places with properly stopped trap-doors, an explosion cannot happen, as the lamp gives certain indications of the presence of gas, which, if properly attended to, warn the miner that he ought to retire. From the unanimous evidence of the viewers it appears that no explosion has ever been traced to a properly-constructed Davy lamp. But in spite of all this they are continually taking place from the proximity of naked lights in parts where candles are prohibited; and it therefore becomes a question whether some means could not be devised for carrying off the greater portion of the gas from the goafs—at least so much as to keep them under control—and disposing of it in a manner which would render it harmless. It is frequently given in evidence that the men are careless, and, trusting to the measures adopted by the viewers for safety, are too apt to conclude that they are perfectly safe, when it must occur to every reflecting mind, that even supposing the viewers have done their duty—and I believe the present viewers are, as a body, well grounded in science—the work is but half performed, if the men do not second the efforts of their directors by carefulness and vigilance. A dozen viewers might recommend particular systems, each of which would be safe; but *one* man may overturn all their precautions, and cause an accident, to prevent which hundreds of pounds may have been expended.

It will be evident, without further proof, that the only certain method will be to rid the mines of those magazines of gas as far as is practicable. I call them "magazines," because they are just as dangerous in the vicinity of candles as a magazine of gunpowder would be. In the Houghton pit—where a late explosion took place by the gas firing at a naked light, and by which twenty-seven lives were lost—has four goafs; two of eighteen acres each in extent, one of seven, and one of four acres. Just imagine eighteen acres of combustible gas, ready to fire the moment that it received a certain mixture of atmospheric air! and the only wonder is that explosions are not still more frequent.

Now, I conceive that the greater portion of this gas might be discharged. The very essentials for such a process are half completed to our hands. These goafs are immense domes, brim-full of explosive gas, though in an inverted position. It cannot explode

without a light, and also the presence of a certain amount of oxygen gas, or atmospheric air, which contains the requisite quantity. The gas is light, and remains in the dome as sure as water will remain in a basin into which it has been poured. My suggestion is, not to alter or amend any of the usual precautions as to ventilation, but to bore in addition an Artesian well—to make a hole of a small diameter in the earth, above the centre of each goaf, and continue boring until it pierces into the goaf. It might be effected by means of boring-rods. Then there would be a vent through which the gas would rise, and be dealt with, as thought proper, on the surface of the ground, by burning or otherwise, like an immense gas light. That it would do so is already tried, for at one of the Wallsend pits, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, gas is continually burning from a large pipe brought up the shaft.

The above is the whole suggestion. It is not proposed to relax any of the ordinary precautions, but only to make use of an additional means of getting rid of the gas. It surely merits a trial; and the expense of boring through to all the goafs in the kingdom would be nothing in comparison to the saving of life. In the present day, when inspectors are appointed by Government, every means likely to lessen the frequency of explosions should be tested, and, if found to be effective, ought to be adopted by all coal-owners.

If you think this suggestion worthy of notice, you will perhaps give it publicity through the medium of your widely-extended Journal. Make it "as familiar as Household Words," and it may catch the eye of some one who has the opportunity of giving it a trial, and who might report the results in the same manner, for the good of the suffering miner.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

New Year! New Year! come over the snow,
A thousand songs call to thee!
A thousand circles wait thee now,
A thousand firesides woo thee!
The night is listening for the bells,
The doors are wide where the poor man dwells,
The cottage glows, the mansion gleams,
And dusky red o'er the deep snow streams.
Old Time sits mute in his silent place,
They watch his motions, they mark his face,
He starts! he calls! and a merry, merry din
Of voices and bells brings the New Year in.

Happy New Year! Happy New Year!
Give us all things kind and dear,
And when thou art laid in earth—
May thy death be as blithe as thy birth.

Old Year! Old Year! sink down in thy vaults,
All nature doth eschew thee·
Lie buried with all thy meeds and faults,
For nothing can renew thee!
Light are the feet that dance thee dead!
Merry the music that rolls o'er thy head!
Die with thy last, loving glance on them,
Whose joyance is thy regimen.
Farewell, farewell, all good or ill
That thou hast sown, will thy son fulfil;
Give him a last word now, to heed
The good and shun the evil seed.

Farewell, Old Year! Farewell, Old Year!
Many a bright eye owes thee a tear!
Thou wilt never again have birth;
Hush thee calm in the bosom of earth.

New Year! New Year! come sit at the feast,
A thousand hands prepare thee!
This night shall all men call thee guest,
This night may all men share thee;
Soon may we know thee tried and true:
Give to the student his wreath in view!
Give to the lover his yearning bride!
Soon may we know the true and tried—
Make free the slave, and make the free
Learn all the duties of charity;
Let pride die off, let love increase,
And prosper all the ways of peace!

Happy New Year! Happy New Year!
Give us all things kind and dear,
And when thou art laid in earth—
May thy death be as blithe as thy birth.

THE HEART OF JOHN MIDDLETON.

I was born at Sawley, where the shadow of Pendle Hill falls at sunrise. I suppose Sawley sprang up into a village in the time of the monks, who had an abbey there. Many of the cottages are strange old places; others again are built of the abbey stones, mixed up with the shale from the neighbouring quarries; and you may see many a quaint bit of carving worked into the walls, or forming the lintels of the doors. There is a row of houses, built still more recently, where one Mr. Peel came to live there for the sake of the water-power, and gave the place a fillip into something like life; though a different kind of life, as I take it, from the grand slow ways folks had when the monks were about.

Now it was—six o'clock, ring the bell, throng to the factory; sharp home at twelve; and even at night, when work was done, we hardly knew how to walk slowly, we had been so bustled all day long. I can't recollect the time when I did not go to the factory. My father used to drag me there when I was quite a little fellow, in order to wind reels for him. I never remember my mother. I should have been a better man than I have been, if I had only had a notion of the sound of her voice, or the look on her face.

My father and I lodged in the house of a man, who also worked in the factory. We were sadly thronged in Sawley, so many people came from different parts of the country to earn a livelihood at the new work; and it was some time before the row of cottages I have spoken of could be built. While they were building my father was turned out of his lodgings for drinking and being disorderly, and he and I slept in the brick-kiln; that is to say, when we did sleep o' nights; but,

often and often, we went poaching; and many a hare and pheasant have I rolled up in clay, and roasted in the embers of the kiln. Then, as followed to reason, I was drowsy next day, over my work; but father had no mercy on me for sleeping, for all he knew the cause of it, but kicked me where I lay, a heavy lump on the factory-floor, and cursed and swore at me till I got up for very fear, and to my winding again. But when his back was turned I paid him off with heavier curses than he had given me, and longed to be a man that I might be revenged on him. The words I then spoke I would not now dare to repeat; and worse than hating words, a hating heart went with them. I forget the time when I did not know how to hate. When I first came to read and learnt about Ishmael, I thought I must be of his doomed race, for my hand was against every man, and every man's against me. But I was seventeen or more before I cared for my book enough to learn to read.

After the row of works was finished, father took one, and set up for himself, in letting lodgings. I can't say much for the furnishing; but there was plenty of straw, and we kept up good fires; and there is a set of people who value warmth above everything. The worst lot about the place lodged with us. We used to have a supper in the middle of the night; there was game enough, or if there was not game, there was poultry to be had for the stealing. By day we all made a show of working in the factory. By night we feasted and drank.

Now this web of my life was black enough and coarse enough; but by and by, a little golden filmy thread began to be woven in; the dawn of God's mercy was at hand.

One blowy October morning, as I sauntered lazily along to the mill, I came to the little wooden bridge over a brook that falls into the Bribble. On the plank there stood a child, balancing the pitcher on her head, with which she had been to fetch water. She was so light on her feet that, had it not been for the weight of the pitcher, I almost believe the wind would have taken her up, and wafted her away as it carries off a blow-ball in seed-time; her blue cotton dress was blown before her, as if she were spreading her wings for a flight; she turned her face round, as if to ask me for something, but when she saw who it was she hesitated, for I had a bad name in the village, and I doubt not she had been warned against me. But her heart was too innocent to be distrustful; so she said to me timidly,

"Please, John Middleton, will you carry me this heavy jug just over the bridge?"

It was the very first time I had ever been spoken to gently. I was ordered here and there by my father and his rough companions; I was abused and cursed by them if I failed in doing what they wished; if I succeeded, there came no expression of thanks or gratitude. I was informed of facts necessary for me to know. But the gentle words of request or entreaty were afore-time unknown to me, and now their tones fell on my ear soft and sweet as a distant peal of bells. I wished that I knew how to speak properly in reply; but though we were of the same standing as regarded worldly circumstances, there was some mighty difference between us, which made me unable to speak in her language of soft words and modest entreaty. There was nothing for me but to take up the pitcher in a kind of gruff, shy silence, and carry it over the bridge as she had asked me. When I gave it her back again, she thanked me and tripped away, leaving me, word-less, gazing after her like an awkward lout as I was. I knew well enough who she was. She was grandchild to Eleanor Hadfield, an aged woman, who was reputed as a witch by my father and his set, for no other reason, that I can make out, than her scorn, dignity, and fearlessness of rancour. It was true we often met her in the grey dawn of the morning when we returned from poaching, and my father used to curse her, under his breath, for a witch, such as were burnt, long ago, on Pendle Hill top; but I had heard that Eleanor was a skilful sick nurse, and ever ready to give her services to those who were ill; and I believe that she had been sitting up through the night (the night that we had been spending under the wild heavens, in deeds as wild), with those who were appointed to die. Nelly was her orphan granddaughter; her little hand-maiden; her treasure; her one ewe lamb. Many and many a day have I watched by the brook-side, hoping that some happy gust of wind, coming with opportune bluster down the hollow of the dale, might make me necessary once more to her. I longed to hear her speak to me again. I said the words she had used to myself, trying to catch her tone; but the chance never came again. I do not know that she ever knew how I watched for her there. I found out that she went to school, and nothing would serve me but that I must go too. My father scoffed at me; I did not care. I knew nought of what reading was, nor that it was likely that I should be laughed at; I, a great hulking lad of seventeen or upwards, for going to learn my A, B, C, in the midst of a crowd of little ones. I stood just this way in my mind. Nelly was at school; it was the best place for seeing her, and hearing her voice again. Therefore I would go too. My father talked, and swore, and threatened, but I stood to it. He said I should leave school, weary of it in a month. I swore a deeper oath than I like to remember, that I would stay a year, and come out a reader and a writer. My father hated the notion of folks learning to read, and said it took all the spirit out of them; besides, he thought he had a right to every penny of my wages, and though when he was in good humour, he might have given me many a jug of ale, he

grudged my two-pence a week for schooling. However, to school I went. It was a different place to what I had thought it before I went inside. The girls sat on one side and the boys on the other; so I was not near Nelly. She too was in the first class; I was put with the little toddling things that could hardly run alone. The master sat in the middle, and kept pretty strict watch over us. But I could see Nelly, and hear her read her chapter; and even when it was one with a long list of hard names, such as the master was very fond of giving her, to show how well she could hit them off without spelling, I thought I had never heard a prettier music. Now and then she read other things. I did not know what they were, true or false; but I listened because she read; and, by and by, I began to wonder. I remember the first word I ever spoke to her was to ask her (as we were coming out of school) who was the Father of whom she had been reading, for when she said the words "Our Father," her voice dropped into a soft, holy kind of low sound, which struck me more than any loud reading, it seemed so loving and tender. When I asked her this, she looked at me with her great blue wondering eyes, at first shocked; and then, as it were, melted down into pity and sorrow, she said in the same way, below her breath, in which she read the words "Our Father,"

"Don't you know? It is God."

"God?"

"Yes; the God that grandmother tells me about."

"Tell me what she says, will you?" So we sat down on the hedge-bank, she a little above me, while I looked up into her face, and she told me all the holy texts her grandmother had taught her, as explaining all that could be explained of the Almighty. I listened in silence, for indeed I was overwhelmed with astonishment. Her knowledge was principally rote-knowledge; she was too young for much more; but we, in Lancashire, speak a rough kind of Bible language, and the texts seemed very clear to me. I rose up, dazed and overpowered. I was going away in silence, when I bethought me of my manners, and turned back, and said "Thank you," for the first time I ever remember saying it in my life. That was a great day for me, in more ways than one.

I was always one who could keep very steady to an object when once I had set it before me. My object was to know Nelly. I was conscious of nothing more. But it made me regardless of all other things. The master might scold, the little ones might laugh; I bore it all without giving it a second thought. I kept to my year, and came out a reader and writer; more, however, to stand well in Nelly's good opinion, than because of my oath. About this time, my father committed some bad cruel deed, and had to fly the country. I was glad he went; for I had never loved or cared for him, and wanted to shake myself clear of his set. But it was no easy matter. Honest folk stood aloof; only bad men held out their arms to me with a welcome. Even Nelly seemed to have a mixture of fear now with her kind ways towards me. I was the son of John Middleton, who, if he were caught, would be hung at Lancaster Castle. I thought she looked at me sometimes with a sort of sorrowful horror. Others were not forbearing enough to keep their expression of feeling confined to looks. The son of the overlooker at the mill never ceased twitting me with my father's crime; he now brought up his poaching against him, though I knew very well how many a good supper he himself had made on game which had been given him to make him and his father wink at late hours in the morning. And how were such as my father to come honestly by game?

This lad, Dick Jackson, was the bane of my life. He was a year or two older than I was, and had much power over the men who worked at the mill, as he could report to his father what he chose. I could not always hold my peace when he "threaped" me with my father's sins, but gave it him back sometimes in a storm of passion. It did me no good; only threw me farther from the company of better men, who looked aghast and shocked at the oaths I poured out—blasphemous words learnt in my childhood, which I could not forget now that I would fain have purified myself of them; while all the time Dick Jackson stood by, with a mocking smile of intelligence; and when I had ended, breathless and weary with spent passion, he would turn to those whose respect I longed to earn, and ask if I were not a worthy son of my father, and likely to tread in his steps. But this smiling indifference of his to my miserable vehemence was not all, though it was the worst part of his conduct, for it made the rankling hatred grow up in my heart, and overshadow it like the great gourd-tree of the prophet Jonah. But his was a merciful shade, keeping out the burning sun; mine blighted what it fell upon.

What Dick Jackson did besides, was this, His father was a skilful overlooker, and a good man; Mr. Peel valued him so much, that he was kept on, although his health was failing; and when he was unable, through illness, to come to the mill, he deputed his son to watch over and report the men. It was too much power for one so young—I speak it calmly now. Whatever Dick Jackson became, he had strong temptations when he was young, which will be allowed for hereafter. But at the time of which I am telling, my hate raged like a fire. I believed that he was the one sole obstacle to my being received as fit to mix with good and honest men. I was sick of crime and disorder, and would fain have come over to a different kind of life, and have been industrious, sober, honest, and right-spoken, (I had no idea of higher virtue then), and at every

turn Dick Jackson met me with his sneers. I have walked the night through, in the old abbey field, planning how I could out-wit him, and win men's respect in spite of him. The first time I ever prayed, was underneath the silent stars, kneeling by the old abbey walls, throwing up my arms, and asking God for the power of revenge upon him.

I had heard that if I prayed earnestly, God would give me what I asked for, and I looked upon it as a kind of chance for the fulfilment of my wishes. If earnestness would have won the boon for me, never were wicked words so earnestly spoken. And oh, later on, my prayer was heard, and my wish granted! All this time I saw little of Nelly. Her grandmother was failing, and she had much to do in-doors. Besides, I believed I had read her looks aright, when I took them to speak of aversion; and I planned to hide myself from her sight, as it were, until I could stand upright before men, with fearless eyes, dreading no face of accusation. It was possible to acquire a good character; I would do it—I did it: but no one brought up among respectable untempted people can tell the unspeakable hardness of the task. In the evenings I would not go forth among the village throng; for the acquaintances that claimed me were my father's old associates, who would have been glad enough to enlist a strong young man like me in their projects; and the men who would have shunned me and kept aloof, were the steady and orderly. So I staid in-doors, and practised myself in reading. You will say, I should have found it easier to earn a good character away from Sawley, at some place where neither I nor my father was known. So I should; but it would not have been the same thing to my mind. Besides, representing all good men, all goodness to me, in Sawley Nelly lived. In her sight I would work out my life, and fight my way upwards to men's respect. Two years passed on. Every day I strove fiercely; every day my struggles were made fruitless by the son of the overlooker; and I seemed but where I was—but where I must ever be esteemed by all who knew me—but as the son of the criminal—wild, reckless, ripe for crime myself. Where was the use of my reading and writing? These acquirements were disregarded and scouted by those among whom I was thrust back to take my portion. I could have read any chapter in the Bible now; and Nelly seemed as though she would never know it. I was driven in upon my books; and few enough of them I had. The pedlars brought them round in their packs, and I bought what I could. I had the "Seven Champions," and the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and both seemed to me equally wonderful, and equally founded on fact. I got Byron's "Narrative," and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" but I lacked the knowledge which would give a clue to all. Still they afforded me pleasure, because they took me out of myself, and made me forget my miserable position, and made me unconscious (for the time at least,) of my one great passion of hatred against Dick Jackson.

When Nelly was about seventeen her grandmother died. I stood aloof in the churchyard, behind the great yew-tree, and watched the funeral. It was the first religious service that ever I heard; and, to my shame, as I thought, it affected me to tears. The words seemed so peaceful and holy that I longed to go to church, but I durst not, because I had never been. The parish church was at Bolton, far enough away to serve as an excuse for all who did not care to go. I heard Nelly's sobs filling up every pause in the clergyman's voice; and every sob of hers went to my heart. She passed me on her way out of the churchyard; she was so near I might have touched her; but her head was hanging down, and I durst not speak to her. Then the question arose, what was to become of her? She must earn her living; was it to be as a farm-servant, or by working at the mill? I knew enough of both kinds of life to make me tremble for her. My wages were such as to enable me to marry, if I chose; and I never thought of woman, for my wife, but Nelly. Still I would not have married her now, if I could; for, as yet, I had not risen up to the character which I determined it was fit that Nelly's husband should have. When I was rich in good report, I would come forwards, and take my chance; but until then, I would hold my peace. I had faith in the power of my long-continued dogged breasting of opinion. Sooner or later it must, it should, yield, and I be received among the ranks of good men. But, meanwhile, what was to become of Nelly? I reckoned up my wages; I went to inquire what the board of a girl would be, who should help her in her household work, and live with her as a daughter, at the house of one of the most decent women of the place; she looked at me suspiciously. I kept down my temper, and told her I would never come near the place; that I would keep away from that end of the village; and that the girl for whom I made the inquiry should never know but what the parish paid for her keep. It would not do; she suspected me; but I know I had power over myself to have kept to my word; and besides, I would not for worlds have had Nelly put under any obligation to me, which should speck the purity of her love, or dim it by a mixture of gratitude,—the love that I craved to earn, not for my money, not for my kindness, but for myself. I heard that Nelly had met with a place in Bolland; and I could see no reason why I might not speak to her once before she left our neighbourhood. I meant it to be a quiet friendly telling her of my sympathy in her sorrow. I felt I could command myself. So, on the Sunday before she was to leave Sawley, I waited near the wood-path, by which I knew that she would return from afternoon church. The birds made such a

melodious warble, such a busy sound among the leaves, that I did not hear approaching footsteps, till they were close at hand; and then there were sounds of two persons' voices. The wood was near that part of Sawley where Nelly was staying with friends; the path through it led to their house, and their's only, so I knew it must be she, for I had watched her setting out to church alone.

But who was the other?

The blood went to my heart and head, as if I were shot, when I saw that it was Dick Jackson. Was this the end of it all? In the steps of sin which my father had trode, I would rush to my death and my doom. Even where I stood I longed for a weapon to slay him. How dared he come near my Nelly? She too,—I thought her faithless, and forgot how little I had ever been to her in outward action; how few words, and those how uncouth, I had ever spoken to her; and I hated her for a traitress. These feelings passed through me before I could see, my eyes and head were so dizzy and blind. When I looked I saw Dick Jackson holding her hand, and speaking quick and low, and thick, as a man speaks in great vehemence. She seemed white and dismayed; but all at once, at some word of his, (and what it was she never would tell me), she looked as though she defied a fiend, and wrenched herself out of his grasp. He caught hold of her again, and began once more the thick whisper that I loathed. I could bear it no longer, nor did I see why I should. I stepped out from behind the tree where I had been lying. When she saw me, she lost her look of one strung up to desperation, and came and clung to me; and I felt like a giant in strength and might. I held her with one arm, but I did not take my eyes off him; I felt as if they blazed down into his soul, and scorched him up. He never spoke, but tried to look as though he defied me; at last his eyes fell before mine. I dared not speak; for the old horrid oaths thronged up to my mouth; and I dreaded giving them way, and terrifying my poor trembling Nelly.

At last he made to go past me; I drew her out of the pathway. By instinct she wrapped her garments round her, as if to avoid his accidental touch; and he was stung by this, I suppose—I believe—to the mad, miserable revenge he took. As my back was turned to him, in an endeavour to speak some words to Nelly that might soothe her into calmness, she, who was looking after him, like one fascinated with terror, saw him take a sharp shaley stone, and aim it at me. Poor darling! she clung round me as a shield, making her sweet body into a defence for mine. It hit her, and she spoke no word, kept back her cry of pain, but fell at my feet in a swoon. He—the coward!—ran off as soon as he saw what he had done. I was with Nelly alone in the green gloom of the wood. The quivering and leaf-tinted light made her look as if she were dead. I carried her, not knowing if I bore a corpse or not, to her friend's house. I did not stay to explain, but ran madly for the doctor.

Well! I cannot bear to recur to that time again. Five weeks I lived in the agony of suspense; from which my only relief was in laying savage plans for revenge. If I hated him before, what think ye I did now? It seemed as if earth could not hold us twain, but that one of us must go down to Gehenna. I could have killed him; and would have done it without a scruple, but that seemed too poor and bold a revenge. At length—oh! the weary waiting—oh! the sickening of my heart—Nelly grew better—as well as she was ever to grow. The bright colour had left her cheek; the mouth quivered with repressed pain, the eyes were dim with tears that agony had forced into them; and I loved her a thousand times better and more than when she was bright and blooming! What was best of all, I began to perceive that she cared for me. I know her grandmother's friends warned her against me, and told her I came of a bad stock; but she had passed the point where remonstrance from bystanders can take effect—she loved me as I was, a strange mixture of bad and good, all unworthy of her. We spoke together now, as those do whose lives are bound up in each other. I told her I would marry her as soon as she had recovered her health. Her friends shook their heads; but they saw she would be unfit for farm-service or heavy work, and they perhaps thought, as many a one does, that a bad husband was better than none at all. Anyhow we were married; and I learnt to bless God for my happiness, so far beyond my deserts. I kept her like a lady. I was a skilful workman, and earned good wages; and every want she had I tried to gratify. Her wishes were few and simple enough, poor Nelly! If they had been ever so fanciful, I should have had my reward in the new feeling of the holiness of home. She could lead me as a little child, with the charm of her gentle voice, and her ever-kind words. She would plead for all when I was full of anger and passion; only Dick Jackson's name passed never between our lips during all that time. In the evenings she lay back in her bee-hive chair, and read to me. I think I see her now, pale and weak, with her sweet young face, lighted by her holy, earnest eyes, telling me of the Saviour's life and death, till they were filled with tears. I longed to have been there, to have avenged him on the wicked Jews. I liked Peter the best of all the disciples. But I got the Bible myself, and read the mighty act of God's vengeance in the Old Testament, with a kind of triumphant faith, that, sooner or later, He would take my cause in hand, and revenge me on mine enemy.

In a year or so, Nelly had a baby,—a little girl, with eyes just like hers, that looked with a grave openness right into yours. Nelly recovered but slowly. It was just before

winter, the cotton-crop had failed, and master had to turn off many hands. I thought I was sure of being kept on, for I had earned a steady character, and did my work well; but once again it was permitted that Dick Jackson should do me wrong. He induced his father to dismiss me among the first in my branch of the business; and there was I, just before winter set in, with a wife and new-born child, and a small enough store of money to keep body and soul together, till I could get to work again. All my savings had gone by Christmas Eve, and we sat in the house, foodless for the morrow's festival. Nelly looked pinched and worn; the baby cried for a larger supply of milk than its poor starving mother could give it. My right hand had not forgot its cunning; and I went out once more to my poaching. I knew where the gang met; and I knew what a welcome back I should have,—a far warmer and more hearty welcome than good men had given me when I tried to enter their ranks. On the road to the meeting-place I fell in with an old man,—one who had been a companion to my father in his early days.

"What, lad!" said he, "art thou turning back to the old trade? It's the better business now, that cotton has failed."

"Ay," said I, "cotton is starving us outright. A man may bear a deal himself, but he'll do aught bad and sinful to save his wife and child."

"Nay, lad," said he, "poaching is not sinful; it goes against man's laws, but not against God's."

I was too weak to argue or talk much. I had not tasted food for two days. But I murmured, "At any rate, I trusted to have been clear of it for the rest of my days. It led my father wrong at first. I have tried and I have striven. Now I give all up. Right or wrong shall be the same to me. Some are fore-doomed; and so am I." And as I spoke, some notion of the futurity that would separate Nelly, the pure and holy, from me, the reckless and desperate one, came over me with an irrepressible burst of anguish. Just then the bells of Bolton-in-Bolland struck up a glad peal, which came over the woods, in the solemn midnight air, like the sons of the morning shouting for joy,—they seemed so clear and jubilant. It was Christmas Day; and I felt like an outcast from the gladness and the salvation. Old Jonah spoke out:

"You 's the Christmas bells. I say, Johnny, my lad, I've no notion of taking such a spiritless chap as thou into the thick of it, with thy rights and thy wrongs. We don't trouble ourselves with such fine lawyer's stuff, and we bring down the 'varmint' all the better. Now, I'll not have thee in our gang, for thou art not up to the fun, and thou 'd hang fire when the time came to be doing. But I've a shrewd guess that plaguy wife and child of thine are at the bottom of thy half-and-half joining. Now, I was thy father's friend afore he took to them helter-skelter ways; and I've five shillings and a neck of mutton at thy service. I'll not list a fasting man; but if thou 'lt come to us with a full stomach, and say, 'I like your life, my lads, and I'll make one of you with pleasure, the first shiny night,' why, we'll give you a welcome and a half; but, to-night, make no more ado but turn back with me for the mutton and the money."

I was not proud; nay, I was most thankful. I took the meat, and boiled some broth for my poor Nelly. She was in a sleep, or a faint, I know not which; but I roused her, and held her up in bed, and fed her with a teaspoon, and the light came back to her eyes, and the faint moonlight smile to her lips; and when she had ended, she said her innocent grace, and fell asleep with her baby on her breast. I sat over the fire, and listened to the bells, as they swept past my cottage on the gusts of the wind. I longed and yearned for the second coming of Christ, of which Nelly had told me. The world seemed cruel, and hard, and strong—too strong for me; and I prayed to cling to the hem of his garment, and be borne over the rough places when I fainted and bled, and found no man to pity or help me, but poor old Jonah, the publican and sinner. All this time my own woes and my own self were uppermost in my mind, as they are in the minds of most who have been hardly used. As I thought of my wrongs and my sufferings, my heart burned against Dick Jackson; and as the bells rose and fell, so my hopes waxed and waned, that in those mysterious days, of which they were both the remembrance and the prophecy, he would be purged from off the earth. I took Nelly's Bible, and turned, not to the gracious story of the Saviour's birth, but to the records of the former days, when the Jews took such wild revenge upon all their opponents. I was a Jew,—a leader among the people. Dick Jackson was as Pharaoh, as the King Agag, who walked delicately, thinking the bitterness of death was past,—in short, he was the conquered enemy, over whom I gloated, with my Bible in my hand—that Bible which contained our Saviour's words on the Cross. As yet, those words seemed faint and meaningless to me, like a tract of country seen in the starlight haze; while the histories of the Old Testament were grand and distinct in the blood-red colour of sun-set. By and by that night passed into day; and little piping voices came round, carol-singing. They wakened Nelly. I went to her as soon as I heard her stirring.

"Nelly," said I, "there's money and food in the house; I will be off to Padiham seeking work, while thou hast something to go upon."

"Not to-day," said she; "stay to-day with me. If thou wouldst only go to church with me this once"—for you see I had never been inside a church but when we were married,

and she was often praying me to go; and now she looked at me, with a sigh just creeping forth from her lips, as she expected a refusal. But I did not refuse. I had been kept away from church before because I dared not go; and now I was desperate and dared do anything. If I did look like a heathen in the face of all men, why I was a heathen in my heart; for I was falling back into all my evil ways. I had resolved, if my search of work at Padiham should fail, I would follow my father's footsteps, and take with my own right hand and by my strength of arm what it was denied me to obtain honestly. I had resolved to leave Sawley, where a curse seemed to hang over me; so what did it matter if I went to church, all unbeknowing what strange ceremonies were there performed! I walked thither as a sinful man—sinful in my heart. Nelly hung on my arm, but even she could not get me to speak. I went in; she found my places, and pointed to the words, and looked up into my eyes with hers, so full of faith and joy. But I saw nothing but Richard Jackson—I heard nothing but his loud nasal voice, making response, and desecrating all the holy words. He was in broadcloth of the best—I in my fustian jacket. He was prosperous and glad—I was starving and desperate. Nelly grew pale as she saw the expression in my eyes; and she prayed ever and ever more fervently as the thought of me tempted by the Devil even at that very moment came more fully before her.

By and by she forgot even me, and laid her soul bare before God, in a long silent weeping prayer, before we left the church. Nearly all had gone—and I stood by her, unwilling to disturb her, unable to join her. At last she rose up, heavenly calm. She took my arm, and we went home through the woods, where all the birds seemed tame and familiar. Nelly said she thought all living creatures knew it was Christmas Day, and rejoiced, and were loving together. I believed it was the frost that had tamed them; and I felt the hatred that was in me, and knew that whatever else was loving, I was full of malice and uncharitableness, nor did I wish to be otherwise. That afternoon I bade Nelly and our child farewell, and tramped to Padiham. I got work—how I hardly know; for stronger and stronger came the force of the temptation to lead a wild, free life of sin; legions seemed whispering evil thoughts to me, and only my gentle, pleading Nelly to pull me back from the great gulph. However, as I said before, I got work, and set off homewards to move my wife and child to that neighbourhood. I hated Sawley, and yet I was fiercely indignant to leave it; with my purposes unaccomplished. I was still an outcast from the more respectable, who stood afar off from such as I; and mine enemy lived and flourished in their regard. Padiham, however, was not so far away, for me to despair—to relinquish my fixed determination. It was on the eastern side of the great Pendle Hill; ten miles away, may be. Hate will overleap a greater obstacle.

I took a cottage on the Fell, high up on the side of the hill. We saw a long bleak moorland slope before us, and then the grey stone houses of Padiham, over which a black cloud hung; different from the blue wood or turf smoke about Sawley. The wild winds came down, and whistled round our house many a day when all was still below. But I was happy then. I rose in men's esteem. I had work in plenty. Our child lived and throve. But I forgot not our country proverb: "Keep a stone in thy pocket for seven years: turn it, and keep it seven years more; but have it ever ready to cast at thine enemy when the time comes."

One day a fellow workman asked me to go to a hill-side preaching. Now I never cared to go to church; but there was something newer and freer in the notion of praying to God right under His great dome; and the open air had had a charm to me ever since my wild boyhood. Besides, they said these ranters had strange ways with them, and I thought it would be fun to see their way of setting about it; and this ranter of all others had made himself a name in our parts. Accordingly we went; it was a fine summer's evening, after work was done. When we got to the place we saw such a crowd as I never saw before, men, women, and children; all ages were gathered together, and sat on the hill-side. They were care-worn, diseased, sorrowful, criminal; all that was told on their faces, which were hard, and strongly marked. In the midst, standing in a cart, was the ranter. When I first saw him, I said to my companion, "Lord! What a little man to make all this pother! I could trip him up with one of my fingers;" and then I sat down, and looked about me a bit. All eyes were fixed on the preacher; and I turned mine upon him too. He began to speak; it was in no fine-drawn language, but in words such as we heard every day of our lives, and about things we did every day of our lives. He did not call our short-comings pride or worldliness, or pleasure-seeking, which would have given us no clear notion of what he meant, but he just told us outright what we did, and then he gave it a name, and said that it was accursed,—and that we were lost if we went on so doing.

By this time the tears and sweat were running down his face; he was wrestling for our souls. We wondered how he knew our innermost lives as he did, for each one of us saw his sin set before him in plain-spoken words. Then he cried out to us to repent; and spoke first to us, and then to God, in a way that would have shocked many—but it did not shock me. I liked strong things; and I liked the bare full truth: and I felt brought nearer to God in that hour—the summer darkness creeping over us, and one

after one the stars coming out above us, like the eyes of the angels watching us—than I had ever done in my life before. When he had brought us to our tears and sighs, he stopped his loud voice of upbraiding, and there was a hush, only broken by sobs and quivering moans, in which I heard through the gloom the voices of strong men in anguish and supplication, as well as the shriller tones of women. Suddenly he was heard again; by this time we could not see him; but his voice was now tender as the voice of an angel, and he told us of Christ and implored us to come to Him. I never heard such passionate entreaty. He spoke as if he saw Satan hovering near us in the dark dense night, and as if our only safety lay in a very present coming to the Cross; I believe he did see Satan; we know he haunts the desolate old hills, awaiting his time, and now or never it was, with many a soul. At length there was a sudden silence; and by the cries of those nearest to the preacher, we heard that he had fainted. We had all crowded round him as if he were our safety and our guide; and he was overcome by the heat and the fatigue, for we were the fifth set of people whom he had addressed that day. I left the crowd who were leading him down, and took a lonely path myself.

Here was the earnestness I needed. To this weak and weary fainting man, religion was a life and a passion. I look back now, and wonder at my blindness as to what was the root of all my Nelly's patience and long-suffering; for I thought, now I had found out what religion was, and that hitherto it had been all an unknown thing to me.

Henceforward, my life was changed. I was zealous and fanatical. Beyond the set to whom I had affiliated myself I had no sympathy. I would have persecuted all who differed from me, if I had only had the power. I became an ascetic in all bodily enjoyments. And, strange and inexplicable mystery, I had some thoughts that by every act of self-denial I was attaining to my unholy end, and that, when I had fasted and prayed long enough, God would place my vengeance in my hands. I have knelt by Nelly's bedside, and vowed to live a self-denying life, as regarded all outward things, if so that God would grant my prayer. I left it in His hands. I felt sure He would trace out the token and the word; and Nelly would listen to my passionate words, and lie awake sorrowful and heart-sore through the night; and I would get up and make her tea, and re-arrange her pillows, with a strange and wilful blindness that my bitter words and blasphemous prayers had cost her miserable sleepless nights. My Nelly was suffering yet from that blow. How or where the stone had hurt her I never understood; but in consequence of that one moment's action, her limbs became numb and dead, and, by slow degrees, she took to her bed, from whence she was never carried alive. There she lay, propped up by pillows, her meek face ever bright, and smiling forth a greeting; her white pale hands ever busy with some kind of work; and our little Grace was as the power of motion to her. Fierce as I was away from her, I never could speak to her but in my gentlest tones. She seemed to me as if she had never wrestled for salvation as I had; and when away from her, I resolved, many a time and oft, that I would rouse her up to her state of danger when I returned home that evening—even if strong reproach were required I would rouse her up to her soul's need. But I came in and heard her voice singing softly some holy word of patience, some psalm which, may-be, had comforted the martyrs, and when I saw her face, like the face of an angel, full of patience and happy faith, I put off my awakening speeches till another time.

One night, long ago, when I was yet young and strong, although my years were past forty, I sat alone in my houseplace. Nelly was always in bed, as I have told you, and Grace lay in a cot by her side. I believed them to be both asleep; though how they could sleep I could not conceive, so wild and terrible was the night. The wind came sweeping down from the hill-top in great beats, like the pulses of Heaven; and, during the pauses, while I listened for the coming roar, I felt the earth shiver beneath me. The rain beat against windows and doors, and sobbed for entrance. I thought the Prince of the Air was abroad; and I heard, or fancied I heard, shrieks come on the blast, like the cries of sinful souls given over to his power.

The sounds came nearer and nearer. I got up and saw to the fastenings of the door, for though I cared not for mortal man, I did care for what I believed was surrounding the house, in evil might and power. But the door shook as though it, too, were in deadly terror, and I thought the fastenings would give way. I stood facing the entrance, lashing my heart up to defy the spiritual enemy that I looked to see, every instant, in bodily presence; and the door did burst open; and before me stood—what was it? man or demon? a grey-haired man, with poor worn clothes all wringing wet, and he himself battered and piteous to look upon, from the storm he had passed through.

"Let me in!" he said. "Give me shelter. I am poor, or I would reward you. And I am friendless too," he said, looking up in my face, like one seeking what he cannot find. In that look, strangely changed, I knew that God had heard me; for it was the old cowardly look of my life's enemy. Had he been a stranger I might not have welcomed him, but as he was mine enemy, I gave him welcome in a lordly dish. I sat opposite to him. "Whence do you come?" said I. "It is a strange night to be out on the fells."

He looked up at me sharp; but in general he held his head down like a beast or hound.

"You won't betray me. I'll not trouble you long. As soon as the storm abates I'll go."

"Friend!" said I, "what have I to betray?" and I trembled lest he should keep himself out of my power and not tell me. "You come for shelter, and I give you of my best. Why do you suspect me?"

"Because," said he in his abject bitterness, "all the world is against me. I never met with goodness or kindness; and now I am hunted like a wild beast. I'll tell you—I'm a convict returned before my time. I was a Sawley man," (as if I, of all men, did not know it!) "and I went back like a fool to the old place. They've hunted me out where I would fain have lived rightly and quietly, and they'll send me back to that hell upon earth if they catch me. I did not know it would be such a night. Only let me rest and get warm once more, and I'll go away. Good kind man! have pity upon me." I smiled all his doubts away; I promised him a bed on the floor, and I thought of Jael and Sisera. My heart leaped up like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, and said, Ha, ha, the Lord hath heard my prayer and supplication; I shall have vengeance at last!"

He did not dream who I was. He was changed; so that I, who had learned his features with all the diligence of hatred, did not at first recognise him; and he thought, not of me, only of his own woe and affright. He looked into the fire with the dreamy gaze of one whose strength of character, if he had any, is beaten out of him, and cannot return at any emergency whatsoever. He sighed and pitied himself, yet could not decide on what to do. I went softly about my business, which was to make him up a bed on the floor; and, when he was lulled to sleep and security, to make the best of my way to Padiham, and summon the constable, into whose hands I would give him up to be taken back to his "hell upon earth." I went into Nelly's room. She was awake, and anxious. I saw she had been listening to the voices.

"Who is there?" said she. "John, tell me—it sounded like a voice I knew. For God's sake, speak."

I smiled a quiet smile. "It is a poor man who has lost his way. Go to sleep, my dear—I shall make him up on the floor. I may not come for some time. Go to sleep;" and I kissed her. I thought she was soothed, but not fully satisfied. However, I hastened away before there was any further time for questioning. I made up the bed; and Richard Jackson, tired out, lay down and fell asleep. My contempt for him almost equalled my hate. If I were avoiding return to a place which I thought to be a hell upon earth, think you I would have taken a quiet sleep under any man's roof, till somehow or another I was secure? Now comes this man, and, with incontinence of tongue, blabs out the very thing he most should conceal, and then lies down to a good, quiet, snoring sleep. I looked again. His face was old, and worn, and miserable. So should mine enemy look. And yet it was sad to gaze upon him, poor hunted creature!

I would gaze no more, lest I grew weak and pitiful. Thus I took my hat, and softly opened the door. The wind blew in, but did not disturb him, he was so utterly weary. I was out in the open air of night. The storm was ceasing, and instead of the black sky of doom, that I had seen when I last looked forth, the moon was come out, wan and pale, as if wearied with the fight in the heavens; and her white light fell ghostly and calm on many a well-known object. Now and then, a dark torn cloud was blown across her home in the sky, but they grew fewer and fewer, and at last she shone out steady and clear. I could see Padiham down before me. I heard the noise of the water-courses down the hill-side. My mind was full of one thought, and strained upon that one thought, and yet my senses were most acute and observant. When I came to the brook, it was swollen to a rapid tossing river; and the little bridge, with its hand-rail, was utterly swept away. It was like the bridge at Sawley, where I had first seen Nelly; and I remembered that day even then, in the midst of my vexation at having to go round. I turned away from the brook, and there stood a little figure facing me. No spirit from the dead could have affrighted me as it did; for I saw it was Grace, whom I had left in bed by her mother's side.

She came to me, and took my hand. Her bare feet glittered white in the moonshine; and sprinkled the light upwards, as they plashed through the pool.

"Father," said she, "Mother bade me say this." Then pausing to gather breath and memory, she repeated these words, like a lesson of which she feared to forget a syllable.

"Mother says, 'There is a God in Heaven; and in His house are many mansions. If you hope to meet her there, you will come back and speak to her; if you are to be separate for ever and ever, you will go on; and may God have mercy on her, and on you!' Father, I have said it right—every word."

I was silent. At last I said—

"What made Mother say this? How came she to send you out?"

"I was asleep, Father, and I heard her cry. I wakened up, and I think you had but just left the house, and that she was calling for you. Then she prayed, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and kept saying—'Oh, that I could walk!—Oh, that for one hour I could run and walk!' So I said, 'Mother, I can run and walk. Where must I go?' And she clutched at my arm; and bade God bless

me; and told me not to fear, for that He would compass me about; and taught me my message: and now, Father, dear Father, you will meet mother in Heaven, won't you—and not be separate for ever and ever?" She clung to my knees, and pleaded once more in her mother's words. I took her up in my arms, and turned homewards.

"Is yon man there, on the kitchen floor?" asked I.

"Yes!" she answered. At any rate, my vengeance was not out of my power yet.

When we got home I passed him, dead asleep!

In our room, to which my child guided me, was Nelly. She sat up in bed, a most unusual attitude for her, and one of which I thought she had been incapable of attaining to without help. She had her hands clasped, and her face rapt, as if in prayer; and when she saw me, she lay back with a sweet ineffable smile. She could not speak at first; but when I came near, she took my hand, and kissed it, and then she called Grace to her, and made her take off her cloak and her wet things, and, dressed in her short scanty nightgown, she slipped in to her mother's warm side, and all this time my Nelly never told me why she summoned me; it seemed enough that she should hold my hand, and feel that I was there. I believed she had read my heart; and yet I durst not speak to ask her. At last she looked up. "My husband," said she, "God has saved you and me from a great sorrow this night." I would not understand, and I felt her look die away into disappointment.

"That poor wanderer in the house-place is Richard Jackson, is it not?"

I made no answer. Her face grew white and wan.

"Oh," said she, "this is hard to bear. Speak what is in your mind, I beg of you. I will not thwart you harshly; dearest John, only speak to me."

"Why need I speak? You seem to know all."

"I do know that his is a voice I can never forget; and I do know the awful prayers you have prayed; and I know how I have lain awake, to pray that your words might never be heard; and I am a powerless cripple. I put my cause in God's hands. You shall not do the man any harm. What you have it in your thoughts to do I cannot tell. But I know that you can not do it. My eyes are dim with a strange mist, but some voice tells me that you will forgive even Richard Jackson. Dear husband—dearest John, it is so dark, I cannot see you; but speak once to me."

I moved the candle—but when I saw her face, I saw what was drawing the mist over those loving eyes—how strange and woeful that she could die! Her little girl lying by her side looked in my face, and then at her; and the wild knowledge of death shot through her young heart, and she screamed aloud.

Nelly opened her eyes once more. They fell upon the gaunt, sorrow-worn man who was the cause of all. He roused him from his sleep, at that child's piercing cry, and stood at the door-way looking in. He knew Nelly, and understood where the storm had driven him to shelter. He came towards her:—

"Oh, woman—dying woman—you have haunted me in the loneliness of the Bush far away—you have been in my dreams for ever—the hunting of men has not been so terrible as the hunting of your Spirit,—that stone—that stone!"—he fell down by her bedside in an agony—above which her saint-like face looked on us all, for the last time, glorious with the coming light of heaven. She spoke once again:—

"It was a moment of passion—I never bore you malice for it. I forgive you—and so does John, I trust."

Could I keep my purpose there? It faded into nothing. But above my choking tears, I strove to speak clear and distinct, for her dying ear to hear, and her sinking heart to be gladdened.

"I forgive you, Richard; I will befriend you in your trouble."

She could not see; but instead of the dim shadow of death stealing over her face, a quiet light came over it, which we knew was the look of a soul at rest.

That night I listened to his tale for her sake; and I learnt that it is better to be sinned against than to sin. In the storm of the night mine enemy came to me; in the calm of the grey morning I let him forth, and bade him "God speed." And a woe had come upon me, but the burning burden of a sinful, angry heart was taken off. I am old now, and my daughter is married. I try to go about preaching and teaching in my rough, rude way; and what I teach is how Christ lived and died, and what was Nelly's faith of love.

THE CHORDS OF LOVE.

The heart's best treasures lie in secret mines,
As precious gems of earth are buried deepest;
The basest metal on the surface shines,
And quick-moved feelings are least worth and cheapest.

The chords of love cannot be swept by all;
Some strike them rudely, and the sound is hollow;
Whilst, if a gentler touch upon them fall,
The sweetest music will as surely follow.

A low-breathed whisper may ignite the spark
That lies concealed in the bosom's keeping,
And kindle brightness where all once was dark,
Wakening affection which before was sleeping.

How sweet to know that when our bodies die,
And with the damp cold earth are slowly blending,
Embalm'd in Memory's sacred depths they lie,
Cherish'd by Love unspeakable, unending.

And when in brighter worlds we meet again,
  And welcome those we lost at Heaven's wide portal,
The dearest ties of life shall still remain;
  Hearts shall be ours which we had shared when mortal.

THE DEATH OF A GOBLIN.

There is a bye-street, called the Pallant, in an old cathedral city—a narrow carriage-way, which leads to half-a-dozen antique mansions. A great number of years ago, when I began to shave, the presence of a very fascinating girl induced me to make frequent calls upon an old friend of our family who lived in one of the oldest of these houses, a plain, large building of red brick. The father, and the grandfather, and a series of great great great and other grandfathers of the then occupant, Sir Francis Holyoke, had lived and died beneath its roof. So much I knew; and I had inkling of a legend in connexion with the place, a very horrible affair. How and when I heard the story fully told, I have good reason to remember.

We were in the great dark wainscoted parlour one December evening; papa was out. I sat with Margaret by the fireside, and saw in the embers visions of what might come to pass, but never did. Ellen was playing at her harpsichord in a dark corner of the room, singing a quaint and cheerful duet out of Grétry's Cœur de Lion with my old schoolfellow, Paul Owen, a sentimental youth, who became afterwards a martyr to the gout, and broke his neck at a great steeple-chase. "The God of Love a bandeau wears," those two were singing. Truly, they had their own eyes filleted. The fire-light glow, when it occasionally flickered on the cheek over which Paul was bending, could not raise the semblance of young health upon its shining whiteness. That beautiful white hand was fallen into dust before Paul Owen had half earned the wedding-ring that should encircle it.

"Thanks to you, sister—thanks, too, to Grétry for a pleasant ditty. Now, don't let us have candles. Shall we have ghost stories?"

"What! in a haunted house?"

"The very thing," cried Paul; "let us have all the story of the Ghost of Holyoke. I never heard it properly."

Ellen was busy at her harpsichord again, with fragments from a Stabat Mater. Not Rossini's luscious lamentation, but the deep pathos of that Italian, who in days past "mœrebat et dolebat," who moved the people with his masterpiece, and was stabbed to death by a rival at the cathedral door.

"Why, Ellen, you look as if you feared the ghosts."

"No, no," she said; "we know it is an idle tale. Go to the fire, Paul, and I will keep you solemn with the harpsichord, in order that you may not laugh while Margaret is telling it."

"Well, then," began Margaret, "of course this story is all nonsense."

"Of course it is," said I.

"Of course it is," said Paul.

Ellen continued playing.

"I mean," said Margaret, "that really and truly no part of it can possibly be anything but fiction. Papa, you know, is a great genealogist, and he says that our ancestor, Godfrey of Holyoke, died in the Holy Land, and had two sons, but never had a daughter. Some old nurse made the tale that he died here, in the house, and had a daughter Ellen. This daughter Ellen, says the tale, was sought in marriage by a young knight who won her good-will, but could not get her father's. That Ellen—very much unlike our gentle, timid sister in the corner there—was proud and wilful. She and her father quarrelled. His health failed, because, the story hints mysteriously, she put a slow and subtle poison into his after-supper cup night after night. One evening they quarrelled violently, and the next morning Sir Godfrey was gone. His daughter said that he had left the house in anger with her. The tale, determined to be horrible, says that she poisoned him outright, and with her own hands buried him in an old cellar under this room. That cellar-door is fastened with a padlock, to which there is no key remaining. Not being wanted, it has not been opened probably for scores of years."

"Well?"

"Well—in a year or two the daughter married, and in time had children scampering about this house. But her health failed. The children fell ill, and, excepting one or two, all died. One night——"

"Yes."

"One night she lay awake through care; and in the middle of the night a figure like her father came into the room, holding a cup like that from which he used to drink after his supper. It moved inaudibly to where she lay, placed the cup to her lips; a chill came over her. The figure passed away, but in a few minutes she heard the shutting of the cellar-door. After that she was often kept awake by dread, and often saw that she was visited. She heard the cellar-door creak on its hinge, and knew it was her father coming. Once she watched all night by the sick bed of her eldest child; the goblin came, and put the cup to her child's lips; she knew then that her children who were dead, and she herself who was dying, and that child of hers, had tasted of her father's poison. She died young. And ever since that time, the legend says, Sir Godfrey walks at night, and puts his fatal goblet to the lips of his descendants, of the children and children's children of his cruel child. It is quite true that sickliness and death occur more frequently among those who inhabit this house than is to be easily accounted for. So story-tellers have accounted for it, as you see. But it is certain that

Sir Godfrey fell in Palestine, and had no daughter."

Ellen continued playing with her face bowed down over the harpsichord. Margaret, a healthy cheerful girl, had lived generally with an old aunt in the South of England. But the two girls were mourning. In the flower of her years their mother had departed from them, after long lingering in broken health. The bandeau seemed to have been unrolled from poor Paul's eyes, for, after a long pause, which had been filled by Ellen's music, he said,

"Ellen, did *you* ever see Sir Godfrey?"

She left her harpsichord and came to him, and leaning down over his shoulder, kissed him.

Was she thinking of the sorrow that would come upon him soon?

The sudden closing of a heavy door startled us all. But a loud jovial voice restored our spirits. Sir Francis had come in from his afternoon walk and gossip, and was clamouring for tea.

"Why, boys and girls, all in the dark! What mischief are you after?"

"Laughing at the Holyoke Ghost, papa," said Margaret."

"Laughing, indeed; you look as if you had been drinking with him. Silly tale! silly tale! Look at me, I'm hale and hearty. Why don't Sir Godfrey tackle me? I'd like a draught out of his flagon."

A door below us creaked upon its hinges. Ellen shrank back visibly alarmed.

"You silly butterfly," Sir Francis cried, "it's Thomas coming up out of the kitchen with the candles you left me to order. Tea, girls, Tea!"

Sir Francis, a stout, warm-faced, and warm-hearted gentleman, kept us amused through the remainder of that evening. My business the next day called me to London, from whence I sailed in a few days for Valparaiso. While abroad, I heard of Ellen's death. On my return to England, I went immediately to the old cathedral city, where I had many friends. There I was shocked to hear that Sir Francis himself had died of apoplexy, and that Margaret, the sole heir and survivor, had gone back, with her health injured, to live with her aunt in the South of England. The dear old house, ghost and all, had been To Let, and had been taken by a schoolmistress. It was now "Holyoke House Seminary for Young Ladies."

The school had succeeded through the talent of its mistress; but although she was not a lady of the stocks and backboard school, the sickliness among her pupils had been very noticeable. Scarlet fever, too, had got among them, of which three had died. The school had become in consequence almost deserted, and the lady who had occupied the house was on the point of quitting. Surely, I thought, if this be Sir Godfrey's work, he is as relentless an old goblin as can be imagined.

For private reasons of my own, I travelled south. Margaret bloomed again; as for her aunt, she was a peony in fullest flower. She had a breezy house by the sea-side, abominated dirt and spiders, and, before we had been five minutes together, abused me for having lavender-water upon my handkerchief. She hated smells, it seemed; she carried her antipathy so far as to throw a bouquet out of the window which I had been putting together with great patience and pains for Margaret.

We talked of the old house at——

"I tell you what it is, Peggy," she said, "if ever you marry, ghost or no ghost, you're the heir of the Holyokes, and in the old house you shall live. As soon as Miss Williams has quitted, I'll put on my bonnet and run across with you into the north."

And so she did. We stalked together into the desolate old house. It echoed our tread dismally.

"Peggy," said Aunt Anne with her eyes quite fixed, "Peggy, I smell a smell. Let's go down stairs." We went into the kitchen.

"Peggy," the old lady said, "it's very bad. I think it's Sir Godfrey."

"O aunt!" said Margaret, laughing; "he died in Palestine, and is dust long ago."

"I'm sure it's Sir Godfrey," said Aunt Anne.—"You fellow," to me, "just take the bar belonging to that window-shutter, and come along with me. Peggy, show us Sir Godfrey's cellar."

Margaret changed colour. "What," said the old lady, "flinch at a ghost you don't believe in! I'm not afraid, see; yet I'm sure Sir Godfrey's in the cellar. Come along."

We came and stood before the mysterious door with its enormous padlock. "I smell the ghost distinctly," said Aunt Anne.

Margaret didn't know ghosts had a smell.

"Break the door open, you chap." I battered with the bar, the oaken planks were rotten and soon fell apart—some fell into the cellar with a plash. There was a foul smell. A dark cellar had a very little daylight let into it,—we could just see the floor covered with filth, in which some of the planks had sunk and disappeared.

"There," said the old lady, "there's the stuff your ghost had in his cup. There's your Sir Godfrey who poisons sleepers, and cuts off your children and your girls. Bah! We'll set to work, Peggy; it's clear your ancestors knew or cared nothing about drainage. We'll have the house drained properly, and that will be the death of the Goblin."

So it was, as our six children can testify.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE LAST WORDS OF THE OLD YEAR.

THIS venerable gentleman, christened (in the Church of England) by the names One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty, who had attained the great age of three hundred and sixty-five (days), breathed his last, at midnight, on the thirty-first of December, in the presence of his confidential business-agents, the Chief of the Grave Diggers, and the Head Registrar of Births. The melancholy event took place at the residence of the deceased, on the confines of Time; and it is understood that his ashes will rest in the family vault, situated within the quiet precincts of Chronology.

For some weeks, it had been manifest that the venerable gentleman was rapidly sinking. He was well aware of his approaching end, and often predicted that he would expire at twelve at night, as the whole of his ancestors had done. The result proved him to be correct, for he kept his time to the moment.

He had always evinced a talkative disposition, and latterly became extremely garrulous. Occasionally, in the months of November and December, he exclaimed, "No Popery!" with some symptoms of a disordered mind; but, generally speaking, was in the full possession of his faculties, and very sensible.

On the night of his death, being then perfectly collected, he delivered himself in the following terms, to his friends already mentioned, the Chief of the Grave Diggers and the Head Registrar of Births:

"We have done, my friends, a good deal of business together, and you are now about to enter into the service of my successor. May you give every satisfaction to him and his!

"I have been," said the good old gentleman, penitently, "a Year of Ruin. I have blighted all the farmers, destroyed the land, given the final blow to the Agricultural Interest, and smashed the Country. It is true, I have been a Year of Commercial Prosperity, and remarkable for the steadiness of my English Funds, which have never been lower than ninety-four, or higher than ninety-seven and three-quarters. But you will pardon the inconsistencies of a weak old man.

"I had fondly hoped," he pursued, with much feeling, addressing the Chief of the Grave Diggers, "that, before my decease, you would have finally adjusted the turf over the ashes of the Honourable Board of Commissioners of Sewers; the most feeble and incompetent Body that ever did outrage to the common sense of any community, or was ever beheld by any member of my family. But, as this was not to be, I charge you, do your duty by them in the days of my successor!"

The Chief of the Grave Diggers solemnly pledged himself to observe this request. The Abortion of Incapables referred to, had (he said) done much for him, in the way of preserving his business, endangered by the recommendations of the Board of Health; but, regardless of all personal obligations, he thereby undertook to lay them low. Deeper than they were already buried in the contempt of the public, (this he swore upon his spade) he would shovel the earth over their preposterous heads!

The venerable gentleman, whose mind appeared to be relieved of an enormous load, by this promise, stretched out his hand, and tranquilly returned, "Thank you! Bless you!"

"I have been," he said, resuming his last discourse, after a short interval of silent satisfaction, "doomed to witness the sacrifice of many valuable and dear lives, in steamboats, because of the want of the commonest and easiest precautions for the prevention of those legal murders. In the days of my great grandfather, there yet existed an invention called Paddle-box Boats. Can either of you gild the few remaining sands fast running through my glass, with the hope that my great grandson may see its adoption made compulsory on the owners of passenger steam-ships?"

After a despondent pause, the Head Registrar of Births gently observed that, in England, the recognition of any such invention by the legislature—particularly if simple, and of proved necessity—could scarcely be expected under a hundred years. In China, such a result might follow in fifty, but in England (he considered) in not less than a hundred. The venerable invalid replied, "'True, true!" and for some minutes appeared faint, but afterwards rallied.

"A stupendous material work;" these

were his next words; "has been accomplished in my time. Do I, who have witnessed the opening of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, and who claim the man who made that bridge for one of my distinguished children, see through the Tube, as through a mighty telescope, the Education of the people coming nearer?"

He sat up in his bed, as he spoke, and a great light seemed to shine from his eyes.

"Do I," he said, "who have been deafened by a whirlwind of sound and fury, consequent on a demand for Secular Education, see *any* Education through the opening years, for those who need it most?"

A film gradually came over his eyes, and he sunk back on his pillow. Presently, directing his weakened glance towards the Head Registrar of Births, he asked that personage:

"How many of those whom Nature brings within your province, in the spot of earth called England, can neither read nor write, in after years?"

The Registrar answered (referring to the last number of the present publication), "about forty-five in every hundred."

"And in my History for the month of May," said the old year with a heavy groan, "I find it written: 'Two little children whose heads scarcely reached the top of the dock, were charged at Bow Street on the seventh, with stealing a loaf out of a baker's shop. They said, in defence, that they were starving, and their appearance showed that they spoke the truth. They were sentenced to be whipped in the House of Correction.' To be whipped! Woe, woe! can the State devise no better sentence for its little children! Will it never sentence them to be taught!"

The venerable gentleman became extremely discomposed in his mind, and would have torn his white hair from his head, but for the soothing attentions of his friends.

"In the same month," he observed, when he became more calm, "and within a week, an English Prince was born. Suppose him taken from his Princely home, (Heaven's blessing on it!) cast like these wretched babies on the streets, and sentenced to be left in ignorance, what difference, soon, between him, and the little children sentenced to be whipped? Think of it, Great Queen, and become the Royal Mother of them all!"

The Head Registrar of Births and the Chief of the Grave Diggers, both of whom have great experience of infancy, predestined, (they do not blasphemously suppose, by God, but know, by man) to vice and shame, were greatly overcome by the earnestness of their departing friend.

"I have seen," he presently said, "a project carried into execution for a great assemblage of the peaceful glories of the world. I have seen a wonderful structure, reared in glass, by the energy and skill of a great natural genius, self-improved: worthy descendant of my Saxon ancestors: worthy type of industry and ingenuity triumphant! Which of my children shall behold the Princes, Prelates, Nobles, Merchants, of England, equally united, for another Exhibition—for a great display of England's sins and negligences, to be, by steady contemplation of all eyes, and steady union of all hearts and hands, set right? Come hither my Right Reverend Brother, to whom an English tragedy presented in the theatre is contamination, but who art a Bishop, none the less, in right of the translation of Greek Plays; come hither, from a life of Latin Verses and Quantities, and study the Humanities through *these* transparent windows! Wake, Colleges of Oxford, from day-dreams of ecclesiastical melo-drama, and look in on these realities in the daylight, for the night cometh when no man can work! Listen, my Lords and Gentlemen, to the roar within, so deep, so real, so low down, so incessant and accumulative! Not all the reedy pipes of all the shepherds that eternally play one little tune—not twice as many feet of Latin verses as would reach from this globe to the Moon and back—not all the Quantities that are, or ever were, or will be, in the world—Quantities of Prosody, or Law, or State, or Church, or Quantities of anything but work in the right spirit, will quiet it for a second, or clear an inch of space in this dark Exhibition of the bad results of our doings! Where shall we hold it? When shall we open it? What courtier speaks?"

After the foregoing rhapsody, the venerable gentleman became, for a time, much enfeebled; and the Chief of the Grave Diggers took a few minutes' repose.

As the hands of the clock were now rapidly advancing towards the hour which the invalid had predicted would be his last, his attendants considered it expedient to sound him as to his arrangements in connexion with his worldly affairs; both, being in doubt whether these were completed, or, indeed, whether he had anything to leave. The Chief of the Grave Diggers, as the fittest person for such an office, undertook it. He delicately enquired, whether his friend and master had any testamentary wishes to express? If so, they should be faithfully observed.

"Thank you," returned the old gentleman, with a smile, for he was once more composed; "I have Something to bequeath to my successor; but not so much (I am happy to say) as I might have had. The Sunday Postage question, thank God, I have got rid of; and the Nepaulese Ambassadors are gone home. May they stay there!"

This pious aspiration was responded to, with great fervor, by both the attendants.

"I have seen you," said the venerable Testator, addressing the Chief of the Grave Diggers, "lay beneath the ground, a great Statesman and a fallen King of France."

The Chief of the Grave Diggers replied, "It is true."

"I desire," said the Testator, in a distinct voice, "to entail the remembrance of them on my successors for ever. Of the statesman, as an Englishman who rejected an adventitious nobility, and composedly knew his own. Of the King, as a great example that the monarch who addresses himself to the meaner passions of humanity, and governs by cunning and corruption, makes his bed of thorns, and sets his throne on shifting sand."

The Head Registrar of Births took a note of the bequest.

"Is there any other wish," enquired the Chief of the Grave Diggers, observing that his patron closed his eyes.

"I bequeath to my successor," said the ancient gentleman, opening them again, "a vast inheritance of degradation and neglect in England; and I charge him, if he be wise, to get speedily through it. I do hereby give and bequeath to him, also, Ireland. And I admonish him to leave it to his sucessor in a better condition than he will find it. He can hardly leave it in a worse."

The scratching of the pen used by the Head Registrar of Births, was the only sound that broke the ensuing silence.

"I do give and bequeath to him, likewise," said the Testator, rousing himself by a vigorous effort, "the Court of Chancery. The less he leaves of it to his successor, the better for mankind."

The Head Registrar of Births wrote as expeditiously as possible, for the clock showed that it was within five minutes of midnight.

"Also, I do give and bequeath to him," said the Testator, "the costly complications of the English law in general. With which I do hereby couple the same advice."

The Registrar, coming to the end of his note, repeated, "The same advice."

"Also, I do give and bequeath to him," said the Testator, "the Window Tax. Also, a general mismanagement of all public expenditure, revenues, and property, in Great Britain and its possessions."

The anxious Registrar, with a glance at the clock, repeated, "And its possessions."

"Also, I do give and bequeath to him," said the Testator, collecting his strength once more, by a surprising effort, "Nicholas Wiseman and the Pope of Rome."

The two attendants breathlessly enquired together, "With what injunctions?"

"To study well," said the Testator, "the speech of the Dean of Bristol, made at Bristol aforesaid; and to deal with them and the whole vexed question, according to that speech. And I do hereby give and bequeath to my successor, the said speech and the said faithful Dean, as great possessions and good guides. And I wish with all my heart, the said faithful Dean were removed a little farther to the West of England and made Bishop of Exeter!"

With this, the Old Year turned serenely on his side, and breathed his last in peace. Whereon,

—— With twelve great shocks of sound,
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one,

the coming of the New Year. He came on, joyfully. The Head Registrar, making, from mere force of habit, an entry of his birth, while the Chief of the Grave Diggers took charge of his predecessor; added these words in Letters of Gold. MAY IT BE A WISE AND HAPPY YEAR, FOR ALL OF US!

MRS. RANFORD'S NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

It was Christmas morning. Winter had set in with December, and snow had been lying on the ground for most of the month. The whole country lay white and quiet. The sun rose this morning in a cloudless sky, and made promise of a splendid day. The gladsome bells were heard ringing out from distant villages; there was a murmur of music in the air which called forth a respondent music in the heart. The roads were beaten hard, yet, untouched by any sullying thaw, were almost as dazzlingly pure as the fields around. Through the clear, keen air went long lines of wild fowl, seeking yet unfrozen streams in this pinching time. The very rooks, tamed by severity, came into the gardens, and appealed to the compassion of man.

As the morning advanced, a fresh peal of bells, from the different churches, called forth multitudes of people, wrapped in overcoat and cloak, with warm gloves, and furs and muffs; and there were happy families of old and young nodding to other happy families, and exchanging the old congratulations of a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Soon the pealing bells rose in their kindling energy to a perfect sough and jubilance of sound, then sinking in tremulous cadence, suddenly ceased, and the congregations of the people found themselves face to face with each other and with God.

In two churches in Lincolnshire sate two men, each thinking of the other; each known to the world as the other's bitter enemy; each regarding the other as the most vindictive and dishonest of men. These men did not live in the same town. The one sate in his parish church in Wainfleet, the other beneath that noble tower so oddly termed Boston Stump. He who sate in Boston was a ruined man; he who sate in Wainfleet had ruined him. The one had been prosperous and happy, and might have said, with many such a man before him, "What can move me?" But all this had been changed as by witchcraft. The man of Wainfleet had dragged him down in a long and desperate struggle. The happiness of his home had been destroyed; his good name stained as by the inky waters of Erebus; his friends—all those fast friends

—estranged from him! They regarded him as a base and unfeeling hypocrite.

Thus sate this man, listening to the words of the collect:—"Almighty God! who hast given us thy only-begotten Son, to take our nature upon him, and at this time to be born of a pure Virgin; grant that we, being regenerate, and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee, and the same Spirit, ever one God, world without end, Amen!" There was a solemn murmur of "Amen! Amen!" and the man also uttered the "Amen" with his lips, but it was not in his heart. On that heart sate the sense of hugest injuries, and burned the bitterness of intensest resentment. Wherever he looked, he saw only faces which wore the meek air of devotion, yet those people had done him the foulest wrong; had refused to listen to his most earnest pleadings; had combined with his foes to dishonour and ruin him. Long years of integrity had not weighed one straw in the balance with them against the artful assertions of his foes.

These things rankled in his soul like fire. He saw those who had eaten at his table, laughed by his fireside, and in his social hours seen his heart laid bare in its generous truthfulness. Some of these quondam friends occupied his ancient family pew; he himself sate in a humble and distant nook, half hidden by one of the ponderous pillars of the side aisle. His wife lay at home the victim of a wearing sickness, but his only daughter sat beside him, and wept silently to herself. The ghosts of old times passed in long trains through her mind, and the words of the hymn,

"Goodwill to sinful man is shown,
And peace on earth is given"—

perhaps reminded her how little goodwill had been shown to them; how little peace they found on this earth. When, therefore, the clergyman took his text—"Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times? Jesus said unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven"—the tears of the daughter fell faster, and she cast a gentle look at her father, as if imploring him to listen to that. But on the brow of Mr. Longmore, for that was his name, there sate a hard, stern expression, and he said to himself, "I have no brother—there is no such thing! Do I not know them?" But the clergyman's voice was now softly and impressively calling on the congregation to remember the new and godlike era which had commenced with the first Christmas Day. How the old and terrible doctrines of vengeance and blood had been thrown down from their woeful reign of ages; how the spirit of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, had been superseded by the spirit of love. How the angelic anthem of "Peace on earth and goodwill amongst men" had been worked out with a divine reality by the Son of God, and over the earth had gone a breath of heaven destined to cherish peace and kindness—art, and science, and literature; pregnant with triumphs, not of blood, but of magnanimity; not of strong men over one another, but of souls over their evil passions; every succeeding age assimilating this earth more and more to the dignity and felicity of the heaven there revealed.

Longmore shook his head, and said inwardly, "Bah! mere visions. After eighteen hundred years, where are the proofs? Have I not seen? Do I not know? Oh, sycophants! sycophants!" But his attention was again arrested by his daughter softly laying her hand on his arm. He listened. The preacher was describing the career of Christ. How, after all his deeds of goodness, and his life of love, his friends had all deserted him in the evil hour, and his foes had insulted and slain him. "And Jesus lifted up his eyes to heaven on the cross, and said, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

"Oh! they knew it very well," said Longmore, in his desperate mood. "They must know it. The base wretches are always the same. Forgive them! No! I cannot forgive them. Christ might do it. He was a divine being—it is easy to God, but it is not easy, it is not possible, for me—I am but a poor, weak, down-trodden worm. No! no!"

The tears of his daughter flowed faster, as she stooped low and buried her face in her handkerchief. It seemed as if she felt the spirit that was raging in her father's bosom.

But, meantime, what were the thoughts of the man of Wainfleet? Of the lawyer who had so triumphantly conducted the cause of his client, and had so completely dragged down the usurper, Longmore, as he firmly believed him, from his proud altitude to the dust of retribution and of shame? On the last Christmas Day he had sate there in the very flush of triumph, and had thanked God that he was not such as Longmore: that he was not like him a convicted knave, still less like him a pauper, with the memory of such past greatness. But Broadhurst, the lawyer, did not sit thus now. He was a crest-fallen, spirit-fallen man. A dreadful discovery had come upon him. He had ruined one more upright and noble-minded than himself, to elevate a worthless pretender. He had blasted a well-deserved name; had struck the dagger of domestic misery into three kindred hearts; had done that which he would, if possible, give worlds to undo. He sate and wept as the doctrine of heaven's highest philosophy, "Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do unto thee," was preached over his head. "Oh Lord, forgive me my heavy sins! Grant me life and strength to repair what I have ruined. Touch the heart

of that injured man, and turn it to forgiveness; for all things are in Thy power, and it is Thy doctrine, and Thy law." Thus ran his words in the inward tears of his soul, and to every sentiment of love and blessed retribution, his "Amen! Amen!" went up like the flames of a heart on fire.

What then had taken place between these men? But two years ago, Longmore was a wealthy wool merchant of Boston. He had led a pleasant and jolly life. His business had grown immensely. His premises were large; his connections both at home and abroad extensive, and such was his reputation for integrity and capital that he commanded the market over a vast district. He was a tall, large, florid man, of a peculiarly open and cordial character. He was liberal in his ideas, and the leading man in the politics and social movements of his neighbourhood. His family consisted only of his wife, a quiet, pleasant woman, and a fair, blue-eyed girl, his daughter. He kept a noble table, and delighted to have his friends about him. At that time he thought friends as plenty as blackberries, and laughed at the croaking of those moral philosophers who had for ages promulgated a different idea. He dubbed them book-worms, and said they did not know life. When he went round the country to buy up the farmers' wool, his progress was a regular course of feasting and merriment. They all knew of his coming, and assembled their neighbours for a blithe evening. Thus Longmore made his annual rounds, despatching an extraordinary amount of business amid the overflowing hospitalities of farm-houses, granges, and halls.

His doctrine of the prolific growth of friendship, spite of the libellous calculations of bookworms, received a grand confirmation when he was about five-and-forty, in the bequest of a fine estate in Northamptonshire. It was the result of an acquaintance accidentally made abroad; it owed everything to friendship, nothing to consanguinity. From that time, till a few years turned fifty, Longmore had chiefly resided on this estate. It was a beautiful place. The house stood in a fine country, and a fine park. His business was conducted by an old faithful servant. It seemed as if Fortune was resolved that Longmore should go down to his grave in his very charitable views of human nature.

But, about three years before the time we saw Longmore at his Christmas morning devotions, the scene changed. There sprung up a man, a butcher of Gainsborough, who claimed to be the true heir to the Northamptonshire estate; and, after some faint rumours, which rose and died away again, Mr. Longmore was astonished, and a good deal disconcerted, by the receipt of a letter from an eminent solicitor of Wainfleet, calling upon him, in the name of his client, Mr. Filmer, to restore to him the estate of his late relative, Mr. John Churton.

Mr. Longmore, who, with all his pleasant and sunny humour, was a peculiarly sensitive and impulsive man, read this letter, uttered his indignation in no gentle terms, and knowing that he derived his claim from his friend Churton's honest will, made in his most florid health, bade the lawyer do his worst.

That worst was done. We will not travel minutely through all those years of angry exasperation. Mr. Longmore's character was high; that of his adversary, Filmer, just the reverse. We may, therefore, imagine Longmore's astonishment when the active lawyer, Broadhurst of Wainfleet, asserted through the ablest counsel, that Longmore had taken advantage of the decayed intellects of the late Mr. Churton to concoct a will to his own advantage. We may imagine how this astonishment rose when the housekeeper of Mr. Churton, whom Longmore had himself rendered independent by voluntarily doubling the annuity left her by her master, was brought forward to attest the weakness of the testator's faculties, and that Longmore had carefully excluded from the sick bed of Mr. Churton every one but his own family, and that the dying man had been upheld by brandy to enable him to put his signature to the deed.

So well had Broadhurst laid his mine, that Longmore found himself blown, as it were, at once into the air. So well had the pleader described the wrong done to the poor and oppressed heir, whom he painted as a most deserving person, and so astounding was the evidence of the housekeeper, that a verdict was at once given in favour of the plaintiff. Longmore was at first struck dumb and senseless as by a stupefying shock; but the impetuosity of his temper, which, during the long, smooth course of his life, had only manifested itself in generous and hasty outbursts of feeling, now very soon assumed the fury of a tornado. His indignation against what he termed and deemed the villany of the lawyer, and the black ingratitude of the housekeeper, was too tremendous to find its way out at once, but it came by degrees into action that seemed resolved to tear down everything between him and his vengeance on the plotters against him. He rushed into the contest with a vehemence which alarmed his family and friends, and gave the most decided advantage to his watchful opponents. Trial after trial came off, the most eminent counsel were retained at the most stupendous cost, and for some time public opinion was pretty equally divided on the merits of the case. But before the next year was at an end, Longmore beheld with inexpressible amazement, and with feelings of indescribable irritation, his enemies rapidly turning the scale against him, his friends growing mysteriously cool, and his capital exhausted by the gigantic contest. At the end of that period he found himself standing alone, regarded as the convicted usurper of another's rights, and his former

high character only remembered to point the public astonishment at the real baseness it was supposed to have concealed. His estate was absolutely lost; he was called on to refund long arrears of income, while the prodigal expenditure in law had left him unable to comply with these demands. In proportion to his former affluence, was now the rapacity of his creditors. He saw himself gibbeted in the Gazette, and the wreck of his property torn to shreds in the hands of his legal executioners.

What a Christmas Day was that which passed soon after this extraordinary change in his fortunes! Instead of the gaiety and rich banqueting at Longmore Park, with many friends around him, with laughter and rejoicing beneath the large kissing-bush in the servants' hall, and the brilliant dance in the old saloon, the ruined and dejected Longmore was occupying a poor house in a poor street of his native town—that town where he had so long lived in honour and esteem. A single maid servant waited at that melancholy table, at which sate down, in gloomy silence, Longmore, his wife, and daughter. His numerous friends, where were they? Longmore answered that question in his heart with a dreary curse, his wife with a trembling frame, and his daughter with a few silent tears. The fallen man now confessed that the philosophers, of all ages, were the truly wise men; that he had been the fool. Experience had set its seal afresh to the ancient melancholy truth.

Between that wretched Christmas and the one following, Longmore had been employed in attempting to reconstruct a refuge from absolute indigence, from the fragments of his former trade. There had been but one sole creature, out of his own house, who had stood firmly by him, and believed him still to be a just and cruelly-used man. That was his widowed sister, Mrs. Ranford, of Blant Farm, about fourteen miles from the town. She had provided him a moderate capital, and he commenced in small premises —his former ample ones still stood empty—but they were far too great for his present means, labouring, as he did, under a ponderous load of public prejudice, and under the still more disqualifying condition of his own mind. For his whole intellectual tone was changed. He looked on his fellow men as destitute of truth and real virtue. He saw in them only selfish and malignant dissemblers. His soul was full of darkness and gall. He cared not to live, but he submitted to it as a necessity. His misfortunes had prostrated the never strong frame of his wife, but the wreck of his once manly, generous, and buoyant-hearted disposition had prostrated it far more. His daughter wept bitterly and daily over the evidences of the frightful change which had taken place in him. All those impulses which had formerly been for good, were now perverted into impulses of deadly wrath, and deep contempt of his race. He plodded on in his business with an unconquerable spirit, but with indifferent success, for there was scarcely a person with whom he had formerly dealt who did not regard him as a justly fallen man, and whom he did not regard as false and heartless.

But already Providence was silently moving round that great system of the universe which brings truth invariably to the daylight. When Longmore learned that the final decision was given against him, he drove away from Longmore Park, accompanied by his wife, in precipitate haste. He was too proud to allow the emissaries of Broadhurst to eject him from the spot like a homeless dog. But Mary Longmore, the daughter, staid behind, to pack up many little things which she could not bear the idea of leaving to the unhallowed hands of the butcher Filmer. She had scarcely completed her task, and sent off the packages, when she appeared likely to encounter the occurrence which her father had shrunk from. A carriage drew up to the door, out of which she saw a number of men issue, and one was announced immediately as desiring to speak with her. A young man, of handsome person, and with a frank and gentlemanly air, presented himself, respectfully apologising for the cause which brought him there.

"You are Mr. Broadhurst's clerk?" said Miss Longmore, somewhat astonished at the young man's appearance and bearing.

"I am his son, Madam," he replied, again bowing.

"I am sorry for it," replied Miss Longmore, bearing up as bravely as she could against her overpowering sensations. "I wish you had an honester business here."

"Madam," replied the young man, with a mixture of mildness, and yet of spirit, as vindicating his father; "I am well aware how this matter must appear to you, and deplore it sincerely, but we believe our business to be quite proper." He reminded her of the decisive nature of the housekeeper's testimony, and begged that they might no farther pursue the painful subject.

Miss Longmore, with the tears starting into her eyes, declared that God must one day expose her awful perjury.

"It is quite natural you should think so," added the young man, feelingly.

"It is quite natural," replied Miss Longmore, "because all the facts of the case have been familiar to me from childhood. What should there be so strange in a friend who owed his life and fortune to my father, leaving that fortune to him?"

"Life and fortune!" said the young man, "What is that? Of that there was no mention on the trial."

"There was mention," replied Miss Longmore, "but the fact was borne down by ridicule. If you wish to hear the truth, hear it now, then. When my father was a very

young man, happening to be in Calais, he saw a young gentleman, whom he perceived at once to be an Englishman, surrounded by a low crowd, with whom he was in contention. They attempted to drag the young gentleman away, but he manfully resisted. My father, with his usual impulsiveness, immediately placed himself beside his countryman, and demanded that the infuriated crowd should hear reason, and show fair play. But they were deaf to this, and, without knowing the ground of the quarrel, my father exhorted the young man to unite with him in driving off the throng. At once, they placed themselves with their backs against a wall and in a boxing attitude, and struck some effective blows against their adversaries. All foreigners have a horror of the pugilistic powers of Englishmen. After no very sharp fight, the crowd took to flight, and my father was about to march off in triumph his unknown companion, when a posse of gensdarmes surrounded them, and compelled them to the presence of a magistrate. Here, when their names had been demanded, and proved, by their passports at their respective inns, to be correct, the case was heard; and as the people who had been in the fray, represented the assault to have commenced with the Englishmen, my father and the stranger, for whose sake he had entered into this dispute, were ordered a month's imprisonment in a place of confinement seven miles distant, and they were accordingly marched away, handcuffed together, between two gendarmes.

"The day was already declining when they set out, and it bade fair to be night before they reached their destination. As they proceeded, they took care to ascertain whether their guides understood English. They found that they certainly did not. The young gentleman in whose cause my father was thus suffering, was—Mr. Churton. He lamented bitterly this chance, and declared that it would be his utter ruin, for that a trial, regarding an estate—this very estate—must come on in the meantime, and his absence would be the assured loss of his cause, and leave him a penniless man.

"My father, with that reckless impetuosity which has ultimately been so fatal to him, declared at once that they would attempt a rescue. He knew if they failed that it would be death to them, but this did not weigh a moment with him. Mr. Churton agreed, and on arriving at a solitary place, where four roads met in the woods, just as it was growing dark, my father and Mr. Churton suddenly inclosed each his man with his free arm, and brought them face to face between them. The gensdarmes had loaded carbines at their sides, but these, by this sudden movement, became useless; and the two powerful young Englishmen declared that if the gensdarmes made any outcry or resistance, they would at once strangle them. The men, who were of inferior strength, were so convinced of their power to carry their threat into effect, that they gave up the key of the fetters at their demand. My father compelled one of them to unlock the fetters from the wrists of himself and companion; took the carbines from the gensdarmes, threw them into the ditch full of water by the roadside, and then binding the two gensdarmes back to back with their own fetters, and securing their legs with their handkerchiefs, they left them standing in the middle of the road, assuring them that if they made any outcry, they would return and shoot them. They then made the best of their way to the neighbouring coast. It was already dark when they arrived there, but, hearing a boat not far from the strand, they shouted, and received an answer in English. They soon found that the vessel was an English fishing-boat, and explaining their case, begged to be taken on board. But the fishermen declared that they had no dingay or small boat with them, and that if they came on board, they must wade or swim. Churton could not swim; but destruction was behind them: my father was an admirable swimmer, and a very powerful man; he encouraged Churton to make the attempt. They waded into the dark waters, but long before they could reach the boat, they were beyond their depth. The fishermen protested that they dared not come a yard nearer, on account of rocks. There was nothing else for it: my father flung off his coat, bade Churton hold fast by his waistcoat collar behind, and struck out for the vessel. It was a case of life and death. If Churton lost his presence of mind, and flung his arms round my father, or if my father's strength failed him, they were both inevitably lost. But Churton preserved his coolness, and by desperate effort, my father reached the side of the boat, and both were safely drawn on board. There, furnished with additional clothes to defend them from the cold, and with homely fare, the two young men remained for two days and nights with the fishermen, ere they put across to Dover. But there, at length, they landed; paid the fishermen handsomely; Churton was in time for his trial, won it, and from that day, his life long, was my father's friend.

"Sir," continued Miss Longmore, "it is well known that Mr. Churton was a shy and solitary man; but his intellects were as good as yours or mine. He never married, and always declared, that in case of his prior decease, he would leave my father his property, by whom it had been saved to him. There was no scheming, no force used. I have found within these few days abundant evidence in Mr. Churton's letters through many years to my father, both of his clear understanding, and of his unvarying resolve to make my father his heir."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the young lawyer; "why were not these letters brought forward?"

"I have told you, Sir," replied Miss Longmore, blushing, "that these facts were mentioned by my father's counsel: but the whole thing was so cleverly ridiculed by the opposite counsel, as a pretty sentimental romance, that my father, very much in opposition to his advocate, insisted on this part of the evidence being abandoned, and on the counsel taking his stand on the clear integrity of the will."

"These letters, if they are what you say, Madam," rejoined the young lawyer, "would prove the case beyond everything else."

"I have always thought so," said Miss Longmore; "but my father became so exasperated, that he hardly knew what he did."

"I would give anything to see those letters," said young Mr. Broadhurst. "I would not have such a wrong lie at my father's door for the world, if those letters are as you describe them. Would you allow my father to see them? I mean with every precaution for their safety."

Miss Longmore paused a moment, and then said, "I would."

Mary Longmore left the lawyer and the officers in possession of Longmore Park; but she did it with a feeling of resignation which she had believed impossible. There had sprung up a hope in her bosom, which, though it seemed to arise from a very minute seed, she could not prevent taking firm hold. When young Broadhurst told his father of what Miss Longmore had said, he only laughed; and cried, "A most romantic story, truly!" and added, "That's a pretty girl, Tom; mind you don't fall in love with her now she has lost the estate." But before a month was over, Tom had prevailed on his father to meet Miss Longmore at a friend's house in Boston, and, in the presence of the lady of the house, he was permitted to read the numerous letters of the late John Churton.

From that hour Mr. Broadhurst was an altered man. He saw that a huge wrong had been done—a noble-minded man and true had been cruelly hunted down, shamefully maligned, and ruined. With this knowledge in his possession, he made a visit to the housekeeper, whose deposition had carried the day against Longmore, and charged her so solemnly and searchingly with her perjury, that she trembled in every limb, but remained stedfast to her tale. In a few months after, the news came that she was married to Filmer, the new proprietor of Longmore Park. The man was a low brute, and his marriage of the housekeeper came over the country like a flash of lightning breaking upon the darkness. The motive of her evidence now stood sufficiently revealed. In less than twelve months more, Filmer's savage treatment of her, and the terrors of conscience, had laid her on her bed. A hasty message came from her to Mr. Broadhurst; he hastened to the Park, and there, in the presence of the clergyman and a neighbouring magistrate, he took down, and saw her set her hand to her confession. Her evidence on the trial was false—Filmer had bribed her with money and a promise of marriage.

From the moment that Broadhurst had seen the letters of the late Mr. Churton, he resolved, if it was in his power, to remedy the evil he had so zealously, but so unwittingly, done. He did not hesitate to declare openly, that circumstances had now come to his knowledge, which totally altered his view of the case. He sent, and candidly confessed this to Mr. Longmore, begged him to forgive him, if possible, and promised that not only his most strenuous professional exertions, but his fortune should be at his command to rectify the terrible error that he had committed.

"Rogue!" exclaimed Longmore; "he has got all he can by wresting the estate from me, and now his fingers itch for as much more in winning it back again!"

More inveterate than ever became his resentment against the lawyer. But when the news of the housekeeper's confession came—and Broadhurst was the first to communicate it, telling him that the case was now quite clear, and that the property might be recovered with ease—every one expected that Longmore would "forgive and forget," and that all past differences would be ended by the happiness in prospect. This was the joyful feeling of Mrs. Longmore and Mary. Mrs. Longmore, at first overcome by the glad tidings, soon began to show symptoms of returning strength, though this return was slow in its progress. Mary seemed to breathe a new atmosphere of happiness. Life looked to her like a bright summer morning, the brighter for the last night's thunder-storm. There wanted only the restoration of her father's cheerfulness to complete her felicity. But that did not come. The mind of Longmore underwent a change, but it was not such as was universally expected. He rose from a degree of darkness and oppression, but it was not to peace and joy. He was not without exultation, but it was dashed with the spirit of indignant vengeance. "The fools! the villains!" he exclaimed, when any one congratulated him on the discovery of the base plot to defraud him of his property. "Don't I know it was a base plot? Did not I always know it? They knew it themselves—all those grand friends of mine; they knew me—they had known me for forty years. Was I likely all at once to become a scamp and a cheat? Do honourable men become devils all at once? Was *I* likely to cajole or compel any one into a false will? Let the whole rotten-hearted world go!—I want none of it. They are all hollow—hollow as drums, and false and mean as death and sin!" It was thus that Longmore felt and reasoned.

But the property was not recovered. Though two months had passed since the confession of the housekeeper, Longmore had not taken a single step. He seemed to have a stern pleasure in showing the world that he did not

care for it. He delighted in launching the bolts of his contempt on the whole of his species. We have seen him at church on Christmas morning, and what was the spirit of his devotions.

But on New Year's Day he was going to dine at Blant Farm with his sister, Mrs. Ranford. *She* was a true woman! She had stood firmly by him as a tower. "That *was* a woman," he said, "true as steel, genuine as God's day-light. He believed that the whole crawling, creeping, venomous herd of things called men, would have been long ago swept into the Red Sea but for the sake of one or two like her." That day, after a hearty luncheon, Mr. Longmore mounted his gig, and set out towards Blant Farm. Little did he know that, precisely at the same moment, Broadhurst of Wainfleet mounted his gig and set out from his own door towards the same Blant Farm. The two men had to pursue the two sides of a rectangular triangle which, at the distance of about fourteen miles, would bring them to a point exactly at Mrs. Ranford's gate. Had Longmore known that fact, he would have rushed again into his own house and believed the end of the world come, since sister Ranford could thus deceive him. But Broadhurst did know it, and yet he went. The fact was, that certain things had taken place which, for good reasons, neither Longmore nor the reader have yet been informed of—the right moment, it was thought, had not come. Young Tom Broadhurst had been so much struck with Mary Longmore in his interview at the Park, that, from that moment, he felt a wonderful persuasion that there had been some gross mistake in the whole business. He was sure that truth and goodness beamed as clearly out of those mild blue eyes, and from those handsome, amiable features, as light from the sun. Longmore could not be a very great rogue to have such a daughter; and Mary thought Broadhurst could not be a very great one to have such a son. "What a fine, frank fellow he seems," she said to herself. "How willing he seems to believe the truth. What a beautiful earnestness in seeking it out!" In fact, there was a case, such as lawyers seldom get upon *their* books, a case of love at first sight. It was a case clear, positive, and most particular; Romeo and Juliet themselves never stood so suddenly enchanted between the hostile hosts of their two fiery houses. Tom Broadhurst let no grass grow under his feet; he soon had his father on the right track. Mary and he met—how many times? Well, it really is amazing how many times they found it necessary to see each other in the course of a very few weeks, to put things in a train. Mrs. Ranford was soon taken into the secret, and, with her clear, strong mind, took in the whole thing, the love affair and all, heartily. Mary passed a deal of time at Blant Farm, and Tom Broadhurst rode over there continually. It was quite necessary! But as to that love affair, neither Longmore nor Broadhurst were suffered to know a word of it. Tom said he would not for the world that his father should be suspected of having any interest in doing justice to Mr. Longmore, but the justice itself; and as to Longmore knowing! why, they might just as well think of blowing up the gas-works and all the steam engines in Boston and Wainfleet! Then, indeed, Longmore would declare Broadhurst a rogue, who was for anything for his own interest!

But Mrs. Ranford was resolved on an explanation, and therefore she planned the bringing together her brother and Mr. Broadhurst at her New-Year's Day dinner. It was a daring project; it struck even Mary and Tom Broadhurst with unutterable dismay. Mrs. Longmore, who was in the secret, was terrified beyond conception; it had actually thrown her into a serious relapse. But Mrs. Ranford was a woman of a bold spirit and decisive will; she determined that the experiment should be made. Mrs. Ranford resembled her brother greatly in person; she was a tall, large, florid, and very comely woman, and ten years younger. Her husband had been dead some years, and Mrs. Ranford had had numbers of most advantageous offers, but, no, she declared that she *was* married to her dear Ned; he was only gone on the journey that she should take after him some day. She would *not* have two husbands. Mrs. Ranford was a first-rate farmer; her house stood on the top of that step of country that runs on through Lincoln, and looked far and wide over the flats below; it was a good farm-house, with a flower-garden and with outbuildings, and stock that showed her management and science; she led a life very much to her taste, and ruled very much in her own way, and was resolved now to try her power over her brother. "It was time to put an end to all this heart-burning and misunderstanding;" she said, "There had been enough of it."

Longmore drove that afternoon over those immense flats that lie between Boston and Blant Farm. The air was clear and very keen; the whole country was one level sheet of whiteness, only here and there broken by a long line of stunted willows, one of those funny little windmills that are set by the sluggish dykes to propel the water, a solitary willow-surrounded farm, with an occasional round haystack eaten out by the cattle into the shape of a huge mushroom, or a dreary stretch of black fir-trees far away in the distance. It was little more than four o'clock when Longmore was ascending the steep hill to Blant Farm, but it was already dark, piercing cold, and some fine flakes of snow made him say to himself, "We shall have another downfall." Mrs. Ranford's dinner was not till six o'clock, but she had begged her brother to be there early, both on account of the short days and because she wanted

some talk with him. It was to be a family party, with the exception of Broadhurst and his son, and the clergyman and his wife, to whom Mrs. Ranford had imparted her scheme, and implored the vicar's aid in the crisis.

Longmore, on entering his house, met his sister in the hall, and they embraced each other affectionately. Mary, who had been there some days, remained in the drawing-room, for she was too much terrified to venture out. Mrs. Ranford having seen her brother relieved of his coats and wrappers, opened the drawing-room door, and purposely allowed him to go in first. Scarcely did he, however, set his foot in the room, than he turned round, and with a fierce low outburst of—"The devil!" he plunged past Mrs. Ranford in the direction of the hooks on which hung his hat and coat. Mrs. Ranford had probably expected something of the kind, for she suddenly opposed her large calm person in his way—and as he gave her a terrible look, saying—

"You, sister! you!" she seized him by both arms, and said—

"Brother! brother! show yourself a man and a Christian. There are things to tell you that will set everything right."

At the same moment Mary rushed from the room, clasped his knees, and cried in agonised tones—"Oh, father! father!"

But Longmore had by this time grasped his hat with one hand, thrust it upon his head, snatched his great coat with the other, had given himself a furious shake loose, and dashed out of the door. The scene he left behind was awful. Mary Longmore had sunk down on the floor where her father had left her, and was weeping convulsively. Mrs. Ranford was exclaiming,

"What a madman! What a fury! But he *shall* be brought to reason."

Tom Broadhurst stood over Mary, whispering to her something which only seemed to increase, if either, the violence of her grief; and Mr. Broadhurst almost wept.

"Stop him, Mrs. Ranford! Send after him! I won't stand in his way. I will retire to the inn." And with that Mr. Broadhurst also snatched his hat, and rushed out.

What a New Year's dinner-party! what an upshot of the experiment! Mrs. Ranford did not send after her brother. She knew very well she might just as rationally send for Lincoln Minster; but she set about to comfort Mary, telling her never to fear—all *should* be right yet; her father's proud spirit *should* be made to bend. It was a miserable scene.

Meantime Longmore had hastened into the stableyard, where his horse was not yet got out of his harness—made the man put him in again in desperate speed, jumped into the gig, and drove off. The snow was now falling in masses—a keen east wind drove it into his face and bosom—it was pitch dark, and neither man nor horse could tell which was road, and which was not. But the storm within Longmore's breast raged far more fiercely than it did without. He lashed his horse, and whirled on. But even the horse began to slacken, spite of the whip, and betrayed unmistakeable symptoms of uncertainty and reluctance to proceed. Longmore gave him some unmerciful cuts, which for a while sent him forward at a good rate. But again the poor horse stopped; and in response to the whip only reared, wheeled aside, and refused to go. None but a madman would attempt such a road on such a night. The horse evidently thought so, and therefore stood stock still, in spite of the murderous inflictions of Longmore's whip. At length Longmore saw that it was no use to urge him. "Fool!" he exclaimed; gave the rein a pull to the left, and the poor animal, joyfully obeying the hint, turned, and proceeded at a rapid rate towards the farm. He would have stopped at Mrs. Ranford's gate; but again Longmore applied the whip, and the gig rolled expeditiously on to the village-inn. Here Longmore flung the reins on the horse's neck, and stalked into the house. There was a considerable crowd of labourers drinking and smoking in the common room, who, as well as the landlady, stared to see him enter.

"Put up my horse," he said; and was proceeding to enter the parlour.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said the landlady; "but that room is engaged."

"Show me another, then," said Longmore. The landlady opened another door, saying—

"But there is no fire, Sir!"

"Then make one," said Longmore, gruffly; and entering, flung himself on the sofa, in his snow-covered clothes and hat. The landlady quickly brought a light, and attempted to light the fuel already in the grate; but the sticks were damp. They refused to kindle, and the poor woman hastily clearing out the grate, brought forth wood and live coal from the kitchen. In vain! The chimney was damp; the smoke drove down, and filled the room; Longmore bade her angrily let the fire alone, and go. She made her exit in evident alarm.

Longmore sat gloomily on the sofa. The room was deathly cold; the smoke filled his eyes and lungs with its sharp, suffocating vapour—he looked round and wished himself dead. But something now caught his attention. The room was only divided from the next by a thin wooden partition. The landlord was holding a garrulous talk with some guest there, and every word he uttered was as audible as if in the room itself. Longmore started. He heard his own name. Yes!—there it was again.

"So he's likely, I hear, to get the property back again. They say the old woman has peached; but I know not. If she was bought one way she may be bought another, and Longmore is a determined man."

"Silence!" said another voice—it was no

other than that of Broadhurst—Longmore trembled with excitement at the sound. "Silence!"—said Broadhurst—"I cannot allow you to say a word against Mr. Longmore. I tell you, and *I* if any man should know, he has been foully injured and misrepresented. It was all a mistake, and that bad woman clenched it. No! Longmore—and I beg you will everywhere say so, from me—Longmore, from what I have lately learned, is as noble, true-hearted a man as ever lived. Sir, I would give my right-hand to do him justice; and justice, if there is a God in heaven, he will yet have done him."

"Lord-o'-mercy!" exclaimed the landlord, "do *you* say so?" "Yes, I say so," replied Broadhurst; "till justice is done to that man the load of a mountain lies on my heart."

Longmore turned deadly pale as he heard these words. He sunk down again upon the sofa, whence he had started on hearing these voices, laid his head on the table, and seemed shaken by some terrible convulsion. In another minute he rose up, still pale, but with an eager look passed out of the room, entered that where Broadhurst was, and, putting out his hand to the astonished lawyer, said, "I heard what you said—I believe you." The lawyer, still more astonished, and looking as if an apparition had suddenly stood before him—yet clutched at the offered hand—seemed to groan out rather than speak, "Almighty God be thanked!" and the two desperate foes stood thus till a gush of tears appeared on Broadhurst's face. "Now, God be praised, all is right," Broadhurst again ejaculated. "Yes!—all is right!" repeated Longmore.

"You must dine with me," said Broadhurst. "Good God, what have I not to say to you!"

"Nay," said Longmore, "we must not dine here. Think how we left them at my sister's. We must go there at once."

"Right! Right!" said Broadhurst, and the next moment the astonished people in the kitchen saw these two men, who for years had been engaged in such a deadly strife, going arm-in-arm swiftly out of the house.

What the state of affairs was at Mrs. Ranford's may well be imagined. Mary was overwhelmed with the most vehement grief; Tom Broadhurst stood over her, holding her hand, and every now and then bidding her to be comforted—all would go well yet—all the time looking himself a picture of despair. Mrs. Ranford, after marching to and fro in great agitation, and abusing her brother, heartily, as the most obstinate of animals, had sat down, moodily, in her easy-chair, by the fire, and seemed more in a state of deep anger than of sorrow. Her scheme had failed signally, as everyone had told her it would; she had, to all appearance, aggravated affairs dreadfully; she was too much mortified to be really sorry. The clergyman and his wife came in. They saw at a glance what had happened. A few indignant words from Mrs. Ranford, and Mary's tears, told everything. There fell a deep and blank silence on the party. What a New Year's dinner-party! Never was there such a wretched scene of utter desolation. In the midst of it came a violent ring at the bell. All started. Mary Longmore gave a shriek, and stood trembling with clasped hands and death-like face. "Something dreadful has happened to that wilful man!" exclaimed Mrs. Ranford going impetuously towards the door. At that moment the door opened, and Longmore and Broadhurst entered together. Before any of them could recover from their astonishment, Longmore said, "It is all right!" and caught his sister in his arms, and embraced and kissed her outrageously. Then he caught his daughter to his heart, who, at those words, flew to him, and embraced and kissed her still more outrageously. Then he shook hands with Tom Broadhurst and the clergyman, both together; and they shook his hands, and he shook theirs again; and then he would most likely have kissed the clergyman's lady, only she and Mrs. Ranford were most passionately kissing and crying at one another at the very time.

Never was there such a hearty, cordial, general reconciliation and felicitation. Longmore seemed at one effort to have flung off all his gall and misanthropy. In the midst of their joy, they seemed to forget the other great event of their meeting—the dinner; the hour was long past. Nobody before had had any inclination to eat, from sorrow; now they had forgotten it, for joy. But at length, up came the turkey, up came the roast beef, up came the game, the plum-pudding, and all the tarts, mince-pies, and knick-nackeries; and what a dinner was there after all! How triumphant Mrs. Ranford looked! Her generalship *had* succeeded after all. How bright Mary looked; how pleased Tom and his father looked! and as for Mr. Longmore, he never seemed so large, so florid, so jovial; all his old jollity and grandeur of good-heartedness seemed come back again at once. Everybody wondered, as they came to look at each other, and smile at each other, and talk to each other, how in the world it was possible that people, so excellent as they were, and so made for each other's society, could have made such a dismal blunder as they had made. Mary observed, with a quiet smile, that Oliver Goldsmith had explained it all long ago.

"How so?" asked her father, astonished. "How could he, when he did not know us?"

"Well," said Mary, "he must have known us, or people exactly like us—for he said that all this sort of thing came of people not knowing one another."

"God bless us!" said Longmore, looking quite astonished, "how precisely true that is! Let us drink to Oliver's immortal memory."

"With all our hearts!" was echoed from all sides of the table.

"And add, 'God bless us' to it," said the clergyman.

"Bravo!" said Broadhurst—"Oliver Goldsmith, and God bless us!"

The toast was drunk amid a strange accompaniment of smiles and tears.

The rest of our story is short. Every one may imagine it. The speedy recovery of Longmore Park; the repurchase of the ample old wool warehouses, for Longmore *would* rebuild all his old trade again, and make his rounds amongst his old former friends again; the marriage of Tom and Mary, and a score of other good things which all sprung from the happy change begun by Christmas, and completed by Mrs. Ranford's New Year's Dinner.

THE BURIAL OF THE OLD YEAR.

We were a mighty multitude
That, mourning for the Old Year, stood,
The great, the poor, the wise, the good,
The wicked, and the fair;
No matter for their rank or place;
The beggar; he of noble race;
All come to pay a farewell grace
To the departed Year.

It had been snowing day and night,
And the sable earth had a fringe of light,
As the velvet pall hath a border of white
When they mourn a virgin dead;
And the solemn wind sang mournfully
A dirge of deep solemnity;
And the stars looked down from the cold grey sky,
And the moon sailed overhead.

Why art thou robed in thy pure white dress,
Thy type of virgin loveliness?
Our load is a load of wickedness,
Of sin, and want, and gloom:
Loaded with every vice and crime,
That has stained the children of every clime,
Throughout all lands, throughout all time,
Was the Year that we entomb!

Fearful and hushed, and awed, and still,
Was Nature: on every sloping hill
The frost had chained each trick'ing rill,
And stiffened each rippling wave;
The very wind had a muffled sound,
As it swept o'er the snow-encrusted ground,
And went moaning sadly round and round
The brink of the new-made grave!

They brought the corpse to his lowly bed:
We saw in the moonlight the aged head
Bowed down by the weight of the tears he had shed
In his mortal pilgrimage;
But there was a fleeting shadow-like smile,
As a halo around his lips the while,
The last faint trace of a youth without guile,
Had lingered till mournful age.

Then there were groans, and sobs, and sighs,
And uplift hands, and tearful eyes,
And wailing moans, and piercing cries,
And many a heavy breast;
And those he had treated cruelly
Looked on him even mourningly,
And murmured low and pityingly,
"God send his soul may rest!"

And they parted a path through the close-pressed throng,
And I stept to the grave side, the crowd among:
For they saw I was moved by the Spirit of Song,
To lament for the cold corpse clay;
And I stood by his narrow resting-place,
And looked my last on his dear old face,
And prayed for him to God's great grace,
And kissed him where he lay.

A solemn voice chimed the midnight hour
From the height of an old embattled tower,
And struck by a more than mortal power,
A deep bell 'gan to toll;
And I stood erect, and cast my eyes
Up to the stars in the dark drear skies,
And hearing only mourning sighs,
I prayed for the parted Soul.

"Father!—earth's nations in their joy and pain
"Look up to Thee: let it not be in vain!
"We pray Thee that this parted year may rest
"With his old brethren; may their home be blest!
"Hark the bell tolls!
"And with that knell arises in our souls
"The memory of what has passed away. This Year
"Hath plundered us of many we held Dear,
"Hath taken from us many a precious One,
"Hath left us desolate, bereaved, alone!
"Father! our hearts are lifted at this time
"Above the world, of sin, and guilt, and crime:
"Those this Year injured, those he heaped with gain,
"Alike pray for him: Father! not in vain!
"We bury in his grave our memories
"Of wrongs and woes, and guilts, and injuries:
"We offer up a sacrifice divine
"Of human passions at this funeral shrine:
"Within this dead Year's misty shroud we lay
"Our crimes, revenges, evermore away!
"So, may the Aged Man before Thy throne,
"Burdened with our sins, and with his own,
"Alike by Thy great love, all sins forgiven,
"Await our coming, with pure joy—in Heaven!"

THE IRISH CALIFORNIA.

Towards the end of the session of 1849, Lord Ashley and the O'Gorman Mahon astonished the House of Common with a piece of intelligence of that kind which, in popular phrase, is described as seeming far too good to be true. They announced a discovery that upwards of ninety pounds might be made out of one hundred tons of Irish peat, by on outlay of sixteen pounds—namely, eight pounds for the peat, and the same sum for the magic requisite to turn it into cash. Now there are in Ireland two million eight hundred and thirty thousand acres of peat bog, varying in depth from six to forty feet. At the above rate, the products of peat would have returned some five hundred per cent. Thus, one-seventh of the whole surface of Ireland would have proved to be a territory far exceeding in wealth the most auriferous of regions—California proper, El Dorado, or the imaginary domains of Mr. Thomas Tidler.

Experiment, however, it was found, had not yet warranted a dependence on these golden

premises, and the magnificent expectations which had been entertained from peat were forgotten.

That is to say, they were forgotten by the British public, but not by the gentleman whose enterprise had given occasion for them, and the result of whose attempts to utilize peat, prematurely disclosed, formed the substance of the foregoing statements. Mr. Owen, the gentleman in question, having, in a letter to the "Times," rectified the mistake that had been made as to the conclusiveness of the experiments whereon those statements had been founded, continued quietly to prosecute his designs upon peat, till he had succeeded in ascertaining what was really to be hoped from it, with sufficient precision to obtain for the estimate respectful quotation in the money-article of the rather celebrated journal just mentioned. It appears that a yield, not indeed of five hundred, but at least of one hundred per cent., may be expected from the material. One hundred per cent. derivable from peat, will be a benefit to Ireland commensurate with her bogs, the area and contents of which, it must be admitted, are considerable. Peat, which, save that it was used as an inferior sort of fuel, was heretofore merely one of the encumbrances of Irish estates, bids fair to be, henceforth, a mine of wealth to Ireland.

Now, it may be said that there are two methods of mining. One consists in simply digging into the earth, and getting out its riches. In the other case the miner does not penetrate into the mere globe of the earth, but into the several substances of the earth's productions. He extracts his wealth out of the very matter itself of which this or that thing is composed. So he gets starch out of wheat, or sugar out of beet-root, not to mention a multitude of other valuables obtained from different sources. This miner is the chemist. By chemistry, treasures are detected in rubbish—are derived from apparently useless refuse and offal. For instance, chemistry it is, that can make above cent per cent out of a tangled mass of weeds, the matted medley of half-decayed mosses, rushes, grasses, and heather, constituting peat.

It had been known for some time that there was treasure in peat; but the question was how to get at it, unless at an expense which would have equalled or exceeded its worth. This problem was at last effectually solved by Mr. Rees Reece, the scientific coadjutor of Mr. Owen, by the invention of a process for which he has obtained a patent, and of the nature of which, by the favour of Mr. Reece, a general idea will be presented to the reader.

It must be premised that the produce of peat consists of—sulphate of ammonia, value twelve pounds per ton; acetate of lime, fourteen pounds; naphtha, five shillings per gallon; paraffine, one shilling per pound; and two varieties of oil, at one shilling per gallon, respectively. All these products, except the sulphuric acid in the sulphate of ammonia, and the lime in the acetate of lime, are entirely derived from the peat. The consumption of thirty-six thousand five hundred tons of peat in a year would, it is computed, give an amount of goods equivalent to twenty three thousand six hundred and twenty-five pounds, leaving, after the deduction of the cost of production, eleven thousand nine hundred and eight pounds profit.

For the benefit of our non-chemical friends, it must also be observed that the paraffine (which is a sort of vegetable spermaceti), the naphtha, the oils, the ammonia, and the acetic acid, do not exist severally in the peat ready-formed. They cannot be extracted from it, as acid, and sugar, and fragrant essential oil can be got out of an orange, for instance, or tan out of oak bark, or bitter extract out of hops. Though they come out of the peat, they are not in it. An explanation of this somewhat paradoxical remark may seem due to the class of readers just now addressed.

Peat, like all other vegetable substances, consists of the elementary principles or forms of matter (elementary, as far as we yet know) called carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. It also, like all animal, and some but not all vegetable matter, contains another such-like elementary principle termed nitrogen. These four elements, combined chemically in different proportions, constitute everything that can possibly be made or obtained from a purely animal or vegetable substance. According to the number and proportion in which they combine, is the nature of every individual compound which they form; it may be food, it may be poison; it may serve for furniture, for clothing, for fuel. As the letters of the alphabet by various arrangements form a vast number of words, so by different combinations do these elements compose a multitude of things. For example, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, united in the proportions of four of the first, six of the second, and two of the last, make alcohol or spirit of wine. Twelve of carbon, eleven of hydrogen, and eleven of oxygen, constitute gum. Nitrogen and oxygen united in equal proportions, become the well-known "laughing gas;" in the proportions of one of nitrogen to five of oxygen, they constitute corrosive nitric acid or aquafortis. And carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, variously combined, constitute the several substances procured from peat—namely, paraffine, naphtha, oils, acetic acid, and ammonia.

Simply to mix these elements in the proportions required to generate a particular substance, is not sufficient to make it. For that purpose they must be blended by a union more intimate than that of mere mechanical mixture. They must be amalgamated by chemical combination, so as to be intermingled in the minutest particle of the compound. To accomplish this is more or less difficult in

different cases; in that of peat, the task is very easy.

Fill the bowl of a common tobacco-pipe with some peat, and cap it with pipe-clay. Put the bowl of the pipe into a red-hot fire. In a few minutes a smoke will issue from the end of the stem. That smoke contains all the products which are the riches of the peat. Nothing more is necessary than to collect it, separate its components, and purify them. Mere heat has disengaged the elements of the peat, and recombined them in the new arrangements of paraffine, oils, and other matters already enumerated. Thus has been described a schoolboy's experiment; but that experiment is, in little, the process termed "Destructive Distillation," by which peat is decomposed, and converted into those materials.

Now, to effect the destructive distillation of peat, as by the tobacco-pipe, on a large scale, it would be necessary that the huge retort, corresponding to the bowl of the pipe, should be made of iron, because any other materials would be too thick and cumbrous, or otherwise inconvenient. But as the retort would have to be placed in a furnace, and heated red-hot, it would speedily share the fate, well known to all good housewives, of a kitchen boiler in which no water is kept. To speak chemically, it would quickly become oxidised; in ordinary language, it would soon be spoiled. Moreover the furnace would require an immense quantity of fuel, the cost of which, added to that of the used-up retorts, would come to more money than the proceeds of the concern would be worth. These difficulties, and some others, till recently stood in the way of obtaining from peat those important commodities which it had for some time been suspected to be capable of affording. They appear to have been completely surmounted at last by Mr. Reece. He dispenses altogether with a retort, and at the same time economizes fuel to the utmost extent, by the following very ingenious, and equally simple contrivance.

A large furnace is built of brick. It is closed at top by a moveable cover. On one side, near the base, it has an aperture connected with a blowing-cylinder, through which air is injected by means of a steam-engine, acting as a great pair of bellows. On the other side of the furnace, near the top, is another aperture, whereto is fitted a convoluted pipe, or worm, terminating in a receiver, or condenser, immersed in cold water. The furnace is filled with peat, and closed down; the peat is ignited at the lower aperture; to this the blowing-cylinder is attached: the steam-engine is set going, and air is pumped in at the rate of three thousand cubic feet per minute, for the consumption of one hundred tons of peat in twenty-four hours. A comparatively small stratum of peat, lying immediately above the blast-hole, is all that is burnt, in the ordinary sense of the word. This is converted chiefly into carbonic acid gas, and the other gaseous products of the combustion of vegetable matter. These are forced up by the continued pressure of the steam bellows through the superincumbent mass of peat. They cannot burn it, because in order to do that it would be necessary that they should contain free oxygen. But the combustion going on below, combines all the air impelled into the furnace with carbon to form carbonic acid; which extinguishes fire. The ascending vapours, therefore, hot as they are, absolutely prevent the peat from burning. But they decompose it and distil it, precisely as fire would from actual contact with which it was defended by a closed retort. It is here to be remarked, that the hot carbonic acid gas combines in its ascent with an additional proportion of the carbon of the peat, and becomes converted into carbonic oxide. The products of the decomposition and distillation escape, in the form of smoke, from the upper aperture of the furnace into the worm, and so pass on to be condensed in the receiver.

These products are:—1. Paraffine; which is a peculiar compound of hydrogen and carbon. 2. Naphtha, or wood spirit; an oxygenised combination of the same elements. 3. A volatile oil; and 4. An oil less volatile, being further combinations of those elements. 5. Acetate of Ammonia, which is a compound of all four of the elements—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon. 6. Carbonate of Ammonia, composed of the same elements in different proportions. 7. Water; or hydrogen combined with oxygen. 8. A mixture of inflammable gases, consisting chiefly of various aeriform combinations of hydrogen and carbon, and of carbonic oxide, the constituents of which are carbon and oxygen. 9. Carbon itself, in a minute state of subdivision, together with impurities, giving the whole mingled proceeds of the combustion their appearance of smoke; a result in which it will be soon seen that the process by no means terminates.

For convenience sake, however, we will still call the mixture of gases and vapours which pass out of the furnace, smoke. This smoke is conducted by the "worm" into the refrigerator, or receiver, essentially just as the vapour of the still is treated in distilling spirits. In this receiver so much of it as is condensible is condensed by the cold fluid surrounding the vessel, and collects in the form of tar and water. The rest of it, which is gaseous, passes away through another pipe to a destination which will be described by-and-by.

In the mixed mass—or mess—of fluid condensed in the receiver we have all the marketable and most important products of the peat, only blended, confused, and jumbled together, in what, seemingly, is a mere medley of dirt and dregs; and the question now is how to get them away, and separate them, and purify them.

The water is drawn off from the tar, which

is easily effected; as the latter is lighter than the former, and cakes, and separates itself from it, and swims upon its surface. With the water the naphtha is also drawn away. The water likewise contains the acetate and carbonate of ammonia, dissolved. One hundred tons of peat furnish from ten thousand to twelve thousand gallons of water, according to the dryness of the material. In ten thousand gallons of this water there is a quantity of ammonia sufficient for the manufacture of one ton of sulphate of ammonia and of acetic acid equal to fourteen hundred weight of grey acetate of lime; there is also contained naphtha to the amount of fifty-two gallons. This floating capital—as we may term it—is thus realised:—

To the condensed liquor which has been separated from the tar is added lime, in the proportion of six hundred weight to ten thousand gallons. The whole is stirred thoroughly for some time; and is then distilled. The vapours driven off by distillation consist of naphtha, and ammonia, or spirit of hartshorn, as it is commonly called. The naphtha is made to fly off simply by the heat. The ammonia is expelled by the agency of the lime on the acetate of ammonia. The lime unites chemically with the carbon, oxygen, and part of the hydrogen of the acetate of ammonia. That is to say, it unites with the acetic acid, in consequence of containing which the substance in question is called an acetate; and which consists of those three elements. The remaining hydrogen with all the nitrogen of the acetate of ammonia, constitute the ammonia itself; which is left free by the lime, and by the additional power of the heat is raised in vapour together with the naphtha. The mixture of the two vapours is conducted into dilute sulphuric acid, contained in a close vessel, to which a naphtha-rectifier is attached. The naphtha passes into the rectifier to be purified by distillation. The ammonia is detained by the sulphuric acid, with which it combines, and forms the salt called sulphate of ammonia, which has only to be crystallised to be reduced to an available form. And so Mr. Reece gets his sulphate of ammonia and naphtha; but he has also to get acetate of lime.

Lime, it will be recollected, was added to the liquor whence the naphtha and ammonia were distilled: and we left it there in combination with acetic acid. In fact, it took the place of the ammonia; and the liquor left in the still is a solution of just that very substance which the question now is how to obtain. This question might be readily solved by evaporating and crystallising the liquid merely: but acetate of lime obtained by this summary process would be in a very impure state. To refine it, therefore, is necessary. Accordingly, the liquor is concentrated by being boiled down till in every one hundred parts of it are contained ten parts of acetic acid combined with lime. Then sulphuric acid is added to it in sufficient quantity to unite with the lime and disengage the acetic acid. The liquor is now distilled again; and the produce of the distillation is acetic acid. This is again saturated with lime, and thus returns to the state of acetate, the resulting acetate of lime being now sufficiently pure for commercial purposes, and needing nothing further than being boiled down and dried to be ready for the market.

In the processes above described, lime has been represented as dissolving the connexion between ammonia and acetic acid; sulphuric acid as disengaging acetic acid from lime, and as arresting the volatile ammonia and causing it and naphtha to part company. To be understood by all to whom these presents may come, it must be stated that these changes are the result of the play of chemical affinities, different substances having different degrees of attractiveness one for the other, breaking their mutual engagements, and cutting each other out, thus exhibiting behaviour analogous to phenomena occasionally met with in another sphere than that of chemistry. Acetic acid deserts ammonia for lime. Lime again jilts acetic for the more powerful charms of sulphuric acid. These, too, are of a nature so irresistible as to resist and enchain fickle ammonia. But from these interesting analogies we must return to our peat. It has been seen how sulphate of ammonia, acetate of lime, and naphtha are obtained from its watery product; it has now to be shown how the paraffine and the oils are extracted from its tar.

The tar derived from one hundred tons of peat consists of from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds of paraffine, and three hundred gallons of oils, with a substance called capnomor (a Greek compound word, merely signifying "part of smoke") and waste.

This paraffine which holds so important a place among the products of peat, was first discovered in tar by Reichenbach. It is a white, fusible, solid substance, and it has the capability of being distilled without material change. It melts at one hundred and ten degrees (Fahrenheit) into an oily liquid. Like wax, it burns with a beautifully clear white flame. Its combustion is unattended with the slightest smell. Such a substance, obtained cheaply and plentifully, would clearly be a great addition to the common stock of human property. Unfortunately, however, in the preparation of paraffine, the use of ether was necessary. Valuable as was the paraffine, it was not worth the exchange; to consume ether in procuring, it was like throwing sovereigns after crowns. It might have still continued to be a mere chemical curiosity. The practical difficulty, however, of obtaining this commodity, has also been overcome by Mr. Reece.

The tar is melted and carefully freed from water. Whilst it is of a temperature not exceeding one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, twenty gallons of sulphuric acid are added to it. The acid and tar are well stirred together

during twenty minutes. The sulphuric acid decomposes the impurities, combines with them, and precipitates them, or causes them to gravitate to the bottom of the vessel. Thoroughly to effect their separation, hot water is added. They, being heavier than the water, sink. The purer portion of the tar, consisting of the oils and paraffine, floats on the surface of the water, which thus forms an intervening station of partition between it and the dregs. The mixture of paraffine and oils is now drawn off and distilled. The first half part of the products of the distillation is set apart; this consists of the more volatile oil, mingled with some foreign matters. The other half includes the paraffine, together with the oil of the denser sort. This latter product of the distillation is allowed to cool; and then the paraffine crystallises, and may be discovered in the form of flakes, diffused throughout the oil. The mass is now subjected to pressure; and thus the fluid oil is squeezed away from the more solid paraffine. Here, then, it may be supposed, we have the paraffine. True; but we have it qualified with two very serious drawbacks,—its colour is very bad, and its odour is worse. To bleach and to deodorise it, it is subjected to the operation of chlorochromic acid, which has the twofold effect of rendering it both clear and sweet. The paraffine is now of the colour of butter; but, at this stage of its preparation, another obstacle is encountered. It has passed into an amorphous state; that is, it has lost its consistent form; its translucency has also been destroyed. To restore these qualities it is distilled once more. Powerful hydraulic pressure is then applied to it, and, lastly, it is exposed for a considerable time to the action of free steam. And thus, in a presentable shape, eliminated from a mass of foul and fetid tar, we at last get the paraffine.

The oils, both the portion of oil distilled in the first instance from the tar, and that subsequently separated by pressure from the paraffine, have now to be purified. They are mingled together, and a quantity either of caustic potash or soda, or lime, is mingled with them. Lime is preferable on account of its comparative cheapness. Having been well stirred, the mixture is allowed to settle; and then the oils are decanted, and sulphuric acid is added to them. The sulphuric acid combines with any portion of lime that may be suspended in their substance, and throws it down in the form of insoluble sulphate of lime, and with it precipitates other remaining impurities. The mingled oils are now finally distilled, and bleached by chlorochromic acid. Of the product of this ultimate distillation the first sixty parts per cent. constitute the lighter oil, and the remaining portion consists of that which is denser and less volatile.

The gaseous products of the distillation of the peat remain to be accounted for. They amount, for every one hundred tons of peat, to six million cubic feet of mixed inflammable gases, namely, carburetted hydrogen, olefiant gas, and free hydrogen (this latter varying according to the dryness of the peat), together with carbonic oxide. With these are mingled a certain proportion of nitrogen, and a minute quantity of carbonic acid, both of which are uninflammable; but their quantity is too small to interfere materially with the inflammability of the whole. This mixture of gases is conducted away in pipes, and used as fuel for the supply of the steam-engines and the distilling apparatuses; and also to afford sources of heat for drying, steaming, burning lime, and other purposes, in the establishment and its neighbourhood.

We have now—by the help of Mr. Reece—resolved the bulk of our peat into its salt, oils, spirit, and vegetable wax or sperm, and gases. Nothing remains of it on the hearth of the furnace but some three or four tons of "slag," which is allowed to run out, as in the process of smelting iron.

That these products of peat are highly useful, may be inferred from their commercial value, above stated. Sulphate of ammonia is employed in the preparation of the muriate, carbonate, and other salts of ammonia used in medicine, chemistry, and various arts and manufactures. It is also very generally applied as a fertilising agent. Acetate of lime is the source whence is obtained acetic or pyroligneous acid, or distilled vinegar; calico-printers also make great use of it. Naphtha is a substance in great request with hatters, varnish-makers, and all who want a ready and efficient solvent of gums and resins, besides serving for combustion and illumination. Paraffine, in virtue of its close resemblance to the most beautiful wax or sperm, and from its readily combining with those bodies and most fatty matters by fusion, as well as by reason of the whiteness and lustre of the flame with which it burns, is a material fitted for the manufacture of a most elegant description of candles. Its emitting no odour in burning renders it peculiarly eligible for illuminating purposes. The more volatile oil is, like the naphtha, valuable as a solvent of caoutchouc, gutta percha, and various resins and varnishes: the more fixed oil may be combined with tallow or palm-oil, to make grease for lubricating machinery; or mixed with common oil to produce a cheap lamp-oil. It is also convertible into the best kind of lamp-black.

When the peat-bog has been cleared for the purposes of the chemist, it must not be forgotten that the soil laid bare is now amenable to the operations of the husbandman.

The labour of cutting, and otherwise preparing the peat, must of course be a most extensive source of industrial occupation, and afford employment to a vast number of

persons hitherto existing, or rather, vegetating in a state of semi-starvation. Thus not only will peat be converted into acetates and ammoniacal salts, and paraffine, and other hydrocarbons, but will undergo a not less interesting metamorphosis into Irish bacon, Irish beef, Irish bread—let us hope—and thence into Irish bone and muscle. Of its conversion into English plum-pudding, with a view to the latter of these transformations, Mr. Owen has a capital experiment to relate, tried by him at his already established works at Newtown Crommelin, in Antrim. The plum-pudding was a much greater novelty to the poor fellows than the paraffine, at its first discovery, was to the world of chemists.

If any dependence can be placed from facts and figures, and the most intelligible arguments and deductions from scientific data, it does seem that Ireland contains the elements of a prosperity only to be paralleled in amount by her previous wretchedness. The traditional gratitude of Irishmen still honours St. Patrick for having preached all the vermin of their island into the peat-bogs. They will, probably, have much more reason to thank Mr. Rees Reece and Mr. Owen for the opulence which those gentlemen will have conjured out of the bogs by the beautiful magic of chemistry, aided by capital.

A NEW PHASE OF BEE-LIFE.

About the middle of an afternoon in July, 1848, we had landed on a low sand-bank, which, for a short distance, skirted the right bank of the stream, for the purpose of encamping for the night; and right glad were we to stretch our limbs after ten hours' paddling. The Indians had started in their woodskin up the neighbouring creek, in quest of game for our evening's repast, and the women were clearing a space beneath the branches for our hammocks, and collecting fuel for the nightly fire. All who have wandered with the pleasant Waterton in his chivalrous Expedition on the Essequibo, will remember his first guiltless attempt to hook the wary cayman, before seeking more skilful allies in the Indian settlement higher up the river. The sand-bank in which we were about to bivouac, was that mentioned in his narrative, where, for four days, he had impatiently waited for the shades of evening, and as often turned into his hammock at day-break with his longings ungratified.

It was as usual intensely hot in the sun. To seek some relief, for the first time during the day, I strolled—or rather straggled, for every step through the tangled creepers had to be gained by hacking and hewing with a cutlass—down to the cool banks of the creek, whose overhanging branches, forming a magnificent arcade of verdure, almost excluded (or admitted only at distant intervals), the scorching rays.

Seating myself on the smooth grey trunk of a tree, which lay prostrate across the sluggish water, whose broken limbs shone bright in the gay drapery of a scarlet-blossomed epiphyte, I lighted my pipe, and taking a book from my pocket, began lazily turning over the pages and lightly gleaning the pleasant thought of a witty and social poet. My attention now and again drawn away by the ceaseless tappings of a yellow-headed woodpecker on a decaying tree close at hand, to the glittering flashes of a Karabimitas, a Topaz-throated humming-bird—a frequenter of dark and solitary creeks, capturing flies among the gay petals, for his nest-keeping partner, who, a few paces up the stream was gently swinging with the evening breeze, in her tiny home. I had been in this position for some time, little regarding the whizzing hum of insects constantly passing and repassing—when, my gaze chancing to fall a yard or more from my resting place, I detected a small bright-grey bee, about the third of an inch in length, disappearing in what seemed a solid part of the trunk.

There was no hole or crevice perceptible to the eye, nor did that portion of the bark feel less smooth than that immediately adjoining. I might be mistaken—nay! *I must be.* I had just arrived at this last conclusion, when a tiny piece of the bark was suddenly raised, and out flew the little gentleman I had seen disappear, or one too like him not to belong to the same family. The mystery was solved. Some ingenious bee-architect had devised an entrance-gate, fitting so admirably as to defy discovery when shut; while I was certain that I could lay my finger almost on the precise spot, the closest inspection failed to reveal any trace of its outline. The bark, though polished and even, was covered with faint interlaced streaks, from which even the smoothest bark is never free; and the skilful carpenter had adapted the irregular tracings of nature to his object of concealment. Wishing to inspect the workmanship without injuring its delicacy, I had to wait patiently until it should again fly open; nor was I kept long in expectation, for it presently popped up to permit the egress of another of the fraternity, and a ready twig prevented its descending. I found it designedly crooked and jagged at the edges, with an average width of about a quarter of an inch, and twice that in length: its substance was little more than the outer skin of the bark, and, being still connected, at one end, opened and closed as with a spring. The cunning workman had no doubt been aware that had he made it much shorter—which the size of the passengers would have permitted—it would have required to be thrown farther back, when the greater tension would soon have destroyed the elasticity of the hinge, and, with that, its power of fitting close to the tree. Immediately within the doorway was a small ante-chamber, forming a sort of porter's lodge to the little surly grey-liveried gentle-

man inside, who, without quitting his retreat, showed his displeasure at my intrusion in a manner too pointed to be mistaken, and certainly manifesting neither trepidation nor alarm at the sight of one of the "lords of the creation," though probably the first offered to his inspection. From the entrance-hall, two circular tunnels conducted into the interior of the establishment, from whence came the confused murmurs of a numerous and busy community. I had just allowed the door to close, and was admiring the exceeding neatness of the workmanship, when another of the family returned home, signifying his arrival, and obtaining admittance in a manner at once novel and singular.

After darting against the entrance, and touching it with his feet, he rose again into the air, and taking a wide swoop round the trunk, came up on the other side, this time, flying straight towards the "trap," which was quickly raised, when he was a few inches distant, and, on his entering, as quickly closed. The office of the pugnacious individual inside was explained; he was actually the door-keeper, and his returning comrades, having, like any other modern gentlemen, politely rapped, circled out of the observation of prying eyes, till he was prepared to admit them. Numbers were constantly arriving, and all went through the process I have described, each flying away, after knocking, in a different direction, but all allowing the same time to elapse before returning for admission:—thus, the door was never opened save at the proper moment.

After watching their proceedings for some time, I discovered the reason of their not waiting quietly at the entrance. Sneaking among the stray leaves and rubbish in the trunk and in the holes and cavities of the bark, were numbers of small insects, of the same colour as the bees, but with the addition of one or two minute bands of black across the abdomen; their slender, graceful forms and partially exposed ovipositors revealed, however, the cause of their slinking about, and stamped them the parasitic ichneumons of the hive. I thought that, after the habits of their tribe, they were endeavouring to obtain an entrance, when they pouncingly hovered over the bees as they were disappearing in the door-way; but, as none ever succeeded, I conjectured that they had devised and were pursuing some other plan of introducing their blood-thirsty progeny. Further observation showed this to be correct. The rascals were endeavouring to attach their eggs to the small pellets of pollen with which each bee was laden, and they often succeeded, in spite of the admirably devised tactics to prevent them.

The duties of the janitor were gradually ceasing; all the bees had returned save a few stragglers, and even these were becoming scarce; the last parting rays of the sun—a signal for the twilight birds to issue from their lurking-places—warned me, that in a few minutes I should have some difficulty in penetrating through the thick underwood, for I was in a clime where the sun "sinks at once, and all is night."

I was about to retrace my steps, when the measured stroke of paddles caught my ear, and presently the Indian "corial," with a brave batch of maroudis and some smaller birds, turned a bend in the sinuous creek, and swiftly glided towards me, guided through the fallen trees and branches, which in some places almost choked the narrow stream, by the skilful arm of old Paley, as I had dubbed our usual steersman. The same keen eye that kept the frail bark clear of besetting obstacles, quickly detected me—though it was almost dark—stretched in the tree above him. Staying the progress of the "wood-skin" beneath, I slipped off my boots, and cautiously lowered myself down.

I wouldn't advise any one to squat with booted heel in a flims "bark," especially when—intended for two and accommodating four—it is skimming along with the water an inch or so from the edge. A lurch to one side, and over you go—pleasantly enough in shallow water on a hot day, but anything but that with twenty feet of black fluid beneath, and you not able to swim. A few weeks' practice had enabled me to balance myself without endangering others; so we landed safely.

The birds, soon ready for the pot, were in a few minutes boiling away among the "cassareep" and peppers. We made hearty suppers that night; and as I lay in my hammock, taking the usual "soothing whiff" before resigning myself to sleep, the howling of monkeys, the bellowings of caymen, and the various cries of goatsucker, owl, and tiger-bird, blending with the occasional roar of the jaguar in his midnight courtship, the soughing of the breeze among the trees, and the murmur of the distant falls, made as discordant and motley a "hushaby" as one could imagine. Fortunately, all the screeching and howling in the universe would have failed to drive away my slumbers; so I quietly fell asleep, with the swaying branches brushing past my face. My latest waking thoughts, I remember, now recalling the wandering Waterton (he might have slept suspended from the same branch), and his fishing for caymen; now, the bees and their tiny trap-doors; now, my tiger-robbed coverlet, and the rapids we were to "shoot" in the morning; and, lastly, blending into a confused murmur—raising pleasant recollections of the old school-room buzz, and of the kindly comrades and anxious friends in my far-off home.

We were up and away down the sparkling river at daybreak the next morning; and I had no other opportunity of observing the economy of the bees and their enemies; nor

in my rambles, did I ever chance to meet with another family of the same species, or with kindred habits.

THE QUEEN'S TOBACCO-PIPE.

We have seen pipes of all sorts and sizes in our time. In Germany, where the finest cnaster is but twenty-pence a pound, and excellent leaf-tobacco only five-pence, we have seen pipes that resembled actual furnaces compared with the general race of pipes, and have known a man smoke out half a pound of cnaster and drink a gallon of beer at a sitting. But this is perfectly pigmy work when compared with the royal pipe and consumptive tobacco power of Victoria of England. The Queen's pipe is, beyond all controversy—for we have seen it—equal to any other thousand pipes that can be produced from the pipial stores of this smoking world. She has not only an attendant to present it whenever she may call for it, but his orders are to have it always in the most admirable smoking state—always lighted, without regard to the quantity of tobacco it may consume; and, accordingly, her pipe is constantly kept smoking day and night without a moment's intermission, and there are, besides the grand pipe-master, a number of attendants incessantly employed in seeking the most suitable tobacco, and bringing it to the grand-master. There is no species of tobacco which the Queen has not in her store-room. Shag, pigtail, Cavendish, Manilla, Havanna, cigars, cheroots, negrohead every possible species of nicotian, she gives a trial to, by way of variety. A single cigar she holds in as much contempt as a lion would a fly by way of mouthful. We have seen her grand-master drop whole handfuls of Havannas at once into her pipe, and after them as many Cubas.

It may abate the wonder of the reader at this stupendous smoking power of the Queen, if we admit, as must, indeed, have become apparent in the course of our remarks, that the Queen performs her smoking, as she does many of her other royal acts, by the hands of her servants. In truth, to speak candidly, the Queen never smokes at all, except through her servants. And this will appear very likely, when we describe the actual size of her royal pipe. It is, indeed, of most imperial dimensions. The head alone is so large, that while its heel rests on the floor of her cellar, its top reaches out of the roof. We speak a literal fact, as any one who procures an order for the purpose may convince himself by actual inspection. We are sure that the quantity of tobacco which is required to supply it must amount to some tons in the year. Nay, so considerable is it, that ships are employed specially to bring over this tobacco, and these ships have a dock of one acre in extent at the port of London entirely for their exclusive reception. In a word, the Queen's Tobacco-pipe, its dimensions, its attendance, its supply and consumption of tobacco, are without any parallel in any age or any nation.

If we have raised any wonder in the breasts of our readers, we shall not diminish that wonder by some further explanations regarding this extraordinary pipe; if we have raised any incredulity, what we are now about to add will at once extinguish it.

The Queen's Tobacco-pipe, then, is a furnace built in the very centre of the great Tobacco Warehouse at the London Docks. This furnace is kept for the purpose of consuming all the damaged tobacco which comes into port. As the warehouse is the Queen's Warehouse, the furnace is really termed the Queen's Pipe; and all that we have related of it is literally true, and is, in itself and all the circumstances connected with it, one of the most remarkable things in this country.

If any one would form anything like an adequate conception of the wonders of London, and of the power and wealth of this country, he should pay a visit to the London Docks. After having traversed the extent, and amazed himself at the myriad population, the intense activity, the stupendous affluence, and the endless variety of works going on in this capital of the globe, he will, on arriving at the Docks, feel a fresh and boundless astonishment. From near the Tower all the way to Blackwall, a distance of four miles, he will find it a whole world of Docks. The mass of shipping, the extent of vast warehouses, many of them five and seven stories high, all crowded with ponderous heaps of merchandise from every region of the globe, have nothing like it besides in the world, and never have had. The enormous wealth here collected is perfectly overwhelming to the imagination.

If the spectator first enter St. Katherine's Docks, he finds them occupying twenty-three acres, with water capable of accommodating one hundred and twenty ships, and warehouses of holding one hundred and ten thousand tons of goods; the capital of the company alone exceeding two millions of pounds. Proceeding to the London Docks, properly so called, there he will find an extent of more than one hundred acres, offering water for five hundred ships, and warehouse-room for two hundred and thirty-four thousand tons of goods; the capital of the company amounting to four millions of pounds. The West India Docks next present themselves, being three times as extensive as the London Docks, having an area of no less than two hundred and ninety-five acres, with water to accommodate four hundred vessels, and warehouse-room for one hundred and eighty thousand tons of merchandise; the capital of the company is more than six millions of pounds, and the value of goods which have been on the premises at one time twenty millions. Lastly, the East India Docks occupy thirty-two acres, and afford warehouse-room for fifteen thousand tons of goods.

The whole of these Docks occupying four

hundred and fifty acres, offering accommodation for one thousand two hundred ships, and for five hundred and thirty thousand tons of goods.

But these are only the Docks on the left bank of the river; on the other side, Docks extend from Rotherhithe to Deptford; the Surrey Docks, the Commercial Docks, and the East Country Docks. When the gigantic extent of these Docks, and the mass of property in them, are considered, Tyre and Sidon shrink up into utter insignificance.

But of all these astonishing places, our present attention is devoted only to the London Docks, properly so called, as being connected with the operations of the Queen's Pipe; the damaged and unsaleable goods of these Docks being its food. In these Docks are especially warehoused wine, wool, spices, tea, ivory, drugs, tobacco, sugars, dye-stuffs, imported metals, and sundry other articles. Except the teas and spices, you may procure inspection of all these articles, as they lie in their enormous quantities, by a ticket from the secretary. If you wish to taste the wines, you must have a tasting order for the purpose.

Imagine yourselves, then, entering the gateway of the London Docks. If you wish only to walk round and see the shipping, and people at work, you can do that without any order. As you advance, you find yourself surrounded right and left by vast warehouses, where numbers of people, with carts and trucks, are busily at work taking in and fetching out goods. On your right you soon pass the ivory warehouse, where nobody is admitted except by a *special* order. The cause of this singular regulation, by no means complimentary to the fair sex, we were unable to ascertain. No lady could very well be suspected of carrying off in her muff an elephant's tooth of some hundred weight, but there must have been female thieves, dexterous enough to secrete, perhaps a rhinoceros's tooth, of perhaps some dozen pounds, valued at one pound seven shillings per pound; and thus contrived to bring a stigma on the whole sex.

Vast heaps of ivory lie on the floor of this warehouse, in huge elephants' tusks, of from twenty to a hundred pounds weight each; tusks of rhinoceros, and the ivory weapons of sword-fish and sea-unicorns. Here lay, on our last visit, the African spoils of Mr. Gordon Cumming; and, indeed, the spectacle is one that carries you away at once to the African deserts, and shows you what is going on there while we are quietly and monotonously living at home.

Proceeding down the dock-yard, you see before you a large area literally paved with wine-casks, all full of the most excellent wines. On our last visit, the wine then covering the ground was delicious Bordeaux, as you might easily convince yourself by dipping a finger into the bunghole of any cask; as, for some purpose of measurement, or testing the quality, the casks were most of them open. This is, in fact, the great depôt of the wine of the London merchants, no less than sixty thousand pipes being capable of being stored away in the vaults here. One vault alone, which formerly was seven acres, has now been extended under Gravel-lane, so that at present it contains upwards of twelve acres! These vaults are faintly lit with lamps, but on going in, you are at the entrance accosted with the singular demand—"Do you want a cooper?" Many people, not knowing its meaning, say "No, by no means!" The meaning of the phrase is, "do you want to taste the wines?" when a cooper accompanies you to pierce the casks, and give you the wine. Parties are every day, and all day long, making these exploratory and tasting expeditions. Every one on entering is presented with a lamp at the end of a lath, about two feet long, and you soon find yourselves in some of the most remarkable caving in the world. Small streets, which you perceive are of great extent, by the glimmering of lamps in the far distance, extend before you, and are crossed by others in such a manner that none but those well acquainted with the geography of these subterranean regions could possibly find their way about them. From the dark vaulted roof over head, especially in one vault, hang strange figures, black as night, light as gossamer, and of a yard or more in length, resembling skins of beasts, or old shirts dipped in soot. These are fed to this strange growth by the fumes of the wine.

For those who taste the wines the cooper bores the heads of the pipes, which are ranged throughout these vast cellars on either hand in thousands and tens of thousands, and draws a glassful. These glasses, though shaped as wine-glasses, resemble much more goblets in their size, containing each as much as several ordinary wine-glasses. What you do not drink is thrown upon the ground; and it is calculated that at least a hogshead a day is thus consumed. Many parties who wish for a cheap carouse, procure a tasting order, take biscuits with them, and drink of the best of all sorts of wine in the cellars, and in quantities enough to terrify any disciple of Father Mathew. Here, again, we find a regulation permitting no ladies to enter these cellars after one o'clock. For such a rule there must be a sufficient cause, and the fact which we have just stated may perhaps furnish the key to it.

Not less striking than those cellars is the Mixing House above, where there are vats into which merchants who wish to equalise all their wines of one vintage can have them emptied and then re-drawn into their casks. The largest of these vats contains twenty-three thousand two hundred and fifty gallons; and to it the famous Heidelburg Ton is a mere keg.

But the reader may ask, what have these wine-cellars to do with the Queen's Pipe? It is this; in the centre of the great east

vault you come to a circular building without any entrance. It is the root and foundation of the Queen's Pipe. Quitting the vault, and ascending into the warehouse over it, you find that you are in the Great Tobacco Warehouse, called the Queen's Warehouse, because the Government rent the Tobacco Warehouses here for fourteen thousand pounds per annum. This one warehouse has no equal in any other part of the world. It is five acres in extent, and yet it is covered with a roof, the framework of which is of iron, erected, we believe, by Mr. Barry, the architect of the New Houses of Parliament, and of so light and skilful a construction, that it admits of a view of the whole place; and so slender are the pillars, that the roof seems almost to hang upon nothing. Under this roof is piled a vast mass of tobacco in huge casks, in double tiers; that is, two casks in height. This warehouse is said to hold, when full, twenty-four thousand hogsheads, averaging one thousand two hundred pounds each, and equal to thirty thousand tons of general merchandise. Each cask is said to be worth, duty included, two hundred pounds; giving a sum total of tobacco in this one warehouse, when filled, of four millions eight hundred thousand pounds in value! Besides this, there is another warehouse of nearly equal size, where finer kinds of tobacco are deposited, many of them in packages of buffalo-hide, marked "Giron," and Manilla for cheroots, in packages of sacking lined with palmetto leaves. There is still another warehouse for cigars, called the Cigar Floor, in which there are frequently one thousand five hundred chests, valued at one hundred pounds each, at an average, or one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in cigars alone.

The scene in the Queen's Warehouse, to which we return, is very singular. Long streets stretch right and left between the walls of tobacco-casks; and when the men are absent at one of their meals, you find yourself in an odd sort of solitude, and in an atmosphere of tobacco. Every one of these giant hogsheads is stripped twice from the tobacco during its stay in this warehouse; once on entrance, to weigh it, and again before leaving, to ascertain whether the mass is uninjured; and to weigh what is found good for the duty, and for the sale price to the merchant. Thus the coopers take all these hogsheads twice to pieces, and put them together again. This tobacco is of the strong coarse kind, for pig-tail, shag, snuff, &c. The finer kinds, as we have said, go to the other warehouse.

But your eye is now attracted by a guide-post, on which is painted, in large letters, "To the Kiln." Following this direction, you arrive at the centre of the warehouse, and at the Queen's Pipe. You enter a door on which is rudely painted the crown royal and the initials "V. R.," and find yourself in a room of considerable size, in the centre of which towers up the kiln; a furnace of the conical kind, like a glass-house or porcelain furnace. On the door of the furnace is again painted the crown and the "V. R." Here you find, in the furnace, a huge mass of fire, and around are heaps of damaged tobacco, tea, and other articles ready to be flung upon it, as it admits of it. This fire never goes out, day or night, from year to year. There is an attendant who supplies it with its fuel, as it can take it; and men, during the day time, constantly coming laden with great loads of tobacco, cigars, and other stuff, condemned to the flames. Whatever is forfeited, and is too bad for sale, be it what it will, is doomed to the kiln. At the other Docks damaged goods, we were assured, are buried till they are partly rotten, and then taken up and disposed of as rubbish or manure. Here the Queen's Pipe smokes all up, except the greater quantity of the tea, which, having some time ago set the chimney of the kiln on fire, is now rarely burnt. And strange are the things that sometimes come to this perpetually burning furnace. On one occasion, the attendant informed us, he burnt nine hundred Australian mutton-hams. These were warehoused before the duty came off. The owner suffered them to remain till the duty ceased, in hopes of their being exempt from it; but this not being allowed, they were left till so damaged as to be unsaleable. Yet a good many, the man declared, were excellent; and he often made a capital addition to his breakfast from the roast that, for some time, was so odoriferously going on. On another occasion he burnt thirteen thousand pairs of condemned French gloves.

In one department of the place often lie many tons of the ashes from the furnace, which are sold by auction, by the ton, to gardeners and farmers, as manure, and for killing insects, to soap-boilers and chemical manufacturers. In a corner are generally piled cart-loads of nails, and other pieces of iron, which have been swept up from the floors, or have remained in the broken pieces of casks and boxes which go to the kiln. Those which have been sifted from the ashes are eagerly bought up by gunsmiths, sorted, and used in the manufacture of gun-barrels, for which they are highly esteemed, as possessing a toughness beyond all other iron, and therefore calculated pre-eminently to prevent bursting. Gold and silver, too, are not unfrequently found amongst these ashes; for many manufactured articles, if unsaleable, are broken up, and thrown in. There have sometimes, indeed, been vast numbers of foreign watches, professing themselves to be gold watches, but being gross impostors, which have been ground up in a mill, and then flung in here.

Such is the Queen's Tobacco-Pipe, unique of its kind, and in its capacity of consumption. None of the other Docks have anything like it. It stands alone. It is *the* Pipe—and as we have said, establishes the Queen of

England, besides being the greatest monarch on the globe, as the greatest of all smokers—not excepting the Grand Turk, or the Emperor of Austria, the greatest tobacconist of Europe.

BITS OF LIFE IN MUNICH.

DECEMBER.—You shall now know the great gossip of Munich—but I don't believe a word of it; neither will you, I suppose! There is a rumour afloat that at night, in lonely places, there appears a fearful man, who draws out a terrible weapon, a poisoned knife, or knives, concealed in a ring, and wounds you in the face! Report says that he has wounded several victims already; that one, in dying, declared that the man had vowed to destroy *ninety!* And about a fortnight ago scarcely a day passed but you heard of a fresh victim.

Some people said they had seen the crowd; others that they heard the particulars from the aunt, or cousin, or neighbour of the child, or person wounded. You can scarcely imagine the panic that people have been in about this "*Gesichte-schneider-man*," with the "*iron-clasp!*" They say—but I cannot at all vouch for the truth of it—that a man guilty of the same capital crime was beheaded last year at Augsburg; others say seven years ago; I hear, in fact, such contradictory and wild reports, that I believe very little. Of this, however, you may be sure, that I am very careful to go along the most frequented streets, and that too in broad daylight, for I will not run the risk of being frightened even by my own imagination.

However the people believe it every word, and it is, really, very German—very much like some of those wild crimes recorded in the "*Causes Célèbres*." Then, too, the secrecy that there is about it, helps to terrify people. In England the affair would soon be brought to light, and the wretch—if such a monster does exist—be punished.

There is, however, something terrific in facts which belong to every-day life here, as for instance, the training of a dog. I did not, myself, witness this affair; I only heard it described; but it strikes me also as very German. One afternoon J. told me that she heard a tremendous noise, the shouts and screams of a man, and the terrific howling and yelling of a dog. Out darted the gentleman from the studio, and out rushed J., and there, in the large adjoining field, through the mud—for there had been a heavy fall of snow—a man raced along, pursued by an enormous dog, the fiercest brute imaginable; it sprung upon him, it tore him, it shook him by the hair of his head, it dragged him along the ground, the man screaming and the dog howling! Then they were up again, and careering round and round the field, man and dog, like wild beasts. J. was horrified beyond words, and to J.'s indescribable indignation the gentleman looked quietly on and smiled. What could it mean? To her it seemed a fearful murder. But no! it was only the training of a watch-dog; and a very frightful business it must have been, although very grand to witness, the gentleman declared. The man was all bound up, so that the dog could not possibly injure him materially; but his head and face, with their frightful bandages, suggested no other idea than that of wounds, which made him look all the more dreadful. These fierce dogs, thus trained, are necessary as a security against robbers; many people keep them; there are two at the studio, but I have noticed nothing very ferocious about them. Here this mode of training dogs is not at all unusual, although the trade I should think not particularly agreeable.

Hearing of the necessity for such terrible dogs, you would imagine, especially after my account of the "face-cutting-man with the iron-clasp," that Munich was a dreadful place, and that its inhabitants are beset by dangers dire. But that is anything but the truth, speaking from our experience. For my part, I think that all these suggestions of horror only belong to the approach of long winter evenings, and are as much a sign of the season as the number of strange winter garments that you meet in the streets. I wish you could have seen the pair of long, grotesque, crimson leather boots which we met to-day!—this style of boots, though generally made of untanned leather, is much affected by the students. I wish, too, you could have seen the tall, shadowy figure of a student, arrayed in a long grey cloak, with a painted hood standing up in wizard or "Mother-Red-Cap" style, on his head! It was a misty afternoon, just beginning to grow dark, as he came upon us at the abrupt turning of a street; we felt that he was a shadow—a creature of the mist. And it was all the more fantastic as we were just passing, or rather had just passed, the enchanted-looking red, gothic palace of King Ludwig, which in the mist, and with lights gleaming from its windows, seemed to glow like a burning palace of enchantment; the red colour through the mist making the whole building appear to be on fire—in a dull glow.

These hooded cloaks are a great rage here among the young men and lads; youths of twelve and fifteen have gay ones; outside grey or drab, with linings of crimson or blue—they are just like women's cloaks;—the students generally have darker colours, but their hoods generally gaily lined. If a man does not wear a hooded cloak, he wears one with a large cape, which he flings gracefully over his shoulders, producing very effective drapery; or if he does not sport an ample cloak, or a cloak of any kind, he will wear a great loose coat, with the sleeves uselessly dangling down at his sides or floating foolishly behind him. You never, by any chance, happen in Munich to see a man wearing a great coat, as any thing but a cloak.

There is nothing very peculiar about the

winter-dresses of the ladies. Of course, among the unbonneted class, you notice, with the damp, cold weather, a great increase of white bound-up heads, telling of toothach!

I must not, however, forget the garment of boards and planks now worn by all the fountains, as well as by the statue of the youth at the entrance of the English garden, who, with outstretched hand, invited us so pleasantly all summer and autumn to wander away among the trees. All now are boarded up in huge wooden cases, and thus they will remain until the spring.

As yet the weather is not very cold, although there has been snow for some weeks. About Christmas, I suppose, the bitter winter frosts will commence. One little thing peculiar to the winter here I greatly admire: you see long rolls of green moss laid inside almost all the windows, to keep out the draughts of cold air. The moss looks pretty and fresh; and you see peasants bringing in loads of these moss-wreaths every day into the city. I need not say that the shops are very gay with Christmas presents, and that everybody is preparing for Christmas trees.

So much for the December features of this cheerful little city.

A METAPHYSICAL MYSTERY.

I HAD a strange adventure once. Let me premise that I am somewhat sensitive (or, as my friends call it, "fidgetty") and somewhat, also, speculative (which the same gentlemen call "dreamy").

It was summer-time. I had been walking in the Regent's Park, and had been taking an economical view of that small section of the zoological specimens which can be seen without entering the gardens. They were roaming about, and showing themselves, without any reference to the interests of the proprietors. Presently, I sat, or rather lay down, towards four o'clock, on a bench, and began reading a volume which I carried with me. It was a volume of SPINOSA—that famous philosopher, whose favourite amusement (as his biographer Colerus tells us) was to watch spiders in their web—and who certainly seems to have had, in doing so, a prophetic eye to the perplexities of his students. I took a turn at the Ethics, and was musing on the difference between "substance" and "attributes," when (the day being warm) I fell asleep.

I must have been asleep some time, when I felt myself roused by a touch on the shoulder. My book had tumbled on the grass; the air was a little chilly: an elderly gentleman of very respectable appearance was beside me. He bowed civilly, picked up my book for me, and said, "They 're going to shut up, Sir."

"Oh,—indeed!" I replied. "I'm much obliged to you."

I jumped up, and we moved towards Gloucester Gate.

"So, you are fond of that philosopher, Mr. ——"

"My name is Herbert," I said.

"Mr. Herbert. I have always considered with reference" ——

And here the elderly gentleman went off into a disquisition on the subject. A quotation from a favourite author is always to me a kind of letter of introduction. We got very friendly. After a little while, as we were drawing near Acacia Road, (he having stopped —purchased an apple at a stall—cut off an end of it—and put it in his pocket) he suddenly said, "Come and dine with us on Tuesday, at 40, Beaver Street, Beaver Square, —six o'clock."

"You 're very good," I said; "certainly——"

I was going to have said something farther, when he suddenly shook hands—cried "Six—remember!"—turned a corner, and was off.

"Well," I soliloquised, "a clever old man —awfully courteous! Yes, I certainly will dine on Tuesday with Mr. ——"

Whew! Here was a surprise. I did not know my entertainer's name! Thanks to my confoundedly "speculative" tendencies, I had never thought of asking that. I went off next day, and consulted a directory. "Beaver Street, 40," was there found as a local habitation belonging to the name of "Hoggles." "Ah," I thought, "odd name, but very lucky I found it out."

Tuesday came. I dressed and reached Beaver Street in due time. The door was opened by a livery servant.

"Mr. Hoggles in?" I said enquiringly.

"Yes, Sir." The man looked surprised, and moved along the passage and called out loudly "Mr. Hoggles! you 're wanted."

My heart sank within me as a thick-set individual, in a paper cap, came up stairs from below and presented himself, saying, "I'm landlord of this house, Sir—do you want me?"

Clearly, then, my friend was a lodger; but what was his name? I paused.

"Is Mr. ——"

I was in hopes the confounded servant would anticipate the name, and all would be right. But no; he waited silently.

Luckily, at that moment, the real old gentleman showed himself on the stairs, and said, "Come up, Mr. Herbert; you 're in very good time."

I would have given the world just to say, "Who the deuce are you?" But he marched me up into a very fine room on the first floor, where the cloth was laid for dinner, and with a simple "My daughter, Mr. Herbert," introduced me to a young lady there. I felt very like Linnæus just discovering a new and unnamed flower when I bowed to that damsel, and reflected on my utter ignorance of her titles. There was a sort of melancholy about her look that, somehow, prepossessed me, and she looked somewhat inquisitively at me, which I confess made me feel rather uneasy.

The old gentleman brought a book from a

side table and put it into my hand. "It is the Jena edition," he said. It struck me that his name might be in the title-page. I glanced at it. No! There was "From the author" there, however—the author having been dead nearly two hundred years! I thought this was a joke—the offspring of that queer jocosity which so often belongs to enthusiasm. Accordingly I smiled. He took away the book somewhat abruptly, and put it down again.

The dinner made its appearance. "Ah," I thought, as I surveyed the viands, "I know your names, my friends. You are cod—you are mutton. Could I only know those of my entertainer!" I foresaw that I should presently have to take wine with one of them. Then, again, I was constantly obliged to keep my eyes upon each; for if I wanted to call their attention, how do so, if I didn't know their name?

Dinner went on. I happened to make some observation to the daughter. The old gentleman looked up—"Eh?"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I was speaking to Miss —— (that terrible pause again!) to your daughter."

I glanced at the end of a fork, in a knowing way, soon after this. There was a chance of an initial there, at all events. But no; he must needs have a crest! How I abominated his barbarous ancestral pride! It was a stag. Everybody carries a stag. Had it been a pelican with young, which a certain great family (with the same sucking propensities, no doubt) carries, I might have guessed that he was one. As ill-luck would have it, he observed my glance at the stag.

"It is a pretty crest, is it not, Mr. Herbert?"

"Very," said I; and then I thought I had hit on something very ingenious. So I went on carelessly, "Do all your name bear the same?"

"Except the Devonshire ones—for they vary the name a little," answered the daughter. Doubtless she took it, as a matter of course, that I knew their name. I grew morbid. What right had I to be eating this old gentleman's dinner, when I was a perfect stranger to him?

Lucky Devonshire people, thought I, who know what the name is! "Ah," I resumed, "they called themselves——" (what a pause *that* was!)

"They add an '*i*,'" she said, quietly.

"Add an '*i*,'" I thought. Where, and how? Was the name Tomkins, and had the Devonshire people Italianised the patronymic into Tomkinsi? I had a vague idea of getting up a quarrel with the old gentleman, and compelling him to give me his card. That would bring the affair to a crisis, at all events! Meanwhile, dessert was put on the table. I saw that it would be at once ill-bred and dull to harp upon names any longer, so was preparing to resign myself to fate, when the old gentleman, arousing himself from an abstracted muse, said, "Pray, Sir, what do you think of the doctrine of metempsychosis?"

I drew myself up for a slight prolusion, when, to my astonishment, the daughter suddenly rose, and said, coaxingly, "Well, never mind, Papa, to-night. Mr. Herbert knows it all."

I looked at her with calm surprise. She moved round towards me, and whispered, "Well, Sir, if you don't think there is any danger of over-excitement——"

There was a decided probability of my over-excitement ending in my temporary insanity, I could plainly see. I held my tongue; and what did the old gentleman do, but coolly begin a metaphysical harangue—the end and upshot of which was, that *he* was the temporary embodiment of the luminous intellect of Benedict de Spinoza!

"That's your name, is it, Sir?" said I, "I'm delighted to hear it." Here I jumped up. "Monsieur de Spinoza, permit me to wish you good evening!"

There suddenly occurred to me Dugald Stewart's observation, that a tendency to insanity may often be combined with high metaphysical acumen—and that the united phenomena precisely accounted for the whole proceedings of my eccentric friend. He evidently considered me, however, a firm believer in his theory about himself; while his daughter as evidently considered me a professional gentleman, who had been sent by one of the family to observe his present condition.

What to do? I heartily wished the old man at his original Amsterdam. It seemed likely that his aberration was recent and temporary. Presently, he sank into a doze.

"Well, doctor," said the girl, in a low voice, "What do you think of his case? I admire the tact with which, during dinner, you avoided inciting him, by confining yourself in conversation to trifles."

This unconscious judgment on my conversation and its value was, of course, highly flattering. I was about to reply, when the servant entered with—a census paper to be filled up.

"Now," I reflected, with a savage joy, "I shall know my friend's name at last. But how will he describe himself?"

"*You* had better write the name, and so on," said the girl, half-smiling. "Really, I ought not to laugh, but consider what Papa might write! Pray do it while I leave you for a minute."

So here was I, in the crisis of my fatal ignorance at last! I could not fill it up, of course—and let me tell you, my dear expectant reader, with every wish for your curiosity, that *you* are the proper person—to FILL UP THE CENSUS RETURN!

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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RAILWAY STRIKES.

EVERYTHING that has a direct bearing on the prosperity, happiness, and reputation of the working-men of England should be a Household Word.

We offer a few remarks on a subject which has recently attracted their attention, and on which one particular and important branch of industry has made a demonstration, affecting, more or less, every other branch of industry, and the whole community; in the hope that there are few among the intelligent body of skilled mechanics who will suspect us of entertaining any other than friendly feelings towards them, or of regarding them with any sentiment but one of esteem and confidence.

The Engine Drivers and Firemen on the North Western line of Railway—the great iron high-road of the Kingdom, by which communication is maintained with Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the chief manufacturing towns of Great Britain, and the port which is the main artery of her commerce with the world—have threatened, for the second time, a simultaneous abandonment of their work, and relinquishment of their engagements with the Company they have contracted to serve.

We dismiss from consideration, the merits of the case. It would be easy, we conceive, to show, that the complaints of the men, even assuming them to be beyond dispute, were not, from the beginning of the manifestation, of a grave character, or by any means hopeless of fair adjustment. But, we purposely dismiss that question. We purposely dismiss, also, the character of the Company, for careful, business-like, generous, and honourable management. We are content to assume that it stands no higher than the level of the very worst public servant bearing the name of railway, that the public possesses. We will suppose MR. GLYN'S communications with the men, to have been characterised by overbearing evasion, and not (as they undoubtedly have been) by courtesy, good temper, self-command, and the perfect spirit of a gentleman. We will suppose the case of the Company to be the worst that such a case could be, in this country, and in these times. Even with such a reduction of it to its lowest possible point, and a corresponding elevation of the case of the skilled Railway servants to its highest, we must deny the moral right or justification of the latter to exert the immense power they accidentally possess, to the public detriment and danger.

We say, accidentally possess, because this power has not been raised up by themselves. If there be ill-conditioned spirits among them who represent that it has been, they represent what is not true, and what a minute's rational consideration will show to be false. It is the result of a vast system of skilful combination, and a vast expenditure of wealth. The construction of the line, alone, against all the engineering difficulties it presented, involved an amount of outlay that was wonderful, even in England. To bring it to its present state of working efficiency, a thousand ingenious problems have been studied and solved, stupendous machines have been constructed, a variety of plans and schemes have been matured with incredible labour: a great whole has been pieced together by numerous capacities and appliances, and kept incessantly in motion. Even the character of the men, which stands deservedly high, has not been set up by themselves alone, but has been assisted by large contributions from these various sources. Without a good permanent way, and good engine power, they could not have established themselves in the public confidence as good drivers. Without good business-management in the complicated arrangements of trains for goods and passengers, they could not possibly have avoided accidents. They have done their part manfully; but they could not have done it, without efficient aid in like manful sort, from every department of the great executive staff. And because it happens that the whole machine is dependent upon them in one important stage, and is delivered necessarily into their control—and because it happens that Railway accidents, when they do occur, are of a frightful nature, attended with horrible mutilation and loss of life—and because such accidents, with the best precautions, probably *must* occur, in the event of their resignation in a body—is it, therefore, defensible to strike?

To that, the question comes. It is just so narrow, and no broader. We all know, perfectly well, that there would be no strike, but

for the extent of the power possessed. Can such an exercise of it be defended, after due consideration, by any honest man?

We firmly believe that these are honest men—as honest men as the world can produce. But, we believe, also, that they have not well considered what it is that they do. They are laboriously and constantly employed; and it is the habit of many men, so engaged, to allow other men to think for them. These deputy-thinkers are not always the most judicious order of intellects. They are something quick at grievances. They drive Express Trains to that point, and Parliamentary to all other points. They are not always, perhaps, the best workmen, and are not so satisfied as the best workmen. They are, sometimes, not workmen at all, but designing persons, who have, for their own base purposes, immeshed the workmen in a system of tyranny and oppression. Through these, on the one hand, and through an imperfect or misguided view of the details of a case on the other, a strike (always supposing this great power in the strikers) may be easily set a going. Once begun, there is aroused a chivalrous spirit—much to be respected, however mistaken its manifestation—which forbids all reasoning. "I will stand by my order, and do as the rest do. I never flinch from my fellow-workman. I should not have thought of this myself; but I wish to be true to the backbone, and here I put my name among the others." Perhaps in no class of society, in any country, is this principle of honour so strong, as among most great bodies of English artisans.

But, there is a higher principle of honour yet; and it is that, we suggest to our friends the Engine Drivers and Firemen on the North Western Railway, which would lead to these greater considerations. First, what is my duty to the public, who are, after all, my chief employers? Secondly, what is my duty to my fellow workmen of all denominations: not only here, upon this Railway, but all over England?

We will suppose Engine Driver, John Safe, entering upon these considerations with his Fireman, Thomas Sparks. Sparks is one of the best of men, but he has a great belief in Caleb Coke, of Wolverhampton, and Coke says (because somebody else has said so, to him) "Strike!"

"But, Sparks," argues John Safe, sitting on the side of the tender, waiting for the Down Express, "to look at it in these two ways, before we take any measures.—Here we are, a body of men with a great public charge; hundreds and thousands of lives every day. Individuals among us may, of course, and of course do, every now and again give up their part of that charge, for one reason or another—and right too! But I'm not so sure that we can all turn our backs upon it at once, and do right."

Thomas Sparks inquires "Why not?"

"Why, it seems to me, Sparks," says John Safe, "rather a murdering mode of action."

Sparks, to whom the question has never presented itself in this light, turns pale.

"You see," John Safe pursues, "when I first came upon this line, I didn't know—how could I?—where there was a bridge and where a tunnel—where we took the turnpike road—where there was a cutting—where there was an embankment—where there was an incline—when full speed, when half, when slacken, when shut off, when your whistle going, when not. I got to know all such, by degrees; first, from them that was used to it; then, from my own use, Sparks."

"So you did, John," says Sparks.

"Well, Sparks! When we and all the rest that are used to it, Engine Drivers and Firemen, all down the line and up again, lay our heads together, and say to the public, 'if you don't back us up in what we want, we'll all go to the right-about, such a-day, so that Nobody shall know all such'—that's rather a murdering mode of action, it appears to me."

Thomas Sparks, still uncomfortably pale, wishes Coke of Wolverhampton were present, to reply.

"Because, it's saying to the public, 'if you *don't* back us up, we'll do our united best towards your being run away with, and run into, and smashed, and jammed, and dislocated, and having your heads took off, and your bodies gleaned for, in small pieces—and we hope you may!' Now, you know, that has a murdering appearance, Sparks, upon the whole!" says John Safe.

Sparks, much shocked, suggests that "it mightn't happen."

"True. But it might," returns John Safe, "and we know it might—no men better. We threaten that it might. Now, when we entered into this employment, Sparks, I doubt if it was any part of our fair bargain, that we should have a monopoly of this line, and a manslaughtering sort of a power over the public. What do *you* think?"

Thomas Sparks thinks certainly not. But, Coke of Wolverhampton said, last Wednesday (as somebody else had said to him), that every man worthy of the name of Briton must stick up for his rights.

"There again!" says John Safe. "To my mind, Sparks, it's not at all clear that any person's rights, *can be* another person's wrongs. And, that our strike must be a wrong to the persons we strike against, call 'em Company or Public, seems pretty plain."

"What do they go and unite against us for, then?" demands Thomas Sparks.

"I don't know that they do," replies John Safe. "We took service with this company, as Individuals, ourselves, and not as a body; and you know very well we no more ever thought, then, of turning them off, as one man, than they ever thought of turning us off as one man. If the Company is a body, now,

it was a body all the same when we came into its employment with our eyes wide open, Sparks."

"Why do they make aggravating rules then, respecting the Locomotives?" demands Mr. Sparks, "which, Coke of Wolverhampton says, is Despotism!"

"Well, anyways they're made for the public safety, Sparks," returns John Safe: "and what's for the public safety, is for yours and mine. The first things to go, in a smash, is, generally, the Engine and Tender."

"*I* don't want to be made more safe," growls Thomas Sparks. "*I* am safe enough, *I* am."

"But, it don't signify a cinder whether you want it or don't want it," returns his companion. "You must be made safe, Sparks, whether you like or not,—if not on your own account, on other people's."

"Coke of Wolverhampton says, Justice! That's what Coke says!" observes Mr. Sparks, after a little deliberation.

"And a very good thing it is to say," returns John Safe. "A better thing to do. But, let's be sure we do it. I can't see that we good workmen do it to ourselves and families, by letting in bad un's that are out of employment. That's as to ourselves. I am sure we don't do it to the Company or Public, by conspiring together, to turn an accidental advantage against 'em. Look at other people! Gentlemen don't strike. Union doctors are bad enough paid (which we are not), but *they* don't strike. Many dispensary and hospital-doctors are not over well treated, but *they* don't strike, and leave the sick a groaning in their beds. So much for use of power. Then for taste The respectable young men and women that serve in the shops, *they* didn't strike, when they wanted early closing."

"All the world wasn't against *them*," Thomas Sparks puts in.

"No; if it had been, a man might have begun to doubt their being in the right," returns John Safe.

"Why, you don't doubt *our* being in the right, I hope?" says Sparks.

"If I do, I an't alone in it. You know there are scores and scores of us that, of their own accord, don't want no striking, nor anything of the kind."

"Suppose we all agreed that we was a prey to despotism, what then?" asks Sparks

"Why, even then, I should recommend our doing our work, true to the public, and appealing to the public feeling against the same," replies John Safe. "It would very soon act on the Company. As to the Company and the Public siding together against us, I don't find the Public too apt to go along with the Company when it can help it."

"Don't we owe nothing to our order?" inquires Thomas Sparks.

"A good deal. And when we enter on a strike like this, we don't appear to me to pay it. We are rather of the upper sort of our order; and what we owe to other workmen, is, to set 'em a good example, and to represent them well. Now, there is, at present, a deal of general talk (here and there, with a good deal of truth in it) of combinations of capital, and one power and another, against workmen. I leave you to judge how it serves the workman's case, at such a time, to show a small body of his order, combined, in a misuse of power, against the whole community!

It appears to us, not only that John Safe might reasonably urge these arguments and facts; but, that John Safe did actually present many of them, and not remotely suggest the rest, to the consideration of an aggregate meeting of the Engine Drivers and Firemen engaged on the Southern Division of the line, which was held at Camden Town on the day after Christmas Day. The sensible, moderate, and upright tone of some men who spoke at that meeting, as we find them reported in The Times, commands our admiration and respect. though it by no means surprises us. We would especially commend to the attention of our readers, the speech of an Engine Driver on the Great Western Railway, and the letter of the Enginemen and Firemen at the Bedford Station. Writing, in submission to the necessities of this publication, immediately after that meeting was held, we are, of course, in ignorance of the issue of the question, though it will probably have transpired before the present number appears. It can, however, in no wise affect the observations we have made, or those with which we will conclude.

To the men, we would submit, that if they fail in adjusting the difference to their complete satisfaction, the failure will be principally their own fault, as inseparable, in a great measure, from the injudicious and unjustifiable threat into which the more sensible portion of them have allowed themselves to be betrayed. What the Directors might have conceded to temperate remonstrance, it is easy to understand they may deem it culpable weakness to yield to so alarming a combination against the public service and safety.

To the Public, we would submit, that the steadiness and patriotism of English workmen may, in the long run, be safely trusted; and that this mistake,. once remedied, may be calmly dismissed. It is natural, in the first hot reception of such a menace, to write letters to newspapers, urging strong-handed legislation, or the enforcement of pains and penalties, past, present, or to come, on such deserters from their posts. But, it is not agreeable, on calmer reflection, to contemplate the English artisan as working under a curb or yoke, or even as being supposed to require one. His spirit is of the highest; his nature is of the best. He comes of a great race, and his character is famous in the world.

If a false step on the part of any man should be generously forgotten, it should be forgotten in him.

THE OTHER GARRET.

In the year 1846, finding myself out of employment, I happened to hear that there was a demand in Paris for workmen in my business. I understood the French language, and had no family ties to keep me in London; so I packed up all my worldly goods, and with a few pounds in my pocket, proceeded to the gay capital. I hired a single chamber on the second floor of one of the enormous "hotels garnis," or furnished houses, in the Rue du Faubourg Poissonnière; and the next day went out to seek employment. I had two letters of introduction to masters—one directed to the Rue St. Martin, where I proceeded first. The employer received me kindly, but said that he had then no need of workmen. The second gave me the same answer, but added that if in six weeks' time I were not engaged, he should certainly be in a condition to employ me. A month passed and left me still idle. I found that I had been misinformed as to the demand for workmen; or else, that the state of things had changed since the date of my information. I began to think of returning to London, before my stock of money became too low to enable me to do so; but, by a strange fate, I was positively without a friend or relative in England; and, if I returned, I did not see that I should greatly improve my prospects. On the other hand, the house in the Faubourg St. Antoine had assured me that I should be engaged there in another fortnight. I resolved to stay. I saw my money dwindle down to the exact sum which would take me back to London. I hesitated—but at last spent a portion, with the resolution of a man who burns his boat upon the shore to give himself the courage of desperation. Meanwhile I renewed my search, but still without success; till, at last, the day came when I was to present myself at the manufactory in the Rue St. Antoine. The aspect of the workshop, and the countenance of the master, were sufficient answer. I left the house with a heavy heart—my last and most confident hope was gone in an instant! I was without friends—almost without money, or the means of getting it; and as effectually cut off from my own country as if I had been in the heart of Siberia. I had no spirit to renew my search that day. I took my small loaf and cheese, and with a book in my hand sat in the gardens of the Luxembourg till the light failed. I returned home, and entering at the lodge, asked to speak with the porter's wife, of whom I had hired my room. At the same time, a young woman lodging in the same house came in and asked if there were a letter for her. The landlady gave her one, and she broke open the seal and began to read it eagerly. I felt some degree of shame to speak of my business in the presence of a stranger; but the young lodger was absorbed in reading her letter, and showed no signs of departing.

"I wished, Madame Mallet, to ask if you had another room to let, which I might exchange for my own."

"Oh yes—Monsieur would like one better furnished; one on the first floor, perhaps. Well, I must say Monsieur is not lodged very comfortably; but however, for six francs a week, I am sure Monsieur would not find a nicer lodging in all Paris."

"No, Madame Mallet, it is not *that* which I want. I simply wished to know if you had another room unoccupied, at a lower rent than my own."

"Why yes," replied she, in a less respectful tone—"if you wish for one cheaper, you must be content to climb up to the top floor, where I have a little room, not very elegantly furnished, as a matter of course, at four francs per week. This young person occupies the other garret, which she will tell you is pretty comfortable."

The young woman raised her eyes from the letter and murmured, timidly, that she was quite satisfied with it.

I observed her as she spoke. She was certainly far from being handsome, but her dress though plain was neat and graceful. There was, moreover, an expression in her face of meek humility, the result perhaps of a consciousness of her want of beauty. On that account she had, I thought, experienced neglect, perhaps harsh treatment, and had become timid and retiring, never forgetting her defects.

"Monsieur can walk up, and see his new room if he pleases," added Madame Mallet—"or, as it is quite ready, he has nothing to do but to carry up his box."

She took the light, and I followed. My near neighbour wished me good night upon the landing, and I entered my new abode. The room was small, and paved with red tiles. It contained simply a bed, two chairs, and a table, and on the walls a few Catholic pictures.—The house, like most of the "hotels garnis" in the suburbs of Paris, was a great building, forming three sides of a square yard planted with trees. My window looked out upon this yard. I sat myself down and began to reflect upon my position. My money, if I lived the life of a hermit, would not last me more than three weeks. I might then, perhaps, sell a few books, which I had brought with me—the only consolation to which I could turn in my trouble; I had also a ring which my mother had given me, and which I had resolved never to part with.

I continued to seek employment and to live with the most rigid economy; but, at length, I found myself without a sou. I took my books and sold them for a few francs at one of those innumerable book stalls that line the quays of the Seine. When this money

was gone I sat down in despair, with my face between my hands. I had no further resource but my mother's ring, and this I was determined to keep. The day passed away and I tasted no food. The next day I fasted also. I was determined, if at length I gave way to hunger, at least not to do so without such a struggle as should console me in after-times for breaking my resolution. The sun shone brightly that day, and I heard my neighbour singing with her window open, where I had often seen her, above the trees. I went to bed early to forget the pangs of hunger, but I could not sleep. A gnawing in the stomach, accompanied by heat and thirst, kept me awake till the light streamed in through the long narrow windows. Then I heard my neighbour again moving briskly in the next apartment. Presently I heard her open and fasten back the long wooden screens or jalousies, which close from the outside of all the windows in Paris. Then, like a bird at the sight of a fine morning, she began to sing again, till the day grew more advanced, and I heard the noise of people in the street. She descended the stairs, and I saw her cross the yard, with her graceful little cap, which all French women wear in the morning, and carrying in her hand a basket of woven straw, such as the French prisoners made and sold in England at the time of the last war.

I could hardly stand for faintness; I waited till I thought it late enough to find some jeweller's shop open, and then, taking my ring, I crept down stairs noiselessly, as if I were about to do some shameful deed. Oh, how happy and gay seemed everything in the streets compared with me! The sun shone, and the air was so calm and clear, and the faces of the people so cheerful, as they passed to and fro under the long lines of trees upon the Boulevards. I soon found a goldsmith, where I offered my ring. The man eyed me attentively for a moment, for there was something suspicious in coming to sell a ring at that early hour. However, he seemed satisfied with my appearance, and having examined the stone, and tested the gold with aqua-fortis, he offered me sixty francs—I believe two-thirds of its value—but I accepted them and departed.

The occupant of the "other garret" seemed to haunt me. I met her as I crossed the threshold of the jeweller's door, returning with her little basket full—a long loaf and a melon forcing up the lid. I bid her good morning, and passed on. I entered a Restaurant, and asked for breakfast, of which I ate heartily, though I was careful not to eat too much, after my long fast. But, in spite of my precautions, I felt extremely ill. My eyes were glazed; my lips (as I saw in the glass) were black and parched, and I trembled from head to foot. I do not remember how I spent that day, but all night long I lay in bed, burnt up with fever, and haunted by wild dreams.

Sometimes I seemed to walk between high leaning walls, that threatened to topple down and crush me; and I quickened my pace to escape from them, but their length was interminable. At others, I climbed in darkness up a spiral staircase to the roof of some great cathedral; I heard the rolling of organs, like low thunder; I climbed, and climbed, fearing to be stifled, till, at length, I issued on the roof; and looking down from the dreadful height, I saw a great city spread below, and far away broad fields, and hill tops crowned with windmills. A fear of falling took hold of me, but I could not recede; and I called aloud for some one to come and drag me back to the little door. Then, perplexed with the sudden change, and asking myself whether I dreamed or not, I stood in a level country, where there were long broad ditches, filled with flags and bulrushes, and bordered by stunted willows. Here and there was a stagnant pond, its scummy surface shot with purple and green, its long feathered grasses haunted by splendid dragon-flies; for it was a deep still noontide, and a blue and dazzling sky shut in all that broad landscape. And, although I had thought myself the only living being there—and although my mother had been dead for many years—I turned round, and found her standing by me without surprise. She bade me go with her, and see what she would show me. Soon we stood upon a wide road, and, as I guessed, upon the outskirts of a great city, for I heard a noise of a multitude far off. Presently we entered the city by a gate; and we looked down a broad street, lined on each side with temples, and great houses—an endless line of pillars, for the street seemed to traverse the whole city: and at the bottom, far away, we saw blue mountains stretching out into the sky. We walked towards them—a great crowd accompanying us—till we issued by another gate, and saw the fields again. It suddenly grew dark; but the crowd continued to pour outward by the city gates. After a long time of darkness, I looked up, and saw a faint flush of light around the horizon; and as it grew not only in the east, but in the west, and in every direction, I saw the edges of hills, and the spires of fir plantations against the sky—I said, "It is not the daybreak, but the coming of a great wonder." And I heard my mother's voice, saying, "Fear nothing; you have kept the ring I gave you, and your love for me shall wipe out many sins." Then a great fear seized me, and I called upon her by name, and would have held her by her garment, but she was gone. Meanwhile, I prayed upon my knees, and I heard the stir of the voiceless multitude around me, and the light increased, and I fell upon my knees and wept.

I do not know who found out first that I lay ill. Throughout the next day, I was half-awake, with a consciousness of some one moving in the room; and in the evening, a

doctor came to me; perhaps he had been before, but I had no memory of it. He gave me medicine, which I took without inquiry, and another night passed in a calmer sleep. When I woke again, I felt better. There was daylight in the room. I stretched my hand out to draw aside the curtain of my bed, when, to my astonishment, I saw upon my finger the ring which I had sold to the jeweller. I pulled it off, and examined it. There was no doubt of its identity. I tried to recall the events of the last two days. Was this, then, only a part of the terrible dreams which had oppressed me? No. I remembered too well the days of my poverty and hunger; the long struggle with myself, and the final yielding; the shop on the Boulevard where I had sold my ring, and the Restaurant where I broke my fast. I thrust my hand under my pillow, and drew forth my money, the surest proof that I was not deceived. However, I pushed aside my curtains, to assure myself that I was at home, in my own bedroom, when, to my surprise, there was my next room neighbour sitting near my window, busily working upon a little cap. The table was drawn up to her side, and upon it was some lace and ribbon. She plied her needle briskly for awhile, without observing me, and then held the cap out at arms' length, and eyed it like a connoisseur. Then she worked a minute or two longer, and again she held it out, when, suddenly holding it sideways, she saw me looking at her.

"Does Monsieur want anything?" she asked.

"Yes," said I, "I wish to know the name of my unknown friend, who has restored to me a ring, given to me by my mother dying, and which I would have guarded as my life, but that I was compelled to sell it for bread, two days ago. I cannot guess what being has done this. I have no friend in Paris, and I have not spoken of this to a soul. But I entreat you, if you know, not to conceal the name, that I may bless it to my latest hour."

"By-and-by, Monsieur shall know all; but at present ——"

"Nay," I interrupted, "I entreat you to tell me; but why should I doubt? It can be no other than yourself; and yet, I cannot tell why you should interest yourself thus for a stranger and a foreigner."

"But would not Monsieur have done an equal kindness for a stranger?—There," she exclaimed, suddenly checking herself, "the secret which I meant to keep is told. Mons. Gallart, the curé, always said I was a silly thing."

"But why wish to conceal so good an action?"

"I do not know, except that I should have liked to wait till you were rich enough to repay me. Now you will tease yourself about the money, though I am sure I do not want it. I never should have had it, but for Mons. Gallart, the curé; for, you see, I never thought of saving money. I used to buy every week a new cap, and now and then a new dress, till, one day, Mons. Gallart overtook me in the meadow coming from mass; for I had loitered by the way. And he spoke to me about youth, and how soon it was flown, and asked me if I had ever considered that, one day, I should be no longer young and strong. And I said I had; but it seemed that so many long years must pass away before that time came. He told me that he himself thought like me once, but that now his hair had grown grey; he looked back, and saw how quickly a man glides from youth to age. 'Besides,' he said, 'you may be taken ill, and you have not a friend in the world, excepting me; and I am poor. Would it not be well to try and save a little money? Indeed,' he said, 'I would not ask you to forego one pleasure, if I did not think it might spare you some future pain.' And so he talked to me in this way as we walked, arm in arm, along the footpath through the fields, till we came to the road to Neuilly; and then he blessed me, and bid me good-bye, and returned across the fields. And all the way home I thought upon his words, and resolved to buy fewer caps and dresses; and now that is a year ago, and I had saved a hundred francs, and next Sunday I would have taken them to mass with me, and waited for him again in the churchyard, and have shown him how I minded what he said, and have asked him what to do with all my money."

"And you give up this pleasure for my sake?"

"Nay, Monsieur—to what better use could he tell me to employ it? I am not grown old yet. I am not ill—I had no use for it."

"God bless you," I exclaimed, "I hope soon to repay you the money; though the debt of gratitude I owe you I can never do away. But how did you learn that I had sold this ring, and where?"

"Oh, I partly guessed it, as you shall hear. Madame Mallet came to my room door; and said you were very ill; and asked me to come and watch you while she fetched a doctor. I came in and sat by the bedside till the doctor came, and saw you were in a high fever, and in great danger, and you ought not to be left alone. So I offered to sit by you, for, you see, I can work here as well as in my own room; for I lose no time. Madame Mallet offered also; and we agreed to attend upon you by turns. And when I was left alone, and you were asleep, and dreaming, I heard you talking of a ring, and entreating some one to keep it for you till you came again, and bought it with a hundred times its value. Then you sobbed, and spoke rapidly in a language that I did not understand. Suddenly I remembered meeting you at the jeweller's door the day before; and I said to myself, he has been compelled to sell a keepsake; and this it is that preys upon his mind, and makes him ill. And I thought of my money, and blessed the good old curé, whose advice

had enabled me to help you. In the morning, I went out as usual with my basket, and found again the shop upon the Boulevard Montmartre. I asked if some one had not sold a ring there early on the day before. The man answered yes. I told him that you wished to buy it again, and he said you could have it for eighty franks. So I paid him the money and brought the ring away. And then I thought how surprised and delighted you would be to find it on your finger on awakening: so I contrived, when your hand was stretched out upon the coverlet, to put it on without disturbing you."

My eyes were filled with tears at the thought of so much simplicity and goodness. I would have said a hundred things, but I could not find a word to utter. I wished that she had been an English woman, that my emotion might speak, without constraint, its natural language. She saw me striving to speak and stopped me.

"You must not talk," she said. "The doctor cautioned me, above all things, not to let you talk or be excited; and here I have been chattering more than an hour, and forgetting that I ought to go out to market."

So saying, she put on her cape, and taking her basket, went out and shut the door noiselessly behind her.

I lay in bed a fortnight; and every day she sat with me, and chatted. The constant attendance was no longer necessary, but I begged her to stay with me by day. As I grew better the restraint diminished, and all her natural cheerfulness began to show itself. Her little rounded figure glided about the room with all the lightness of a fawn. Sometimes she sat singing and working, as in her own room, and then would check herself, and say that it made my head ache; till I begged her to go on.

One day I said to her, 'You have never told me your name.'

"Aimée: and yours?"

"'William Arnot,' said I, shearing myself of the final consonant to suit her French ear—"in French, Guillaume Arnot. It is not so pretty a one as yours, which makes you always beloved," said I, playing upon the word.

"Nay, excepting M. Gallart, I do not know a single being whom I can call my friend."

"And how is this," I asked—"you, who are so kind and good?"

"'I never knew my mother,' she replied. 'My father was a vinegrower in a little village in Lorraine; and M. Gallart was the curé there at the time. I had a sister, who was very beautiful; and M. Gallart taught us both to read and write, and to understand the best writers, whose works he lent us from his library. But my sister was proud, and never loved me much; and when she married a rich man, and went to Paris to live, she thought of us no more. I forgave all this: but when my father lay ill, and his farm had gone to ruin, we wrote to her in vain. When he died, and we wrote to her again, and had no answer; I thought I never could forgive her while I lived. The good old curé had been removed to the parish of St. Etienne, where he preaches now, some time before my father died; but he came to me as soon as he received the news, and arranged my father's funeral. Afterwards, as I had no relatives in the village, M. Gallart took me to Paris with him, and placed me with Madame Armonville, a milliner in the Rue Richelieu; where I learnt how to earn my living. I have never seen my sister since I have been here: but once, soon after I came to Paris, I passed by her house. I saw the windows brilliantly lighted, and I heard music. They had a party there that night. I stood looking up at the windows, and crying bitterly. I would have given all that I possessed to see my sister once more, if only for a moment, to have reminded her of the days we spent together in our childhood. But I was afraid of being driven from the door if I rang, and so I passed on, and never went that way again. That is my history, Monsieur."

"It is very sad," I said. "I will not tell you now, by what strange order of events I also am friendless in the world. Some other time I will tell you all. Your story has made me sad, and I do not like to dwell upon the past. Let us rather look forward to the future, and, like brother and sister, resolve to help and cherish one another while we live."

I took her hand and pressed it in my own. I spoke hurriedly and earnestly, for I felt most deeply every word I uttered. A new source of life had sprung up in my heart. I forgot how little I was in a condition to help *her*—poor and wretched as I was. The sight of such a noble creature, despised and ill-treated by the world, preserving all her hope and cheerfulness, and seeking only to do good to others, had made me a new man. All life stood out before me with another aspect. I felt a stronger faith than ever I had known before, that all the evil in the world, the thought of which had long haunted and perplexed me, will one day vanish like a mist, and show the beauty of God's purpose hid within. I was so happy, and so filled with hope, that I thought I felt the near approach of better days: and indeed from that time, the current of my fortune ebbed and turned.

At the end of three weeks I was so far recovered as to leave the house and renew my search for employment. I found a great change had taken place since I had kept my room. In every trade there seemed to be new life; and, in a few days, I was engaged in a manufactory in the Rue St. Denis. My employer was pleased with my work, and paid me well. My first care was to repay my friend the money which I owed her. She arranged to visit the curé on the following Sunday, and show him her money, as she had originally intended. I offered to accompany her.

There are but few days in our lives which are not forgotten as soon as passed. The fête days in the calendar of our existence are few and far apart. Yet, sometimes, we come to a day which never passes from our memory till we die. Everything we thought and did upon that day comes back to us afterwards, when the eye is filmed with thought, and all the present is forgotten for awhile. This Sunday will live for ever in my memory, one of the foremost of such happy days. We rose early, and went out of Paris by the Barrière de l'Etoile. It was a still, cool autumn morning. The mist that lingered still when we set out, had wholly passed away, and left a heavy dew upon the leaves, and laid the dust upon the roads. We turned off from the highway after awhile, and took a footpath across the meadow till we came to a deep valley, and stood still to look around us for a time. Behind us we saw the towers and triumphal arches of Paris—the white houses of the outskirts sprinkled, far and wide, among the trees. But below it was a quiet landscape. One side of the valley was ploughed up to the borders of a wood. In the hollow stood the old church where we were going, ivy-covered, with a square tower. Behind flowed the Seine, and, farther still, the forest, called the Bois de Boulogne, piled up into the sky its masses of innumerable tints. We descended and entered the church. We were late, for we had lingered long to look upon that scene. My friend touched the incense-brush, which was presented to her at the door, but I did not. There was chaunting as we entered; but presently the curé mounted the pulpit and began to preach. He was a fine tall old man. His hair was grey, but he was not bald. His face was benign and placid, though, at times, it wore a somewhat careworn expression, and his forehead was planted deep with wrinkles. I listened with delight to his discourse, which seemed to harmonise with the mood wrought in my mind by the calm autumnal day, and the sight of that still country; for he preached not of dogmas, or of articles of faith, but of charity and love to all mankind.

We waited for him in the churchyard, and when the whole of the congregation had left the church, and the footpaths were dotted with them in their neat attire, the curé issued from the door, and the sexton fastened the great bolts behind him. Aimée ran to meet him, and he kissed her on the forehead, and turning towards me, said, "So you have found a new friend."

"No, Monsieur," said I, taking off my hat with a feeling of reverence, "say, rather, that *I* have found a new friend; for to her I owe my life and peace of mind, and as yet I have not found occasion to make her a return."

She looked confused; but the curé patted her on the head, and begged me to walk beside him and tell him how this was. He walked between us in his silken gown, tied with a girdle at the waist, and with his head uncovered, while I related to him all my story. She hung down her head, but the old man raised it up, and kissed her on the forehead once again. And he begged us to come home and dine with him with so much earnestness that we complied. I half-guessed his reason. He had eyed me at first with the anxiety with which a father scrutinises the lover of his child, and he wished to have me longer with him that he might judge me better. We talked together all the afternoon, but Aimée sat in silence, listening to our words. The discourse of the old man was full of deep and practical philosophy. It was the language of a man who had grown weary in seeking, in the eternal ebb and flow of history, the tendency of life, and had fallen back upon the present, and a good and holy life, as the only certain things which man can hold. In the evening he accompanied us back to the church, where we left him, and took our way homewards. We looked back again from the hill top, and saw the sun about to sink into the forest, and a level shaft of light shot across all that golden sea of leaves. It was dusk when we returned. A few days afterwards she received a letter from the old man, as she was accustomed to do at certain intervals. He spoke favourably of me amongst other things, but cautioned her to avoid, not only evil, but the appearance of evil, that so she might escape the scandal of the world.

The church was too far for her to visit regularly. But after she had been to mass, we went together every Sunday to St. Cloud or Asnières, or some other village in the environs. The fine weather lingered still. The trees under our window were nearly bare, and the vine against the house had begun to shed its stalks: but in the country the trees were still thick with leaves, for there had been no wind. The mornings became more misty, but at midday the sun was warm. It seemed the winter never would come—such a golden calm had fallen on the earth; till one morning, while we talked still of country rambles, I looked out of my window and saw the snow-flakes falling in the street. Then came the winter nights, and how to pass them? We could sip no longer our coffee on the Boulevards, sitting at the little green table under the trees. Sometimes, we played at chess, which I had taught her; and twice we went to the theatre together. But this was not enough. One day I asked her if she would like to learn English, and she said "Yes," and promised to take pains to learn. I bought a little grammar, and began. The curé had taught her well the principles of grammar, so that she quickly comprehended the rules. She applied herself with unwearying industry;—even while she worked, she had her grammar open before her, conning the rules, and learning them by heart; and at night I read with her, and

explained the words and peculiarities. At the end of five months, she could read it pretty well, and began to try to speak. There was something so simple in her foreign accent and her literal translations of the idioms of her own language, that I could not help laughing. But she was not discouraged, but would laugh too, and ask me to explain her error, and promise to speak better by-and-by.

The summer came again, and I worked early and late: for we were very busy. It happened, at that time, that we had some work to execute near Orleans; and a little troop of workmen was to be sent there, to stay for a couple of months. The master selected me to superintend them. The choice was a mark of confidence, and I could not refuse to go. I told my friend of it in the evening. I was to leave Paris on the Monday following, and the day previously, we arranged to visit the old curé once again.

Yet another day, which will linger in my memory till I die!—the brightest of those happy days! We went out earlier this time. It was the first of June—a fine clear morning. A gentle rain had fallen in the night, and everything looked fresh and green. We walked along the borders of the wood, and heard the blackbird, hidden in the leaves, sing out, and stop: and then, there was a dead silence: till another answered, deeper in the woods. I had never seen her dressed so prettily before. She wore a dress of gray merino, and a cape of the same stuff. Her cap was of lace, and pale blue ribbon. We did not speak often. I thought of separation on the morrow; and at every step I seemed to shrink from it more. Afterwards, we went to St. Cloud, which was not far. And all this time I had never spoken to her of anything but friendship, nor ever whispered to myself how much I loved her. My love had been too pure to know itself. We wandered in the park till it was time to go, and still we lingered. We sat down upon a seat, beneath great oaks: and then, when the hour grew nearer, when we were to part, I felt more deeply still how all my soul was bound to her. I could not leave her till I told her all.

Eight weeks passed slowly in the old city of Orleans: but every day I wrote to her, and she replied—the solace of our solitary nights. She told me, in her innocence of heart, how she had loved me ever since the day we went to see the curé in the valley; and how she had feared that I should never love her as she loved me; for "you alone" she said, "could unseal my lips, and but for you I never could have spoken out, and eased my heart." At length, I returned. Then came our marriage morning. We invited no strange faces. We went about—on foot; because it awakened pleasing recollections. There were some signs in her attire which might have told it was her marriage day, but it was, withal, so plain, that we escaped all observation. The sister of M. Gallart served as bridesmaid, and the sexton signed the book.

Afterwards, the old man walked with us, and talked to her of other days; until we came again to the gate that opened into the high-road. Then, he blessed us again, and looked after us until we were gone. And, hand in hand, alone, we took our way together; but all our Eden lay before us in the days to come.

God bless the other garret! I found my Eden there, and it abides with me.

EFFORTS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF DESPAIR.

Mr. Blackbrook lived in a world of his own. It was his pleasure to believe that men were phantoms of a day. For life he had the utmost contempt. He pronounced it to be a breath, a sigh, a fleeting shadow. His perpetual theme was, that we are only here for a brief space of time. He likened the uncertainty of existence to all the most frightful ventures he could conjure up. He informed timid ladies that they were perpetually on the edge of a yawning abyss; and warned little boys that their laughter might be turned to tears and lamentation, at the shortest notice. Mr. Blackbrook was a welcome guest in a large serious circle. From his youth he had shown a poetic leaning, of the most serious order. His muse was always in deep mourning—his poetic gum oozed only from his favourite graveyard.

He thought "L'Allegro" Milton's worst performance; and declared that Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was too light and frivolous. His life was not without its cares; but, then, he revelled in his misfortunes. He was always prepossessed with a man who wore a hatband. The owl was his favourite bird. A black cat was the only feline specimen he would admit to his sombre apartment; and his garden was stocked with yew-trees. He revelled in the charm of melancholy—he would not, if he could, be gay. His meditations raised him so great a height above his family, that little sympathy could exist between them. Eternity so engaged him, that his brothers and sisters—mere phantoms—did not cost him much consideration. His youthful Lines to the Owl, in the course of which he called the bird in question "a solemn messenger," "a dread image of the moral darkness which surrounds us," "a welcome voice," and "a mysterious visitant," indicated the peculiar turn of his mind. His determination to be miserable was nothing short of heroic. In his twenty-second year a relation left him a modest fortune. His friends flocked about him to congratulate him; but they found him in a state of seraphic sorrow, searching out a proper rhyme to the urn in which he had poetically deposited the ashes of his benefactor. On looking over the lines he had

distilled from his prostrate heart, his friends, to their astonishment, discovered that he had alluded to the bequest in question in the most contemptuous strain:—

> Why leave to one thy velvet and thy dross,
> Whose wealth is boundless, and whose velvet's moss?

So ran his poetic commentary. His boundless wealth consisted of intellectual treasures exclusively, and the sweet declaration that moss was his velvet, was meant to convey to the reader the simplicity and Arcadian nature of his habits. The relation who had the assurance to leave him a fortune, was dragged remorselessly through fifty lines as a punishment for his temerity. Yet, in a fit of abstraction, Mr. Blackbrook hurried to Doctors' Commons to prove the will; hereby displaying his resignation to the horrible degree of comfort which the money assured to him. It was not for him, however, to forget that life was chequered with woe, that it was a vale of tears—a brief, trite, contemptible matter. The gaiety of his house and relations horrified him; they interfered, at every turn, with his melancholy mood. He sighed for the fate of Byron or Chatterton! Why was he doomed to have his three regular meals per diem; to lie, at night, upon a feather-bed, and the recognised layers of mattresses; to have a new coat when he wanted one; to have money continually in his pocket, and to be accepted when he made an offer of marriage? The fates were obviously against him. One of his sisters fell in love. How hopefully he watched the course of her passion! How fondly he lingered near, in the expectation—the happy expectation—of a lovers' quarrel. But his sister had a sweet disposition—a mouth made to distil the gentlest and most tender accents. The courtship progressed with unusual harmony on both sides. Only once did fortune appear to favour him. One evening, he observed that the lovers avoided each other, and parted coldly. Now was his opportunity; and in the still midnight, when all the members of his household were in bed, he took his seat in his chamber, and, by the midnight oil, threw his soul into some plaintive lines "On a Sister's Sorrow." He mourned for her in heart-breaking syllables; likened her lover to an adder in an angel's path; dwelt on her quiet grey eyes, her stately proportions, and her classic face. He doomed her to years of quiet despair, and saw her fickle admirer the gayest of the gay. He concluded with the consoling intelligence, that he would go hand in hand with her along the darkened passage to the grave. His sister, however, did not avail herself of this proffered companionship, but chose rather to be reconciled, and to marry her lover.

Mr. Blackbrook found some consolation for this disappointment in the composition of an epithalamium of the most doleful character on the occasion of his sister's marriage, in the course of which he informed her that Jove's thunderbolts might be hurled at her husband's head at any period of the day; that we all must die; that the bride may be a widow on the morrow of her nuptials; and other equally cheerful truths. Yet at his sister's wedding-breakfast, Mr. Blackbrook coquetted with the choice parts of a chicken, and drowned his sorrow in a delectable jelly.

When for a short time he was betrayed into the expression of any cheerful sentiment, if he ever allowed that it was a fine day, he quickly relapsed into congenial gloom, and discovered that there might be a thunderstorm within the next half-hour. His only comfort was in the reflection that his maternal uncle's family were consumptive. Here he anticipated a fine field for the exercise of his poetic gifts, and, accordingly, when his aunt was gathered to her forefathers, her dutiful nephew laid a sheet of blank paper upon his desk, and settled himself down to write "a Dirge." He began by attributing all the virtues to her—devoting about six lines to each separate virtue. Her person next engaged his attention, and he discovered, though none of her friends had ever remarked her surpassing loveliness, that her step was as the breath of the summer wind on flowers (certainly no gardener would have trusted her upon his box-borders); that she was fresh as Hebe (she always breakfasted in bed); that she had pearly teeth (her dentist has maliciously informed us that they were made of the very best ivory); and, finally, that her general deportment was most charming—so charming that Mr. Blackbrook never dared trust himself in her seductive presence. Having proceeded thus far with his melancholy duty, the poet ate a hearty supper of the heaviest cold pudding, and—we had almost written—went to bed—but we remember that Mr. Blackbrook always "retired to his solitary couch." He rose betimes on the following morning, looking most poetically pale. His dreams had been of woe, and darkness, and death; the pudding had had the desired effect. Again he placed himself at his desk, and having read over the prefatory lines which we have endeavoured to describe, he threw his fragrant curl from his marble forehead, and thought of the funeral pall, the darkened hall, —of grief acute, and the unstrung lute. He put his aunt's sorrowing circle in every possible position of despair. He represented his surviving uncle as threatening to pass the serene portals of reason; he discovered that a dark tide rolled at the unhappy man's feet; that the sun itself would henceforth look dark to him; that he would never smile again; and that, in all probability, the shroud would soon enwrap his manly form. He next proceeded to describe minutely the pearly tears of his cousins, and the terrible darkness that had come over their bright young dreams. An affecting allusion to his own unfathomable grief on the occasion, was concluded by the

hope that he might soon join his sainted aunt, though he had never taken the least trouble to pay her a visit while she lived in St. John's Wood. This touching dirge was printed upon mourning paper, and distributed among Mr. Blackbrook's friends. The death of an aunt was an affecting incident, but still it fell short of the brink of despair. Mr. Blackbrook's natural abiding-place was the edge of a precipice. His muse must be fed on heroic sorrows, hopeless agony, and other poetical condiments of the same serious nature. The course of modern life was too level for his impetuous spirit; but in the absence of that terrible condition to which he aspired, he caught at every incident that could nerve the pinion of his muse for grander flights. A dead fly, which he found crushed between the leaves of a book, furnished him with a theme for one of his tenderest compositions. He speculated upon the probable career of the fly,—opined that it had a little world of its own, a family, and a sense of the beautiful. This effusion met with such fervent praise, that he followed it up by "Thoughts on Cheese Dust," in which he dived into the mysteries of these animalculæ, and calculated the myriads of lives that were sacrificed to give a momentary enjoyment to the "pampered palate of man." His attention was called, however, from these minor poetic considerations, to a matter approaching in its gravity to that heroic pitch of sorrow which he had sought so unsuccessfully hitherto.

His cousin was drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat. At such a calamity it was reasonable to despair—to refuse comfort—to leave his hair uncombed—to look constantly on the ground—to lose all appetite — to write flowing verse. Mr. Blackbrook entered upon his vocation with a full sense of its heroism. At least one hundred lines would be expected from him on so tremendous an occasion. The catastrophe was so poetical! The sea-weed might have been represented entangled in the golden tresses of the poor girl, had the accident happened only a little nearer the Nore; and the print of her fair form might have been faintly traced upon "the ribbed sea-sand." This was unfortunate. In reality the "melancholy occurrence" took place at Richmond. Mr. Blackbrook began by calling upon the willows of Richmond and its immediate vicinity to dip their tender branches in the stream in token of their grief. Mr. Blackbrook, felicitously remembering that Pope once lived not far from Richmond, next invoked that poet's shade, and begged the loan of his melodious rhythm. But the shade in question not answering to the summons, all that remained for the sorrowing poet to do was to take down his dictionary of rhymes, and tune his own lyre to its most mournful cadences. He set to work. He called the Thames a treacherous stream; he christened the wherry a bark; he declared that when the pleasure-party embarked at Richmond Bridge, Death, the lean fellow, was standing upon the beach with his weapon upraised. Asterisks described the death; and some of his friends declared this passage the best in the poem. He then went on to inform his readers that all was over; but by this expression the reader must not infer that the dirge was brought to a conclusion. By no means. Mr. Blackbrook had made up his mind that his state of despair required at least one hundred lines to give it adequate expression. He had devoted twenty to the death of a fly—surely, then, a female cousin deserved one hundred. This logical reflection spurred him on. He pulled down the blinds, and in a gloom that suited well with his forlorn state of mind, he began a picture of his condition. With the aid of his dictionary, having asserted that the shroud enwrapped a cousin's form, he reflected that he envied the place of the winding-sheet, and was jealous of the worms. He felt that he was warming into his subject. He tried to think of the condition in which the remains of his relative would speedily be; and having carefully referred to an eminent medical work as to the length of time which the human body requires to resolve itself into its original earth, (for he was precise in his statements,) he proceeded to describe, with heart-rending faithfulness, the various stages of this inevitable decay. That was true poetry. He declared that the worm would crawl upon those lips that the lover had fondly pressed, and that the hand which once touched the harp so magically was now motionless for ever. Having brought this tragic description to a conclusion, he proceeded to number the flowers that should spring from his cousin's grave, and to promise that

> —— from year to year,
> Roses shall flourish, moistened by a tear.

This vow evidently eased his heart a little, and enabled him to conclude the poem in a more cheerful spirit. He wound up with the reflection, that care was the lot of humanity, and that it was his duty to bear his proportion of the common load with a patient though bruised spirit. He felt that to complete his poetic destiny he ought to wander, none knew whither, and to turn up only at most unseasonable hours, and in most solemn places. But unhappily he was informed that it was necessary he should remain on the spot for the proper management of his affairs. Fate would have it so. Why was he not allowed to pursue his destiny? He was one day mentally bewailing the even tenour of his way, when a few kind friends suggested that he should publish his effusions. At first he firmly refused. What was fame to him—a hopeless, despairing man on the brink of the grave! His friends, however, pressed him in the end into compliance;

and in due time Mr. Blackbrook's "Life-Drops from the Heart" were offered to the public for the price of ten shillings—little more than one shilling per drop.

An eminent critic wrote the following opinion of our friend and his poetry:—

"We notice Mr. Blackbrook as the representative of a school—the Doleful School. He draws terrible pictures; but what are his materials? He does not write from the heart, inasmuch as, if he really felt that incessant agony, which is his everlasting theme, we should find in his performances some original imagery—something with an individual stamp. We rather hold Mr. Blackbrook to be a very deliberate, vain, and calculating being, who takes advantage of a domestic calamity to display his knack of verse-making; who composedly turns a couplet upon the coffin of his mistress; whose sympathy and sensibility are only the ingenious masks of inordinate self-esteem. His view of the poetic is only worthy of an undertaker. He sees nature through a black-crape veil. He describes graves with the minuteness of a body-snatcher; and when he would be impressive is disgusting. You see the actor, not the poet. He admits you (for he cannot help it) behind the scenes. His rhymes are not the music of a poetic faculty; but rather the jingle of a parrot. He is one of a popular school, however; and while the public buy his wares, he will continue to fashion them. Materialist to the back-bone, he simpers about the littleness of human dealings and human sympathies. He who pretends to be melted with pity over the fate of a fly, would use his mother's tombstone as a writing-desk. He deals in human sorrow, as his baker deals in loaves. Nervous dowagers, who love tears and 'dreadful descriptions;' who enjoy 'a good cry;' and who have the peculiar faculty of seeing the dark side of everything, enjoy his dish of verses amazingly. To sensitive young ladies there is a terrible fascination in his inventories of the tomb and its appendages; and children are afraid to walk about in the dark, after listening to one of his effusions. The followers of his school include one or two formidable young ladies, who enter into descriptions of death—that is to say, the material part of death—with a minuteness that must excite the envy even of the most ingenious auctioneer. When bent upon a fresh composition, these terrible young poetesses, having killed a child, proceed to trace its journey to the tomb—its return to earth. How they gloat over the dire changes!—how systematically the painful portrait is proceeded with! In this they rival Chinese artists. And people of ill-regulated sympathy, who, containing within them all the elements of spiritual culture, are yet affected only by sensual appeals, regard these doleful effusions as the outpourings of true human suffering.

"Mr. Blackbrook and his disciples are hapless materialists, verse-makers without a sense of the beautiful. They are patronised by those to whom they write down; and the effect of their lucubrations is to enchain the imagination, to debase the moral capacity, to weaken that spiritual faith which disdains the horrors of the churchyard. Mr. Blackbrook's adventures in search of despair were undertaken, to our mind, in a cold-blooded spirit. A resolute determination to discover the gloomiest phase of every earthly matter, a longing for the applause of a foolish clique, and a confused idea that Chatterton was a poet because he perished miserably, while Byron owed his inspiration to his domestic unhappiness—make up that picture of a verse-writer which we have endeavoured to delineate. When extraordinary vanity is allied to very ordinary ability, the combination is an unwholesome, ascetic, weak and deformed mind:—such a mind has Mr. Blackbrook. He endeavours to drag us into a vault, when we would regard the heavenly aspect of death. Ask him to solve the great mystery, and he points to the fading corpse. His tears suggest the use of onions; and his threats of self-destruction, remind us of the rouge and Indian ink of an indifferent melo-dramatic actor. We have no respect for his misfortunes, since we find that he esteems them only as opportunities for display: we know that despair is welcome to him. He turns his back to the sun, and rejoices to see the length of shade he can throw upon the earth. Nature to him is only a vast charnel-house—so constructed that he may sing a life-long requiem. He would have us journey through life with our eyes fixed upon the ground, scenting the gases of decay. But wiser men—poets of the soul—bid us look up to heaven, nor disdain, as we raise our heads, to mark the beauty of the lily—to gather, and with hearty thanks, the fragrance of the rose."

A WINTER SERMON.

Thou dwellest in a warm and cheerful home,
  Thy roof in vain the winter tempest lashes;
While houseless wretches round thy mansion roam,
  On whose unshelter'd heads the torrent plashes.

Thy board is loaded with the richest meats,
  O'er which thine eyes in sated languor wander;
Many might live on what thy mastiff eats,
  Or feast on fragments which thy servants squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,
  When from thy fireside corner thou dost sally;
Many have scarce a rag about them cast,
  With which the frosty breezes toy and dally.

Thou hast soft smiles to greet thy kiss of love,
  When thy light step resounds within the portal;
Some have no friend save Him who dwells above,
  No sweet communion with a fellow-mortal.

Thou sleepest soundly on thy costly bed,
  Lull'd by the power of luxuries unnumber'd,
Some pillow on a stone an aching head,
  Never again to wake when they have slumber'd.

Then think of those, who, form'd of kindred clay,
Depend upon the doles thy bounty scatters;
And God will hear them for thy welfare pray—
They are His children, though in rags and tatters.

LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHT-BOATS.

When the winter fire blazes redly on the curtains, and the happy faces assembled in the room; when the table is spread, and the sofa "wheeled round," and the whistling wind is heard without, rising to a gale,—then may we well, as we often do, bethink ourselves of the many anxious eyes out at sea, which are strained to catch a glimpse of the well-known "light" that befriends the sailor on his pathless journey.

Our coast is so well furnished with lighthouses, that this is the first of our arrangements which strikes foreigners with admiration as they approach our shores; but so dangerous is the whole navigation, so beset with rocks, quicksands, sunken ledges, howling forelands, "and hollow crescents full of gathered blasts," that the sudden withdrawal of a single "light" from an important position would, in all probability, be the cause of hundreds of shipwrecks in a single night.

When there is a brisk wind, and the night thick and hazy, with what straining eyes do men at sea continue to gaze in the direction where the hoped-for light is expected—and, how often, in the wrong direction! In small merchant crafts—a schooner, for instance—when the number of hands amounts but to the master, the mate, one man, and a cabin-boy, and his other "appointments," in the way of charts, and compasses, and anchors, is in the same poor condition; how exciting a time is that, when the "light" which, according to his calculation, ought to be visible, is nowhere apparent — his vessel running fast through the water—the wind getting up, perhaps to a gale, and his top-gallant sail has to be suddenly taken in, and his top-sail reefed! But, where is the light?—the master and the mate cannot see it below; can the man or the boy aloft see any signs of it?—No, neither. Can the wet and shivering passenger, who had "turned in," but has come on deck, in his drawers, to get in everybody's way—can *he* see anything of the light which ought to be somewhere out there? No; he sees nothing but haze and mist; and, in fact, his eyes are full of salt spray. Down rushes the master through the little hatchway, and after him hurries the passenger, with a vague no-notion of helping him, he knows not how, to do he knows not what. The candle has got upset, and all is darkness below. The lucifer-box, of course, is not in its place—it has been upset—the matches are lying about on the wet floor of the cabin, and are bent and broken in the vain attempt to ignite them. Now, the cabin-boy comes down, and, after his head has been well "clouted," in the dark, he, at length, bellowingly produces a light, by some inconceivable process, and the shapeless mash of trodden candle is stuck upright, somehow, and the wick lighted. The chart is snatched from the locker—such a chart!—all dirty, greasy, tar-bethumbed, torn, tattered, and begrimed—and over this the captain lies flat, with his nose almost touching it, and seeming to assist his search quite as actively as the brown damp finger with which he goes poking and pointing over the paper. He finds soon enough the dreaded Goodwin Sands — and, he finds the North Foreland Lighthouse—on the chart; and, according to his "reckoning," he ought now to see the "light"—but where *is* it? He rushes up on deck. It is not yet visible. Can he see the gleam of the Light-boats off the Goodwins? No—no signs of them. He stares into the compass-box, and alters the vessel's course, in alarm—and down again he comes, almost headlong, to work his reckoning over again; and again to throw himself with his elbows on the ragged chart, holding a bit of candle in his fingers which he has snatched out of the candle-stick, and dropping the grease all over St. George's Channel—till the voice of the mate, on deck, gladdens his ears with the tidings that the "light" is visible — the "bearings" as they had calculated—and all right. The passenger runs up on deck, and, shivering, in his half-attached fluttering habiliments, descries, with joy, the large steady "light" of the North Foreland, which forces its beams through the mist, and tells them all they want to know of their position.

Next morning the passenger, to his great content, was landed; and after he had refreshed himself during some days (and of all passengers that need a little solace, on landing, the passenger of a merchant schooner needs it as much as any,) he felt a strong desire to examine closely the arrangements of the "light," which had been such a source of anxiety, and subsequent congratulation, out at sea. He accordingly drove over to the North Foreland Lighthouse—and was refused admittance. He drew out his purse; but was requested to put it in his pocket again, and go home.

Thus disappointed and admonished, the visitor retraced his steps, and after mature consideration, addressed a polite note to the proper authority at Ramsgate. From this gentleman he received an order of admission, and the same evening he betook himself again to the North Foreland.

The walk being gradually up-hill, all the way, and including a bend in the road, there was no sign of the "light," till on a sudden turn it was discovered in all its beaming altitude. Observing it now more narrowly as he approached, the visitor perceived that the glass-house, on the top of the tower, (sometimes called the "lanthorn," and, in its shape, closely resembling an observatory,) had *two* front-faces, so to speak; the lamps being arranged upon an obtuse angle—one set of

them facing up-channel, and one down-channel —yet the power of the whole would also be visible for a considerable extent, horizontally, out at sea. On passing near the tower, the individual lamps and reflectors are visible in each face, or set; but at sea this individuality is all merged in a general effect.

Knocking at the door of the entrance, at the base of the tower, and producing his 'order,' our visitor was at once admitted to a little stone ante-room, where the paper underwent a careful scrutiny. Its authenticity being ascertained, he was conducted onwards, and upwards, admiring as he went the various utensils and apparatus that were hung upon walls or deposited on shelves—oil cans, oil measures, spare reflectors, cotton for wicks, glass lamp-chimneys, leathers, cloths, spare window-panes, storm-plates, chamois-skins, bottles of spirits of wine, and many odd-shaped things in shining copper, brass, glass, zinc, iron or tin. Likewise, a thick woollen night-cap, standing upright in a dark corner, and having a thoughtful appearance.

The visitor now found the stone stair-case, he was ascending, had become much narrower, and he was cautioned not to speak loud or be otherwise noisy, lest he should wake the head light-keeper, who had gone to bed early, as it was his turn for the next watch. The visitor, therefore, with a softened boot, and a face of increased seriousness, renewed his toiling ascent between the narrow, spiral, white, vault-like stone walls, leading up to the "light-room," at the summit of the tower.

"Hush!" murmured the light-keeper every now and then, by way of preventing the visitor from speaking. All was silent, with the exception of the hollow sound of the ascending footsteps.

At length, after a wearisome spiral journey, the broad landing-place below the light-room was attained. Several more steps led up to a dusky closed door, that had an ominous appearance—as of the entrance to a chamber of mysterious treasures, at the top of a tower in some eastern tale. The visitor thought he could distinguish a bright gleam, edging the bottom of the door. Being told to ascend, he prepared his mind, and did so;—then laying his hand with becoming awe upon the door, he slowly pushed it open.

He found himself in a small chamber full of light, in shape very much like a hand-frame for cucumbers, only taller. Upon a platform of bright copper, about four feet high, stood the back part of an apparatus, on which were arranged a series of lamps, each having a glass chimney over it, and a reflector behind it, circular, concave, larger than the top of the largest warming-pan, made of copper at the back, with a pure silver face, and polished, in this face, to the highest degree of brilliancy, so that it could not be looked at directly in front. The lamps and reflectors were ranged in a double row, and behind each were pipes, and other apparatus, for a constant, graduated, supply of oil; for air-currents, smoke-tubes, &c. The copper platform was of semicircular shape, and broad enough to admit of one person at a time walking in front of the lamps, between them and the glass window. The visitor was now informed that he might do this. After a little hesitation, with a reverential foot he accordingly ascended a few steps at one side, and made a slow and cautious passage in front of the lamps with their great, glaring, silver, planet-eyes of reflectors, that made him contract his body to its most attenuated dimensions, and gaze upon its dense bit of darkness with a strange recollection of the story of the fly that got into the philosopher's microscope. He felt like that fly, and was heartily glad to arrive at the other end of the platform, and humbly descend the steps. He had scarcely done so, when *buff* came something against one of the windows, and fell outside! The window being of thick plate-glass, no injury was done, but the new-comer, whatever it was, had evidently got the worst of it.

A little balcony runs outside the window, into which the visitor now went, and there he found—lying flat on its back—wings expanded—beak open—and dead—a huge muff-faced owl! "Ah," said the light-keeper, "our gun can reach further out to sea, and over land, than any you can handle. We often have this balcony strewed with sea gulls and other birds that have struck themselves dead. In the game season, lots of partridges, and pheasants too, fly at the light—they can't resist it—and most of them are killed, or taken. Sometimes we find nearly a bushel of larks lying all about."

The visitor fell into a train of reflections on these fatal instances of irresistible attraction, which lasted him all the way down stairs, and after he had left the lighthouse; in which meditation there passed in rapid succession before his imagination, numerous flights of poems about the moth and the candle; and Cupid and Psyche ('specially Psyche); and sea-birds rushing across the homeless brine to El Dorado, and finding Death; and Antony and Cleopatra; and Icarus; and Macbeth; and Napoleon; and wild-ducks; and partridges—many of them roasted—and owls, whom nobody can eat; and sailors' night-telescopes; and Herrick's songs about birds, and his own bird-like songs; and Shelley's exquisite Ode to a Skylark. By this time the visitor found himself on the verge of the cliff, and his steps were, luckily, stopped at the same time with his train of reflections.

But although to a sailor anxiously "shooting" the dark horizon with his night-glass, the interest in all lighthouses is nearly the same, and varies only with the circumstances of the moment, to a passenger the interest in any fixed "light" is seldom to be compared to that which [illegible] experiences in watching the appearance [illegible] disappearance of a revolving "light." Suppose a dark night, with few

stars out, and those none of the freshest-looking; you stare through the thick air and mist towards the horizon, which is all gloom. Presently there emerges from this vaporous gloom, at a great distance, a faint red orb, which gradually attains its full disk, and then declines, and disappears. It has been visible half a minute. All is darkness again for about two minutes—and then it appears again, and disappears, with the same planetary effect, as before. Sometimes a revolving "light" alternates a red "light" and a white one; sometimes two red and one white,—and so on.

The machinery for the revolving "lights," as may readily be supposed, is far more complicated than that which exhibits the fixed "light"; but all these differences fade to nothing, in comparison with the scientific complexities of the different optical systems employed in obtaining the largest amount and the purest degree of light. A very concise account of these, simplified as much as possible, is all we can venture to offer.

A lamp constructed of a simple burner, would send forth scattered rays, illumining parts not needed, and wasting many rays, upward, into the sky, and also below the plane of vision of those out at sea. To correct this, reflectors are employed, by means of which, according to laws which cannot here be discussed, the rays are concentrated and thrown in the greatest strength towards given points on the horizon. The amount of luminous effect, produced by reflectors in fixed "lights," has been ascertained to be about three hundred and fifty times greater than can be obtained from the unassisted flame; and for those larger ones, wh.ch are used in revolving "lights," about four hundred and fifty times greater. These calculations, however, will vary with the distances at which the observations are taken.

The manufacture of these reflectors is a very nice and curious process. It is described at considerable length, and with great clearness, by the engineer to the Board of Northern Lighthouses (Mr. Alan Stevenson), to whose excellent Rudimentary Treatise we are much indebted.

In Lighthouses of the first class, the reflectors are made of sheet copper, thickly plated inside with silver. They are moulded to a paraboloïdal form by a delicate and laborious process of beating with mallets and hammers of various forms and materials. They are frequently tested during the operation, by a gauge applied to the back, and another to the concave face. After the face has received its last polish, it is tested by placing a burner in the focus, and measuring the strength of the light at various points of the reflected conical beam. The flame generally used is derived from an Argand fountain-lamp.

The system of lights just described is called the "catoptric." It includes nine distinctions; viz., the fixed; the revolving white; the revolving white and red; the revolving red with two whites; the revolving white with two reds; the flashing; the intermittent; the double fixed light; and double revolving white light.

The first exhibits a fixed and uniform appearance. The revolving light is produced by the revolution of a frame with three or four sides, having reflectors ranged on each side. The succession of red and white lights is obviously caused by the revolution of a frame presenting different lights on each side, according to arrangement—and carefully marked on the sailors' charts. The flashing light is produced in the same manner as the revolving; but having a different disposition of the mirrors, and a greater quickness of the revolution, which produces the effect of a flash in the darkness once in about five seconds of time. It is very useful, from its striking difference to other lights. The intermittent light bursts suddenly into view, continues steady for a short time, and then suddenly disappears. The different colours are produced by interposing coloured media, which generally absorbing nearly five-sevenths of the whole light, they cannot be seen from so great a distance as the white. The French tried red glass, which absorbs only four-sevenths of the light; but a greater improvement has been made in the Scotch Lighthouses, by using chimneys of red glass instead of placing coloured media in front of the reflectors.

Coloured lights are only used for the necessity of variety. Next to the white in power is the red. The green and the blue are seldom used, except as pier and harbour lights, where distance is not required, because these colours absorb nearly all the rays.

But the different effects previously enumerated, are not accomplished by one system of optics. Great and various have been the studies of lighthouse opticians, and innumerable the experiments that have been made to produce all the varieties now in use. We have spoken of the catoptric, or reflecting system; but to Condorcet belongs the merit of having suggested the dioptric, or refracting, system, which was afterwards reduced to practice by Fresnel. By the adoption of lenses, he not only accomplished the effect of flashing lights, but finally devised a new distinction of light, *viz.* a fixed light, varied by flashes. The great lamp, which has four concentric burners, is also of very peculiar construction, and was made to burn in the great Lighthouse, called the Tour de Corduan, during seven hours, without snuffing or having the wicks raised. Subsequently, the same kind of lamp has been known to burn, untouched, in some of the Scotch Lighthouses, for the extraordinary period of seventeen hours.

Into the intense complexities of catoptric, dioptric, dia-catoptric, and cata-dioptric com-

binations, we dare not venture, nor into their relative merits. Of the comparative practical advantages of the two great systems, we shall merely say that the dioptric system provides a light *four* times more powerful; while the catoptric system insures a more certain exhibition of the light. The accidental extinction of one of the lamps in the catoptric light, leaves only a fraction of the horizon without light; whereas the extinction of the one great lamp of the dioptric light, deprives the whole horizon of light. Nevertheless, when the great rarity of such an accident as the extinction of this one great lamp is considered, together with its far greater economy in oil (being above one hundred and forty pounds a-year less than the other system of lighting), with some further advantages, the preference is generally given by lighthouse opticians to the dioptric system.

It is obvious that the method of furnishing light to the light-boats, or floating-lights, must be a simpler process than those which have just been described. The term "lantern" is appropriate enough here; since the apparatus does actually consist of a large octagonal lantern of copper framework and plate-glass, protected outside by some wire-work, and fixed at a mast-head. They are fitted with eight argand lamps, and parabolic reflectors. A very strange appearance these boats present, of which the heavy, Indian-red, floating strong-box, with an onion gone to seed sticking out of the lid, and called the "Nore," may be considered as a first-rate specimen. These light-boats are of the greatest service; in fact they are obviously indispensable to safe navigation.

There are various positions of danger which are beyond the reach of lighthouses. Sand-banks, for instance, where the erection of any solid structure is impossible, are often the sites for mooring light-boats. The annual expense of maintaining a light-boat, including the wages and victualling of the crew, eleven in number, is, on an average, one thousand pounds: and the first cost of such a vessel, fitted completely with lighting apparatus, mushroom-anchors, cables, &c., is nearly five thousand pounds.

Many interesting particulars belong to the building of lighthouses. Events occur, which are not only as exciting as they are arduous and interesting, but which cannot occur to any other kind of erections,—even to the very disheartening circumstance of a rough stormy night sometimes sweeping away a whole twelvemonth's, perhaps years, of constant labour and hardship. The narratives of several of these are among our most interesting nautical records.

For architectural grandeur, Mr. Alan Stevenson declares the Tour de Corduan to be the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. It is situated on an extensive reef at the mouth of the river Garonne, and serves as a guide to the shipping of Bordeaux and the Languedoc Canal, and indeed to all that part of the Bay of Biscay. It was founded in the year 1584, but was not completed till 1610, under Henri Quatre. The building is one hundred and ninety-seven feet in height, and consists of a pile of masonry, forming successive galleries, enriched with pilasters and friezes, and rising above each other with gradually diminished diameters. These galleries are surmounted by a conical tower, which terminates in the lantern. Round the base is a wall of circumvallation, in which the light-keeper's apartments are formed; the wall serving also as an outwork of defence by receiving the first shock of the waves. The tower itself contains a chapel, and various apartments, and the ascent is by a spacious staircase.

The first light exhibited in the Tour de Corduan was obtained by burning billets of oak wood in a chamber at the top of the tower. A rude reflector, in the form of an inverted cone, was afterwards added to prevent the loss of light which escaped upwards. About the year 1780 M. Lenoir was employed to substitute paraboloïdal reflectors and lamps; and in 1822 the "light" received its last improvement by the introduction of the dioptric instruments of Augustin Fresnel.

Smeaton's Narrative of the Lighthouse on the Eddystone Rocks is full of interest. These rocks are upwards of nine miles distance from the Ram-Head on the coast of Cornwall; and from the small extent of the surface of the chief rock, and its exposed situation, the construction of the lighthouse was a work of the greatest difficulty. The first erection was of timber: it was designed by Winstanley, and commenced in 1696. It was soon found, however, that the sea rose to a much greater height than had been anticipated; so much so, it is said, as to bury under water the lantern, though this was sixty feet above the rock. Winstanley was, therefore, under the necessity of enlarging the tower and carrying it to a greater height. He raised it to one hundred and twenty feet, which was too high for its strength to bear. In November, 1703, considerable injury had been received, and Winstanley went there in person, accompanied by his workmen, and proceeded to institute the repairs. On the 26th of that month, a storm arose, so violent, that it carried away the whole edifice, with poor Winstanley and all his workmen, every one of whom perished.

The loss of this "light" speedily led to a yet more numerous loss of lives. The "Winchelsea" man-of-war was wrecked on the Eddystone Rocks, and nearly all her crew perished. Three years were allowed to elapse after this melancholy and unanswerable evidence of the necessity for a "light," before the Trinity House could obtain a new act of Parliament to extend their powers (so writes Alan Stevenson); but whether the delay rested most with the Government or the

Trinity House, it was not till July 1706 that the construction of a new lighthouse was commenced. It was under the direction of Mr. John Rudyerd, of London. The tower was entirely of timber, and ninety-two feet high. The edifice was finished, and the new light first shown on the 28th of July, 1708. It continued to be regularly exhibited during forty-seven years, when it accidentally took fire, and being formed of such combustible materials, the whole fabric was destroyed A.D. 1755.

As it was quite evident that a "light" was absolutely necessary at this spot, and—strange to relate—as the "authorities" had now really learned some wisdom by experience, preparations were immediately made for the erection of another lighthouse. On the 5th of April, 1756, Smeaton first landed on the rock, and prepared for the erection of a lighthouse of stone. He arranged for the foundation by cutting the surface of the rock into regular horizontal benches, and into these the foundation stones were to be carefully dovetailed or notched. The first stone was laid in 1757. The tower measures sixty-eight feet in height, and twenty-six feet in diameter at the level of the first entire course; and the diameter, under the cornice, is fifteen feet. The whole is a work of extreme ingenuity to obtain the greatest amount of resistance, and unites the two great principles, *viz.* of strength and weight—or *cohesion* and *inertia*. The first twelve feet of the tower form a solid mass of masonry, and the stones of which it is composed are united by means of stone joggles, dovetailed joints, and oaken treenails. All the floors of the edifice are arched. The "light" was first exhibited on the 16th of October, 1759; but such was the condition of lighthouse apparatus here, at this time, (though Argand's invention was known in 1784, and paraboloïdal mirrors were used in the "lights" at Bidstone and Hoylake still earlier) that a feeble illumination from tallow candles was the only benefit derived from this noble structure. "In 1807," continues Mr. Alan Stevenson, "the property of this lighthouse again came into the hands of the Trinity House, at the expiration of a long lease,"—during which, we may infer, that it had been let to some very unworthy parties, who, regardless of shipwrecks and loss of life, starved the light and pocketed the fees. After this, argand burners, and paraboloïdal reflectors of silvered copper, were substituted by the Elder Brethren for the jobbery of the felonious mutton dips.

Inch Cape, or Bell Rock, is a dangerous reef on the coast of Scotland, where in former days so many vessels were wrecked, that the Abbot of Aberbrothwick caused a float to be fixed upon the rock, with a large bell attached to it, so arranged that the swinging motion of the waves should cause it continually to toll, and more especially in very rough weather. Southey's ballad of "Sir Ralph the Rover" is founded on this story. Many shipwrecks occurred here in more recent times; among others, that of the "York," seventy-four, which was lost with all her crew. A beacon of spars was then erected by Captain Brodie; but it was soon washed away. A second beacon was set up, and speedily disappeared. After a considerable time the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses brought a bill into Parliament (in 1802) for power to erect a lighthouse on this rock. The bill passed into law in 1806 (no hurry, gentlemen—pray never think of hurrying yourselves,) and in August, 1807, Mr. Robert Stevenson landed with his workmen, and commenced the work by preparing the rock for the erection of a temporary pyramid, on which a barrack-house was to be placed for the reception of the workmen. As the rock was only dry for a few hours at spring-tides, the men had to retreat to a vessel moored off it, while these operations were being carried on. After many accidents, and one narrow escape of the loss of the engineer and thirty-one workmen, by the rising of the tide upon the rock, when the attending vessel had broken adrift, the lighthouse was completed, in 1810. "The Bell Rock Tower is one hundred feet in height, forty-two feet in diameter at the base, and fifteen at the top. The door is thirty feet from the base, and the ascent is by a massive bronze ladder. The 'light' is a revolving red and white light; and is produced by the revolution of a frame containing sixteen argand lamps, placed in the foci of paraboloïdal mirrors, arranged on a quadrangular frame, whose alternate faces have shades of red glass placed before the reflectors, so that a red and white light is shown successively. The machinery which causes the revolution of the frame containing the lamps, is also applied to tolling two large bells, in order to give warning to the mariner of his approach to the rock in foggy weather." To see this huge tower, with his two different coloured eyes, as they emerge through the fog, while his heavy bells keep up their tolling monotony, has all the grim effect in which old romances so much delight.

The Carlington lighthouse, on the coast of Ireland, is a very fine structure. It is one hundred and eleven feet in height. Very arduous efforts were required for its erection, as the foundation had to be laid in the rock, twelve feet below the level of high-water. It was designed by Mr. George Halpin, Inspector of the Irish Lights.

One more Lighthouse must close our descriptions. Its erection was attended with many vicissitudes.

For the following account, we are indebted to Mr. Alan Stevenson's Rudimentary Treatise, previously quoted, the author having, in this instance, been the architect and engineer.

The Skerryvore Rocks, which lie about twelve miles W. S. W. of the seaward point of the Isle of Tyree, in Argyllshire, were long

known as a terror to sailors, owing to the numerous shipwrecks, fatal alike to the vessels and their crews, which had occurred in their neighbourhood. A list, confessedly incomplete, enumerates thirty vessels lost in the forty years preceding 1844. Many others had doubtless occurred, of which no report had been, or could have been, rendered. The Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses had, *for many years*, entertained the project of erecting a lighthouse on the Skerryvore; and, with this object, had visited it, more especially, in the year 1814, in company with Sir Walter Scott, who, in his Diary, gives a graphic description of its inhospitable aspect. It was not until the year 1834, when a minute survey of the reef was ordered by the Board —(had they fallen asleep during the intermediate years?)—that the idea of undertaking this formidable, but necessary, work was entertained.

The reef is composed of numerous rocks, worn smooth as glass in some places, by the incessant play of the water; in others, presenting rugged humps and gullies. The cutting of the foundation for the tower in this irregular flinty mass occupied nearly two summers; while the blasting of the rock, in so narrow a space, without any shelter from the risk of flying splinters, was attended with much hazard. A steam-tug was built to transport the workmen and their building materials, and also for them to sleep in, as a floating-barrack. She ran many perilous risks in her precarious moorings. At length, in 1838, a wooden barrack was erected on the rock.

In the November following, a great gale arose, which tore up and swept away the barrack, leaving nothing to denote its site but a few broken and twisted iron stanchions, "and attached to one of them a portion of a great beam, which had been so shaken and rent, by dashing against the rocks, as literally to resemble a bundle of laths." Thus, in one night, the traces of a whole season's toil were obliterated, and, with them, the hopes of the men for a dwelling on the rock, instead of on board the tug, where many of the workmen suffered constant miseries of sea-sickness.

A second barrack was eventually erected in a less exposed place, and of additional strength, and this was found sufficiently stable to brave the storm. But, what an abode!— and, above all, for men comparatively unused to the sea. Let the engineer describe it in his own words:—

"Perched forty feet above the wave-beaten rock, in this singular abode, the writer of this little volume, with a goodly company of thirty men, has spent many a weary day and night, at those times when the sea prevented any one going down to the rock, anxiously looking for supplies from the shore, and earnestly longing for a change of weather favourable to the recommencement of the works. For miles around, nothing could be seen but white foaming breakers, and nothing heard but howling winds and lashing waves. At such seasons much of our time was spent in bed; for there alone we had effectual shelter from the winds and the spray, which searched every cranny in the walls of the barrack. Our slumbers, too, were, at times, fearfully interrupted by the sudden pouring of the sea over the roof, the rocking of the house on its pillars, and the spurting of water through the seams of the doors and windows; symptoms which, to one suddenly aroused from sound sleep, recalled the appalling fate of the former barrack, which had been engulphed in the foam not twenty yards from our dwelling, and for a moment seemed to summon us to a similar fate. On two occasions, in particular, those sensations were so vivid as to cause almost every one to spring out of bed; and some of the men fled from the barrack by a temporary gangway, to the more stable, but less comfortable, shelter afforded by the bare wall of the lighthouse tower, then unfinished, where they spent the remainder of the night in the darkness and the cold."

The Skerryvore Lighthouse was at length successfully completed. The height of the tower is one hundred and thirty-eight feet, six inches. It contains a mass of stone work of more than double the quantity of the Bell Rock, and nearly five times that of the Eddystone. The entire cost, including steam-tug and the building a small harbour at Hynish for the reception of the little vessel that now attends the lighthouse, was eighty-six thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven pounds. The light is revolving, and reaches its brightest state once every minute. It is produced by the revolution of eight great annular lenses around a central lamp with four wicks, and belongs to the first order of Fresnel's system of dioptric lights. It can be seen from a vessel's deck at the great distance of eighteen miles.

The number of Lights—fixed, floating, and harbour lights—in England, is one hundred and seventy-five. In Scotland, sixty-seven. In Ireland, sixty. Making a total number of three hundred and two "Lights" in the United Kingdom. Of these, one hundred and twenty-one are public coast "lights;" twenty-nine floating "lights;" and one hundred and fifty-two local and harbour lights.

In thus reviewing a system of coast-lights so admirably organised and so efficiently worked, it is with very great regret that we touch upon some of its financial arrangements, which appear to be open to severe strictures. France, America, Russia, and Prussia, support the "lights" upon their respective coasts out of the funds of the state; but in England, while the benefit of the "lights" is shared by the whole British Navy and the community at large, the entire burden of the taxation falls exclusively upon the merchant and the ship-owner. The tax, moreover, is levied in an arbitrary sort of way, often unjustly, and always unequally. The officer calculates the number of "lights" a vessel has passed in her passage, and charges accordingly, but by no clearly defined rule. Some vessels always

pass and repass the lighthouses by day, yet are charged the same. A small vessel, for instance, belonging to the Edinburgh and Dundee Steam Company never passes by night at all, and it was found that, in 1843, the amount paid by that vessel for "lights" which she never saw, or had occasion to see, amounted to several hundred pounds in forty-nine weeks. The rule for levying the tax is also unfair; the dues are not charged on the tonnage actually carried, but on the whole tonnage the vessel could carry if she were full. This falls particularly hard upon small coasters, which, if they have a full cargo to London, can afford it; but as they can seldom obtain a full one in returning, and half a cargo would not enable them to defray the "light dues," they are generally obliged to refuse anything short of a full cargo, and return in ballast. Again, to show the inequality of the taxation, let us observe that a ship trading to the East Indies or to China, carrying a large freight, occupies about a year on the voyage out, and pays only a few of the "lights" twice during that time; while a coaster, which is constantly passing the lighthouse on her voyage, by day as much as by night, and carries but a comparatively small freight, pays, each time she passes a "light," a sum which in the aggregate frequently amounts to as much as five or six per cent. on the gross freight, and sixty per cent. upon the net profits of the ship. "In the years 1843 and 1844, the Trinity House received," says Mr. William John Hall, "from the coasting trade, one hundred and twenty-six thousand, six hundred and seventy-three pounds; while the over-sea British trade of millionaires and others paid only ninety-seven thousand, four hundred and fifty-four pounds, and foreign ships only thirty-three thousand, six hundred and forty-eight pounds." It hence appears that the tax presses unequally, and most onerously on the great mass of commercial industry in the home trade.

"In 1841," continues Mr. William John Hall, "the Trinity Board received for their 'lights,' the sum of one hundred and forty-four thousand, nine hundred and fifty-four pounds; and the commission on collection was five thousand six hundred and sixty pounds; leaving a net revenue of one hundred and thirty-nine thousand, two hundred and ninety-four pounds. To this surplus must be added three thousand and eighty-five pounds for buoyage and beaconage charges. After deducting the expenses of maintenance of 'lights,' salaries, charges, &c., &c., there still remained a surplus of thirty-eight thousand three hundred and sixty-four pounds, to which must be added rents of estates, dividends on stock, and other things, bringing the amount up to forty-seven thousand, two hundred and twenty-five pounds. And the way in which it is expended is stated to be—pensions to poor and aged seamen, twenty-nine thousand and sixteen pounds"—(compare this sum with the Pension List ostensibly devoted to literature, science, and art!)—"charges of house and office on Tower Hill, one thousand four hundred and eighty-six pounds; salaries to Elder Brethren, seven thousand pounds; dinners, two thousand two hundred and ninety-three pounds"—(ahem!)—"salaries, allowances, postages, &c., &c., &c."

The foregoing statements are derived from a printed "Letter to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty," signed "William John Hall, Custom-House Quay, May 5th, 1847." It goes into many estimates and details, the truth or fallacy of which ought to be closely looked into. Though many of the writer's arithmetical calculations are confused by obvious misprints of figures, most carelessly left uncorrected, his arguments are worthy of great attention. It is but justice to add, that amidst all his charges of injustice, extravagance, and jobbery, he still bears unequivocal testimony to the "brilliancy and efficiency of the Lights."

THE CORAL FISHERY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

One fine morning, in the early spring, I was standing on the "Marina" of the Island of Capri, when the market barks were leaving for Naples. The people were descending the heights, laden with wine and oil, and other produce of the country, for the market of the capital, and what between the directions given for the sale of these articles, and commission for purchases in the great world, there was a bustle and a shouting which gave an uncommon appearance of activity to this usually quiet spot. At the last moment a new and painful variety was given to the scene, for a crowd of men and women might be seen coming down the rocky staircase of Ani Capri, the latter carrying boxes on their heads, and the other paraphernalia of those who were about to enter on a long voyage, whilst the men were lounging on before, spiritless and silent. How bitterly the poor women wept! I thought their very hearts would break; and, though no tears dimmed the eyes of their sterner companions, there was an assumed indifference, and, at intervals, an awkward attempt at gaiety, which but too clearly indicated that there was grief in their hearts. "What," said I to a fisherman, who was standing near me, "is the meaning of all this sorrow?" "Eccellenza," replied he, "these men are about to leave for the Coral Fishery; and those who accompany them are their wives, or mothers, or 'spose.' Poveri Giovani!—theirs is a hard lot, indeed—for the next six or seven months they will have to work like dogs, and live upon bread and water. Before I would bring up a son of mine to this trade, I would rather follow him to Campo Santo!" The whole scene and the answer of my mariner interested me so much

that, seating myself on the beach, I got into conversation with him, and elicited all the information he could give me; this I have added to, much that I have collected from other sources, and thrown into the following paper.

The principal ports in the Mediterranean which send out vessels for this Fishery are Genoa, Leghorn, and Torre del Greco, about eight miles from Naples; and, as it was not far from this Port that my attention was first awakened to the subject, I shall confine myself to the trade as it is carried on there. The hardest service in which the sailor can be engaged, it is either a school for the young or the last resource of the poor and desperate; and, early in the year, numbers of these two classes, from every village on the coast, go over to Torre to engage themselves, and take their Caparra—alas, that Caparra!—(a portion of their pay); it is the price of slavery for the next six or eight months; and, once that it has crossed the palm, as well might a Virginian slave endeavour to throw off his servitude as one of these poor Coral fishers redeem his liberty. I have known many a poor fellow repent the step, and hide himself as the time of his suffering approaches; but sure is he to be hunted down, and brought back with the same rigour as a deserted recruit. And what is the temptation to bind themselves to such a fate? A paltry sum of from twenty to forty ducats—that is, from three to seven pounds. "A larger sum than we can earn in any merchant service," said a Coral fisher to me. And what is the treatment which they receive, and the nature of the service they enter upon? This I shall describe in detail; and then think, ye beauties, with what toil and suffering have been purchased the glowing ornaments which adorn your snowy bosoms. As the time for starting approaches, all who have received the Caparra, and, what is worse too, spent it, go down to Torre, and get the remainder of their paltry pay.

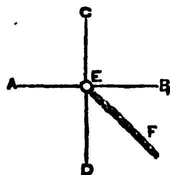
The scene which I witnessed in the Island of Capri, in the month of March, is the pattern of many others occurring at the same time all round the Bay of Naples; and nothing have I ever witnessed more touching or picturesque than the sorrow of those rude children of Nature. "My son," said an aged mother, "may God bless you! may the Madonna accompany you!" and she laid her hand upon his head, whilst the son knelt down, and took her other hand in his, and kissed it, the very extent of the affection which an Italian exhibits for a parent. Close by stood the "fidanzata," overwhelmed with grief, yet, from the reserve of custom, not making any open show of it. Several who were wives, too, were there; but they were of good courage, as they were going to accompany their husbands to Torre to bid them a last farewell, and receive—I had almost said the price of their blood—to keep their houses together, whilst they were at sea.

At the Port of Torre del Greco, a little fleet is assembled, each of from seventeen to twenty tons, and carrying from eight to twelve men. One portion of the fleet is destined for the Barbary Coast, another for that of Sardinia, and some visit other parts of the Mediterranean. Vows have been made to the Madonna, to the Patron Saints, and masses said. Every bark has received the priestly benediction. The church bells are ringing, and continue to do so until the fleet is leaving the shore, whilst this sweet harmony of sounds is increased by a beating of tambours, the sounding of a hundred tofi (conch shells), and other instruments of a similar character. In short, it is made rather a festive scene, too much grief being supposed, perhaps, to bring a "cattiv' augurio" (ill-luck); yet many a heavy heart is hidden by a shining face. Women, of course, are there; for in what situation in which human sympathies are greatly excited, are they ever absent? and the part which they take, was to me perfectly new. As each bark lifted its anchor, and glided off, a group of women gave expression to their grief, mingled with benedictions and "auguri" for good success: "May she sail like a bark of the angels!" and throwing sea-water and sand after it, again they cry, "May she abound as the sea, and the sands of the sea!" The last bark lifts its anchor, and now they are all fairly off, and many an eye all round the coast is on the stretch to catch a last glimpse of the sails which are bearing their social treasures to that Ultima Thule of the poor people—the coast of Barbary.

On the arrival at their several destinations, the captain lands and leaves his papers with the authorities, not unaccompanied by a present for the Consul; for before the season breaks up, the captain may want justice for himself, or the liberty of oppressing his crew, and a douceur to the great man is remembered with gratitude, and covers a multitude of sins. Each bark, too, pays on the Sardinian Coast, for medicine and medical attendance, seven piastres; whilst on the African coast, belonging to the French, a hospital is established where advice is given gratuitously: on both stations eleven piastres are demanded for custom-house dues and the examination of papers. There is another payment to be made, later, though I speak of it here, in the form of a tax for the privilege of fishing in those waters; on the Sardinian coast amounting to sixteen piastres for every boat, on the French African coast to one hundred and eight piastres, being just one half of what was demanded formerly; and a very sure and knowing way the authorities have of collecting it. When the season is half over, a vessel is sent out from Torre laden with fresh supplies of food and rope; the coral barks then push in to meet it, when their stock of coral is seized and detained in the custom-house until the tax has been paid; on the demand being satisfied, the supplying

vessel receives all the coral that has been taken, and bears it back to Torre.

All preliminaries being settled, and the boats being numbered, without which they would be seized and confiscated, away they push, and commit their fortunes to the deep. When well supplied, each boat will have on board about twenty cantari of hemp (a cantaro amounting to nearly two hundred pounds), with which the sailors make the nets on the voyage. The net, which is made with very wide meshes and very loose in the texture, is generally about eighteen passi or yards long, and one wide; the wide part being let down perpendicularly in the sea in order that the coral rock may be better embraced by the length. The fishing machine, however, which is employed, consists of five nets, which are arranged as follows:—Two sticks, of the thickness of a man's arm, and each about two feet and a half (five palmi) in length, are fastened together in the form of a cross, as in the figure; to each of the extremities, A, B, C, D, is attached a net such as I have described, and the length lying, of course, much in folds. Under the centre, E, is attached a stone of, perhaps, seventy pounds weight, and to the same point is attached also another net. The rope, F, communicates with the boat, and is stretched across the thigh of a man, which is covered with a thick piece of leather. Let us then suppose that the boat has arrived at the given spot. The nets are thrown in, and away goes the vessel before the wind, or propelled by the oar until they have laid hold of a rock. Woe be to the man who holds the rope if he gives not immediate notice of the net having "caught" the reef, so that more rope may be let out, otherwise he is thrown into the sea, or, as I have heard in many cases, his thigh is cut through to the bone, so violent is the check and so great the tension. Then "comes the tug of war," the whole crew are called upon for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, until by main force they break off pieces of the coral reef, which derive their value from their weight and colour. Jet black and rose-colour corals are the most esteemed, although a deeper red, white, and a dark dirty grey abound. The last is rarely sold, being considered nearly valueless. The rose-colour coral will sell at from twenty to one hundred piastres, or three pounds ten shillings to seventeen pounds the rotolo of thirty-three ounces according to the weight.



"Oh, Signore, quant' è bell' a vederé!" said a coral fisher to me only that morning, "What a beautiful sight it is when the coral is drawn up out of the sea!" Up comes the long branches like the boughs of a tree, or sometimes in great thick pieces. Last spring we were a hundred barks pulling away at one reef, and up came *our* nets with a rock in the midst; the upper part was covered with plums, and pears, and grapes; for your Eccellenza knows that the sea has its fruits as well as the land; and underneath the rock was the coral. It was a beautiful sight to see; besides, we are all better treated by the captain when we have a good draw; and we gave a shout of joy."

The coral, I am told, is found at a depth varying from about eight to thirty-four fathoms, and the best is near the surface: that of Sardinia, too, is preferred, and the coral on the Barbary coast. Sometimes a piece will be taken so large as to be beyond all price. One boat, for instance, has this season taken seven branches, of the weight, respectively, of two rotoli, one and a half rotolo, one rotolo, and a half rotolo, and downwards. These seven branches were valued to me at one thousand ducats, and another such a pull would make a tolerable voyage.

What strikes one as remarkable is, the rapid growth and formation of these Coral beds. "Year after year have we fished away on the same spots, and yet on each returning season we find an abundant supply. Sometimes beds that we have left small, have, in one winter, grown up to a large size." Such is the account the fishers give. Much uncertainty, however, prevails as to the remunerating profits of the voyage; the pieces brought up may be very small, or an inconsiderable quantity may be taken; the nets may be broken or lost; and, lastly, the vessel itself may be lost, not an unfrequent occurrence; for every year the sad intelligence arrives of the loss of a coral bark, or more; so constant is the exposure, and so great the danger incurred. Let us suppose that only one hundred vessels a year leave Torre for this trade—and there are near two hundred—and we shall perceive of how much importance this trade is to a small town. No wonder masses are said and benedictions uttered; for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.

But how great are the hardships of the service, and how much suffering is inflicted by the cruelty and brutality of the captains? In the first place, repose is unknown upon these vessels; for three weeks, or even a month, at a time, if the weather be favourable and the sea kind, they keep out at sea, like the "Flying Dutchman," ever on the run, and the nets ever dragging until they lay hold of a rock, when in they are hauled and again re-cast, unless they are broken. For the whole crew, therefore, there is never entire repose; and on some boats not even is the relay system adopted, either because of the brutal character of the captain, or the shortness of hands. The consequence is, that on such vessels sleep is indulged in by theft, by snatches; and I have heard of some who had almost acquired a habit of working and

sleeping at the same time. Alas, poor fellows! —many is the man who pays the price of health and life for such ceaseless and exhausting work as this is; and many is the wretched sailor who returns to his native village too happy to breathe out his last breath in the bosom of his mother or his wife, the victim of consumption and malaria. Nor is the diet such as to recruit a system thus worn out; for, with occasional exceptions, bread and water is their fare till they return, the water often being in such a state that, as many of the sailors have said to me, "we are obliged to drink it through our teeth." Of the treatment which those men receive it is almost superfluous to speak; slaves, in point of fact—as slaves they are treated. "We forget our own names from the time we enter the service," have they said to me; "the most disgusting sobriquets being applied to us, accompanied by the frequent use of the rope's-end." I have heard, too, of special acts of brutality, so revolting and horrible that I should fear the imputations of exaggeration were I to relate them.

The crews are engaged to 29th September for the Barbary fishers—and 2nd October for Sardinian fishers; or, in the language of the country, the Fêtes of San Michael, and of the blessed Madonna del Rosario. And never, surely, did the saints appear so amiable as when putting a term to such labour and suffering. On these nights every net is raised, and every hand is still. What matters it to them if the most tempting branches of coral are glowing beneath them? nothing would induce them to give another pull, even if there was a promise of drawing two thousand ducats. They are free again, and nothing can be got in competition with that delicious liberty. How sweet their dreams that night! Rest, rest, rest, and liberty for four months to come! Rough and degraded, too, as they are, by continual ill-treatment, they have their affections and attachments, strong and glowing as are those of the daintiest and proudest of the land; and the "cara sposa" and the "cambino," chuckling and crowing, come and visit them in their slumbers on the vigils of those blessed days.

The sails are set, and away they glide into port. Their passports *visé*, and their papers signed, homewards they turn their happy faces. I have mingled with many a group on the cliffs around the lovely Bay of Naples, as these vessels were flying through the storm, and listened to their exclamations with no slight interest. "Will Giuseppe be on board that vessel, or has Giovanni yet entered port?" And the call comes at length, and their hearts are leaping with joy, and their eyes are glistening with tears, as they once more go to Torre, not to bid farewell, but to welcome their hope and their support after the dangers and privations of so many months. In many a village church on the following Sunday, there is a brilliant display of finery—those young men grouped together near the altar are some of the coral fishers. I know them by their new crimson sashes and the glowing Phrygian caps. I fancy, too, that I can detect here and there a new gown, and a new pair of earrings, as brilliant as pearls can make them, with a bit of green glass in the centre, as though they would wear emeralds as well as their betters. Well, well! let them indulge their innocent vanity. I like some degree of it in the poor; it is the guarantee of self-respect: besides, who on such an occasion as this would find it in his heart to carp or censure? All now is joy and merriment; and there is feasting and dancing, and the tambour summonses all to the gay and graceful Tarantella; and the bread, and the water, and the rope's end, and the savage roaring of the waves—all, all, are forgotten in the pleasures of that delightful hour. It is a blessed thing to gaze on such a scene as this, and think that even amid the labour and sorrow, God has still provided their moments, aye, and hours, of enjoyment for the poor! Let man be careful not to curtail their innocent relaxations. I would not have the weight of such a sin upon my conscience.

How are these poor fellows to live for the next four months? Scarcely has any one of them a grain in his pocket. Receiving their money by anticipation, the usual consequence has followed. Even a small sum of money can never, they think, be exhausted; and with this wise reflection, rotolo after rotolo of maccaroni has been devoured, and caraffas of wine without number have been swallowed;—besides, who cares for saving? will not the same sum be coming in January? Thus the Coral fishers are amongst the most reckless and improvident class of sailors, depending always upon credit, which they get at Jew's interest, and with great facility—their means being as sure as those of expectant heirs. In every place where these men abound, are to be found shopkeepers who supply them with everything they want, and lose no opportunity of encouraging extravagance: a good score is thus run up, and as benevolence must be presumed always to have its reward, fifty per cent profits at least are always laid on. Pay-day comes at last; and down go the sailors to Torre del Greco, accompanied by their friends the shopkeepers, who stick to them like leeches; application is made to the masters to stop the wages: then some difficulties arise, and amidst brawling and extortion, and recrimination, the curtain drops. I never knew a Coral fisher well off.

Coral is, to the animal which forms it, what the shell is to the snail; it is the nest or crust of a certain species of sea-worm. It is multiplied with extraordinary rapidity by the little animals, and grows on rocks, or on any solid sub-marine body, in a shrub-like form; and although it is produced at from ten to a

hundred fathoms below the surface, yet the penetration of the rays of the sun are necessary to its increase.

THE STORY OF FINE-EAR.

Ten or twelve years ago, there was, in the prison at Brest, a man sentenced for life to the galleys. I do not know the exact nature of his crime, but it was something very atrocious. I never heard, either, what his former condition of life had been; for even his name had passed into oblivion, and he was recognised only by a number. Although his features were naturally well formed, their expression was horrible: every dark and evil passion seemed to have left its impress there; and his character fully corresponded to its outward indications. Mutinous, gloomy, and revengeful, he had often hazarded his life in desperate attempts to escape, which hitherto had proved abortive. Once, during winter, he succeeded in gaining the fields, and supported, for several days, the extremity of cold and hunger. He was found, at length, half frozen and insensible under a tree, and brought back to prison, where, with difficulty, he was restored to life. The ward-master watched him more closely, and punished him more severely by far, than the other prisoners, while a double chain was added to his heavy fetters. Several times he attempted suicide, but failed, through the vigilance of his guards. The only results of his experiments in this line were an asthma, caused by a nail which he hammered into his chest, and the loss of an arm, which he fractured in leaping off a high wall. After suffering amputation, and a six months' sojourn in the hospital, he returned to his hopeless life-long task-work.

One day, this man's fierce humour seemed softened. After the hours of labour, he seated himself, with the companion in misery to whom he was chained, in a corner of the court; and his repulsive countenance assumed a mild expression. Words of tenderness were uttered by the lips which heretofore had opened only to blaspheme; and with his head bent down, he watched some object concealed in his bosom.

The guards looked at him with disquietude, believing he had some weapon hidden within his clothes; and two of them approaching him stealthily from behind, seized him roughly, and began to search him, before he could make any resistance. Finding himself completely in their power, the convict exclaimed: "Oh, don't kill him! Pray, don't kill him!"

As he spoke, one of the guards had gained possession of a large rat, which the felon had kept next his bosom.

"Don't kill him!" he repeated. "Beat me; chain me; do what you like with me; but don't hurt my poor rat! Don't squeeze him so between your fingers! If you will not give him back to me, let him go free!"—And while he spoke, for the first time, probably, since his childhood, tears filled his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.

Rough and hardened men as were the guards, they could not listen to the convict, and see his tears, without some feeling of compassion. He who was about to strangle the rat, opened his fingers and let it fall to the ground. The terrified animal fled with the speed peculiar to its species, and disappeared behind a pile of beams and rubbish.

The felon wiped away his tears, looked anxiously after the rat, and scarcely breathed until he had seen it out of danger. Then he rose, and silently, with the old savage look, followed his companion in bonds, and lay down with him on their iron bedstead, where a ring and chain fastened them to a massive bar of the same metal.

Next morning, on his way to work, the convict, whose pale face showed that he had passed a sleepless night, cast an anxious, troubled glance towards the pile of wood, and gave a low, peculiar call, to which nothing replied. One of his comrades uttered some harmless jest on the loss of his favourite; and the reply was a furious blow, which felled the speaker, and drew down on the offender a severe chastisement from the taskmaster.

Arrived at the place of labour, he worked with a sort of feverish ardour, as though trying to give vent to his pent-up emotion; and, while stooping over a large beam, which he and some others were trying to raise, he felt something gently tickle his cheek. He turned round, and gave a shout of joy. There, on his shoulder, was the only friend he had in the world—his rat!—who, with marvellous instinct, had found him out, and crept gently up to his face. He took the animal in his hands, covered it with kisses, placed it within his nest, and then, addressing the head gaoler, who happened to pass by at the moment, he said:

"Sir, if you will allow me to keep this rat, I will solemnly promise to submit to you in everything, and never again to incur punishment."

The ruler gave a sign of acquiescence, and passed on. The convict opened his shirt, to give one more fond look at his faithful pet, and then contentedly resumed his labour.

That which neither threats nor imprisonment, the scourge nor the chain, could effect, was accomplished, and rapidly, by the influence of *love*, though its object was one of the most despised amongst animals. From the moment when the formidable convict was permitted to cherish his pet night and day in his bosom, he became the most tractable and well-conducted man in the prison. His Herculean strength, and his moral energy, were both employed to assist the governors in maintaining peace and subordination. Fine-Ear, so he called his rat, was the object of his unceasing tenderness. He fed it before he tasted each meal, and would rather fast

entirely than allow it to be hungry. He spent his brief hours of respite from toil in making various little fancy articles, which he sold, in order to procure dainties which Fine-Ear liked,—gingerbread and sugar, for example. Often, during the period of toil, the convict would smile with delight when his little friend, creeping from its nestling place, would rub its soft fur against his cheek. But when, on a fine sunshiny day, the rat took up his position on the ground, smoothed his coat, combed his long moustaches with his sharp nails, and dressed his long ears with his delicate paws, his master would testify the utmost delight, and exchange tender glances with the black, roguish eyes, of Master Fine-Ear.

The latter, confiding in his patron's care and protection, went, came, sported or stood still, certain that no one would injure him; for to touch a hair of the rat's whisker would be to incur a terrible penalty. One day, for having thrown a pebble at him, a prisoner was forced to spend a week in hospital, ere he recovered the effects of a blow bestowed on him by Fine-Ear's master.

The animal soon learned to know the sound of the dinner-bell, and jumped with delight on the convict when he heard the welcome summons.

Four years passed on in this manner, when one day poor Fine-Ear was attacked by a cat, which had found her way into the workshop, and received several deep wounds before his master, flying to the rescue, seized the feline foe, and actually tore her to pieces.

The recovery of the rat was tedious. During the next mouth the convict was occupied in dressing his wounds. It was strange the interest which every one connected with the prison took in Fine-Ear's misfortune. Not only did the guards and turnkeys speak of it as the topic of the day, but the hospital nurses furnished plasters and bandages for the wounds; and even the surgeon condescended to prescribe for him.

At length the anmial recovered his strength and gaiety, save that one of his hind paws dragged a little, and the cicatrice still disfigured his shin. He was more tame and affectionate than ever, but the sight of a cat was sufficient to throw his master into a paroxysm of rage, and, running after the unlucky puss, he would, if possible, catch and destroy her.

A great pleasure was in store for the convict. Thanks to his good conduct during the past four years, his sentence of imprisonment for life had been commuted into twenty years, in which were to be included the fifteen already spent in prison.

"Thank God!" he cried, "under His mercy it is to Fine-Ear I owe this happiness!" and he kissed the animal with transport. Five years still remained to be passed in toilsome imprisonment, but they were cut short in an unlooked-for manner.

One day, a mutinous party of felons succeeded in seizing a turnkey, and having shut him up with themselves in one of the dormitories, they threatened to put him to death if all their demands were not instantly complied with, and a full amnesty granted for this revolt.

Fine-Ear's master, who had taken no part in the uproar, stood silently behind the officials and the soldiers, who were ready to fire on the insurgents. Just as the attack was about to commence, he approached the chief superintendent, and said a few words to him in a low voice.

"I accept your offer," replied the governor: "Remember, you risk your life; but if you succeed, I pledge my word that you shall be strongly recommended to the government for unconditional pardon, this very night."

The convict drew forth Fine-Ear from his bosom, kissed him several times, and then placing him within the vest of a young fellow-prisoner with whom the rat was already familiar, he said in a broken voice:—

"If I do not return, be kind to him, and love him as I have loved him."

Then, having armed himself with an enormous bar of iron, he marched with a determined step to the dormitory, without regarding the missiles which the rebels hurled at his head. With a few blows of his bar, he made the door fly open, and darting into the room, he overturned those who opposed his entrance, threw down his weapon, and seizing the turnkey, put him, or rather flung him, out safe and sound into the passage.

While in the act of covering the man's escape from the infuriated convicts, he suddenly fell to the ground, bathed in blood. One of the wretches had lifted the iron bar and struck down with it his heroic comrade.

He was carried dying to the hospital, and, ere he breathed his last, he uttered one word—it was "Fine-Ear!"

Must I tell it? the rat appeared restless and unhappy for a few days, but he soon forgot his master, and began to testify the same affection for his new owner that he had formerly shown to him who was dead.

Fine-Ear still lives, fat, and sleek, and strong; indeed, he no longer fears his feline enemies, and has actually succeeded in killing a full-grown cat and three kittens. But, he no longer remembers the dead, nor regards the sound of his master's number, which formerly used to make him prick up his ears and run from one end of the court to the other.

Does it only prove that rats, as well as men, may be ungrateful? Or is it a little illustration of the wise and merciful arrangement, that the world must go on, die who will?

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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THE PRIVATE HISTORY OF THE PALACE OF GLASS.

On New Year's Day in the year 1837, a traveller was proceeding, in a native boat, on a difficult exploration up the river Berbice in Demerara, when, on arriving at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin, his attention was attracted to the southern margin of the lake by an extraordinary object. He caused his crew to paddle quickly towards it. The nearer he approached, the higher his curiosity was raised. Though an accomplished botanist, and especially familiar with the Flora of South America, he had never seen anything like it before. It was a Titanic water-plant, in size and shape unlike any other known plant. "I felt as a botanist," says Sir Robert Schomburgk "and felt myself rewarded! All calamities were forgotten. A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light-green above, and a vivid crimson below, rested upon the water! Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of an immense number of petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink" [and, in some instances, measuring fifteen inches across]. "The smooth water was covered with blossoms, and, as I rowed from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire."

Such flowers Polyphemus must have gathered for Galatea's nosegay; but Sir Robert Schomburgk, not content with mere flowers, dug up whole plants; and sent first them, and, afterwards seeds, to England, where the magnificent lily was named the "Victoria Regia." After some unsuccessful attempts, the task of forcing it to blossom in an artificial climate, was confided to Mr. Paxton, the celebrated horticulturist of the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated Chatsworth.

Mr. Paxton—a man of high scientific attainments—is not a mere academic *savant*. *His* Alma Mater is Nature. When the Victoria Regia was to be flowered, Mr. Paxton determined to imitate Nature so closely as to make that innocent offspring of the Great Mother fancy itself back again in the broad waters and under the burning heats of British Guiana. He deceived the roots by imbedding them in a hillock of burned loam and peat; he deluded the great lubberly leaves by letting them float in a tank, to which he communicated, by means of a little wheel, the gentle ripple of their own tranquil river; and he coaxed the flower into bloom by manufacturing a Berbician climate in a tiny South America, under a glass case.

With that glass case our history properly commences. In imitation of a philosophic French Cook, who began a chapter on stewed-apples with an essay on the Creation, we have thought it wise to start with the parentage and gestation, before proceeding to the birth and development of the Great Giant in Hyde Park; for by a curious apposition, the first parent of the most extensive building in Europe was the largest known floral structure in the world. Although, co-relatively, they differ as widely as the popular disparity of St. Paul's and a China orange: yet the one proceeded from the other, as consequently as oaks grow from acorns.

Mr. Paxton had already effected many improvements in horticultural buildings; the workmanship of which has always been unnecessarily massive. With the conviction that glass houses are not Egyptian tombs built for darkness and eternity, he set about making them lighter than of old, both as regards actinism and architecture. He discarded as much as practicable all ponderous and opake materials. He pared away all clumsy sash-bars, whose broad shadows robbed plants of the sun's light and heat during the best parts of the day; he abolished dirty and leaking overlaps, by using large panes, and inserting them in wooden grooves, rendered water-tight by a sparing use of putty. Lastly, finding, that into the ordinary sloping roof the sunbeams enter at an indirect and unprofitable angle, Mr. Paxton invented a horizontal glazing composed of angular ridges, the glass presenting itself to the sun's rays so as to admit them to the plants in a straight line at almost any time of day; but especially early and late.

In a green-house constructed with some of these improvements, and acclimated as we have already explained, a Victoria Regia was planted on the tenth of August, 1849. So well had everything been prepared for its reception, that it flourished as vigor-

as if it had been restored to its native soil and climate. Its growth and development were astonishingly rapid; for on the sixth of November a flower was produced, a yard in circumference! In little more than a month after, the first seeds ripened; some of them were tilled, and on the sixteenth of February succeeding, young plants made their appearance. Success, however, brought a fresh embarrassment. The extraordinary lily obeyed Nature's law of development with such unexpected rapidity, that it outgrew the dimensions of its home in little more than a month. It therefore set Mr. Paxton a problem to solve; the formula of which was something like this:—Given, an exotic growing in a green-house, at the rate of six hundred and forty-seven square inches of circumference per diem: required, in three months, a new house of dimensions proper for its maturity?

Mr. Paxton went to work; and, combining all his improvements in constructing green-houses with his special inventions for maturing the Victoria Regia, he very soon produced the "Q. E. D.," in the shape of a novel and elegant conservatory, sixty feet long by forty broad. This building became the immediate precursor of the gigantic structure in Hyde Park,—*why* necessitates a short explanation.

Among the many desiderata required for every kind of habitation—whether it be designed for plants or princes, for a pine-house or a palace, for the Victoria Regia, or for the enormous glass-case under which to collect the products of All Nations,—the most imperative conditions, after stability, are, perfect facilities for drainage and for ventilation; another, though scarcely subordinate proviso, is economy. The man who can construct houses, which shall repel external humidity, and allow of a constant and gentle change of atmosphere at any controllable temperature, and at the lowest cost consistent with durability, is, of course, the [illegible] of builders. Now, in order to be economical, he must necessarily so manage, that each of his materials shall perform as many different functions as it is possible for it to perform effectually. If he build walls which answer for warmth and strength only, if he add gutters for drainage, and if he call in Dr. Reid for ventilation, he may, probably, build a good habitation, but it will certainly be a costly, perhaps a clumsy one; and will turn out a very long job. Mr. Paxton, when he set about the new Victoria Regia house—guided by previous study and experience, and forced into new expedients by the peculiarities of the extraordinary tenant he was building for—had become a better economist. The result is, as shown in his latest effort—the great Building—that his walls and foundations are not simply walls and foundations, but ventilators and drains as well. His roofs are not simply roofs; but, besides being the most extensive of known sky-lights, are light and heat adjusters. His sash-bars do not only hold the glass together, but are self-supporting, and his rafters form perfect drains for both sides of the glass,—for draining off internal, as well as external moisture, whilst the tops of the girders are conduits also. His floors are dust-traps, and aid in ventilation. Lastly, his whole building is, while in course of construction, its own scaffolding. Thus he saves time as well as money.

The Victoria Regia house, which combines most of the advantages above detailed, was finished in several weeks less time, and cost considerably less money, than the slenderest old-fashioned conservatory that has ever been built.

While Mr. Paxton was busy with this novel and model garden-house, a hot war was raging in London about the site for the new building for exhibiting specimens of the Art and Industry of all nations in 1851. Mr. Paxton is a reader of the "Times," and perused with sympathising interest its fiercely-urged objections against the invasion of Hyde Park by armies of excavators, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and timber-fellers. The picture daily drawn of the tearing-up of fashionable roads by the carting of more bricks and mortar (for, mark, a *temporary* edifice) than the eternal Pyramids of Ghizeh consist of; the cutting down from one side of Rotten Row of its most cherished ornaments, the trees; the uncertainty of miles of brickwork being put together in time for sufficient consolidation to bear the weight of the tremendous iron dome designed to rest upon it; the impossibility of the entire mass of mortar and plaster duly drying:—All this, though occasionally overdrawn and exaggerated, presented a black perspective, which the means and appliances of the Victoria Regia conservatory would, thought its architect, considerably lighten, or altogether obviate. Every new thunderbolt from the newspaper *Tonans*, strengthened this notion in the projector's mind. All that was wanted, was a great many great lily-houses joined together. A multiplication of hands and of materials could be readily commanded, and no structure could be raised so quickly and so cheaply. The promenaders and neighbours of Hyde Park would be relieved of the incessant "click—click" of bricklayers' trowels, the maddening noise of the blacksmiths' rivetting-hammers, and have perfect immunity from the hourly transit of bricks and scaffold-poles. The proposed edifice could be constructed at Birmingham, at Dudley, and at Thames Bank,, "brought home" to Hyde Park ready-made, and put up like a bedstead. As to the trees: for a couple of hundred pounds Mr. Paxton would transplant them, and bring them back again at the end of the Industrial fair without injuring a single twig. And here we may remark, in passing, that, according to Horace Walpole, Mr. Paxton is half a century before his time in his huge

transplanting operations. In August, 1748, the Twickenham Prophet wrote to his Cousin Conway, as a piece of extravagant fun—"I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that, a hundred and fifty years hence, it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip roots."

However, Mr. Paxton *could* do without moving the venerable wood "on the shortest notice" (as if it had been converted into household furniture before its time). If the Park authorities preferred, he would clap the trees, all standing, under his great glass case.

But, alas! feasible as the plan appeared, it was not to be thought of. The fiat of the Building Committee had gone forth. The competition of architectural skill invited by the authorities had not produced one available design. The first exhibition of the Industry of the Architects of all Nations had been pronounced a failure; and the fact of the Building Committee having invited tenders for the construction of a design of its own, shut out fresh competitors.

One day, however—it was Friday, the fourteenth of June—Mr Paxton happened to be in the House of Commons conversing on this subject with Mr. Ellis, a member of it, who accompanied him to the Board of Trade to see what could be done Then, nothing could be done; for Mr. Paxton (who is one of the busiest men in England—whose very leisure would kill a man of fashion with its hard work) was off immediately to keep a special appointment at the tubular bridge over the Menai. After his journey, the next morning, the conversation with his friend, the M.P., was clenched by another and more than usually powerful burst of thunder in that day's issue from Blackfriars. His mind was made up; "and," said the Duke of Devonshire, at a recent public meeting at Bakewell, "I never knew Mr. Paxton resolve to undertake what he did not fully accomplish." To have engagements for every day in the week in different parts of England and Ireland, together with the management of the estates at Chatsworth, did not much matter; there was still time to be found for concocting the plans and details of a few square acres of building. Tuesday morning, the eighteenth of June, found Mr. Paxton at Derby, seated—as Chairman of the Works and Ways Committee of the Midland Railway—to try an offending pointsman. This was the first *leisure* moment he had been able to secure since he resolved to plan the great building. At the end of the table stood the culprit; and, upon it, before the Chairman, was invitingly spread a virgin sheet of blotting-paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon sedulity; and when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned specially to him, saying,

"As you seem to have noted down the whole of the evidence, we will take the decision from you."

"The truth is," whispered the Chairman, "I know all about this affair already, having accidentally learned every particular last night. *This*," he continued, holding up the paper, "is not a draft of the pointsman's case, but a design for the Great Industrial Building to be erected in Hyde Park."

The pointsman was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth By the help of that gentleman's ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were completed in ten days.

When he made his next appearance at the Derby station, at the end of that time, Mr. Paxton had the complete plans under his arm. There was not a minute to spare, for the train was on the point of starting, and the Royal Commissioners met the next morning; so, taking his dinner in his pocket, he entered a carriage. Here, to his extreme delight, he found one of the greatest and most influential engineers of the day—a member, moreover, of the Royal Commission—who was going to London by the same train.

"This is extraordinarily lucky!" he exclaimed; "for I want you to look over a few plans and a specification of mine."

Accordingly the plans were unrolled. "There they are," said the impromptu architect; "look them over, and see if they will do for the great Building for eighteen hundred and fifty-one!"

"For what?" asked the engineer, looking at his friend with the serio-comic surprise of incredulity.

"I am serious."

"But you are too late; the whole thing is settled and decided."

"Well, just see what you think of them. I am very hungry, and if you will run them over while I eat my dinner, I'll not speak a word."

"Neither will I disturb *you*, for I must light a cigar;" and in spite of every regulation in that case made and provided, the engineer began to smoke.

There was a dead taciturnity; the Royal Commissioner went over the plans slowly and carefully; their originator narrowly watching their effect on his mind. It was an anxious moment for the one; for upon the opinion of the other no little depended. At first there was not much to augur from. The drawings were scanned with no more than business-like attention. No word of commendation was uttered; no sign of pleasure or surprise appeared. The smoke rose in regular wreaths; but, presently, they grew fainter and more intermittent, and by-and-by the cigar went out; yet the suction was continued as vigorously as ever. The projector's hopes rose; his friend's attention

was evidently drawn into a vortex, for he went on during twenty minutes, puffing away at the effete weed, quite unconscious that it was extinguished! At length, gathering the unrolled papers up in a bundle, he threw them into the opposite seat, exclaiming—"Wonderful!—worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth!—a thousand times better than anything that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!"

"Will you lay them before the Royal Commission?"

"I will."

The value of this promise and of the favourable expression of opinion which would doubtless accompany its performance, will be best understood when we divulge to the reader (without, we trust, any breach of confidence) that the gentleman who made it was Mr Robert Stephenson.

The next day fills a melancholy page in English history. It was Saturday, the twenty-ninth of June. The Royal Commission met, headed by Prince Albert. After the regular business of the Board was over, the Prince and Sir Robert Peel retired to one of the bay windows, and were some time engaged in earnest conversation. Mr Stephenson's time was precious, for he had an appointment elsewhere. He was, in short, obliged to depart without an opportunity of placing Mr Paxton's plans before his colleagues and the Prince. He delegated that office however, to an able hand, Mr Scott Russell, one of the Secretaries of the Commission.

Both Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel gave great attention to the drawings, and the Prince signified his wish that Mr Paxton should wait upon him at Buckingham Palace to explain the details. Sir Robert Peel greatly admired the design for its unity and simplicity, remarking with pleasure, that if it were accepted, it would occasion the first great operation in glass since the introduction of his own new tariff. Alas! this was the latest connected remark which that great statesman was destined to utter. He almost immediately left Westminster Palace on horseback for an airing, was thrown on Constitution Hill, and three days afterwards had ceased to exist.

The Paxton scheme was referred to the Building Committee, which, in the regular routine of business, could not entertain it, having rejected all the designs it had invited for competition, and having devised a plan of its own. Nothing daunted, however, Mr Paxton determined to appeal to a tribunal which (to borrow the tag of most modern comedies) is "never sought in vain," namely, to the British public! This he did by the aid of the woodcuts and pages of the "London Illustrated News." Never was an appeal more promptly or satisfactorily answered! The practicability, the simplicity, and beauty of the scheme convinced every member of the many-headed court of appeal of its efficacy.

Meanwhile, the projector of the building waited on the projector of the entire Exhibition, Prince Albert, on another memorable morning—that of the Christening day of Prince Patrick. What passed need not be divulged; but the encouragement which it afforded added to the expression of public opinion daily gathering strength, induced Mr Paxton to decide on procuring a tender to be sent in to the Building Committee for his design. He therefore went straight to Messrs Fox and Henderson, and these gentlemen immediately engaged to prepare a tender. It happened that the Building Committee in their advertisement had invited the candidates for erecting *their* edifice, to suggest any improvements in it that may occur to them. This opened a crevice, into which Messrs Fox and Henderson were able to thrust their tender for Mr Paxton's plan. Seeing at once it was, of all their plans, *the* plan—the supreme desideratum—they tendered for it as an 'improvement' on the Committee's design.

Here new and formidable difficulties arose. It was now Saturday, and only a few days more were allowed for receiving tenders. Yet before an approximate estimate of expense could be framed, the great glass manufacturers and iron masters of the north had to be consulted. This happened to be *decidedly* the third—for it was the then trial Saturday on which the Sunday postal question had reached its crisis, and there was to be no delivery next day! But in a country of electric telegraphs and of indomitable energy, time and difficulties are annihilated; and it is not the least of the marvels wrought in connexion with the great edifice, that by the aid of railway parcels and the electric telegraph, not only did all the gentlemen summoned out of Warwickshire and Staffordshire appear on Monday morning at Messrs Fox and Henderson's Office, in Spring Gardens, London to contribute their several estimates to the tender for the whole, but, within a week, the contractors had prepared every detailed working drawing and had calculated the cost of every pound of iron, of every inch of wood, and of every pane of glass.

There is no one circumstance in the history of the manufacturing enterprise of the English nation which places in so strong a light as this its boundless resources in materials, to say nothing of the arithmetical skill in computing at what cost, and in how short a time, those materials could be converted to a special purpose. What was done in those few days? Two parties in London, relying on the accuracy and good faith of certain iron-masters, glass-workers in the provinces, and of one master carpenter in London, bound themselves for a certain sum of money, and in the course of some four

months, to cover eighteen acres of ground, with a building upwards of a third of a mile long (1851 feet—the exact date of the year), and some four hundred and fifty feet broad. In order to do this, the glass-maker promised to supply in the required time, nine hundred thousand square feet of glass, (weighing more than four hundred tons) in separate panes, and these the largest that ever were made of sheet glass; each being forty-nine inches long. The iron-master passed his word in like manner to cast in due time three thousand three hundred iron columns, varying from fourteen and a half feet to twenty feet in length: thirty-four *miles* of guttering tube, to join every individual column together under the ground; two thousand two hundred and twenty-four girders (but some of these are of wrought iron); besides eleven hundred and twenty-eight bearers for supporting galleries. The carpenter undertook to get ready within the specified period two hundred and five *miles* of sash-bar; flooring for an area of thirty-three millions of cubic feet; besides enormous quantities of wooden walling, louvre work, and partition.*

It is not till we reflect on the vast sums of money involved in transactions of this magnitude, that we can form even a slight notion of the great, almost ruinous, loss a trifling arithmetical error would have occasioned, and of the boundless confidence the parties must have had in their resources and in the correctness of their computations. Nevertheless it was one great merit in Mr. Paxton's original details of measurement that they were contrived to facilitate calculation. Everything in the great building is a dividend or multiple of *twenty-four*. The internal columns are placed twenty-four feet apart, while the external ones have no more than eight feet (a third of twenty-four) of separation; while the distance between each of the transept columns is three times twenty-four, or seventy-two feet. This also is the width of the middle aisle of the building; the side aisles are forty-eight feet wide, and the galleries and corridors twenty-four. Twenty-four feet is also the distance between each of the transverse gutters under the roof; hence, the intervening bars, which are at once rafters and gutters, are, necessarily, twenty-four feet long.

There was little time for consideration, or for setting right a single mistake, were it ever so disastrous. On the prescribed day the tender was presented, with whatever imperfections it might have had, duly and irredeemably sealed. But, after-checkings, have divulged no material error. The result was, that Messrs. Fox and Henderson's offer for erecting the Paxton edifice proved to be the lowest practicable tender that was submitted to the Building Committee.

* The quantities and dimensions here quoted are those of the building as it now stands. They differ but slightly from Mr. Paxton's original specification.

The public have long known what followed:—Mr. Paxton's Glazed Palace was eventually chosen unanimously; not only by the Building Committee but by the Royal Commission. Some modifications were, however, adopted. It was decided that the most revered of the trees were to be admitted into the Industrial building; and the central transept—the apex of whose curvilinear roof is one hundred and twelve feet from the ground—was contrived by Mr. Paxton for their inclosure. In August the space in Hyde Park was boarded in; and the first castings for the iron columns were delivered on the fourteenth of September. Yet, when these pages meet the reader's eye, the cheapest, most gigantic, and substantial structure ever dreamt of, will be nearly ready for decoration.

If for nothing else, this tremendous pile of transparency is astounding—for its cheapness. It is actually less costly than an agricultural barn or an Irish cabin! A division of its superficies in cubic feet by the sums to be paid for it, brings out the astonishing quotient, of little more than one half-penny (nine sixteenths of a penny) per cubic foot; supposing it to be taken down and returned to the contractors when the Exhibition is over. Or, if it remain a fixture, the rate of cost will be rather less than a penny and one twelfth of a penny per cubic foot. The ordinary expense of a barn is more than twice as much, or two-pence halfpenny per foot. Here are the figures:—The entire edifice contains thirty-three millions of cubic feet. If borrowed and taken down, the sum to be paid is seventy-nine thousand eight hundred pounds: if bought, to become a winter garden, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The smallness of cost is due to the principle we have previously explained, of each component of the building being endowed with more than one purpose. The six rows of columns are, as had been already said, not only props but drains. They are hollow, and into them the glass roof will deliver its collections of water. In the base of each column is inserted a horizontal iron pipe to conduct the drainage into the sewers. These strong tubes serve also as foundation; they are links that connect the whole of the three thousand three hundred uprights together. At the top, each column is fastened to its opposite associate by a girder, run up by means of a pole and pully in a few minutes; and, once fastened, no other scaffolding is requisite for the roof which it supports. Thus, by means of the iron pipes below, and the iron girders above, the eighteen acres of structure is held from end to end so compact and fast that it becomes an enormous hollow cube, as immovable as if it were, instead, a solid cube dropped down beside Rotten Row by a gang of Titans.

The roofs—of which there are five, one to each aisle or corridor, the highest in the middle—play many parts. They are windows,

light and heat adjusters, rain conductors outside, and condensed moisture ducts within. They are interminable rows of roofing, so placed as to form in the aggregate a plane; in other words, they are parallel rows of the letter V done in glass, in endless ridges "long drawn out," thus: \/\/\/ The apex of each "ridge" is a wooden sash bar, with notches on either side for holding the sloping laths in which are fitted the edges of the glass. The bottom, or "furrow" bar—otherwise a rafter—is hollowed in the middle, to form a gutter, into which every drop of rain glides down from the glass, and passes through the transverse gutters into the hollow columns. These longitudinal gutters are formed at the tops of the girders; for the roof is self-supporting. This is not all: in converting a conservatory for plants into a resort for breathing beings, and a depôt for articles emphatically "to be kept dry;" internal as well as external moisture must be drawn off: the breath of myriads of visitors, condensed against the glass, would otherwise return in continual Scotch mists. That difficulty partly dictated the Λ-like form of the ceiling. Mr. Paxton ascertained that vapours ascending to glass inclined to a slope of one foot in two feet and a-half, do not condense in separate drops and descend again, but slide down over the smooth surface. To receive them, therefore, he grooves each rafter under the inside of the glazing. Into these grooves the condensed breath of "all nations" will fall and be conveyed into the transverse gutters; thence through the columns into the jurisdiction of their honours the Commissioners of Sewers.

We subjoin a section of the rafter, to show the "Paxton gutter," and to clench our explanation: A is the external gutter, B B the frames of the glass, C C the internal ducts. These ingenious rafters are cut out of solid wood, in a machine (invented by the inventor of all the rest), with incredible rapidity. In order that there may be a fall for the water to run off, each rafter is slightly curved; and, to counteract warping, a rod of iron, with nuts and screws at each end, forms the string of the bow, so as to regulate its deflexion. For this ingenious expedient Mr. Paxton has taken out a patent.

We must now give proof that the floor is a ventilator, and a dust-trap. It is laid four feet above the sward of the park. A series of subterraneous lungs are thus provided, and air is admitted to them, by means of louvres, fixed in the outer walling of the building. These being made to open and shut like Venetian blinds, will admit much or little air, which gently passes through the seams of the open flooring, and circulates over the building. Finally, through the openings of the floor, the daily accumulations of dust will be swept into the space below by a machine, which Mr. Paxton has invented for that purpose.

Enough has now been said to indicate rather than to describe how each part of the building "plays many parts," and how, consequently, incalculable saving has been effected in time and money. It is hardly necessary to repeat, that the interior of the edifice is the most expansive covered space in the world. That some idea may be formed of the excess of its capacity, we may mention, that the largest covered area in England is believed to be that of the Ravenhead Glass Works, at St. Helen's, in Lancashire, where the space roofed-in is three hundred and thirty-nine feet, by one hundred and five feet, or not one quarter so large as that section of Hyde Park which Mr. Paxton has glazed over.

That a Palatial Exhibition building, providing a total exhibiting surface of twenty-two acres, and affording space for *nine miles* of tables, shall have been put up in four months, for less than a penny farthing a cubic foot, would in itself make 1851 famous in the history of enterprise, if nothing else were to happen to stamp it as pre-eminently "The Industrial Year." From it will at least be dated a new era in building. In a communication from Mr. Paxton himself, which we are permitted to quote, he says:—

"When I consider the cheapness of glass and cast-iron, and the great facility with which they can be used, I have no doubt but many structures, similar to that at Darley,* will be attached to dwelling-houses, where they may serve as sitting-rooms, conservatories, waiting-rooms, or omnibus-rooms, if I may be allowed the expression. I am now, in fact, engaged in making the design for a gentleman's house to be covered wholly with glass; and when we consider that wherever lead is now used, glass may with equal propriety be substituted, I have every hope that it will be used for buildings of various conditions and character. Structures of this kind are also susceptible of the highest kind of ornamentation in stained glass and general painting. I am not without hope, however, that glass will become almost universal in its use, and that the system will be extended for manufacturing purposes, as well as general cemeteries, and also for horticultural buildings, so that even market-gardeners will advantageously apply it, in the growing of foreign fruit for the London markets. I even go so far as to indulge in the sanguine hope that agriculture will be ultimately benefited by the application of cast-iron and glass. In short, there is no limit to the uses to which they may be applied; and we may congratulate ourselves, that in the nineteenth century the progress of science, and the spirit of manufacturers, have placed at our disposal the application of materials which were unknown to the ancients, and thereby enabled us to erect

* A conservatory on the new plan, attached to a house of Mr. Paxton's, in Derbyshire.

such structures as would have been deemed impossible, even in the early part of the present century."

THE MODERN SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

PART I.—INITIATION.

MAURICE SAVAGE was one of a family of seven children, whose parents were poor cottagers in Wiltshire, and lived—as poor cottagers contrive to live—on the lowest wages for the hardest labour. The father's strength and the mother's health failed them utterly before their eldest girl was twelve years old, and they both died within a few months of each other, leaving their family on the parish. Seven fresh inmates in one day were a serious pull on the funds of a union so heavily burdened with paupers as Wallington; but Mr. Broadcast, the overseer, was a man fertile in expedients and prompt in the execution of his plans; and before a week had gone by since he first heard the formidable announcement of "We are seven!" he had contrived to draft four out of the number in such a way as to relieve the parish from much of the threatened expense, and so to dispose of the others as to make it fall lightly on the rates.

The three eldest, who were girls, gave their unpaid services to neighbouring farmers, by whom they were employed chiefly in household work. Maurice, the fourth, was initiated also into the mysteries of a farmer's life; but as his age did not admit even of turnip-pulling, he began literally at the beginning and officiated for the first year or two as a scare-crow. In this capacity, when he didn't go birds' nesting, or blackberrying, or fall asleep—occurrences which were not rare—he figured with a certain degree of respectability. To trace his agricultural career through the several phases of cattle-driving, swine-tending, potato-digging, hay-making, sheep-washing, mowing and reaping, till he attained the dignity of a ploughboy doing a ploughman's work, would be beside the purpose of this narrative. We find him at eighteen years of age in the capacity just mentioned.

What Maurice longed for was to do as his elder sisters had done—get up to London. They had all found "places," and why should not he likewise? He did not aim at being a butler all at once, or even at the situation of a valet. But what he wanted was "to better himself," and he conceived that London was the best place for him to make the attempt in. He rose with the sun one fine summer's morning, and disregarding the formality of leave-taking, employed his legs to such good purpose, that before the sun set he was well-nigh fifty miles from Wallington, on his way to the golden metropolis. He had no bed to go to, and his supper was somewhat of the scantiest; but he had not been so tenderly nurtured as to make him think the lee of a haystack a very uncomfortable couch; or a piece of bread—the gift of a woman nearly as poor as himself—worse than nothing. He slept without nightmare, and rose sufficiently refreshed to enable him to look at the eighteen or twenty miles that yet lay before him as less than half a day's journey.

That half day's journey was got over—with a little limping, it is true, but still accomplished—and Maurice found himself in London, quite at liberty to select any employment that presented itself for his choice. But an awkward ploughboy, barely eighteen years old, is not exactly the person to find employment the moment he asks for it, in a city where, according to the popular belief, "one half of those who go out in the morning have no certain knowledge that they shall get a meal before they return at night."

He accordingly passed the first four-and-twenty hours of his visit to the metropolis, without food, or the slightest means of procuring it, and might have repeated the programme, to the catastrophe—starvation; but just as he was thinking whether it would not be as well to return to Wiltshire, chance threw him in the way of a recruiting party, very gaily decorated with ribbons of every hue, and having that devil-may-care expression on their countenances, which proves so irresistible both to youth and maiden. To encounter a young fellow like Maurice, with famine in his eyes, and thirst, long unslaked, on his dry lips—strong tokens of the ardent recruit—was a godsend to Sergeant Pike who commanded the party, and who, at the moment, was very much put to it to make up a batch of recruits. He accordingly invited Maurice to "step in" and "take a pot," to which bread and cheese were speedily added, and then, in military phrase, the Serjeant at once broke ground.

This gallant individual did not, it is true, find Maurice altogether unprepared for the proposition which he made him, to accept the short cut to fortune which is so obviously within the reach of every private soldier in the British army; for where is the country lad to be found, who has not indulged in the splendid vision, whether impelled towards it by the love of glory, or the perfidious conduct of "Nancy?" But the notion was too indistinct for any practical application, till the certainty of its realisation was set forth in the glowing language of Sergeant Pike. A few pints of beer, a red-herring, or "soger," as he facetiously called it, an exordium on the light, easy, "ge'tl'm'ly" duties of the soldier, a glass or two of hot whiskey and water,—a brief allusion to the Duke of Wellington's career,—"his luck, you know, may be yours or mine to-morrow,"—and then came the inevitable shilling which, from a mere hawbuck, converted Maurice Savage into a full private in Her Majesty's service.

Medical inspection and attestation over, our Wiltshire recruit was forthwith despatched, with some ten or a dozen other aspirants for

glory, under proper charge to the head-quarters of the regiment quartered at Manchester. A few years before the enlistment of Maurice Savage, a tedious, toilsome and comfortless march would have formed the introduction to his military duties, with amongst other evils, a facility for desertion, in the event of the hot fit having passed away; but the railway obviated all these inconveniences, and instead of being twelve days on the road, the journey was now performed in half as many hours; and the recruits arrrived at their destination perfectly fresh, and quite of opinion that a soldier's life must be a pleasant one, since at the very outset they were allowed to ride in carriages!

This idea was slightly modified the next day, when they were formed into a squad, and the process of "setting-up" began. The first glance at a batch of recruits from an agricultural district, is not particularly re-assuring; to knead and mould the clods into shape, appears almost a hopeless undertaking, at least to the uninitiated; but Corporal Rattler was an experienced hand, and had dealt so much in stubborn materials, that the word "difficulty" found no place in his vocabulary. The men were there to be drilled and made soldiers of, and it was not his fault if he did not turn them out perfect. Corporal Rattler was a fine, soldierlike fellow, standing six-feet-one in his stockings, straight as an arrow, and flexible as an eel; he had "the gift of the gab" to a surprising extent, was "smart" in all his movements, and knew his duty thoroughly. There was only one drawback to his many qualifications, but that was a fatal one; he was given to drink. But for this propensity, he might long before have attained the rank of Serjeant-Major of the regiment, with a very fair prospest of a commission; but the canteen within the barrack-yard, and the public-houses outside, neutralised all his advantages, and got him so frequently into disgrace that advancement was out of the question, and the rank of Corporal, which he was allowed to hold, was solely for the purpose of giving him authority with the recruits he was employed to train. The kindest remonstrances, as well as measures of no slight severity, had been resorted to by the adjutant and the commanding officer, and no man was more penitent for his faults than Corporal Rattler, nor more prodigal of promises for future good-behaviour. But, unfortunately, the "invisible spirit" of drink overcame all, and instead of what he might have been—a model to imitate—he became an example to shun. No permanent command, involving a separate responsibility, was, therefore, ever entrusted to him; but his services were too valuable as a drill to admit of his being displaced in that capacity; and a constant supervision being at hand, no harm was likely to accrue from giving him such employment.

Corporal Rattler was a master of slang, and had a happy manner of applying his jokes, which were a perfect comedy to every body but the individuals, the immediate object of them; and whether he was busy with his recruits, or taking a hand at "Fives" when parade was over, there was sure to be a large audience of men off duty,—and now and then an officer, a little apart from the rest,—to enjoy the fun. Maurice Savage was a frequent theme for Corporal Rattler's wit; his name lent itself to all sorts of allusions—none of them complimentary—and his personal appearance gave them additional point. The outline of the Corporal's tuition might run thus:

"Now then, Mister Savage,—we 're not in the woods to-day! There's broad day-light upon us;—let's see if we can't teach you a little civi-*li*-sation! Up with your head,—nobody's a-goin' to take your scalp; straighten them knees, you shall go to prayers by-and-by, when your limbs is supple enough! don't clench your *fistes* as if you'd got tommyhawks in 'em, Mister Savage! Shut that mouth! we didn't come on parade to catch flies;—we 're not cannyballs, Mister Savage, *we 're* not! Now then, hide that there belly! bellies ain't of no use in the army, besides being contrairy to the articles of war. I shall have to keep you here till tattoo, though I suppose you 're tattooed already, Mister Savage, &c., &c," with more of the same kind to an indefinite extent, indifferent enough to read, but sufficiently amusing to hear, when it served as a running commentary on the awkwardness of the young soldier.

By dint, however, of much drilling, this awkwardness gradually wore off, though the ordeal was severe for a youth, who was naturally disposed to prefer idleness to work, and who had entered the army for the purpose of "taking it easy." At daybreak the "*Réveille*" was beat—probably by Addison's spectral drummer—for unless he who did it, handled the drumsticks in his sleep, it was difficult to imagine that the regularity of the warning was not supernatural. At this sound there was an immediate stir in the barrack-room, and woe betide any lazy recruit who laid down his head for another "forty winks" to dream of the paternal pigsty, which haply he might never see again; the water for the morning ablutions would have been applied in so liberal a manner as at once to convince the dreamer that "cold pig" was a reality. To dress as quickly, but at the same time as carefully as possible, was the first thought, but before the toilet was quite finished each man made his bed after the military fashion, rolling up his paillasse, folding the bed-clothes separately and laying them on the top, with a prescribed neatness, which soon became habit; and then the iron bedstead itself was pulled out from the wall and turned over, giving room for the men to move, and allowing the air to circulate freely. Until practice had made him perfect, Maurice Savage found it no easy matter to be quite ready to fall in,

when, a second time, the drum beat for the "Assembly." He then scurried out to the parade, and took his appointed place in the squad; a minute inspection followed, by that awful inquisitor-general, the Sergeant-Major (a functionary who, in a moment of relaxation, permits the "non-commissioned" to call him "Major" only); and if a single button of his fatigue jacket were undone, if the buttons themselves were not as bright as rottenstone could make them, if his forage cap were not put on at precisely the proper angle, if the clasp of his stock were dull or unfastened, and if, moreover, he were not perfectly clean from head to foot, adieu, for that day at least, to all chance of recreation, unless he happened to take delight in confinement to barracks, with a few hours extra drill. But whether the drill were extra or regular appeared much the same sort of thing to Maurice Savage, for except during the brief period allotted for meals, his impression was that he was always at it. A vision of Corporal Rattler, with his sharp tones, and short flexible cane, was ever present to his imagination; and, to say the truth, it did not require any violent exercise of the imagination to conjure him, at any moment, before the unhappy recruits in all the physical identity of six-feet-one.

At length the goose-step was abandoned, the pacing-stick laid aside, and the time-keeping bullet returned, with the string attached to it, to Corporal Rattler's pocket. Maurice Savage had achieved the difficult arts of standing upright, of balancing himself—like a crane—on one foot, of stepping out fairly with a pointed toe and raised instep, of facing to all the points of the compass, by whole, half and quarter movements, of turning round upon himself—like the late Lord Londonderry—of keeping step without kicking his front rank man; of doing all, in short, that a soldier is made to do before arms are put into his hands. When these feats were accomplished, he was introduced to "Brown Bess," and many a weary hour he passed in that lady's society, acquiring a knowledge of the various purposes, ornamental as well as useful, to which the musket can be applied. Occasionally, when there was a demand elsewhere for Corporal Rattler's services, or when perchance, that worthy was himself under a cloud for "inebriation" (as the pompous Sergeant-Major, who never used any but the finest words, always called it), a Scottish instructor, one Sergeant Mac File, would inculcate the mysteries of the "Manual and Platoon." This transfer was not very favourable to the pupil's rapid progress; for whereas the word of command or instruction from Corporal Rattler, was always brief, clear and intelligible, that which fell from the lips of Sergeant Mac File, was shrouded by a dialect which kept the listener perpetually on the tenter-hooks, to understand him. Thus, in order to "present arms," a movement, not without grace or effect, when well executed, Maurice was required to have his "Belly een, cheest advanced, coke-heed appasite laft grine, and lat the waght of the bodie rast upon the taes," a passage of arms which, for want of comprehending the language it was described in, he was far from rendering either graceful or effective. So, also, when he was told to mind his "prymin' and loddin' peseetion," the instructions which were to render that position valuable, might have attained that object much sooner if there had been a dragoman at his elbow to translate broad Scots into honest Wilts. Under the auspices of Sergeant Mac File, a military education was the pursuit of knowledge under very great difficulties—under those of Corporal Rattler, difficulties existed, but they arose from the nature of the subject,—his system was explicit enough, and was enforced by methods, which needed no foreign interpretation.

The day, at last, came when the Mac File clog was no longer a stumbling-block, and Maurice Savage was reported fit for duty. Six months had greatly changed him, not only in his outward appearance, but in the "*moral*" of that individual. It is true he had still a red head, but it was clipped very close, and, in a manner, absorbed by the blaze of his regimentals; the number of freckles had not diminished beneath the influence of out-door exercise; but, while the hue of health was on his cheek, their presence was of little consequence, as the fac-simile of his countenance was not wanted to adorn a hair-dresser's shop. On the other hand, his features had begun to express some of the intelligence which was working within him, and the ungainliness, which had been a reproach, was quite gone, —thanks to the rough practice of Corporal Rattler, who treated his recruits much in the same way that Abernethy did his patients.

Maurice Savage, as we have already intimated, had not reclined upon a bed of down during the above-mentioned six months, neither had his couch been rendered uneasy by too many rose-leaves; but, if he slept hard, fatigue made his sleep a sound one; and, if he took more exercise than he had bargained for in the outset, the result was an appetite of the most enviable description—for it was one that was always satisfied. And this allusion brings us to a question of some interest with regard to the mode of living of thousands of our unmilitary countrymen, who have an equal stimulus to hunger with the soldier: equal—nay, better means of gratifying it; but who—not acting in concert, having, in short, no "mess"—eat their food in an ill-prepared state, with little profit to their health, and very little enjoyment.

"A shilling a-day"—says the old song—

> "Is very good pay;
> It's double a tastor—
> The King's a good master," &c., &c.—

and out of the shilling a-day rather more than two-thirds are deducted for the soldier's daily

allowance. But this sum, which we will call eightpence—the odd halfpenny in the stoppages being placed to the account of "washing"—provides him with everything he strictly requires in the way of meat; and an extra penny for "beer-money" supplies him with "drink." This "eightpence" gives him a pound of good bread, half of which he eats at breakfast with a canteen-full of tea or coffee, according to the nature of the mess, and the other half he disposes of with his "pound of flesh," which is not eaten after Shylock's receipt, but rather more *à la* Soyer, in the shape of well-boiled meat and good soup, and accompanied by potatoes, onions, and other vegetable condiments. If anything remains out of the eightpence, which, when prices are high, is a somewhat rare occurrence, an evening repast of tea or coffee is added, with such a portion of bread as may have been saved from the preceding meals. That this meal ought not, however, to be a rarity, but a regular thing, will be admitted by all who consider that, unless he provides himself, the soldier has nothing to eat from one o'clock in the day till eight the following morning,—a fast of nineteen hours.*

The soldier's dinner is, however, a good one, and ought to be so; for, besides that the provisions are always good, military cooks serve their apprenticeship to that as well as to other duties; two men per Company being off duty, for that purpose, at intervals long enough to give them some knowledge of the art. There are various superintendents to have an eye upon the cooks' proceedings; the old hands who have dabbled in the mystery; the quarter-master serjeant, who weighs out the materials for it; and the officer of the day, who inspects the kettles before they are removed from the kitchens, besides attending afterwards, when the messes are actually served out, and ascertaining that all is right, by personal observation and particular inquiry.

With regard to a body of workmen in a factory, or other large establishment, why, we ask, should not some such system be adopted as prevails in the army? A quarter-master might easily be found to purchase provisions at wholesale prices; cooking places could always be obtained, and persons honest and skilful enough procured to prepare meals of an excellent description; and those at an individual cost far less than the daily outlay of each workman who provides his own dinner how and where he can.

The dream of an easy life in the army had been almost dissipated by six months' drill, but not quite. The comparative freedom which the old soldier enjoyed, was looked upon with envy and yearning by Maurice Savage, before his name was included in the roster of effective men. But when the experience of a few weeks had made it clear to him what a soldier's life, even in "piping time of peace," really was, he came to the conclusion that, one way or another, he was as much worked in his military capacity as if he had stuck to his bucolical pursuits, though the work was of a different description. Like the ploughman or the common labourer, his work was cut out for him as soon as he opened his eyes in the morning. Instead of a team of horses he had a set of accoutrements to look after, belts to pipeclay, pouch to polish, knapsack to pack, and arms to keep in order —a harder task at first than yoking Boxer and Badger. Instead of turning over a nine-acre field at his own clod-hopping pace, he had to traverse the same extent of ground in ordinary, in quick, in double, in every variety of "time," with fourteen pounds' weight of musket and bayonet on his shoulders, and more than double that load on his back in the shape of a full knapsack, folded great coat and canteen; in that condition, in short, which is known as being "in heavy marching order." Not always, of course, but often enough to convince him that "playing at soldiers" was as serious a pursuit as whistling at the plough, let the clay-soil be as stiff as you please. Then there came guard-mounting—with breakfast between, where the full private had the advantage of the ploughman, if not in quantity, at all events in quality and comfort—but the duty involved in mounting guard, though not so laborious as carting manure, was more particular as well as more fragrant. A day's work in the fields is, after all, but a day's work, while mounting guard is an occupation which not only includes the day but the night also. To say nothing of the loneliness or remoteness of the post, the fact of being on sentry for eight hours out of the twenty-four, and half that time in the dark, under the heaviest penalty if sleep should be indulged in, was not so agreeable in practice, as turning in to the loft or flock-bed and snoring till daylight. When it happened also, from the nature of the garrison, the number of sick in hospital and other causes, that the troops have only three or perhaps two nights in bed, the pleasure of guard-mounting is not very greatly enhanced in the estimation of a heavy sleeper.

However, without pursuing the contrast between military and agricultural pursuits any further, it may be enough to say that Maurice Savage found that the former gave him quite as much to do as the latter, and

* We are glad to perceive (while this article was being written) that advantage has been taken of the existing low price of provisions, and that the condition of the soldier serving in the Colonies, with regard to the stoppage exacted for his ration, has, very recently, been under the consideration of the Government, and that it is intended to reduce the rate from five-pence, at which it stands at present, to threepence-halfpenny. The necessity for this step has been made apparent in the evidence taken before the Committee on Army and Ordnance Expenditure; and the effect of lowering the cost of the ration of one pound of meat and one pound of bread to threepence-halfpenny, will be to leave to the soldier abroad eightpence-halfpenny, out of which he will provide himself with other articles of food conducive to his health and comfort.

"And I promised. All my being
Freely, firmly answered, yea!
Thus absolved, her angel-spirit,
Breathing blessings, passed away.

"Once more in the noisy, jostling
Human crowd; I seemed to stand,
Like to him who goes to battle,
With his life within his hand.

"All things wore a different aspect;
I was now mine own no more:
Pleasure, wealth, the smile of woman
All a different meaning bore.

"Thus I toiled—though young, not youthful,
Ever mingling in the crowd,
Yet apart: my life, my labour,
To a solemn purpose vowed.

"Yet even duty had its pleasure,
And I proudly kept apart;
Lord of all my weaker feelings;
Monarch of my subject heart.

"Foolish boast! My pride of purpose
Proved itself a feeble thing,
When thy uncle brought me hither,
In the pleasant time of Spring.

"Said he, 'Thou hast toiled too closely;
Thou shalt breathe our country air;
Thou shalt come to us on Sundays,
And thy failing health repair!'

"Now began my hardest trial.
What had I with love to do!
Loving thee was sin 'gainst duty,
And 'gainst thy good uncle too!

"Until now my heart was cheerful;
Duty had been light till now.
—Oh that I were free to woo thee;
That my heart had known no vow!

"Yet, I would not shrink from duty;
Nor my vow leave unfulfilled!
—Still, still, had my mother known thee,
Would she thus have sternly willed!

"Wherefore did my angel-mother
Thus enforce her dying prayer?
—Yet what right had I to seek thee,
Thou, thy uncle's wealthy heir!

"Thus my spirit cried within me;
And that inward strife began,
That wild warfare of the feelings
Which lays waste the life of man.

"In such turmoil of the spirit,
Feeble is our human strength;
Life seems stripped of all its glory:
—Yet was duty lord at length.

"So at least I deemed. But meeting
Towards the pleasant end of May
With thy uncle, here he brought me,
I who long had kept away.

"He was wilful, thy good uncle;
I was such a stranger grown;
I must go to hear the reading
Of a ballad of his own.

"Willing to be won, I yielded.
Canst thou not that eve recal,
When the lilacs were in blossom
And the sunshine lay o'er all?

"On the bench beneath the lilacs,
Sate we; and thy uncle read
That sweet, simple, wondrous ballad,
Which my own heart's woe pourtrayed.

"'Twas a simple tale of nature—
Of a lowly youth who gave
All his heart to one above him,
Loved, and filled an early grave.

"But the fine tact of the poet
Laid the wounded spirit bare,
Breathed forth all the silent anguish
Of the breaking heart's despair.

"'Twas as if my soul had spoken,
And at once I seemed to know,
Through the poet's voice prophetic,
What the issue of my woe.

"Later, walking in the evening
Through the shrubbery, thou and I,
With the woodlarks singing round us,
And the full moon in the sky;

"Thou, my Ellen, didst reproach me,
For that I had coldly heard
That sweet ballad of thy uncle's,
Nor responded by a word.

"Said I, 'If that marvellous ballad
Did not seem my heart to touch;
It was not from want of feeling,
But because it felt too much.'

"And even as the rod of Moses
Called forth water from the rock;
So did now thy sweet reproaches
All my secret heart unlock.

"And my soul lay bare before thee;
And I told thee all; how strove,
As in fierce and dreary conflict,
My stern duty and my love.

"All I told thee—of my parents,
Of my angel-mother's fate;
Of the vow by which she bound me;
Of my present low estate.

"All I told thee, while the woodlarks
Filled with song the evening breeze,
And bright gushes of the moonlight
Fell upon us through the trees.

"And thou murmured'st, oh! my Ellen,
In a voice so sweet and low;
'Would that I had known thy mother.
Would that I might soothe thy woe!'

"Ellen, my sweet, life's companion!
From my being's inmost core
Then I blessed thee; but I bless thee,
Bless thee, even now, still more!

"For, as in the days chivalric
Ladies armed their knights for strife,
So didst thou, with thy true counsel,
Arm me for the fight of life.

"Saidst thou, 'No, thou must not waver;
Ever upright must thou stand:
Even in duty's hardest peril,
All thy weapons in thy hand.

"'Doing still thy utmost, utmost;
Never resting till thou 'rt free!—
But, if e'er thy soul is weary,
Or discouraged—think of me!'

"'And again thy sweet voice murmured,
In a low and thrilling tone;
'I have loved thee, truly loved thee,
Though that love was all unknown!

"'And the sorrows and the trials
Which thy youth in bondage hold,
Make thee to my heart yet dearer
Than if thou hadst mines of gold!

"'Go forth—pay thy debt to duty;
And when thou art nobly free.
He shall know, my good old uncle,
Of the love 'twixt thee and me!'

"Ellen, thou wast my good angel!
Once again in life I strove—
But the hardest task was easy,
In the light and strength of love.

"And, when months had passed on swiftly,
Canst thou not that hour recal—
'Twas a Christmas Sabbath evening—
When we told thy uncle all?

"Good old uncle! I can see him,
With those calm and loving eyes,
Smiling on us as he listened,
Silent, yet with no surprise.

"And when once again the lilacs
Blossom'd, in the merry May,
And the woodlarks sang together,
Came our happy marriage day.

"My sweet Ellen, then I blessed thee
As my young and wealthy wife,
But I knew not half the blessings
With which thou wouldst dower my life!"

Here he ceased, good Thomas Harlowe;
And as soon as ceased his voice—
That sweet chorusing of woodlarks
Made the silent night rejoice.

OUR PHANTOM SHIP.

NEGROLAND.

In our Phantom Ship we shall occasionally take a cruise, in order to see what is going on in various parts of the globe. To-day, we intend looking in for a little while upon the land of the Negro, chiefly with the view of seeing how he is first converted into an article of merchandise for the supply of the American markets, North and South. Meanwhile, we think it but fair to the voyagers and travellers who have preceded us, to give some account of their exertions, discoveries, and disasters, made and encountered to check the Slave Trade.

For a long while after the establishment of the Slave Trade, nothing was known of the countries whence Negroes came. In 1442 it was that the Portuguese admiral brought ten Africans to Europe, for the purpose of converting them to Christianity, and found them excellent as slaves. In the next year some native boats were captured, and their crews brought home in slavery. The notion seized upon the public mind, and an association was got up at once for systematised traffic in Africans. In 1444, two hundred slaves were captured, and brought home.

The discovery of the New World set our wise and good ancestors a-digging after gold. That is to say, it made them urge the native Indians to dig on their behalf. We, degenerate men of the year 1851, have weaker nerves than were in vogue in the good old times, three or four hundred years ago; and we are silly enough to shudder at the barbarous blood-guiltiness of our rapacious forefathers. The Indians were found to be a difficult material, and were, moreover, being tortured rather fast into that great new world which each of us is destined some day to discover. So, in the year 1511, Ferdinand the Catholic gave his most Christian sanction to the importation of Africans as slaves into Hispaniola, that is to say, Hayti, which produced, in after day, Toussaint l'Ouverture.

The Portuguese had all the profit of the slave trade until the English put in their claim to a part of it. The first batch of negroes sold from English vessels was a cargo of three hundred, obtained by Sir J. Hawkins, from the cost of Guinea, and sold in Hispaniola.

Well; flesh and blood being a profitable commodity, the trade in it very naturally grew. It became an important part of the world's commerce. So it occurred that curiosity became at length awakened on the subject of those unexplored regions which produced these black machines. In 1788, there was formed in England "The African Association," for the solace of geographers. Under the auspices of this association, two gentlemen, Mr. Ledyard and Mr. Lucas, went out as volunteers. Ledyard was to cross from Sennaar, westward; Lucas, starting from Tripoli, was to find his way through Fezzan to the Gambia and Guinea. Ledyard died at Cairo, Lucas was unable to reach Fezzan. The Association next sent Major Houghton, who was to reach the Niger by the Gambia. In the kingdom of Bambrook, this traveller, too rich in merchandise, was plundered by his guides, and left to perish.

Mungo Park was the next volunteer. Ascending the Gambia, and reaching Sego, the capital of Bambarra, he there, on the 21st of July, 1796, was the first European who saw the Niger. It was there called—for its name varies in each country through which it flows—the Joliba.

Other travellers followed, but without success. A student of Göttingen probably penetrated far, but perished in the enterprise.

Mungo Park then went out again, in 1805, under the auspices of Government, with three officers, and forty-two men. Ascending the Gambia, he arrived at a point up the Niger, having seen all his companions die except Lieutenant Martyn and three men. These made a rude boat out of three rotten canoes, calling it H. M. schooner "Joliba." In this they embarked, to complete their enterprise, by tracing the stream down until it reached

the sea. They never reached the sea. The fate of Park was like the fate of Franklin—a long mystery. After five years, a man, Isaaco, who had been Park's guide through one part of his travels, and had brought the last news from him to the Gambia, was sent to obtain tidings, if he could. Isaaco found the native who had served as pilot to the Joliba, and learned from him that the Europeans had been checked at Bussah, by the rapids, and had been shot at while among the rocks, by order of the king, with bows and arrows. This account was confirmed by the admission of the king, to Clapperton and Lander. His Majesty deplored the accident, declaring that he had mistaken the party for Felatahs—an extremely lame excuse, as the incursions of the Felatahs are not made in boats. Quite a new version of the death of Park, however, is derived from a recent traveller, Mr. Duncan, who, on his road to the Kong mountains, under a friendly escort from the King of Dahomey, broke from his friends, to dart aside into a chase after a good Mussulman, and worthy merchant, who was said to have been present at the death of Park. This person, Terasso-wea, a man of note in his own country, was present as a young mallam (priest) at the tumult, and beheld the death of Park, which he describes in so circumstantial a manner, as to leave no doubt that he relates a real scene. It may have been the calamity of other white men. "Park," says Terasso-wea, "was killed at Yauri, higher up than Bussah, which he never reached. His pilot, a native of Yauri, was set ashore there, with his wages paid; but he complained before the king that he had been defrauded. Park was stopped and questioned, but refused to answer. The King of Yauri was a tyrant; and recently the populace was in Park's favour. There was a mob about the boat. Park and his party endeavoured to escape. The boat was held. A hand that held it was cut off. There followed an affray; and so Park perished."

The Niger was now partly traced. In 1811, Captain Tuckey was sent up the Congo River, with a hope it might prove to be the Niger, and another expedition followed on the trace of Park, to descend the Niger, and perhaps meet Capt. Tuckey. Both expeditions failed of their design, and many lives were lost.

Other attempts at exploration followed, failures all.

Clapperton, Oudney, and Denham, in 1822, crossed the Sahara from Tripoli, discovering the Kingdom of Bornou and Lake Chad. Clapperton, through Soudan, came to Socatoo, a capital of the Felatah country, and there heard that he was near the Niger.

In 1825, Clapperton, with Captain Pearce and two other gentlemen, left Badagry for Socatoo. All died upon the way, excepting Clapperton and his servant, Richard Lander. These arrived at Bussah, where they confirmed the account of the death of Park, crossed the Niger, and reached Socatoo. There Clapperton died, possibly poisoned. Lander returned alone, bringing his master's papers.

Major Laing, at the same time, reached Timbuctoo, across the Desert, the first European who had done so. He was murdered by the Arabs in returning, and his papers have not been recovered. M. Caillié, a Frenchman, also reached Timbuctoo, and we possess his narrative.

Richard Lander next offered to trace the River Niger down from Bussah. Furnished with means by Government, he started, with his brother John, from Badagry, reached Bussah, and embarked there with four negroes in an open canoe, protected by umbrellas from the sun. They passed the spot at which the Chadda pours into the Niger a broad stream; at Kiri market they were made prisoners by Ibu traders, and taken before King Obi, from whom they were ransomed by King Boy, of Brasstown, near the outlet of the Niger. This fortunate captivity procured for them a safe conveyance down the last part of the river, and prevented them from floating out in their canoe, helpless, into the broad Atlantic, through the selection of an unfrequented outlet. Thus, as Park was the first who saw the Niger, so Lander was the first who traced it to the sea.

Tidings of ivory brought home by the two Landers induced merchants of Liverpool to fit out a trading expedition. One brig, to wait at the mouth of the river, and two steamers to ascend and return with cargo (the Quorra and Alburkah), went out, in 1832, under the superintendence of Messrs. M'Gregor Laird and Richard Lander. Arriving late, they ascended the river in the season when its flood was falling, and when they reached the confluence of the Chadda, one vessel grounded, and remained fast till the next year's rising of the water. Of forty-seven officers and men, all perished but eight. Mr. Laird, half dead and wholly disappointed, went home in the brig. Lander persevered: Lieutenant, now Captain Allen, who had been sent by the Admiralty with this expedition, for the purpose of making surveys, mapped the Niger up to Rabba, and explored eighty miles upon the Chadda also. Lander fitted out the Alburkah at Fernando Po, to make a fresh ascent, and sent it up the Niger, under Mr. Oldfield, the surviving surgeon, presently following himself, in a canoe, with an additional supply of goods. These he exposed on a sand bank in the Delta. He was attacked by the natives, fled down the river, and reached Fernando Po with a wound from a musket-ball in the upper portion of his thigh, of which, in a few days, he died. Mr. Oldfield abandoned the river, and the two steamers rot upon the beach at Fernando Po.

Mr. Becroft, an African trading captain, afterwards ascended the river to the distance of fifty miles beyond Rabba.

In 1841. Government sent out the Niger

Expedition, which stands next upon the mournful list—but we must stop now to account for this by a brief sketch of the growth of popular opinion.

Even in the middle of the last century, the iniquity of the principle had aroused Christians here and there, of every sect, from the Quaker to the Catholic, to preach or speak against the trade in men. As for the soil of England, Chief Justice Holt decided that a negro coming into England becomes free.

The abolition of the Slave Trade had been agitated, and it was in the same year, 1788, from which we date the commencement of African discovery by the formation of the African Society, that the first bill was passed putting a check upon the slave traffic. Sir William Dolben's Bill, passed on the 10th of July, in that year, enforced attention to the health and comfort of the slaves on shipboard.

In 1792, the King of Denmark took the lead, by formally prohibiting all Danes from the purchase, sale, or transport of any slaves whatever.

Exportation of slaves was prohibited by the United States in 1794.

Importation of slaves into British Colonies was prohibited in 1806, after a long ferment of debate. In 1807, an Act was passed, declaring the British trade in slaves, with Africa, to be unlawful traffic, and imposing a penalty of one hundred pounds for every slave sold or removed from Africa by any British subject.

Importation of slaves was prohibited by the United States in the same year.

Between 1816 and 1833, decrees tending to abolish slavery were passed in Mexico, and in republics of Central and South America—Guatemala, Columbia, Peru, Chili, &c.

In 1833 the great Act passed, emancipating all the negro slaves in British Colonies and decreeing payment of twenty millions in compensation to the slave-owners. The emancipated slaves remained under a five years' apprenticeship, and became entirely their own masters on the 1st of August, 1838. In 1843 many millions of slaves received liberty in British India. In 1845 Sweden emancipated all the slaves she had. France still more recently, in 1848, and Denmark, have added three hundred thousand to the sum of liberated slaves. But we are to go back to the Act of 1833.

England, since that date, has considered herself pledged to active and unwearied labour for the abolition of all trade in human beings among civilised communities. We do not sneer at her philanthropy, nor call her championship Quixotic. It is a fit work for a great country to set about—that is a truth raised above discussion. But reason may be shown for doubting whether we are quite right in some portion of our tactics. Since 1833 England has sought to enter into treaties, and has succeeded in obtaining treaties with the whole of Europe, with a great part of America, and also with native chiefs of Africa, by which all pledge themselves to aid in the extinction of the Slave Trade. She has done no harm, at any rate, by that; at least, the moral force of a vast vote of censure is brought to bear against the wickedness.

So now we come back to the Niger Expedition of the year 1841, a treaty-making enterprise. This consisted of two large steamers, the "Wilberforce" and "Albert," and a small one, the "Soudan," with the "Amelia" tender. The steamers were cumbered with a bulky and useless ventilating apparatus, (Dr. D. B. Reid *fecit*,) and with a variety of edifying agricultural machines and implements for a proposed Model Farm of the African Civilisation Society. Mr. Carr went out, from the society, as superintendent of this farm. After many delays the expedition, on the 15th of August, entered the Nun branch of the Niger. The river was ascended to the confluence of the Chadda, whence the "Soudan" and the "Wilberforce," under Captain W. Allen, with nearly all sick, returned, on the 19th of September, to the coast. The "Albert," with Captain Trotter and Commander Bird Allen, pushed on as far as Egga, before turning back. A dismal spectacle, a very plague-ship, it was met and towed by Captain Becroft in the "Ethiope," and as it reached the bar of the Nun encountered the "Soudan" on the point of entering in search of its disabled companion. The "Amelia" had been left opposite the Model Farm, from which the superintendent, Mr. Carr, had come down to the sea in search of health. Mr. Carr rashly returned, with goods, in native canoes, and was never again heard of—doubtless murdered in the Delta. Lieutenant Webb re-ascended the Niger, to remove the Model Farm, if necessary, and found it in a state of miserable disorganisation, in consequence of gross misconduct of the settlers. It was removed, and so the expedition ended. Several treaties had been made with native chiefs, and fifty-three lives lost.

Captain Becroft has since ascended again as far as Rabbah.

In addition to these explorations of the Niger, adventurous trips have been made across the country; among others, into the dominions of the King of Dahomey, more than once. Profiting, therefore, by the active labours of our countrymen, we can sit by the fireside and travel in their track. Brave and high-minded men, zealous to substitute a civilising commerce for a shameful traffic, sleep in a hundred graves upon the field whereon they battled for humanity. Youth, genius and zeal, age and experience, the practised traveller, the gifted young physician on the threshold of a life all promise,—Park, Clapperton, Lander, Bird Allen, and others, alas! more than we may name,—lie buried there among the palms. Surely they have not died in vain.

It is but a sail of six weeks to the Bight of Benin, to that part of the coast of Africa

which is the hotbed of the slave-market. The Niger, a great river, navigable for hundreds of miles, with branching and tributary navigable streams, forms an easy highway into Africa. That Europe should use this highway as a means of carrying the spirit of healthy commerce, and all its attendant blessings, into an injured sister continent, became, after the Niger was discovered, the first natural and obvious idea. Trial was made at once by the Liverpool merchants, with a horrible result. Alluding to the first muster of his men on board the Quorra, Mr. Laird says, "the crew were all picked men, from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age; and little did I think, as I beheld their athletic and powerful frames, that in a few months the only survivors of us would be *myself and three others.*" The expedition of 1841 alarmed all minds with the same fearful warning. Who will go out to travel on that stream of death?

Fortunately safe, in our Phantom Ship, we now step over instantly to Sierra Leone, and call at Freetown for some Kroomen. There are two tribes there, Kroomen and Fishmen, not very fond of one another. The Kroomen cut wood and serve as relief to the white crews on European vessels. They are a fine native race, well formed and muscular, with more than the average of African intelligence. They have great faith in Europeans, according to their own expression, "White man go to de debil, Krooboy follow." When the expedition of 1841 panted to leave the Niger, and the Kroo woodcutters could not keep pace, in their toil, with the impatience of the sufferers, knee-deep in water they cheerfully worked over-hours, and kindly bore the natural expressions of impatience. Afterwards, at Fernando Po, instead of dispersing themselves idly ashore, their first thought was to go and kneel down by the beds of the sick officers, and speak with a gentleness of sympathy that, as the listeners remarked, was in peculiar contrast with their large athletic forms. "Krooboy love white man too much" —and white man honours Krooboy. Lander seems to be the only traveller who did not thoroughly appreciate this worthy race.

The Kroomen, being properly acclimatised, are taken by most vessels on coast service, to save the whites, and are required for Niger navigation which, to them, is by no means deadly. If ever the Niger be made—as it must and will eventually—a great highway for European commerce, we must be indebted to the Kroomen for it. So we take Kroomen on our Phantom Ship and steer directly for Cape Nun.

Surely the clouds are off to a committee meeting, they send all eastward and take up their stations in a semicircle. Take notice and prepare. There is a foam track flying to us on the water. Cannons, whirlwinds, thunder and spoondrift, that's a tornado. Wait a bit says a sailor, "it's only old Nature sneezing." It's over now with a heavy rain and the air wonderfully freshened.

Here is Cape Nun; a bar of sand to be crossed only at high water, stretches across the Nun branch of the Niger. Our countrymen of 1841 called it "the Gate of the Cemetery." The Niger spreads out over the last one hundred and sixty miles of its course into many branches, which discharge the waters of that river by twenty-two mouths—the Benin, Nun, Bonny, and others—into the sea. These branches inter-communicate, and all the country over which they flow is called the Delta. The Nun branch is the only one explored, and a creek so narrow that a vessel is sometimes unable to turn round in it, is, in one part, the only passage known to be safe. It is called Louis Creek.

The dwellers beside the river are in this part of its course a miserable race; sickly in appearance, vexed with skin diseases, and especially with craw-craw, a Brobdignagian kind of itch, afflicting all the body. Near enough to the coast to be demoralised by intercourse with Europeans, the natives of the Delta seem to be inhospitable as their swamps. As we pass through the mangroves there rises into the cool morning air a thick oppressive vapour, it looks like the smoke of wood fires; it is oppressive even to the smell. That is the Niger poison. Pass on and exult in health; escaping from the mangroves and the meanders of the Delta, float over the magnificent spectacle of a great river in the tropics; think yourself sound; but you have swallowed poison—most probably, too, in a fatal dose. It gives you sixteen days for respite; but on the sixteenth day the poison works. You think that you have got into a sickly portion of the river, that is not the case; but in passing through the Delta, you accepted a heavy bill of mortality, and it has now come due. In plain words, there is an interval of sixteen days between the reception of the poison, and its fatal outbreak. In the case of the Liverpool expedition, after the sixteen days were complete, the sweep of fever and death were terrible. Men fell one after the other as though suddenly brought up under an unseen battery. In 1841, there was the same reprieve—the same fortnight of false confidence followed by a check little less severe. In the main river itself there is nothing peculiarly deadly.

Before leaving the Delta we will pay a visit to King Boy of Brass-town. Among the potentates of the river King Boy has most to do with Europeans. Living near the sea, he trades with the interior for palm oil, but chiefly for slaves, has his own barracoons, and retails his wares at about three hundred per cent. probably on what he paid for them. Of him the Europeans buy. King Boy rules, or ruled—he may now be dead—at Brass-town, down a branch or creek of his own, though by-the-by there is another chief, King Jacket, on the other side. King Boy is

or, was a most unmitigated rascal. We follow him in company with Mr. Oldfield, to his capital, on board a boat heavily laden. His Majesty with a cunning, coarse face, and red eyes, is attired in a Scotchman's dress, a present from England, the deficiency in which he has supplied with a huge pair of Turkish trowsers, fastened outside, the skirt of his kilt being tucked into them. He shouts to his subjects as he enters Brass-town, through a long speaking trumpet, his own praise. His mother, an old wretched looking negress, sits on the bank. They give her six glasses of rum, which make her to caper. We land. Here's a capital! Mud, dirt, rats, and huts—the river floods it. His Majesty takes us to the abode of a favorite wife, who has prepared dinner—goat's-flesh boiled with the hair on. Here is the sleeping apartment of his palace, ankle-deep in mud, with a raised part moderately sloppy, on which we may spread a mat—there is no other furniture. We are awakened by alarming uproar; there must be men breaking through the roof. We shout aloud for help, and all is quiet. We are still: our hearts beat—there they are at work again. Rats jovial in the roof. The thatch is full of them; the floor is riddled with rat-holes. We will not stay long with King Boy of Brass-town.

The number of kings in Western Africa is very large; the power of each accords with his physical strength and his possessions. On each side of the Cameroons is a king, and the two kings differ in one being painted red, the other white. One of these is a fine old man who has, after a fashion common with Coast Africans, fitted up for his honour and glory, a house of two stories, with chairs, tables, and European odds and ends; that is the manifesto of his wealth; without it he was a boy—having it, he is a man, a "big man" enough to be a king. He has procured of some ship's carpenter a painted signboard, with his name KING AQUA, painted on it in large Roman letters. This he has fixed over his house-door; unluckily, however, upside down; and the *tout ensemble* can contemplate with dignified humility from the door of the small hut down by the river-side, in which he lives. His palace is a fiction of the best bright poker class. There is also among these monarchs a due consideration of the necessity of preserving what we in Europe call the balance of power. A red coat given to "that rascal over the way," excites indignation in a slighted prince. Lieutenant Allen meeting a chief who thus believed himself insulted, was regarded wrathfully. "Plenty bad bob for you"—(bob in the Cameroons, means a palaver or scolding)—"plenty too much bad bob;" this was bold menace.

Leaving the coast and King Boy, our Phantom Ship has passed the Delta, and after one hundred and sixty miles of passage from Cape Nun, is at length really in the Niger. Very soon we shall reach Eboe.

What glorious magnificence of wood and water! The splendid African oak, the cotton tree, with its huge stem, the fibres of which are totally unfit for the Manchester market, and the light feathery plumes of the palm trees nodding over them against the deep blue sky! Here and there a gay hippopotamus is flirting with her friend, or dropping with a loud splash from the banks into the current. Higher up you may see these good-humoured beasts in parties of a dozen. Alligators, too! The natives cut up alligators, and consider them good meat. They have a quaint way of catching them. One negro darts a spear into his tail, pinning him to the ground, and holds him in that manner, twisting and leaping up and down the pivot he has made to keep it steady, and to hold the alligator safe. While his companion is thus wriggling and grimacing in a dance over the victim's tail, another with a long knife capers about his head, and darts in to inflict a wound as often as he can do so without risk. So at length the alligator being slain, is dragged up high and dry, cut into portions, and sold—as we might say—in pennyworths.

The huts in this lower part of the river are all square, higher up they are round, and then from that point throughout the interior—so far as we know—the huts of the natives are in all cases round. Fishing-nets suspended over the stream are part of the furniture of every village.

Now we are at Eboe, the first native town of any note since we have left the Delta. Here lives King Obi. King Obi is a tautological expression. Obi means king in that part of the world, and is the title of the chief. Just in the same way the next large town as we ascend the river Iddah—is governed by an Attah (Father) who was called King Attah by the early travellers.

King Obi does a great deal of business in palm oil and slaves, King Boy kisses the ground before him, as a shrewd country traveller will bow before a customer with whom he does a thriving business. Obi sells to Boy, and others like him; these traffic with the merchants on the coast. King Obi was one of those who signed a treaty for suppression of the slave-trade, on the faith of other commerce being substituted for it. We may state here our conviction, once for all, that as far up as Rabbah, or the country inhabited by the Felatahs, the native chiefs are not only ready, but anxious for commerce with the Europeans. Supposing the grand obstacle of the Delta vanquished, and granting that the first traders must inevitably lose money from loss of time, through unpreparedness, and inexperience, on the part of the natives—if we may boldly imagine these difficulties overcome, there is nothing whatever in the disposition or habits of the people to impede a friendly intercourse profitable to us and to themselves. Slavery is not in their eyes iniquitous; it is so to few

rude nations, it was not so even to the cultivated Greeks, and even in Europe the growth of mind has only lately brought us to an understanding—and still it is but a faint impression—of the dignity and value of a human being. It is a great truth, even now, but faintly dawning on the most enlightened nations of the earth. Our gutters show that England is a long way from the proper comprehension of it. We must not, therefore, quarrel with the Africans for treading in the path that our forefathers trod. The spirit of trade is among them. There is less evidence of trading spirit in the multitude of boats floating with cargoes on the Rhine, than on the Niger. That was remarked by an intellectual man who had sailed up both rivers. There are more slaves than oil-barrels, because there is more demand for slaves, and it has been throughout the policy of slave-traders to extinguish and suppress all other traffic.

A striking example of this fact occurs in the case of the Shea butter-tree. Shea butter is obtained from a plant, not unlike the laurel, which grows luxuriantly in many parts of the interior. It occurs in so great abundance, that large quantities can be obtained, and were obtained by the natives, when the slave-traders on the coast became alarmed lest the chief should discover that this butter might be made an article of commerce, and nothing must distract their attention from the slave-hunting business. They, therefore, laboured with success, and obtained an edict from the King of Dahomey, for the destruction of Shea butter-trees in his dominions. War is waged against them—they are burned down as fast as they spring up, and still they spring up again year after year—an eternal, active protest against man, who wilfully destroys a gift of his Creator, lest the light of its blessing should be shed upon the dark path he has resolutely chosen.

We cannot afford time to stop at Eboe. In passing we may note one or two superstitions. The Eboe woman who gives birth to twins is regarded as an especial object of Fetiche wrath, and becomes for the rest of her life an outcast. To hold up two fingers, or to call her Abo-wadakri (mother of twins) is the greatest affront that can be offered to an Eboe woman. Another prejudice, equally curious, is that which causes them to sacrifice all children who cut their first tooth in the upper jaw. This they believe to be premonitory of a savage disposition. Our Phantom Ship floats on to Iddah, the next capital, between which place and the sea, Eboe is not much more than half way.

We examine the town and its well thronged markets, see abundant evidence of a spirit of trade, and incipient civilisation. Country cloth is more expensive than the cloth of Manchester, on account of the rude and slow process of native manufacture; but cloth is woven, and moreover, very beautifully dyed. The dyes, however, are not fined. Hides are tanned into leather for various uses—there are steel implements, bits for the horses, and well tempered weapons. They smelt ore in a furnace, dice-box shaped, and aided by bellows of peculiar construction, not unlike the method of an air pump, only that of course they are to pump air in, instead of out. The iron afterwards heated on charcoal is worked into material of exceedingly good quality, and rude inscriptions on the weapons are sometimes attempted. The money of the country is preferred as a medium of exchange to any species of barter, the money of course being here, as in all Negroland, cowries. Two thousand cowries are about worth a shilling. They are kept on strings in rows of more or less than a hundred, the number on a string being proportioned in each district to the value of the cowry, so that the value of a string is in all parts pretty much the same. The cowry itself increases gradually in its worth as we pass inland. As small change to represent fractional payments of amounts less than a cowry, earth-nuts are used. Leaving the market and the market-keeper—a deformed man in most places—who preserves order therein with a huge whip, we pay a visit to the Attah.

That, however, is an affair by no means simple. The potentate of Africa has forms and ceremonies, no less than the potentate of Europe. We will skip the preliminary forms, and get into his waiting-rooom, or hut, or court. Here we learn what it is to dance attendance on the great. The officers, in 1841, after long patience, received a message from his highness, that "he wished God to bless them, but it rained to-day, and, as rain never falls on the King, he could not receive them." Word was sent back that Englishmen could not be trifled with. Accordingly, with noise and drumming, and the twenty-washer-woman-power of chatter which characterises negro populations, presently his Majesty revealed himself on the withdrawal of a curtain. Too magnificent to speak, he has an officer, his "Mouth," to say aloud what the Attah whispers in his ear, and while the Attah whispers, all the people make a noise, to prevent any but the "mouth" from hearing him. The "mouth" told our countrymen that the Attah had come after the message, believing that they were able to stop the rain, but he was surprised to find it rained as much as ever. However, he drank water with them, the African ceremonial of friendship, and ate goora nut with them, the African civility—their substitute for our old formal cake and wine. He grumbled at the presents, through his "mouth," and magnified his own greatness, of which they were unworthy. When he coughed, ate, or drank, or when he laughed, his face was veiled with the fans carried by attendants: nobody must see the Attah yielding to the wants and impulses of ordinary men. On the whole, this Attah behaved very well, and is a well-beloved chief, unlike his

predecessor. An officer returned for some forgotten papers, after the audience was over, and found his Majesty, naked of all splendour, surrounded by his ministers of state, capering and chattering over his presents with child-like simplicity. The former Attah was a hateful tyrant, and the despotism of their chiefs, restrained only by the fear of poison from the headmen, is sometimes, whether in Africa or Russia, power terribly misused. A child picked up a snip of velvet, about two inches long, from a boat, when the Liverpool expedition was off Iddah. The little fellow made a bag of it, and put some seeds in for a charm, which he hung in the usual way about his loins. Presently, he was brought before the predecessor of the present Attah, reviled for wearing "king's cloth," and at a sign, his head was rolling on the floor.

Africans, according to their rank, abound in wives and domestic slaves. A king over much territory will have five hundred wives. The women are only considered lovely in proportion to their fat; some of them might be first cousins to their neighbour hippopotamus. The slaves are not worse treated than the wives. Domestic slavery in Africa itself is not a very bitter servitude. The African who has not been a slave is almost always a good-humoured master.

We quit Iddah, and continue our course up the stream. The country now assumes a new aspect, being mountainous. The Kong mountains touch the Niger here, and now we come to the next notable point upon the stream, the confluence of the broad water of the Chadda. The Chadda has been explored only for about a hundred miles; it is supposed to flow through Lake Chad, in the interior, the lake being, perhaps, an expanse of the river. Nearly opposite the confluence is the spot where the model farm was landed, and the gay tent which had figured in the Eglintoun tournament was put up for the accommodation of the colony.

We will take the opportunity of running up the Shary to Fundah, where Mr. Laird lay for a fortnight, almost dead. The King of Fundah was in his day a provoking rascal. After an audience with his Majesty, a portly personage, Mr. Laird was invaded in his hut by an old woman, the king's mother, and a cunning, wiry-looking little man. These worried for presents. The woman was soon satisfied, not so the man, who was at length kicked out in a summary manner. This little man turned out to be his Majesty himself, who wore "bombast"* on state occasions. Horse-races afterwards took place at Fundah. African horses are all small; and as the riders on this occasion were stuffed into the appearance of so many Falstaffs, the effect was of course very ridiculous. The Africans admire rotundity, perhaps, because their climate favours it. Travellers note their own tendency to become fat in the Niger: Lander became, in the phrase of his last companions, "as broad as he was long." The quantity of palm-oil mixed with food may assist in bringing about this result.

Talking of fat reminds us again of the negro women. They are as busy as the men, and shrewder traders. But there is no exception to the note of testimony in their favour. When Mr. Laird was at Fundah, ill-used by the king, reduced by disease to an irritable skeleton, covered with craw-craw, it could have been nothing but the pure impulse of a woman's heart that made the females risk beatings to bring him food and consolation. The stout black ladies with their anklets, their armlets, their henna-stained nails, and their wash to counteract the odour of black skin, are true women. Near the coast it is usual to drown one wife as a sacrifice upon the husband's death; but up the river this custom probably is not observed. There is a substitute, in the custom of giving "sassy water" (poison), with many ceremonies, to any wife suspected of having been a scold and a torment to the deceased. If she be innocent—that is to say if she be rich enough to bribe the priests—the dose of poison is not fatal to her. There is then a ju-ju or religious ceremony, in which, with a wild dance, and sundry odd proceedings, she comes pure out of the trial.

Our Phantom Ship continues its course up the stream. Here is a village burning; trembling natives huddled on a sand-bank in the middle of the stream, shrieks from the village, and the galloping of horsemen. Those horsemen are Felatahs, a fierce race, who are a scourge to the mild natives in their neighbourhood. They make a business of slave-catching. When they approach a village, as they come on horseback, and do not use canoes, all who can paddle off to any bank or island, or across the stream, are safe from capture. Those who remain are victims, and the village is destroyed. These Felatahs were extending their ravages lower and lower down the stream, until they menaced the poor Attah of Iddah himself, at the date of our last accounts. But, at the same time, the natives higher up were organising a conspiracy to make reprisal. Mr. Becroft, on a recent visit up the Niger, found Rabbah, the Felatah capital, laid waste; so we may suppose the plot to have, so far, succeeded. But Rabbah is subject to Soccatoo, and from Soccatoo vengeance probably would come, and the Felatahs be more fierce than ever.

We will go up to Rabbah, the Felatah city, the highest point to which the Niger has been mapped. It is by far the largest town we have yet seen upon the river, covering much space, with extensive suburbs. Men may be seen galloping along the quay on fine Arabian horses. A dead horse, or a dead man may be found rotting on the highway, where we land. The Felatahs, who are all Mussulmen,

* Our ancestors at one period wore clothes stuffed largely with wool, &c., which was called bombast.

have a striking appearance in their mysterious turbans, from which folds pass over the face, so that the keen eyes only are visible, as with the Tuaricks. They are first-rate riders; and, galloping about on their Arabians, saluting each other with animated gestures, carrying bows and poisoned arrows, they show themselves to be much more than a match for the simple-minded, impulsive negroes. There are here, also, busy markets, and more stinks than Coleridge ever counted in Cologne; all the offal of the beast-market lies in the town rotting under a tropical sun. The turkey buzzards there enjoy a paradise, and get between your legs.

It is well known, they say at Rabbah, that the whites eat black men. This fiction was invented by the slavers, and has travelled up the stream. The poor negroes have unbounded belief in the white man's power. It is easy for him, therefore, to excite in Africans a display of cowardice. The negroes are found often to tell lies, and are caught stealing—the same is true, we fear, of white communities. While delayed opposite one village, Mr. Oldfield, lying in his cabin, saw a woolly head pop through the cabin-window, and a long arm reached towards a dressing-case. He caught the culprit by the ears, and called down others to assist in holding him, while two men stepped into the canoe outside, and found him placed conveniently for a whipping. The next day the king of the village thanked the Europeans for the correction bestowed upon his son, (for the crown prince was the delinquent), a sad scapegrace. When the "Albarkah" ran aground she was unloaded and her wares exposed upon the bank, but slightly guarded, yet nothing was lost. There are rascals in all nations. The impulsive nature of the Africans makes many of them ask for everything they feel a wish to have; but, if it be not given them, they do not sulk. They think, no doubt, with the Sandwich Islander, who was asked whether refusals did not disappoint him, "Oh, no," he said, "I thought if I asked for a thing, you possibly might give it me, but it was quite certain you wouldn't if I didn't speak." We must quit the Niger now, remarking only that it is not yet proved whether the Niger can be entered safely or no when its stream is at the flood—safely, we mean, by fairly acclimatised Europeans. The Kroomen run but small risk in the Delta.

Time does not remain to us for the visit we intended paying to Dahomey. We may just allude to the lagoons within the coast by which slave cargoes are conveyed in canoes from point to point. Striking inland we may enter the dominions of the King of Dahomey, one of the most powerful of native chiefs, and reach his capital, Abomey. He is a man of more than average ability, with a sincere respect for the English. He is a great slave-hunter, carrying on his operations by means of a large army of women. These women make their attack with a swift run, and are trained to climb barefooted and unhurt, over the thick fences of enormous thorns which are the usual fortification of a town in Africa. Those who resist are killed and scalped; but those who yield without resistance, are tied with a cord, which each Amazon carries for the purpose, and marked with chalk upon the back, that the captor may afterwards identify her property. After the siege, each woman is praised and rewarded according to her deeds. The king's wives form the principal and bravest band.

To justify each slave-hunt, quarrels are invented, but revolting as this most unquestionably is, we must allow fair credit to the present king. He follows the customs of his forefathers with so much enlightenment that he has abolished many barbarous laws, and introduced many just and equitable practices. He means well, he respects the English, and is to all appearance willing to abolish slave-hunting and slave-trading in his dominions. But, as our Chancellors of the Exchequer say of our window-tax, without it what is to become of the finance? The King of Dahomey will throw up his part in the slaver's game, if we will show him how to thrive by other commerce.

Merchant ships are the true African blockade. Experience is proving on the coast of Africa, what has been proved every year since the Creation, that physical force is but a weak antagonist to moral wrong. We doubt whether moral force is brought to bear on a large scale, by the direct action of missionaries on the uncivilised mind. One Simon Jonas, left with Obi to improve his soul, was made court tailor, Obi beginning with the body first. History proves that commerce is the great means ordained by Providence for the improvement and advancement of the human race. For this the Africans are ripe. They do not see the moral wrong of slavery—no uncivilised nation ever yet did. But they are quite ready to believe white men, who say that it is wrong, and show them what is better; they are eager for instruction from the white man's wisdom. Unfortunately we have as yet been able to do little but exhort the natives on this text. The difficulties in the way of action certainly are great. It is our firm conviction that they can and will be overcome.

THE LAW.

As a happy illustration of the certainty, cheapness, and expedition of the English law, in upholding those who are in the right, we have received the following strange narrative from an esteemed correspondent, who is himself a lawyer:—

"The most litigious fellow I ever knew, was a Welshman, named Bones. He had got possession, by some means, of a bit of waste ground behind a public-house in Hogwash

Street. Adjoining this land was a yard, belonging to the parish of St. Jeremiah, which the Parish Trustees were fencing in with a wall. Bones alleged that one corner of their wall was advanced about ten inches on his ground, and as they declined to remove it back, he kicked down the brickwork before the mortar was dry. The Trustees having satisfied themselves that they were not only within their own boundary, but that they had left Bones some feet of the parish land to boot, built up the wall again. Bones kicked it down again.

"The Trustees put it up a third time, under the protection of a policeman. The inexorable Bones, in spite of the awful presence of this functionary, not only kicked down the wall again, but kicked the bricklayers into the bargain. This was too much, and Bones was marched off to Guildhall for assaulting the bricklayers. The magistrate rather pooh-poohed the complaint, but bound over Bones to keep the peace. The *causa belli*, the wall, was re-edified a fourth time; but when the Trustees revisited the place next morning, it was again in ruins! While they were in consultation upon this last insult, they were politely waited on by an attorney's clerk, who served them all with 'writs' in an action of trespass, at the suit of Bones, for encroaching on his land.

"Thus war was declared about a piece of dirty land literally not so big as a door-step, and the whole fee-simple of which would not sell for a shilling. The Trustees, however, thought they ought not to give up the rights of the parish to the obstinacy of a perverse fellow, like Bones, and resolved to indict Bones for assaulting the workmen. Accordingly, the action and the indictment went on together.

"The action was tried first, and as the evidence clearly showed the Trustees had kept within their own boundary, they got the verdict. Bones moved for a new trial; that failed. The Trustees now thought they would let the matter rest, as it had cost the parish about one hundred and fifty pounds, and they supposed Bones had had enough of it. But they had mistaken their man. He brought a writ of error in the action, which carried the cause into the Exchequer Court, and tied it up nearly two years, and in the mean time he forced them *nolens volens* to try the indictment. When the trial came on, the Judge said, that as the whole question had been decided in the action, there was no occasion for any further proceedings, and therefore the Defendant had better be acquitted, and so make an end of it.

"Accordingly, Bones was acquitted; and the very next thing Bones did, was to sue the Trustees in a new action, for maliciously instituting the indictment against him without reasonable cause! The new action went on to trial; and it being proved that one of the Trustees had been overheard to say that they would punish him, this was taken as evidence of malice, and Bones got a verdict for forty shillings damages besides all the costs. Elated with this victory, Bones pushed on his old action in the Exchequer Chamber to a hearing, but the Court affirmed the judgment against him, without hearing the Trustees' counsel.

"The Trustees were now sick of the very name of Bones, which had become a sort of bugbear, so that if a Trustee met a friend in the street, he would be greeted with an inquiry after the health of his friend Mr. Bones. They would have gladly let the whole matter drop into oblivion, but Jupiter and Bones had determined otherwise; for the indomitable Briton brought a Writ of Error in the House of Lords, on the judgment of the Exchequer Chamber. The unhappy Trustees had caught a Tartar, and follow him into the Lords they must. Accordingly, after another year or two's delay, the case came on in the Lords. Their Lordships pronounced it the most trumpery Writ of Error they had ever seen, and again affirmed the judgment, with costs, against Bones. The Trustees now taxed their costs, and found that they had spent not less than five hundred pounds in defending their claim to a bit of ground that was not of the value of an old shoe. But, then, Bones was condemned to pay the costs. True; so they issued execution against Bones; caught him, after some trouble, and locked him up in gaol. The next week, Bones petitioned the Insolvent Court, got of prison; and, on examination of schedule, his effects appeared to be £0 0s. 0d.! Bones had, in fact, been fighting the Trustees on credit for the last three years; for his own attorney was put down as a creditor to a large amount, which was the only satisfaction the Trustees obtained from perusing his schedule.

They were now obliged to have recourse to the Parish funds to pay their own law expenses, and were consoling themselves with the reflection that these did not come out of *their own pockets*,—when they received the usual notification that a bill in Chancery had been filed against them, at Mr. Bones's suit, to overhaul their accounts with the parish, and *prevent the misapplication of the Parish money* to the payment of their law costs! This was the climax. And being myself a disciple of Coke, I have heard nothing further of it; being unwilling, as well perhaps as unqualified, to follow the case into the labyrinthic vaults of the Court of Chancery. The catastrophe, if this were a tale, could hardly be mended—so the true story may end here."

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

If you look at a Map of the World, you will see, in the left-hand upper corner of the Eastern Hemisphere, two Islands lying in the sea. They are England and Scotland, and Ireland. England and Scotland, form the greater part of these Islands. Ireland is the next in size. The little neighbouring islands, which are so small upon the Map as to be mere dots, are chiefly little bits of Scotland—broken off, I dare say, in the course of a great length of time, by the power of the restless water.

In the old days, a long, long while ago, before Our Saviour was born on earth and when he lay asleep in a manger, these Islands were in the same place, and the stormy sea roared round them, just as it roars now. But, the sea was not alive, then, with great ships and brave sailors, sailing to and from all parts of the world. It was very lonely. The Islands lay solitary, in the great expanse of water. The foaming waves dashed against their cliffs, and the bleak winds blew over their forests; but, the winds and waves brought no adventurers to land upon the Islands; and the savage Islanders knew nothing of the rest of the world, and the rest of the world knew nothing of them.

It is supposed that the Phœnicians, who were an ancient people, famous for carrying on trade, came in ships to these Islands, and found that they produced tin and lead; both very useful things, as you know, and both produced to this very hour upon the sea-coast. The most celebrated tin mines in Cornwall are, still, close to the sea. One of them, which I have seen, is so close to it that it is hollowed out underneath the ocean; and the miners say that, in stormy weather, when they are at work down in that deep place, they can hear the noise of the waves, thundering above their heads. So, the Phœnicians, coasting about the Islands, would come, without much difficulty, to where the tin and lead were.

The Phœnicians traded with the Islanders for these metals, and gave the Islanders some other useful things in exchange. The Islanders were, at first, poor savages, going almost naked, or only dressed in the rough skins of beasts, and staining their bodies, as other savages do, with coloured earths and the juices of plants. But, the Phœnicians, sailing over to the opposite coasts of France and Belgium, and saying to the people there, "We have been to those white cliffs across the water, which you can see in fine weather; and from that country we bring this tin and lead," tempted some of the French and Belgians to come over also. These people settled themselves on the south coast of England, which is now called Kent; and, although they were a rough people too, they taught the savage Britons some useful arts, and improved that part of the Islands. It is probable that other people came over from Spain to Ireland, and settled there.

Thus, by little and little, strangers became mixed with the Islanders, and the savage Britons grew into a wild bold people—almost savage, still, especially in the interior of the country, away from the sea, where the foreign settlers seldom went; but hardy, brave, and strong.

The whole country was covered with forests, and swamps. The greater part of it was very misty and cold. There were no roads, no bridges, no streets, no houses that you would think deserving of the name. A town was nothing but a collection of straw-covered huts, hidden in a thick wood, with a ditch all round, and a low wall, made of mud, or the trunks of trees placed one upon another. The people planted little or no corn, but lived upon the flesh of their flocks and cattle. They made no coins, but used metal rings for money. They were clever in basket-work, as savage people often are; and they could make a coarse kind of cloth, and some very bad earthenware. But, in building fortresses they were much more clever.

They made boats of basket-work, covered with the skins of animals, but seldom, if ever, ventured far from the shore. They made swords, of copper mixed with tin; but, these swords were of an awkward shape, and so soft that a heavy blow would bend one. They made light shields, short pointed daggers, and spears—which they jerked back, after they had thrown them at an enemy, by a long strip of leather fastened to the stem. The butt-end was a rattle, to frighten an enemy.

horse. The ancient Britons, being divided into as many as thirty or forty tribes, each commanded by its own little King, were constantly fighting with one another, as savage people usually do; and they always fought with these weapons.

They were very fond of horses. The standard of Kent was the picture of a white horse. They could break them in and manage them wonderfully well. Indeed, the horses (of which they had an abundance, though they were rather small) were so well taught in those days that they can scarcely be said to have improved since—though the men are so much wiser. They understood, and obeyed, every word of command; and would stand still by themselves, in all the din and noise of battle, while their masters went to fight on foot. The Britons could not have succeeded in their most remarkable art, without the aid of these sensible and trusty animals. The art I mean, is the construction and management of war-chariots or cars, for which they have ever been celebrated in history. Each of the best sort of these chariots, not quite breast high in front, and open at the back, contained one man to drive, and two or three others to fight: all standing up. The horses who drew them were so well trained, that they would tear, at full gallop, over the most stony ways, and even through the woods, dashing down their masters' enemies beneath their hoofs, and cutting them to pieces with the blades of swords, or scythes, which were fastened to the wheels, and stretched out beyond the car on each side, for that cruel purpose. In a moment, while at full speed, the horses would stop, at the driver's command. The men within would leap out, deal blows about them with their swords like hail, leap on the horses, on the pole, spring back into the chariots anyhow; and, as soon as they were safe, the horses tore away again.

The Britons had a strange and terrible religion, called the Religion of the Druids. It seems to have been brought over, in very early times indeed, from the opposite country of France, anciently called Gaul, and to have mixed up the worship of the Serpent, and of the Sun and Moon, with the worship of some of the Heathen gods and Goddesses. Most of its ceremonies were kept secret by the priests, the Druids, who pretended to be enchanters, and who carried magicians' wands, and wore, each of them, about his neck, what he told the ignorant people was a Serpent's egg in a gold case. But it is certain that the Druidical ceremonies included the sacrifice of human victims, the torture of some suspected criminals, and, on particular occasions, even the burning alive, in immense wicker cages, of a number of men and animals together. The Druid Priests had some kind of veneration for the Oak, and for the miseltoe—the same plant that we hang up in houses at Christmas Time now—when its white berries grew upon the Oak. They met together in dark woods which they called Sacred Groves; and there they instucted in their mysterious arts, young men who came to them as pupils, and who sometimes stayed with them as long as twenty years.

These Druids built great Temples and altars, open to the sky, of which some are yet remaining. Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire, is the most extraordinary of these. Three curious stones called Kits Coty House, on Bluebell Hill near Maidstone in Kent, form another. We know, from examination of the great blocks of which such buildings are made, that they could not have been raised without the aid of some ingenious machines, which are common now, but which the ancient Britons certainly did not use in making their own uncomfortable houses. I should not wonder if the Druids, and their pupils who stayed twenty years, knowing more than the rest of the Britons, kept the people out of sight while they made these buildings, and then pretended that they made them by magic. Perhaps, they had a hand in the fortresses too; at all events, as they were very powerful, and very much believed in, and as they made and executed the laws, and paid no taxes, I don't wonder that they liked their trade. And, as they persuaded the people that the more Druids there were, the better off the people would be, I don't wonder that there were a good many of them. But, it is pleasant to think that there are no Druids, *now*, who go on in that way. and pretend to carry Enchanters' Wands and Serpents' Eggs—and of course there is nothing of the kind, any where.

Such was the improved condition of the ancient Britons, fifty-five years before the birth of Our Saviour, when the Romans, under their great General, Julius Cæsar, were masters of all the rest of the known world. Julius Cæsar had then just conquered Gaul; and hearing, in Gaul, a good deal about the opposite Island with the white cliffs, and about the bravery of the Britons who inhabited it, some of whom had been fetched over to help the Gauls in the war against him, he resolved, as he was so near, to come and conquer Britain next.

So, Julius Cæsar came sailing over to this island of ours, with eighty vessels and twelve thousand men. And he came from the French coast between Calais and Boulogne, "because thence was the shortest passage into Britain;" just for the same reason as our steamboats now take the same track, every day. He expected to conquer Britain easily; but, it was not such easy work as he supposed—for the bold Britons fought most bravely; and, what with not having his horse-soldiers with him (for they had been driven back by a storm), and what with having some of his vessels dashed to pieces by a high tide after they were drawn ashore, he ran great risks of being totally defeated. However, for once that the bold Britons beat him,

he beat them twice; though not so decisively, but that he was very glad to accept their proposals of peace, and go away.

But, in the spring of the next year, he came back; this time with eight hundred vessels and thirty thousand men. The British tribes chose as their general-in-chief, a Briton, whom the Romans in their Latin language called CASSIVELLAUNUS, but whose British name is supposed to have been CASWALLON. A brave general he was, and well he and his soldiers fought the Roman army! So well, that whenever in that war the Roman soldiers saw a great cloud of dust, and heard the rattle of the rapid British chariots, they trembled in their hearts. Besides a number of smaller battles, there was a battle fought near Canterbury, in Kent; there was a battle fought near Chertsey in Surrey; there was a battle fought near a marshy little town in a wood, the capital of that part of Britain which belonged to CASSIVELLAUNUS, and which was probably near what is now Saint Albans in Hertfordshire. However, brave CASSIVELLAUNUS had the worst of it, on the whole, though he and his men always fought like lions. As the other British chiefs were jealous of him, and were constantly quarrelling with him, and with one another, he gave up and proposed peace. Julius Cæsar was very glad to grant peace easily, and to go away again with all his remaining ships and men. He had expected to find pearls in Britain, and he may have found a few, for anything I know! but, at all events, he found delicious oysters, and I am sure he found tough Britons, of whom, I dare say he made the same complaint as Napoleon Buonaparte the great French General did, eighteen hundred years afterwards, when he said they were such unreasonable fellows that they never knew when they were beaten. They never *did* know, I believe, and never will.

Nearly a hundred years passed on, and, all that time, there was peace in Britain. The Britons improved their towns and mode of life, became more civilised, travelled, and learnt a great deal from the Gauls and Romans. At last, the Roman Emperor, Claudius, sent AULUS PLAUTIUS, a skilful general, with a mighty force, to subdue the Island, and shortly afterwards arrived himself. They did little; and OSTORIUS SCAPULA, another general, came. Some of the British Chiefs of Tribes submitted. Others, resolved to fight to the death. Of these brave men, the bravest was CARACTACUS, or CARADOC, who gave battle to the Romans, with his army, among the mountains of North Wales. "This day," said he to his soldiers, "decides the fate of Britain! Your liberty, or your eternal slavery, dates from this hour. Remember your brave ancestors, who drove the great Cæsar himself across the sea!" On hearing these words, his men, with a great shout, rushed upon the Romans. But, the strong Roman swords and armour were too much for the weaker British weapons in close conflict. The Britons lost the day. The wife and daughter of the brave CARACTACUS were taken prisoners; his brothers delivered themselves up; he himself was betrayed into the hands of the Romans by his false and base stepmother; and they carried him, and all his family, in triumph to Rome.

But, a great man will be great in misfortune, great in prison, great in chains. His noble air, and dignified endurance of distress, so touched the Roman people, who thronged the streets to see him, that he and his family were restored to freedom. No one knows whether his great heart broke, and he died in Rome, or whether he ever returned to his own dear country. English oaks have grown up from acorns, and withered away, when they were hundreds of years old; and other oaks have sprung up in their places, and died too, very aged; since the rest of the history of the brave CARACTACUS was forgotten.

Still, the Britons *would not* yield. They rose again and again, and died by thousands, sword in hand. They rose, on every possible occasion. SUETONIUS, another Roman general, came, and stormed the Island of Anglesey (then called MONA), which was supposed to be sacred, and burnt the Druids in their own wicker cages, by their own fires. But, even while he was in Britain, with his victorious troops, the BRITONS rose. Because BOADICEA, a British queen, the widow of the King of the Norfolk and Suffolk people, resisted the plundering of her property by the Romans who were settled in England, she was scourged, by order of CATUS a Roman officer; and her two daughters were shamefully insulted in her presence, and her husband's relations were made slaves. To avenge this injury, the Britons rose, with all their might and rage. They drove CATUS into Gaul; they laid the Roman possessions waste; they forced the Romans out of London, then a poor little town, but already a trading place; they hanged, burnt, crucified, and slew by the sword, seventy thousand Romans in a few days. SUETONIUS strengthened his army, and advanced to give them battle. They strengthened their army, and desperately attacked his, on the field where it was strongly posted. Before the first charge of the Britons was made, BOADICEA, in a war-chariot, with her fair hair streaming in the wind, and her injured daughters lying at her feet, drove among the troops, and cried to them for vengeance on their oppressors, the licentious Romans. The Britons fought to the last; but, they were vanquished with great slaughter, and the unhappy queen took poison.

Still, the spirit of the Britons was not broken. When SUETONIUS left the country, they fell upon his troops, and retook the Island of Anglesey. The Emperor AGRICOLA came, fifteen or twenty years afterwards, and

retook it once more, and devoted seven years to subduing the country, especially that part of it which is now called SCOTLAND; but, its people, the Caledonians, resisted him at every inch of ground. They fought the bloodiest battles with him; they killed their very wives and children, to prevent his making prisoners of them; they fell, fighting, in such great numbers that certain hills in Scotland are yet supposed to be vast heaps of stones piled up above their graves. The Emperor HADRIAN came, thirty years afterwards, and still they resisted him. The Emperor SEVERUS came, nearly a hundred years afterwards, and they worried his great army like dogs, and rejoiced to see them die, by thousands, in the bogs and swamps. CARACALLA, the son and successor of SEVERUS, did the most to conquer them, for a time; but not by force of arms. He knew how little that would do. He yielded up a quantity of land to the Caledonians, and gave the Britons the same privileges as the Romans possessed. There was peace, after this, for seventy years.

Then, new enemies arose—THE SAXONS, a fierce, seafaring people from the countries to the North of the Rhine, the great river of Germany, on the banks of which the best grapes grow to make the German wine. They began to come, in pirate ships, to the sea coasts of Gaul and Britain, and to plunder them. They were repulsed by CARAUSIUS, a native either of Belgium or of Britain, who was appointed by the Romans to the command, and under whom the Britons first began to fight upon the sea. But, after his time, they renewed their ravages. A few years more, and the Scots (which was then the name for the people of Ireland) and the Picts, a northern people, began to make frequent plundering incursions into the South of Britain. All these attacks were repeated, at intervals, during two hundred years, and through a long succession of Roman Emperors and chiefs; during all which length of time, the Britons rose against the Romans, over and over again. At last, in the days of the Roman Emperor, HONORIUS, when the Roman power all over the world was fast declining, and when Rome wanted all her soldiers at home, the Romans abandoned all hope of conquering Britain, and went away. And still, at last, as at first, the Britons rose against them, in their old brave manner; for, a very little while before, they had turned away the Roman magistrates, and declared themselves an independent people.

Five hundred years had passed, since Julius Cæsar's first invasion of the Island, when the Romans departed from it for ever. In the course of that time, although they had been the cause of terrible fighting and bloodshed, they had done much to improve the condition of the Britons. They had made great military roads; they had built forts; they had taught them how to dress and arm themselves much better than they had ever known how to do before; they had refined the whole British way of living. AGRICOLA had built a great wall of earth, more than seventy miles long, extending from Newcastle to beyond Carlisle, for the purpose of keeping out the Picts and Scots; HADRIAN had strengthened it; SEVERUS, finding it much in want of repair, had built it afresh of stone. Above all, it was in the Roman time, and by means of Roman ships, that the Christian Religion was first brought into Britain, and its people first taught the great lesson that, to be good in the sight of GOD, they must love their neighbours as themselves, and do unto others as they would be done by. The Druids declared it was very wicked to believe any such thing, and cursed all the people who did believe it, very heartily. But, when the people found that they were none the better for the blessings of the Druids, and none the worse for the curses of the Druids, but, that the sun shone and the rain fell without consulting the Druids at all, they just began to think that the Druids were mere men, and that it signified very little whether they cursed or blessed. After which, the pupils of the Druids fell off greatly in numbers, and the Druids took to other trades.

Thus, I have come to the end of the Roman time in England. It is but little that is known of those five hundred years; but, some remains of them are still found. Often, when laborers are digging up the ground, to make foundations for houses, or churches, they light on rusty money that once belonged to the Romans. Fragments of plates from which they ate, of goblets from which they drank, and of pavement on which they trod, are discovered among the earth that is broken by the plough, or the dust that is crumbled by the gardener's spade. Wells that the Romans sunk, still yield water; roads that the Romans made, form part of our highways. In some old battle-fields, British spear-heads and Roman armour have been found, mingled together in decay, as they fell in the thick pressure of the fight. Traces of Roman camps overgrown with grass, and of mounds that are the burial-places of heaps of Britons, are to be seen in almost all parts of the country. Across the bleak moors of Northumberland, the wall of SEVERUS, over-run with moss and weeds, still stretches, a strong ruin; and the shepherds and their dogs lie sleeping on it in the summer weather. On Salisbury Plain, Stonehenge yet stands, a monument of the earlier time when the Roman name was unknown in Britain, and when the Druids, with their best magic wands, could not have written it, in the sands of the wild sea-shore.

ASPIRE!

ASPIRE! whatever fate befall,
Be it praise or blame—
Aspire! even when deprived of all—
It is thy nature's aim.
The seed beneath the frozen earth,
When winter checks the fresh green birth,

Still yearningly aspires,
With ripening desires,
And, in its season, it will shoot
Up into the perfect fruit;
But had it not lain low,
It ne'er had learn'd to grow.

Aspire! for in thyself alone
That power belongs of right;
Within thyself that seed is sown,
Which strives to reach the light;
All pride of rank, all pomp of place,
All pinnacles that point in space,
But show thee, to the spheres,
No greater than thy peers;
But if thy spirit doth aspire,
Thou risest ever higher—higher—
Towards that consummate end,
When Heavenward we tend.

PHYSIOLOGY OF INTEMPERANCE.

"One glass more," exclaimed mine host of the Garter. "A bumper at parting! No true knight ever went away without 'the stirrup cup.'"

"Good," cried a merry-faced guest; "but the Age of Chivalry is gone, and that of water-drinkers and teetotallers has succeeded. Temperance societies have been imported from America, and grog nearly thrown overboard by the British Navy."

"Very properly so," observed a Clergyman who sat at the table. "The accidents which occur from drunkenness on board ship may be so disastrous on the high seas, and the punishment necessary to suppress this vice is so revolting, that the most experienced naval officers have recommended the allowance of grog, served both to officers and men in our Navy, to be reduced one-half. In America, as well as in our own Merchant Service, vessels sail out of harbour on the Temperance principle; not a particle of spirits is allowed on board; and the men, throughout the voyage, are reported to continue healthy and able-bodied. Tea is an excellent substitute; many of our old seamen prefer it to grog."

"That may be," exclaimed the merry-faced guest. "Horses have been brought to eat oysters; and on the Coromandel coast, Bishop Heber says, they get fat when fed on fish. Sheep have been trained up, during a voyage, to eat animal food, and refused, when put ashore, to crop the dewy greensward. When honest Jack renounces his grog, and, after reefing topsails in a gale of wind, goes below deck to swill down a domestic dish of tea, after the fashion of Dr. Samuel Johnson, at Mrs. Thrale's, I greatly fear the character of our British seamen will degenerate. In the glorious days of Lord Nelson, the observation almost passed into a proverb, that the man who loved his grog always made the best sailor. Besides, in rough and stormy weather, when men have perhaps been splicing the mainbrace, and exposed to midnight cold and damp, the stimulus of grog is surely necessary to support, if not restore, the vital energy?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the Clergyman. "Severe labour, even at sea, is better sustained without alcoholic liquors; and the depressing effects of exposure to cold and wet weather best counteracted by a hot mess of cocoa or coffee served with biscuit or the usual allowance of meat. In fact, I have lately read, with considerable satisfaction, a prize essay by an accomplished physician, in which he proves that alcohol acts as a poison on the nervous system, and that we can dispense entirely with the use of stimulants.

"Not exactly so," observed a Physician, who was of the party. "Life itself exists only by stimulation; the air we breathe, the food we eat, the desires and emotions which excite the mind to activity, are all so many forms of physical and mental stimuli. If the atmosphere were deprived of its oxygen, the blood would cease to acquire those stimulating properties which excite the action of the heart, and sustain the circulation; and if the daily food of man were deprived of certain necessary stimulating adjuncts, the digestive organs would no longer recruit the strength, and the wear and tear of the body. Nay, strange as it may appear, that common article in domestic cookery, salt, is a natural and universal stimulant to the digestive organs of all warm-blooded animals. This is strikingly exemplified by the fact, that animals, in their wild state, will traverse, instinctively, immense tracts of country in pursuit of it; for example, to the salt-pans of Africa and America; and it is a curious circumstance, that one of the ill effects produced by withholding this stimulant from the human body is the generation of worms. The ancient laws of Holland condemned men, as a severe punishment, to be fed on bread unmixed with salt; and the effect was horrible; for these wretched criminals are reported to have been devoured by worms, engendered in their own stomach. Now, I look upon alcohol to be, under certain circumstances, as healthful and proper a stimulant to the digestive organs as salt, when taken in moderation, whether in the form of malt liquor, wine, or spirits and water. When taken to excess, it may act upon the nervous system as a poison; but the most harmless solids or fluids may, by being taken to excess, be rendered poisonous. Indeed, it has been truly observed, that 'Medicines differ from poisons, only in their doses.' Alcoholic stimulants, artificially and excessively imbibed, are, doubtless, deleterious."

"The subject," observed the Host, filling his glass, and passing the bottle, "is a curious one. The port before us, at all events, is not poison; and I confess, that so ignorant am I of these matters, that I would like to know something about this alcohol which is so much spoken of."

"The explanation is not difficult," answered

the Doctor. "Alcohol is simply derived by fermentation, or distillation, from substances or fluids containing sugar; in other words, the matter of sugar, when subjected to a certain temperature, undergoes a change, and the elements of which the sugar was previously composed enter into a new combination, which constitutes the fluid named Alcohol, or Spirits of Wine. Raymond Lully, the alchemist (thirteenth century), is said to have given it the name of Alcohol; but the art of obtaining it was, in that age of darkness and superstition, kept a profound mystery. When it became more known, physicians prescribed it only as a medicine, and imagined that it had the important property of prolonging life, upon which account they designated it 'Aqua Vitæ,' or the 'Water of Life,' and the French to this day, call their Cognac '*Eau de Vie*.'"

"It is a remarkable circumstance," observed the Clergyman, filling his glass, "that there is hardly any nation, however rude and destitute of invention, that has not succeeded in discovering some composition of an intoxicating nature; and it would appear, that nearly all the herbs, and roots, and fruits on the face of the earth have been, in some way or other, sacrificed on the shrine of Bacchus. All the different grains destined for the support of man; corn of every description; esculent roots, potatoes, carrots, turnips; grass itself, as in Kamtschatka; apples, pears, cherries, and even the delicious juice of the peach, have been pressed into this service; nay, so inexhaustible appear to be the resources of art, that a vinous spirit has been obtained, by distillation, from milk itself."

"Milk!" cried the merry-faced guest, "Can alcohol be obtained from mother's milk?"

"Very probably," continued the Clergyman, "The Tartars and Calmucks obtain a vinous spirit from the distillation of mares' and cows' milk; and, as far as I can recollect, the process consists in allowing the milk first to remain in untanned skins, sewed together, until it sours and thickens. This they agitate until a thick cream appears on the surface, which they give to their guests, and then, from the skimmed milk that remains, they draw off the spirit."

"Exactly so," observed the Doctor, "but it is worthy of notice, that a Russian chemist discovered that if this milk were deprived of its butter and cheese, the whey, although it contains the whole of the sugar of milk, will not undergo vinous fermentation."

"These facts," observed the Host, "are interesting, but they are more curious than useful. The alcohol, I presume, from whatever source it be derived, is chemically the same thing; how, then, does it happen that some wines, containing precisely the same quantity of alcohol, intoxicate more speedily than others?"

"The reason," explained the Doctor, "is simply this. We must regard all wines, even the very wine we are drinking, not as a simple mixture, but as a compound holding the matter of sugar, mucilaginous, and extractive principles contained in the grape juice, in intimate combination with the alcohol. Accordingly, the more quickly the real spirit is set free from this combination, the more rapidly are intoxicating effects produced; and this is the reason why wines containing the same quantity of alcohol have different intoxicating powers. Thus, champagne intoxicates very quickly. Now this wine contains comparatively only a small quantity of alcohol; but this escapes from the froth, or bubbles of carbonic acid gas, as it reaches the surface, carrying along with it all the aroma which is so agreeable to the taste. The liquor in the glass then becomes vapid. This has been clearly proved. The froth of champagne has been collected under a glass bell, and condensed by surrounding the vessel with ice; the alcohol has then been found condensed within the glass. The object, therefore, of icing champagne—or rather, the effect produced by this operation—is to repress its tendency to effervesce, whereby a smaller quantity of alcohol is taken with each glass. Wines containing the same quantity of alcohol accordingly differ in their effects; nay, it is not to the alcohol only they contain that certain noxious effects are to be attributed. for, as Dr. Paris clearly shows, when they contain an excess of certain acids, a suppressed fermentation takes place in the stomach itself, which will cause flatulency and a great variety of unpleasant symptoms. In fact, a fluid load remains in the stomach, to undergo a slow and painful form of digestion."

"But, in whatever shape you introduce it," remarked the Host, "whether disguised as wine, or in the form of brandy, whiskey, or gin-and-water, it matters not—I wish to have a clear idea of the immediate effects of alcohol upon the living system."

"Well!" said the Doctor, "it can very easily be described. When you swallow a glass—let us say of brandy-and-water—the stimulating liquid, upon entering into the stomach, excites the blood vessels and nerves of its internal lining coat, which causes an increased flow of blood and nervous energy to this part. The consequence is, that the internal membrane of the stomach becomes highly reddened and injected, just as if inflammation had already been produced by the presence of the stimulant. Thus far you probably follow me;—but this is not all—the vessels thus excited have an absorbing power; they suck up (as it were) and carry directly into the stream of the circulation a portion (at all events) of the alcohol which thus irritates them. The result is, that alcohol is thus mixed with the blood and brought into immediate contact with the minute structure of all the different organs of the body."

"But how," asked the merry-faced guest, "can this be known? Who ever saw into the stomach of a living man?"

"Strange as it may appear to you, that has been done, and all the circumstances connected with the digestion of solids and fluids in the stomach have been very accurately observed. It happened, in the year 1822, that a young Canadian, named Alexis St. Martin, was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket, which carried away a portion of his ribs, perforating and exposing the interior of the stomach. After the poor fellow had undergone much suffering, all the injured parts became sound, excepting the perforation into the stomach, which remained some two and a half inches in circumference; and upon this unfortunate individual his physician, Dr. Beaumont, when he was sufficiently well, made a series of very careful observations, which have determined a great variety of important points connected with the physiology of digestion. Fluids introduced into the stomach rapidly disappeared, being taken up by these vessels and carried into the system. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to hear that so subtile and penetrating a fluid as alcohol should very speedily find its way into all the tissues of the body. Its presence may be smelt in the breath of persons addicted to spirituous liquors, as well as in their secretions generally."

"But to what do you attribute the noxious effects of alcohol, allowing it to be thus carried by direct absorption into the circulation?" asked the Host.

"To the excess of carbon," answered the Doctor, "which is thus introduced into the system; and explains why the liver, in hard drinkers, is generally found diseased."

"How so?" inquired the Host. "I have heard of the 'Gin Liver.'"

"It is well known that a long residence in India," interposed the Clergyman, "will give rise to enlargement and induration of this organ."

"And for the same reason," answered the Doctor, "the liver acts as a substitute for the lungs—just as the skin acts vicariously for the kidneys."

"Not a word of this do I understand," said the merry-faced guest.

"Well then," continued the Doctor, "I will endeavour to explain it. By a wonderful provision of Nature, which appears to come under the law of compensation, when one organ, by reason of decay, is unable to perform its functions, another undertakes its functions, and, to a certain extent, supplies its place. You all know that blind people acquire a preternatural delicacy in the sense of touch, which did not escape the philosophical observation of Wordsworth, who speaks of

"A watchful heart,
Still couchant—an inevitable ear;
And an eye practised like a blind Man's touch."

Now, it is the office of the vessels of the skin to throw off by perspiration, the watery parts of the blood; the kidneys do the same; and under a great variety of circumstances which must be familiar to all, these organs frequently act vicariously for one another. The office of the liver, and the lungs also, is in like manner, to throw off carbon from the system, and when during residence in a Tropical climate the lungs are unable, from the state of the atmosphere, to perform their functions, the liver acting vicariously for this organ is stimulated to undue activity, and becomes consequently diseased. Applying these remarks to the Spirit Drinker, it is obvious that the excess of carbon introduced into the system by alcohol is thrown upon the liver, and by stimulating it to undue activity produces a state of inflammation."

"This I understand," observed the Clergyman, "but how does it act upon the brain? Does the alcohol itself actually become absorbed, and enter into the substance of the brain?"

"The effect of an excess of carbon, in the blood-vessels of the brain, is to produce sleep and stupor; hence the drunkard breathes thick, and snores spasmodically, and after this state, ends in confirmed apoplexy and death—just as dogs become insensible when held over the Grotto del Cane, in Italy, where they inhale this deleterious gas. But in addition to this it has been clearly proved, that alcohol does enter into the substance of the brain, for it has been detected by the smell, upon examining the brain of persons who have died drunk; besides which, alcohol, after having been introduced by way of experiment, into the body of a living dog, has afterwards been procured absolutely as alcohol by distillation from the substance of the brain. It is so subtile a fluid that Liebig says, it permeates every tissue of the body."

"But how do you explain the circumstance that death sometimes happens suddenly after drinking spirits," asked the Host, "before there can be time for absorption to take place?"

"I remember, not many years ago," interposed the merry-faced guest, "a water-man in attendance at the cab-stand at the top of the Haymarket, for a bribe of five shillings, tossed off a bottle of gin, upon which he dropped down insensible, and soon died."

"This may clearly be accounted for," observed the Doctor. "The stomach as I premised, is plentifully supplied with nerves, and is connected with one of the great nervous centres in the body, so that a sudden impression produced upon these nerves, by the introduction of a quantity of such stimulus, gives a shock to the whole nervous system, which completely overpowers it. From the centre to the circumference it acts like a stroke of lightning, and the death is often instantaneous. A draught of iced water taken

when the system has been over-heated by exertion, by dancing or otherwise, has been known to be immediately fatal. The physiological action—or rather the 'shock' upon the nervous system, is in both cases the same—violent mental emotion, will in like manner, suspend the action of the heart and produce instant death. These are the terrors of alcohol, when drank to excess; but the health of the habitual tippler is sure to be undermined; his hands become tremulous, he is unsteady in his gait, his complexion becomes sallow; and all his mental faculties gradually impaired."

"To what, may I ask," inquired the merry-faced guest, "do you attribute the circumstance of the trembling hand recovering its steadiness, after taking a glass of spirits in the morning after a debauch; 'hair of the dog,' as it is called, 'that bit overnight?'"

"Action and reaction is the great Law of the Animal Economy," replied the Doctor; "over stimulation will always produce a corresponding degree of depression; when, therefore, the nervous system has been over excited by alcoholic liquors, the usual amount of nervous energy which is necessary to give tone to the muscular system is wanting, and then a stimulus gives a fillip to the nervous centres, which restores the nervous powers to the extremities. When this state of things, however, has been permitted to go on, and the brain has been frequently brought under alcoholic influence, its structure becomes affected, and a slow and very insidious inflammation takes place, which terminates in a softening of its substance. This mischief may proceed for a considerable period without being suspected, but on a sudden '*delirium tremens*' may supervene, which will terminate, perhaps, in paralysis—perhaps death!"

"To what, Doctor," inquired the Clergyman, "do you attribute the mental pleasures of intoxication? Can this be explained upon physiological principles?"

"Easily, I think," answered the Doctor. "All inebriating agents have a two-fold action—as I have already pointed out—first, on the circulation; and secondly, on the nervous system. There can be no doubt that the mind becomes endowed with encreased energy when the circulation through the brain is moderately quickened. This has been proved by observation. The case has been reported of a person who having lost by disease a part of the skull and its investments, a corresponding portion of brain was open to inspection. In a state of dreamless sleep, the brain lay motionless within the skull; but when dreams occurred, as reported by the patient, then the quantity of blood was observed to flow with increased rapidity, causing the brain to move and protrude out of the skull. When perfectly awake and engaged in active thought, then the blood again was sent with increased force to the brain, and the protrusion was still greater. Under all circumstances, increased circulation through the brain, gives rise to mental excitement, and sometimes to an unusual lucidity of ideas. It is observed in the early stages of fever and even in the dying—and this accounts for the clearing up of the mind which sometimes occurs in the last moments of life—what is called familiarly 'the lightening before death."

"That," observed the Clergyman, "is a very curious circumstance, which I firmly believe; and you account for this, if I understand your meaning, by explaining that the blood which no longer circulates in the extremities which may have become cold, flows with increased impetus through the brain."

"Exactly so," replied the Doctor, "and upon this very principle the rapidity of ideas, and the pleasurable mental excitement attending that temporary state of intellectual exaltation, depends on the increased rapidity of the flow of blood through the brain; but when this becomes carried to too great an extent, and the rapidity of the current disturbs the healthy condition of the brain, then the manifestations of the mind necessarily become impaired, the ideas are no longer under the control of the reasoning faculty, and the bodily organs, usually under the dominion of the will, no longer obey its mandates. This I believe to be the true theory of mental intoxication."

"But there are many circumstances," observed the Host, "which may accelerate or retard this excitement."

"Certainly," continued the Doctor; "persons who join the social board already elated with some good news, or cause of unusual happiness; persons who talk much, and excite themselves in argument, are apt to become affected more speedily than those who hold themselves in the midst of the convivial scene sedate and taciturn. The mind, in fact, may exercise a considerable power of resistance against inebriation; for which reason, persons in the society of their superiors, under circumstances which render it necessary they should maintain the appearance of being always well conducted, drink with impunity more than they otherwise could, if they did not impose upon themselves this consciousness of self-government. We also observe the influence of the mind, in controlling, and, indeed, putting an end to a fit of intoxication, by making, doubtless, an impression on the heart and causation, when a sense of danger, or a piece of good or bad news, suddenly communicated, sobers a person on a sudden."

"I have heard," observed the merry-faced guest, "that moving about—changing from one seat into another—will check the effects of liquor; and I have known persons who have left a social party perfectly sober, become suddenly tipsy in the open air. How is this to be explained?"

"Precisely on the same principle," answered the Doctor, "upon leaving an overheated room, on your returning homewards, you expose yourself to an atmosphere many degrees below that you have just left. The cold checks the circulation on the surface of the body; the blood is driven inwards; it accumulates, consequently, in the internal organs; and sometimes its pressure is such on the brain, as to produce on a sudden the very last stage of intoxication. The limbs refuse to support their burthen, and the person falls down in a state of profound insensibility."

"I have recently," said the Host, "read in the Police Reports several cases of this description; and imagined that some narcotic drug must have been mixed with the liquor drank by such persons. Adulteration of some sort must go on to a frightful extent in gin-palaces."

"Not by any means," answered the Doctor, "to the extent you suppose. It is said that the spirit-dealer makes his whiskey or gin bead by adding a little turpentine to it. Well! what then? Turpentine is a very healthy diuretic. It is given to infants to kill worms in very large doses. Then, again, vitriol is spoken of; but so strong is sulphuric acid, that it would clearly render these spirits quite unpalatable. I do not affirm that the art of adulteration may not occasionally be had recourse to, even with criminal intentions, for such cases have been brought under the notice of the authorities; but I do not believe the practice is so general as some persons suppose. I apprehend dilution is a more general means of fraud."

"It has often occurred to me," said the Clergyman, "that our municipal regulations might, on this subject, be much improved. Our Excise officers enter the cellars of the wholesale and retail spirit-dealer, only to gauge the strength of the spirit, and to ascertain how much it may be overproof, which alone regulates the Government duty; but for the sake of the public health I would go further than this. If a butcher be found selling unhealthy meat; a fishmonger, bad fish; or a baker cheat in the weight of bread, they severally have their goods confiscated, and are fined; and so far the public is protected. But the authorities seem not to care what description of poison is sold across the counter of gin-palaces—an evil which may easily be remedied. I would put the licensed victualler on the same level with the butcher and fishmonger: and if he were found selling adulterated spirits, and the charge were proved against him by the same having been fairly analysed, he, too, should be liable to be fined, or even lose his licence. The public health is, upon this point, at present utterly unprotected."

"Some such measure," observed the Host, "might be advantageously adopted; but I confess that I do not advocate the prohibition-principle; instead of preaching a Crusade against the use of any particular article, whether of necessity or comfort, let us educate the people, and improve their social condition by inculcating sound moral principles; they will soon learn that habits of industry and temperance can alone ensure them and their children happiness and prosperity; and in so doing, you will teach a sound, practical, permanent lesson."

"But," interrupted the Clergyman, "if we continue the conversation longer, we shall ourselves become transgressors; the 'stirrup-cup is drained: much remains doubtless to be said respecting the evils, physical and moral, which arise from intemperance; but let us now adjourn."

"With all my heart!" exclaimed the Host, "and now, 'to all and each, a fair good night!'"

LIFE IN A SALADERO.

Whence come the thirty-five thousand tons of ox-hides annually imported into this country?—whence a large proportion of the seventy thousand tons of tallow?—whence the twenty thousand tons of dry bones—(for sugar-refining, ornamental turnery, and fancy articles)?—whence the millions of horns?—whence do the great slave populations of Brazil, Bahia, Pernambuco, and Cuba obtain the dry and salted beef which is their staple food?

The answer to these questions is a description of a South American "Saladero."

Thousands of miles of the finest pasturage in the world are spread over the Pampas or Plains of Southern America; and upon them browse, nearly in a wild state, innumerable oxen and cows, which are dexterously caught by means of the lasso; are brought within the precincts of an "Estancia," (described in former numbers of this work), and thence transferred to the "Saladero" to be killed, skinned, dissected, salted, and distributed to every commercial quarter of the globe.

A "Saladero," signifies, literally, a salting-place, from the Spanish word *sal*, salt. The chief establishments of this nature are situated on both banks of the River Plate, near the two capitals, Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. Trade and manufacture are, however, banished from the neighbourhood of the latter town, by the prolonged siege, which, emulating that of Troy, has been carried on since 1843; and commercial, and every other sort of peaceful activity, has been removed to the Southernmost province of Brazil, Rio Grande da Sul. But the Saladeros of Buenos Ayres, not having been disturbed by warfare, are the only ones in regular and constant operation. They number about twenty-four. Most of them are situated on both sides of a small river, called Riachuelo de Barracas, at a distance of about three miles from the city of Buenos Ayres. Around them a little town has sprung up, and is gaining fresh inhabi-

larger every day, from the increasing business of the Saladeros.

The particular establishment which I inspected was that belonging to the Spanish house of Santamaria, Llambi and Cambaceres; which is situated on a piece of ground that may have a length of four hundred yards and a breadth of nearly two hundred and fifty yards. Its form is quadrangular, having the river on one of the longer sides. On the other three sides it is enclosed by a ditch, or zanja, through which the blood of the slaughtered cattle is discharged into the river. In the middle of the square stands a white flat-roofed house, with a small garden and separate yard. This serves as the residence of the *major-domo*, or manager of the whole establishment, and for counting-houses.

Entering through a gateway from the road on the South, the visitor finds himself in a large yard, surrounded on three sides by buildings. On the left is the *corral*. This is a wide but oblong inclosure, with a separate portal from the road, for the cattle to enter at. Within is a smaller *corral* or *vreté*, entirely round, and paved with wood. These inclosures are formed by closely-wedged fences of the trunks of poplar trees. From the month of November to April the great corral is always full of bellowing fat cattle, which is brought, with great trouble and often great loss, by people called *acorrreadores*, or *receros*, from the Estancias in the interior. They drive the cattle, either on their own account, or on account of the house of Santamaria and Co., at the rate of from nine to fifteen miles a day.

Let us suppose a herd to have arrived; and, in order to get a clear idea of the life and activity going on in these Saladeros, follow the victims to their doom. Imagine them collected in the great corral preparing to be driven into the small one. The entrance to this is approached by a narrow lane, consisting of two rows of enormous stakes —whole trunks of trees in fact—driven into the earth. The gate between the great corral and the main road, is closed. The *receros* are pushing, and goading, and hallooing with might and main, till the beasts are wedged together as tightly as people at the pit-door of a theatre on the night of a popular play; but, unlike the pit entrance, the door of the vreté or smaller inclosure is of the portcullis kind; and when the performances inside are to commence, it is lifted up. The bovine victims rush in; but the moment they enter, they encounter sights and smells portentous of their coming fate, which impel them to make a sudden retreat. Alas! the instant the last tail has passed under the opening, down falls the door to oppose all egress; and the unhappy oxen find themselves as completely imprisoned as rats in a trap.

It is three o'clock in the morning of a South American summer, and a bell has already summoned the workmen to their various avocations. Several jolly figures appear, joking with each other, and smoking their paper cigars. Though so merry, they are sanguinary-looking fellows; their calico shirts, their *cansonsillas* or wide trowsers, the *chiripá* or apron, the sash which confines all these round the waist, and the handkerchief which is folded tightly round their heads, are blood-stained. Into the sash is stuck, on one side, a couple of long knives, kept in formidable order by a steel suspended from the other; such being the characteristic dress and appliances of the *desolladores* or skinners. They all make towards a large floor paved with wood, and sheltered under a roof which is supported by huge wooden pillars. This is the *playa* or butcher-house. At one corner of this playa is a communication with the *vreté*, a sort of doorway, across which is fastened midway into each post, a great bar. Upon this bar is fitted a small wheel, over the circumference of which is rove a strong and long rope of hide, with a lasso, or running noose, at one end in the *vreté*, and a couple of horses attached to the other end, in the *galpon*. Under the bar is a low carriage, into which the beast falls, when dead, to be drawn away. Sharpening their knives and arranging their implements, the executioners are soon ready for action

Meanwhile the *Capataz de los Coralles* (Captain of the Corrals) with a half-dozen boys, are busy riding round the larger enclosure on horseback, making the most hideous noises their lungs are capable of, and galloping about in all directions, till they have frightened from eighty to a hundred of the beasts into the lesser enclosure. When that is done, the cattle are shut in, and fall under the knife of the slaughterman by a very ingenious process. Near to the bar and wheel an *enlassador*, or lasso-thrower stands upon a railed platform —(a short gallery, in fact)—and with unerring aim throws the noose of his lasso over the horns of the nearest animal, and catches it. He then gives the word "dele!" (go on), to the horses harnessed to the other end of the lasso; they move rapidly on, the lasso travels round the wheel till the ox's head is pressed so tightly against it, that he is powerless, and forced into a position most convenient to be slaughtered. The *enlassador* then draws from his belt a short dagger, and stabs the animal in the back of the neck—its most vulnerable part—just between the skull and the spine. Death is instantaneous: after a convulsive shudder the beast drops down as if struck with lightning. This is a comparatively humane mode of slaughter, which might with advantage be adopted in this country.

In a minute the car upon four wheels which receives the animal is drawn (on the bar being lifted) into the interior of the *galpon*, on a tram. The carcase is delivered over to the skinners, and the car returns to the fatal bar and wheel for another victim. This goes on all day, with the exception of a half-hour's rest,

till three or four in the afternoon; and so dexterously and rapidly is this sort of [illegible] kept up, that during the twelve hours from four to five hundred animals are daily disposed of.

The *desollador* now proceeds to dissection. He cuts the head off in a trice. The skin is disengaged from the trunk by a series of rapid and even cuts, and then stripped. Beef is the next consideration; but only the fore part of the beast is prepared for the salting process. The skinner takes out the two shoulder pieces, the two back pieces, and two breast pieces; so that only six joints are thought worthy of preservation. The carcase is drawn away, and makes room for another animal just slaughtered, to be dealt with in like manner.

The meat having been washed, dried, and removed from the bones, is taken to another place, which is the "Saladero" proper, or salting-house. It has been cut into pieces, which are now arranged in a square pile, each layer being covered with salt. This *pila* containing the results, in beef, of the day's slaughter is afterwards removed to be dried again, and is then ready for exportation. When there is a great demand for beef the drying is done by a forced process, in three or four days; but it is best done when the piles are allowed to remain for several weeks, before dried.

While the meat is being salted and piled, the bones, fat, and intestines are hurried to another part of the yard, where two tall chimneys indicate to us where the *fabrica*, or melting-house is situated—just opposite to the *galpon*, and forming one side of the square we have just crossed. We pass under its roof—for, like none of the other sheds, it has walls—and observe two fire-places, each surmounted by an enormous boiler. From these boilers ascend four copper tubes, through each of which is driven with the force of an engine, a powerful jet of steam into the bottom of a *tina* or vat, from fourteen to eighteen feet high, and made of thick pine staves, bound together with hoops. As each steam pipe leads to a separate vat, (of which there are eight), either capable of containing from a hundred to a hundred and fifty carcases and heads. It takes several hours "to load" each vat; but when that operation is completed, the steam is turned on and the whole is steamed incessantly from forty-eight to seventy-two hours. The cleaned and whitened bones are, at the end of that time, taken out and the tallow drawn off, purified in flat vessels and packed in barrels for shipment. The remaining mass is so completely reduced to dry fibre, that it makes excellent fuel, and is used to heat and stew succeeding "loads." This is a great advantage in a district very scantily supplied with wood, and in which there is no coal whatever. The peculiar fuel, thus supplied, is appropriately called *carne cosida*, "boiled beef." In a Saladero nothing is ever lost, and the utility of *carne cosida* is not confined to "heaping," [illegible] in such abundance [illegible] naces are suppli[illegible] up in immense piles; a[illegible] a market in Buenos A[illegible] and left to burn till it [illegible] These ashes are used in a [illegible] stones, as well as wood, are sca[illegible] of the river, and successive str[illegible] have so raised the banks of the [illegible] they protect the Saladeros from in[illegible]

The most important and profitab[illegible] the ox is its hide. There are two [illegible] which hides are prepared for export: they are either salted or dried. While meat is carried from the *playa* to the salting house, and the carcass to the *fabrica*, the skin is delivered over to a set of workmen called *descarnadores* or trimmers. They lay each hide on the flat of their left hands, scrape off all the beef and fat which may be adhering to the inner coating with a knife in the right hand, trim the edges, and then stretch out the hides by means of stakes driven into the ground, if the skins are to be dried. If they are to be salted, a pile is made of them with layers of salt. Dried hides require much more time and skill, than when they are only salted. In the latter case, they are packed in casks for exportation; in the former, when shipped, they are tied up in bundles.

It is thus that the principal parts of the beast are disposed of; but he yields certain minor articles of merchandise which, in the aggregate, materially increase the trade of a Saladero. The heads are detained on their way to the *fabrica* by boys whose business it is to take the tongues out. When this is done, the tongues are salted, a process which requires great skill, that the salt may penetrate the thick part as well as the tip. In order that the roots may receive the salt more readily, they are hammered on a stone.

But before the head is tossed into the vat, it has to be denuded of its horns, which are to be brought off with the frontal bone which holds them. A few days' exposure to the air, especially in wet weather, so loosens the horns that they are removed with very little effort. Millions of them are exported every year. The refuse, left behind by the *descarnadores*, is employed in glue-making. Even the tails of oxen are made into merchandise. When sufficiently dry, they are packed up in *bales*, but whether their ultimate destiny be soup or not, we have not been able to learn. Certain it is, that from the hoofs is extracted, in a special department of the Saladero, an oil, which pays remarkably well.

The work-people are paid wages which would astonish the European operative. Even boys gain from four to five shillings a-day. While the more skilful workmen can get as much as from six to seven pounds sterling per week.

The control and business arrangements of these great establishments are confided to a

..no resides on the ..apatas, or overseer, .. These are almost ..od family. Indeed, the ..ll situations: foreigners, ..and Irish, increase daily. ..men have been much im- ..ners and intelligence by the .. all work in harmony in the ..nough the general character of the ..lation is turbulent in the extreme. .. the fine territories in that part of ..ld are periodically plunged in fierce ..inous war, which retards civilisation, ..nders commerce uncertain and hazardous. .. is to be hoped, however, that with increasing intercourse with Europe, the people of South America will be convinced of the benefits of commerce, which ever brings in its train those industrious habits and moral advantages, which war has hitherto banished from the best districts.

THE CHURCH POOR-BOX.

I AM a Poor-Box!—here I stick,
Nailed to a wall of whitewashed brick,
Teeming with "fancies coming thick,"
That sometimes mingle
With solid pence from those who kneel;
While, now and then, oh joy! I feel
A sixpence tingle!

The robin on me oft doth hop;
I am the woodlouse' working shop;
And friendly spiders sometimes drop
A line to me;
While e'en the sun will often stop
To shine on me.

I am of sterling, close, hard grain
As any box on land or main;
But age, my friends, who can sustain,
In solitude?
Neglect might make a Saint complain,
Whate'er his wood.

Heaven hath, no doubt, a large design:
Some hearts are harder grain'd than mine;
Some men too fat, and some too fine,
And some can't spare it;—
I do not mean to warp and pine,
But humbly bear it.

This is a cold and draughty place,
And folks pass by with quickened pace,
Praying, perchance, a dinner-grace;
But ever then,
I feel the comfort of HIS face,
Who pities men.

I saw, last week, in portly style,
A usurer coming down the aisle;
His chin a screw, his nose a file,
With gimlet eye:
He turned his head, to cough and smile—
And sidled by.

I saw the same rich man, this morn,
With sickly cheek and gait forlorn—
As feeble, almost, as when born;
He dropt some pelf,
..g the Poor—the weak and worn—
..eaning "himself."

I saw, last year, a courtly dame,
With splendid bust, and jewels' flame,
And all the airs of feathered game—
A high-bred star-thing:
All saw the gold—but close she came,
And dropt—a farthing.

Two days ago, she passed this way,
Heart-broken—prematurely grey—
Her beauty like its mother—clay:
She gave me gold;
"I am like thee"—I heard her say—
"Hollow and cold."

The farmer gives when crops are good,
Because the markets warm his blood:
The traveller, 'scaped from field and flood,
Endows the Poor;
The dying miser sends his mud,
To make Heaven sure.

A lover with his hoped-for bride
(Her parents being close beside)
Drew forth his purse with sleek-faced pride,
Rattling my wood:
All day I felt a pain in the side,
He was "so good."

The Captain fresh from sacking towns,
My humble claim to pity owns;
The Justice on his shilling frowns;
But, worst of all,
Arch-hypocrites display their crowns
Beside my wall.

There came a little child, one day,
Just old enough to know its way,
And, clambering up, it seemed to say
"Poor lonely Box!"
Gave me a kiss—and went away
With drooping locks.

I have to play a thankless part;
With all men's charities I smart,
But those who give with a child's heart,
From pure fount sprung:—
The rest I take, as on the mart;
Wise head—still tongue.

A BIOGRAPHY OF A BAD SHILLING.

I BELIEVE I may state with confidence that my parents were respectable, notwithstanding that one belonged to the law—being the zinc door-plate of a solicitor. The other, was a pewter flagon residing at a very excellent hotel, and moving in distinguished society; for it assisted almost daily at convivial parties in the Temple. It fell a victim at last to a person belonging to the lower orders, who seized it, one fine morning, while hanging upon some railings to dry, and conveyed it to a Jew, who—I blush to record the insult offered to a respected member of my family—melted it down. My first mentioned parent—the zinc plate—was not enabled to move much in society, owing to its very close connexion with the street door. It occupied, however, a very conspicuous position in a leading thoroughfare, and was the means of diffusing more useful instruction, perhaps, than many a quarto, for it informed the running as well as the reading public, that

Messrs. Snapples and Son resided within, and that their office hours were from ten till four. In order to become my progenitor it fell a victim to dishonest practices. A "fast" man unscrewed it one night, and bore it off in triumph to his chambers. Here it was included by "the boy" among his numerous "perquisites," and, by an easy transition, soon found its way to the Hebrew gentleman above mentioned.

The first meeting between my parents took place in the melting-pot of this ingenious person, and the result of their subsequent union was mutually advantageous. The one gained by the alliance that strength and solidity which is not possessed by even the purest pewter; while to the solid qualities of the other were added a whiteness and brilliancy that unadulterated zinc could never display.

From the Jew, my parents were transferred—mysteriously and by night—to an obscure individual in an obscure quarter of the metropolis, when, in secrecy and silence, I was *cast*, to use an appropriate metaphor, upon the world.

How shall I describe my first impression of existence? how portray my agony when I became aware *what I was*—when I understood my mission upon earth? The reader, who has possibly never felt himself to be what Mr. Carlyle calls a "sham," or a "solemnly constituted impostor," can have no notion of my sufferings!

These, however, were endured only in my early and unsophisticated youth. Since then, habitual intercourse with the best society has relieved me from the embarrassing appendage of a conscience. My long career upon town—in the course of which I have been bitten, and rung, and subjected to the most humiliating tests—has blunted my sensibilities, while it has taken off the sharpness of my edges; and, like the counterfeits of humanity, whose lead may be seen emulating silver at every turn, my only desire is—not to be worthy of passing, but simply—to pass.

My impression of the world, on first becoming conscious of existence, was, that it was about fifteen feet in length, very dirty, and had a damp unwholesome smell; my notions of mankind were, that it shaved only once a fortnight; that it had coarse, misshapen features; a hideous leer; that it abjured soap, as a habit; and lived habitually in its shirt-sleeves. Such, indeed, was the aspect of the apartment in which I first saw the light, and such the appearance of the professional gentleman who ushered me into existence.

I may add that the room was fortified, as if to sustain a siege. Not only was the door itself lined with iron, but it was strengthened by ponderous wooden beams, placed upright, and across, and in every possible direction. This formidable exhibition of precautions against danger was quite alarming.

I had not been long brought into this "narrow world" bef… from the outside of th… master paused, as if al… the point of sweeping m… companions (who had b… mysteriously ushered into e… place of safety. Reassured, … second tapping, of more marke… he commenced the elaborate pro… fastening the door. This having be… plished, and the entrance left to the g… ship only of a massive chain, a my… watchword was exchanged with some … outside, who was presently admitted.

"Hollo! there's two on you?" said … master, as a hard elderly animal entered, followed somewhat timidly by a younger one of mild and modest aspect.

"A green un as I have took under my arm," said Mr. Blinks (which I presently understood to be the name of the elder one), "and werry deserving he promises to be. He's just come out of the stone-pitcher, without having done nothing to entitle him to have gone in. This was it: a fellow out at Highbury Barn collared him, for lifting snow from some railings, where it was a hanging to dry. Young Innocence had never dreamt of anything of the kind—bein' a walking on his way to the work'us—but beaks being prowerbially otherways than fly, he got six weeks on it. In the 'Ouse o' Correction, however, he met some knowing blades, who put him up to the time of day, and he'll soon be as wide-awake as any on 'em. This morning he brought me a pocket-book, and in it eigh—ty pound in flimsies. As he is a young hand, I encouraged him by giving him three pun' ten for the lot—it's runnin' a risk, but I done it. As it is, I shall have to send 'em all over to 'Ambug. Howsomever, he's got to take one pund in home made; bein' out of it myself, I have brought him to you."

"You're here at the nick o' time," said my master, "I've just finished a new batch—"

And he pointed to the glittering heap in which I felt myself—with the diffidence of youth—to be unpleasantly conspicuous.

"I've been explaining to young Youthful that it's the reg'lar thing, when he sells his swag to gents in my way of business, to take part of it in this here coin." Here he took *me* up from the heap, and as he did so I felt as if I were growing black between his fingers, and having my prospects in life very much damaged.

"And is all this bad money?" said the youth, curiously, gazing, as I thought, at me alone, and not taking the slightest notice of the rest of my companions.

"Hush, hush, young Youthful," said Mr. Blinks, "no offence to the home coinage. In all human affairs, everythink is as good as it looks."

"I could not tell them from the good—

every day, from the [illegible], I should all the Saladeros. boy.

The particular estab up with vanity, and ected was that belgy companions at these house of Santamaria in I was fast losing the which is situated . In justice to myself, may have a length bound to say that I have, in a breadth of my subsequent experience, seen yards. Its lords and masters of the creation the river on much more absurdly under the in- other three flattery.

[illegible], we must put you up to the means [illegible] out the real Turtle from the mock," In my master. "It's difficult to tell by the [illegible]. Silver, if it's at all cracked—as lots of money is—don't ring no better than pewter: besides, people can't try every blessed bit o' tin they get in that way; some folks is offended if they do, and some ain't got no counter. As for the colour, I defy anybody to tell the difference. And as for the figgers on the side, wot's your dodge? Why, wen a piece o' money's give to you, look to the hedges, and feel 'em too with your finger. When they ain't quite perfect, ten to one but they're bad 'uns. You see, the way it's done is this—I suppose I may put the young 'un up to a thing or two more?" added Mr. Blinks, pausing.

My master, who had during the above conversation lighted a short pipe, and devoted himself with considerable assiduity to a pewter pot—which he looked at with a technical eye, as if mentally casting it into crown pieces,—now nodded assent. He was not of an imaginative or philosophic turn, like Mr. Blinks. He saw none of the sentiment of his business, but pursued it on a system of matter of fact, because he profited by it. This difference between the producer and the middle-man may be continually observed elsewhere.

"You see," continued Mr. Blinks, "that these here '*bobs*'"—by which he meant shillings—"is composed of a mixter of two metals—pewter and zinc. In coorse these is first prigged raw, and sold to gents in my line of bis'ness, who either manufacturs them themselves, or sells 'em to gents as does. Now, if the manufacturer is only in a small way of bis'ness, and is of a mean natur, he merely castes his money in plaster of Paris moulds. But for nobby gents like our friend here (my master here nodded approvingly over his pipe), this sort of thing won't pay—too much trouble and not enough profit. All the top-sawyers in the manufactur is scientific men. By means of what they calls a galvanic battery a cast is made of that partiklar coin selected for himitation. From this here cast, which you see, that there die is made, and from that there die impressions is struck off on plates of the metal prepared for the purpose. Now, infortunately we ain't got the whole of the masheenery of the Government institootion yet at our disposal, though it's our intention for to bribe the Master of the Mint (in imitation coin) some of these days to put us up to it all—so you see we're obliged to stamp the *two* sides of this here shilling, for instance (taking me up again as he spoke), upon different plates of metal, jining of 'em together afterwards. Then comes the *milling* round the hedges. This we do with a file; and it is the himperfection of that 'ere as is continually a preying upon our minds. Anyone who's up to the bis'ness can tell whether the article's geniwine or not, by a looking at the hedge; for it can't be expected that a file will cut as reglar as a masheen. This is reely the great drawback upon our purfession."

Here Mr. Blinks, overcome by the complicated character of his subject, subsided into a fit of abstraction, during which he took a copious pull at my master's porter.

Whether suggested by the onslaught upon his beer, or by a general sense of impending business, my master now began to show symptoms of impatience. Knocking the ashes out of his pipe, he asked "how many bob his friend wanted?"

The arrangement was soon concluded. Mr. Blinks filled a bag which he carried with the manufacture of my master, and paid over twenty of the shillings to his *protege*. Of this twenty, *I* was one. As I passed into the youth's hand I could feel it tremble, as I own mine would have done had I been possessed of that appendage.

My new master then quitted the house in company with Mr. Blinks, whom he left at the corner of the street—an obscure thoroughfare in Westminster. His rapid steps speedily brought him to the southern bank of the "fair and silvery Thames," as a poet who once possessed me, (only for half-an-hour), described that uncleanly river, in some verses which I met in the pocket of his pantaloons. Diving into a narrow street, obviously, from the steepness of its descent, built upon arches, he knocked at a house of all the unpromising rest the least promising in aspect. A wretched hag opened the door, past whom the youth glided, in an absent and agitated manner; and, having ascended several flights of a narrow and precipitous staircase, opened the door of an apartment on the top story.

The room was low, and ill ventilated. A fire burnt in the grate, and a small candle flickered on the table. Beside the grate, sat an old man sleeping on a chair; beside the table, and bending over the flickering light, sat a young girl engaged in sewing. My master was welcomed, for he had been absent, it seemed, for two months. During that time he had, he said, earned some money; and he had come to share it with his father and sister.

I led a quiet life with my companions, in my master's pocket, for more than a week. At the end of that time, the stock of good money was nearly exhausted, although it had on more than one occasion been judiciously mixed with a neighbour or two of mine.

Want, however, did not leave us long absent. Under pretence of going away again to get "work," my master—leaving several of my friends to take their chance, in administering to the necessities of his father and sister—went away. I remained to be "smashed" (passed) by my master.

"Where are you going so fast, that you don't recognise old friends?" were the words addressed to the youth by a passer-by, as he was crossing, at a violent pace, the nearest bridge, in the direction of the Middlesex bank.

The speaker was a young gentleman, aged about twenty, not ill-looking, but with features exhibiting that peculiar expression of cunning, which is popularly described as "knowing." He was arrayed in what the police reports in the newspapers call, "the height of fashion,"—that is to say, he had travestied the style of the most daring dandies of last year. He wore no gloves; but the bloated rubicundity of his hands was relieved by a profusion of rings, which—even without the cigar in his mouth—were quite sufficient to establish his claims to gentility.

Edward, my master, returned the civilities of the stranger, and, turning back with him, they agreed to "go somewhere."

"Have a weed," said Mr. Bethnal, producing a well filled cigar-case. There was no resisting. Edward took one.

"Where shall we go?" he said.

"I tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Bethnal, who looked as if experiencing a novel sensation—he evidently had an idea. "I tell you what—we'll go and blow a cloud with Joe, the pigeon-fancier. He lives only a short distance off, not far from the abbey; I want to see him on business, so we shall kill two birds. He's one of us, you know."

I now learned that Mr. Bethnal was a new acquaintance, picked up under circumstances (as a member of parliament, to whom I once belonged, used to say in the House) to which it is unnecessary further to allude.

"I was glad to hear of your luck, by-the-bye," said the gentleman in question, not noticing his companion's wish to avoid the subject. "I heard of it from Old Blinks. Smashing's the thing, if one was presentable cove. You'd do deuced well in it. You've only to get nobby togs and you'll do."

Mr. Joe, it appeared, in addition to his ornithological occupations, kept a small shop for the sale of coals and potatoes; he was also, in a very small way, a timber merchant; for several bundles of firewood were piled in pyramids in his shed.

Mr. Bethnal's business with him was soon despatched; although not until after the latter had been assured by his friend, that Edward was "of the right sort," with the qualification that he was "rather green at present;" and he was taken into Mr. Joe's confidence, and also into Mr. Joe's upstairs sanctum.

In answer to a request from Mr. Bethnal, in a jargon, to me then unintelligible, Mr. Joe produced from some mysterious depository at the top of the house, a heavy canvas bag, which he emptied on the table, discovering a heap of shillings and half-crowns, which, by a sympathetic instinct, I immediately detected to be of my own species.

"What do you think of these?" said Mr. Bethnal to his young friend.

Edward expressed some astonishment that Mr. Joe should be in the line.

"Why, bless your eyes," said that gentleman; "you don't suppose I gets my livelihood out of the shed down stairs, nor the pigeons neither. You see, these things are only dodges. If I lived here like a gentleman—that is to say, without a occupation—the p'lese would soon be down upon me. They'd be obleeged to take notice on me. As it is, I comes the respectable tradesman, who's above suspicion—and the pigeons helps on the business wonderful."

"How is that?"

"Why, I keeps my materials—the pewter and all that—on the roof, in order to be out o' the way, in case of a surprise. If I was often seed upon the roof, a-looking arter such-like matters, inquisitive eyes would be on the look out. The pigeons is a capital blind. I'm believed to be dewoted to my pigeons, out o' which I takes care it should be thought I makes a little fortun—and that makes a man respected. As for the pigeon and coal and 'tatur businesses, them's dodges. Gives a opportoonity of bringing in queer-looking sackfuls o' things, which otherwise would compel the '*spots*'—as we calls the p'lese—to come down on us."

"Compel them!—but surely they come down whenever they've a suspicion?"

"You needn't a' told me he was green," said Mr. Joe to his elder acquaintance, as he glanced at the youth with an air of pity. "In the first place, we takes care to keep the vorkshop almost impregnable; so that, if they attempts a surprise, we has lots o' time to get the things out o' the way. In the next, if it comes to the scratch—which is a matter of almost life and death to us—we stands no nonsense."

Mr. Joe pointed to an iron crowbar, which stood in the chimney-corner.

"I see nothing to criminate friends, you know," he added significantly to Mr. Bethnal "but *you* remember wot Sergeant Higsley got?"

Mr. Bethnal nodded assent, and Mr. Joe volunteered for the benefit and instruction of Edward an account of the demise, and funeral of the late Mr. Sergeant Higsley. That official having been promoted, was ambitious of being designated, in the newspapers, "active and intelligent," and gave information against a gang of coiners; "Wot was

the consequence?" continued the narrator, "Somehow or another, that p'leseman was never more heered on. One fine night he went on his beat; he didn't show at the next muster; and it was s'posed he'd bolted. Every enquiry was made, and the 'mysterious disappearance of a p'leseman,' got into the noospapers. Howsomnever, *he* never got anywheres."

"And what became of him?"

Mr. Joe then proceeded to take a long puff at his pipe, and winking at his initiated friend, proceeded to narrate how that the injured gang dealt in eggs.

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why you see eggs is not always eggs." Mr. Pouter then went on to state that one night a long deal chest left the premises of the coiners, marked outside, 'eggs' for exportation. They were duly shipped, a member of the firm being on board. The passage was rough, the box was on deck, and somehow or other somebody tumbled it overboard."

"But what has this to do with the missing policeman."

"The chest was six feet long and ——."

Here Mr. Bethnal became uneasy.

"Vell," said the host, "the firm's broke up, and is past peaching upon, only it shows you my green 'un what we *can* do."

I was shaken in my master's pocket by the violence of the dread which Mr. Joe's story had occasioned him.

Mr. Bethnal, with the philosophy which was habitual to him, puffed away at his pipe.

"The fact o' the matter is," said Mr. Joe, who was growing garrulous on an obviously pet subject, "that we ain't afeerd o' the p'lese in this neighbourhood, not a hap'orth; *we* know how to manage them." He then related an anecdote of another policeman, who had been formerly in his own line of business. This gentleman being, as he observed, "fly" to all the secret signs of the craft, obtained an interview with a friend of his for the purpose of purchasing a hundred shillings. A packet was produced and exchanged for their proper price in currency, but on the policeman taking his prize to the station house to lay the information, he discovered that he had been outwitted. The rouleau contained a hundred good farthings, for each of which he had paid two pence halfpenny.

"Then, what is the bad money generally worth?" asked Edward, interrupting the speaker. "As a general rule," was the answer, "our sort is worth about one-fifth part o' the wallie it represents. So, a sovereign—(though we ain't got much to do with gold here—that's made for the most part in Brummagem)—a 'Brum' Sovereign—may be bought for about four-and-six; a bad crown piece for a good bob; a half-crown for about fippence; a bob for twopence halfpenny, and so on. As for the sixpenny's and fourpenny's, we don't make many on 'em, their wallie bein' too insignificant." Mr. Joe then proceeded with some further remarks for the benefit of his protégé;—

"You see you need have no fear o' passing this here money if you're a respectable looking cove. If a gentleman is discovered at anythink o' the kind, its always laid to a mistake; the shopman knocks under, and the gentleman gives a good piece o' money with a grin. And that's how it is that so much o' our mannyfactur gets smashed all over the country."

The visitors having been somewhat bored, apparently, during the latter portion of their host's remarks, soon after took their departure. The rum-and-water which Mr. Joe's liberality had supplied, effectually removed Edward's scruples; and on his way back, he expressed himself in high terms in favour of "smashing," considered as a profession.

"O' course," was the reply of his experienced companion. "It ain't once in a thousand times that a fellow's nailed. You shall make your first trial to-night. You've the needful in your pocket, hav'n't you? Come, here's a shop—I want a cigar."

Edward appeared to hesitate; but Mr. Joe's rum-and-water asserted itself, and into the shop they both marched.

Mr. Bethnal, with an air of most imposing nonchalance took up a cigar from one of the covered cases on the counter, put it in his mouth, and helped himself to a light. Edward, not so composedly, followed his example.

"How much?"

"Sixpence."

The next instant the youth had drawn *me* from his pocket, received sixpence in change, and walked out of the shop, leaving me under the guardianship of a new master.

I did not remain long with the tobacconist: he passed me next day to a gentleman, who was as innocent as himself as to my real character. It happened that I slipped into the corner of this gentleman's pocket, and remained there for several weeks—he, apparently, unaware of my existence. At length he discovered me, and one day I found myself, in company with a *good* half-crown, exchanged for a pair of gloves at a respectable looking shop. After the purchaser had left, the assistant looked at me suspiciously, and was going to call back my late owner, but it was too late. Taking me then to his master, he asked if I was not bad. "It don't look very good," was the answer. "Give it to me, and take care to be more careful for the future."

I was slipped into the waistcoat pocket of the proprietor, who immediately seemed to forget all about the occurrence.

That same night, immediately on the shop being closed, the shopkeeper walked out, having changed his elegant costume for garments of a coarser and less conspicuous description, and hailing a cab, requested to be

driven to the same street in Westminster in which I first saw the light. To my astonishment, he entered the shop of my first master:—how well I remembered the place, and the coarse countenance of its proprietor! Ascending to the top of the house, we entered the room, to which the reader has been already introduced,—the scene of so much secret toil.

A long conversation, in a very low tone, now took place between the pair, from which I gleaned some interesting particulars. I discovered that the respectable gentleman, who now possessed me, was the coiner's partner,—his being the "issue" department, which his trade transactions, and unimpeachable character, enabled him to undertake very effectively.

"Let your next batch be made as perfectly as possible," I heard him say to his partner. "The last seems to have gone very well: I have heard of only a few detections, and one of those was at my own shop to-day. One of my fellows made the discovery, but not until after the purchaser had left the shop."

"That, you see, will 'appen now and then," was the answer; "but think o' the number on 'em as is about, and how sharp some people is getting—thanks to them noospapers, as is always a interfering with wot don't concern 'em. There's now so much of our metal about, that it's almost impossible to get change for a suff'rin nowhere without getting some on it. Everybody's a-taking of it every day; and as for them that's detected, they're made only by the common chaps as ain't got our mashceenery,"—and he glanced proudly at his well-mounted galvanic battery. "All I wish is, that we could find some dodge for milling the edges better—it takes as much time now as all the rest of the work put together. Howsomever, I've sold no end on 'em in Whitechapel and other places, since I saw you. And as for this here neighbourhood, there's scarcely a shop where they don't deal in the article more or less."

"Well," said Mr. Niggles (which, I learned from his emblazoned door-posts, was the name of my respectable master), "be as careful about these as you can. I am afraid it's through some of our money that that young girl has been found out."

"Wot, the young 'ooman as has been remanded so often at the p'lese court?"

"The same. I shall know all about it to-morrow. She is to be tried at the Old Bailey, and I am on the jury as it happens."

Mr. Niggles then departed to his suburban villa, and passed the remainder of the evening as became so respectable a man.

The next morning he was early at business; and, in his capacity of citizen, did not neglect his duties in the court, where he arrived exactly two minutes before any of the other jurymen.

When the prisoner was placed in the dock, I saw at once that she was the sister of my first possessor. She had attempted to pass two bad shillings at a grocer's shop. She had denied all knowledge that the money was bad, but was notwithstanding arrested, examined, and was committed for trial. Here, at the Old Bailey, the case was soon despatched. The evidence was given in breathless haste: the judge summed up in about six words, and the jury found the girl guilty. Her sentence was, however, a very short imprisonment.

It was my fortune* to pass subsequently into the possession of many persons, from whom I learnt some particulars of the after-life of this family. The father survived his daughter's conviction only a few days. The son was detained in custody; and as soon as his identity became established, charges were brought against him, which led to his being transported. As for his sister—I was once, for a few hours, in a family where there was a governess of her name. I had no opportunity of knowing more; but—as her own nature would probably save her from the influences to which she must have been subjected in jail—it is but just to suppose, that some person might have been found to brave the opinion of society, and to yield to one so gentle, what the law calls "the benefit of a doubt."

The changes which I underwent in the course of a few months were many and various—now rattling carelessly in a cash-box; now loose in the pocket of some careless young fellow, who passed me at a theatre; then, perhaps, tied up carefully in the corner of a handkerchief, having become the sole stock-in-hand of some timid young girl. Once I was given by a father as a "tip" or present, to his little boy; when, I need scarcely add, that I found myself ignominiously spent in hardbake ten minutes afterwards. On another occasion, I was (in company with a sixpence) handed to a poor woman, in payment for the making of a dozen shirts. In this case I was so fortunate as to sustain an entire family, who were on the verge of starvation. Soon afterwards, I formed one of seven, the sole stock of a poor artist, who contrived to live upon my six companions for many days. He had reserved me until the last—I believe because I was the brightest and best-looking of the whole; and when he was at last reduced to change me, for some coarse description of food, to his and my horror I was discovered!

The poor fellow was driven from the shop; but the tradesman, I am bound to say, did not treat me with the indignity that I expected. On the contrary, he thought my appearance so deceitful, that he did not scruple to pass me next day, as part of change for a sovereign.

Soon after this, somebody dropped me on the pavement, where, however, I remained but a short time. I was picked up by a child, who ran instinctively into a shop for the purpose of making an investment in figs. But, coins of my class had been plentiful in that neighbourhood, and the grocer was a saga-

cious man. The result was, that the child went figless away, and that I—my edges curl as I record the humiliating fact—was nailed to the counter as an example to others. Here my career ended and my biography closes.

CHIPS.

DEATH IN THE SUGAR PLUM.

At this present writing, there lie on our desk a half-a-dozen sweetmeats. They are about the size of pigeon's eggs; captivating to the eye, being of a bright red colour; tempting to the taste, being almonds encased in a sugary compound; and easy to be procured, being about a penny per dozen. They are sold in all manner of shops; and, as if they could not be sufficiently disseminated among the juvenile population at large, are very generally hawked about in poor neighbourhoods, at a great reduction in price.

They are rank poison! and we give a melancholy history connected with them, transmitted to us by a mourning father, whose name and address are appended to his letter:—

"My daughter" he says, "aged nineteen, purchased on the 19th of October, and ate an ounce of a fancy sweetmeat called Burnt Almonds—(I find that she had eaten some of them previously in the course of the same week)—and during the following night she was taken with violent pains and sickness, and exhibited all the symptoms of having taken poison. She suffered intense agony until the 4th of November, when in consequence of the inflamed and weakened state of the intestines, collapse or strangulation of them took place, and after dreadful sufferings she died on the Sunday following, having about seven hours previously underwent a painful surgical operation.

"I am influenced by no personal motive. My daughter has lost her life, when a long duration of it and its enjoyments appeared before her; and it is in order that parents may escape the mental sufferings that I have experienced, and that their children may escape the agonies that my daughter endured, that I court publicity to these painful facts. These poisonous sweetmeats are sold in every street; and they not only contain poison in the colouring matter, but sulphate of barytes, a species of plaster of Paris procured from Derbyshire, enters largely into their composition in the place of sugar. I send you a sample of the burnt almonds, the same sample with Dr. Letheby's letter, and a more detailed account of my daughter's case I forwarded to the Home Office, innocently supposing that protection of life from poison might be of sufficient importance to engage the attention of Government; they were returned with a formal acknowledgment of the receipt of my letter; it therefore rests, as Dr. Letheby intimates, with the public 'to put a check on the practice.'"

Dr. Letheby, one of our most eminent toxicologists, in his answer to the above application, communicates his analysis in the following terms:—

"In reply to your letter of yesterday, I have to state, that, on Wednesday, the 6th instant, I received, from Mr. Byles, a parcel of red-coloured sweetmeats, which are, I believe, sold under the name of 'Burnt Almonds.' I have made an analysis of the material, and I find that it contains portions of lead; but I cannot venture to say, without learning more of the history and progress of the malady, that this metallic impregnation was the cause of the disease from which your daughter suffered. This, however, I may state, that lead is a very insidious poison, and that it cannot be taken, even in very small quantities, for any length of time, without producing serious effects on the animal economy; it ought not, therefore, to be introduced, under any circumstances, as a constituent of our food. Should the disease in question have been occasioned by the colouring matter made use of in the preparation of the sweetmeat, it is a disaster which cannot, I think, create much surprise, when we consider how recklessly the manufacturers of cheap confectionery are permitted to practise their art."

We have Dr. Letheby's authority for adding, that, within the last three years, as many as seventy cases of poisoning have been traced, in this country, to the deleterious pigments in fancy sweetmeats; and, unless the public themselves make some effort to put a check on the practice, more serious results will yet follow.

Although it is understood that carelessness exists in the general manufacture of confectionery, yet it is not in all sweetmeats that the existence of poison should be suspected. The playful beauty at a ball supper, who pulls a "cracker" with her simpering swain, need not be more afraid of the ruby comfit which the explosion discharges into her lap, than of the equally harmless motto that surrounds it. The colouring matter used for the best confectionery is comparatively harmless. In this, as in most similar cases, it is the poor alone who suffer. Our warning is raised more especially against cheap sweetmeats; and against these—as against poison in any form—the less educated and affluent ought to be protected; but in this country, when a deadly evil affects chiefly or wholly the poor, it is allowed to have full sway—the check, if it ever be put on, is slowly and often ineffectually applied. Hence, the poison-sold-everywhere system which we noticed in our number thirty-three, is permitted to go on killing its hundreds per annum, without one member of Parliament of sufficient influence rising "in his place" to legislate a preventive measure. Even when several guests are poisoned at a mayor's feast, there is not influence or earnestness enough amongst the whole corporation, to endeavour

after immunity from sickness or death for the rest of the lieges who have a taste for sweetmeats. If, however, destructive "Burnt Almonds" were sold at Eton or at Harrow, and a scion of an influential house were to be taken ill in consequence of indulgence in these poisoned sugar-plums; a bill would speedily be carried that would shield both rich and poor.

The difficulty, if any should arise, of passing an act to prevent the dissemination of poison, either neat or confected, is very much lessened by the existence of such laws on the Continent. In France, for example, no one can sell poisonous drugs without a special licence, and even then only under strict and wise regulations. There, too, where confectionery is much more used than on this side of the Channel, the medical officials exercise a vigilant inspection over its manufacture.

THE TRUE REMEDY FOR COLLIERY EXPLOSIONS.

SIR,—With great interest and curiosity I perused a letter which appeared in number forty of "Household Words," purporting to supply a remedy for those lamentable colliery explosions that are unhappily so frequent.

Briefly, I beg to inform you that Artesian wells are only a partial and very uncertain method for carrying off a *portion* of the gas accumulated in the "goafs" of a mine.

In a properly managed colliery, this important object is thus effected:—The "goafs" are securely cut off from communication with other parts of the workings by *stoppings*, and the gas continually accumulating in these spaces is carried away to the "dumb-drift," which is an air-passage rising gradually, and forming a junction with the upcast shaft, about five yards above the fire of the furnace. At a glance it will be perceived that this is far more efficacious than any number of bore-holes—the draught of the furnace is powerful enough to draw off the impure air in the "goafs," while the greater space afforded by a drift, instead of a bore-hole, is another important advantage.

But it is not that we are without the means of ventilating our mines, or that we are in want of clever practical men; both are within our reach, and explosions most frequently arise from those means not being made available. You, Sir, have told us, in a few judicious remarks at the close of a "Coal Miner's Evidence," in No. 37 of "Household Words," the best and most effectual remedy for colliery explosions.

Government Inspection—not the appointment of four gentlemen for the United Kingdom—but a searching and daily scrutiny into the system of working pursued in all fiery collieries, is the only remedy within our reach. The present arrangement adopted by Government is miserably inefficient. No four men can inspect all the collieries in the kingdom.

Not till some chemical agent is discovered capable of absorbing or neutralising carburetted hydrogen, will mines be *perfectly safe*. It may, or may not be, in the power of our chemists to achieve this, but it does not seem impossible; and if our Faradays and Brandes can effect it, they will do more good to their fellow creatures, by such a discovery, than any that has yet been made. S. R.

THE MODERN SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

PART II.—FOREIGN SERVICE.

THE pleasures of a barrack-yard, which Maurice began now to enjoy, were not destined to be of long continuance—at least without further probation; for one fine day in June, a letter arrived from the Horse Guards, ordering the commanding officer to hold the regiment in readiness for immediate embarkation for foreign service. The news soon spread, and a stir was visible throughout the barracks, every man eagerly asking what was "The Route?" To enhance his national importance, which stood little in need of anything out of the common, the serjeant-major made a mystery of this particular, until he had assembled the "none-commissioned" (so he called them) to whom he communicated the fact—with as much circumstance as if he had received it personally under the Duke's own autograph—that the regiment was ordered to Halifax in Nova Scotia.

In spite of the regimental school, which did not, however, at that time, attract one-twentieth part of the voluntary scholars who now flock to it, there were very few who knew exactly where Halifax, or indeed, where North America itself was situated. The prevailing idea was in favour of "Chiny," that being the region to which all *terræ incognitæ* are generally consigned by the uninitiated; but some, whose geographical notions were even less precise, associating Halifax with a proverbial expression current in the army, were inclined to think that it claimed kindred with even a warmer climate than that of "the flowery land." They found out their mistake before they had been many months on the other side of the Atlantic.

But the regiment was not left altogether to burst in ignorance, or discover, by dint of experience where Nova Scotia really was; for it happened that there was one old soldier in it—and he richly deserved the appellation—who had formerly been quartered there. This was a man of the name of Patrick Mac Manus, who had commenced his military career in the "Music" of the regiment, when he was barely ten years old, and just able to jingle the triangles, whose melody he was called upon to elicit. From the band he was transferred to the drums; and after two or three years' experience in drubbing sheepskin, was elevated to the fifes. To what further musical eminence he might have attained, it is difficult to say; perhaps he

might have expended himself on the key-bugle, or have become absorbed in the big drum; but at the proper age for rendering efficient military service, the instrument to which he took a fancy, was the musket—and he was drafted into the battalion.

There might have been something more than mere fancy in his last choice, for Patrick was tender-hearted; and, though he would have fought any lad in the regiment of his own weight and age—or heavier and older, for that matter—as soon as eat his breakfast, he never could bring himself to handle "the cat;" and when Mac Manus was a boy, a week seldom passed without his having more than one "five-and-twenty" to administer as his share of punishment inflicted before breakfast—when the meal that followed the punishment parade was rarely swallowed.* On these occasions the drum-major's cane left tokens on Patrick's shoulders of the unwillingness with which he performed this description of "duty;" and that functionary, who was a sharp, red-faced little man, with a bandy elbow, gladly resigned his "chicken-hearted" pupil—as he called him, by a misnomer which Patrick very soon rectified. Mac Manus quickly became a smart soldier, and, being generally liked in the regiment, had as reasonable a prospect of promotion as could be desired; but, whether he were born—as some are—without ambition, or whether ill-luck, as frequently happens, predominated over his destiny, is a matter of doubt. Perhaps the real cause of his continuing in the ranks arose from the good-nature and "devil-may-care-ism" that got him into so many scrapes; which, though they did not affect his moral character, by no means elevated him in the eyes of the authorities as a model of military discipline.

But if he did not acquire distinction by rank, Mac Manus speedily gained that sound distinction which renders a man invaluable on a march or bivouack, round a camp-fire or on a recruiting party; he could tell a good story, sing a good song, had an inexhaustible fund of good spirits, and made the best of everything that was bad. "It's the rough coat that turns the wet," he used to say, "so never take sorrow to heart, boys." But if Mac Manus kept sorrow aloof he did not exclude sympathy, and it is difficult in the long run to prevent the two from uniting, only he took the disease in a mild form, his warmth of heart preventing him from catching cold upon it. The best elements of popularity were thus in his natural disposition, and then the length of his service gave him authority, so that if any question were on foot in the regiment affecting the rights or interests of the soldier, or if any doubtful point were to be decided, an appeal was always made to Mac Manus, and whatever he said was sure to give satisfaction.

Accordingly, when the route, of which we have spoken, was made known, a bevy of fellows, foremost amongst whom was Maurice Savage, hurried off to the Canteen where Mac Manus was taking a quiet pipe and pot with his friend Corporal Rattler, and "discoorsin'" on the now universal topic.

"It's about Halifax, then, that you want to know, boys!" said the veteran. "Make a circle and keep silence, and I'll tell you as much as will serve you all round for night-caps. I was but a gossoon when first I put my foot upon the iron-bound shores of Novy Skoshy, but I saw enough while I was there, and staid long enough to remember all about the place. It was in the Duke of Kent's time,—her Majesty's royal father—he was called Prince Edward then, and a pretty time we had of it. Och, boys, the drill was murthering entirely! The officers called it 'discipline,'—it's harrassin' the men in quarters, not discipline in the field that *I* mane, for ye can't have too much discipline in front of the enemy—that is, in rayson. You think it hard, boys, to be handed over to the care of Corporal Rattler (here's your health Corporal), when you hear the 'rouse and turn out,' at six o'clock on a fine summer's morning; but I should like to know what you'd have said, when the bugle blew in the middle of the night, and it was who should be first up to plaster his head with powder and pomatum, shave off his whiskers close under the cheek-bone, leaving just enough to swear by, tie his comrade's pigtail at a mathematical angle, pipe-clay his belts, heel-ball his pouch, and do fifty other things that he ought to have got ready the evening before, to be in time for the daylight parade in the climate of Novy Skoshy, with the glass down at zero,—that's 'nothing,' boys—or may be, five or six degrees below it."

"Less than nothing!" interrupted the schoolmaster sergeant, who was *ex-officio* the regimental Bonnycastle, and had a vile habit of taking nothing for granted till it was proved; "less than nothing! How do you make that out, Pat?"

"As pat as you plase, Sergeant, for a learned ignoramus as you are! A glass that held less than nothing would be a bad one to drink out of; wouldn't it, Corporal Rattler?—(the gallant militarist nodded, and drained his own, by way of trying the experiment)—but I'm spaking of a weather-glass, an insthrument like my pipe filled with quicksilver,

* A vast amelioration with respect to corporal punishment has taken place within the last twenty-five years. At that time the articles of war permitted, and the inclination of the commanding officer very often enforced a punishment of three hundred lashes, when such was the sentence of a Regimental or Garrison Court Martial; moreover, if the crime were desertion, or a more than ordinarily flagrant breach of military discipline, and a General Court Martial sat on the delinquent, the amount of punishment might range from five hundred to eight hundred lashes (or even more), though the latter number was the most we ever had the misfortune to witness the infliction of, on one individual. Now, the amount of corporal punishment is never permitted to exceed fifty lashes, and this only in aggravated cases; the general number being twenty-five, and those rarely inflicted, so that, practically, corporal punishment may be said to be almost abolished.

only it's straight up and down, like your cane, with 'nothing' scored across the belly of it, and plenty of tail to bring up the rear. But we wanted no thermometer to tell us it was could in Novy Skoshy, where the water froze over the fire; and if a man handled his piece awkwardly, he maybe left the skin of his fingers sticking to the barrel."

The majority of Mac Manus's auditors gave a furtive glance at their horny hands as he made this announcement.

"It's clumsy work tossing Brown Bess about in gloves," continued Mac Manus; "but you must do it there if you want to keep out of hospital—ay, and wash your face in snow if you're frostbitten; or, perhaps, you may lave your ears behind you, and wake with a blue nose like the native Haligonians! How any of us presarved a feature of our faces is more than I can tell you; for when we got outside the barrack-yard, and were marched off in the dark to Rockingham, where his Royal Highness lived, a place between five and six miles off, the Barber got a-hould of us, and——"

"Was it the barber of the ridgement?" interrupted Maurice, whose beard had not yet begun to sprout.

"Ay, and garrison too, my lad—the universal barber—he had a roving commission, as the sailors say; but I'll tell you, boys—'The Barber' is the name the Haligonians give to the north-wester, that cuts in them parts sharper than any razor. You've about six months' winter, dead-on-end, in that climate, and he blows pretty nigh all the time. Well, we had this to face on our march, two hours of it, pitch dark, with creepers on our feet and heavy packs on our backs, and what for? To be overhauled by his Royal Highness and staff, almost afore they could see whether we was the soldiers they came out to inspect, or so many ridgments of half-friz Novy Skoshian bears! Faith, the bears had the best of it, for they had no tails to tie or pomatum to use—though they're said to furnish it in plenty—and only comes out when they're hunger-driven, but stays at home, for the most part, sleepin' and suckin' their paws. The devil a much sleep did we get, with three nights in bed for garrison duty, and two out of it every week for parade at Rockingham, at half-past six on a winter's mornin' in heavy marching order! And then the sentries, whether it war on the dockyard wharf, or in the fort, high or low, the could got at you and nipped you like a vice. Oh, there was one post on the brow of the hill,—many's the time I never expected to be alive when the relief came round, and more than one poor fellow took his last sleep in that sentry box, not from neglect of duty, but in respect of the drowsiness which bate 'em entirely. Once give way to it, boys, and it's all up with you!"

"And is it so cold as this all the year round?" asked one of his hearers.

"It is *not*," replied Mac Manus with emphasis. "Thry a three hours drill on the common in summer, and see what you'll make of it. Talk of the glass then; it's at boiling hate, and the birds in the air fall down ready roasted. Or go into the woods, and a pumpkin's a fool to the size of your head, after being stung to death with the black flies and muskeeties, when you come out again. But these is all the accidents of climate, boys. There's plenty to make up for them inconveniences. Speruts is dirt chape (hear, hear, from Corporal Rattler), 'specially Prince Edward's Island Whiskey; mate of all kinds is raysonable, and so is greens, and the like, and 'taties; fish is to be had for a song, and they throw the lobsters at you, if you just looked at 'em. A lad, when he's off duty, may go out of an afthernoon and ate as many ras'b'ries off the rocks as would keep a pastry-cook in jam for a twelvemonth. Then there's the fogs and the snow when you can't go out to drill (Barrack room drill can always be had, suggested Corporal Rattler), and the sleigh-driving, and the snow-balling, and the sliding down hill—for it's all down hill at Halifax—and the officers' plays, and all kinds of divarsions of which you partake, more or less. Oh, take my word for it, there's worse places in the world than Novy Skoshy, and some of us'll live to find that out."

In this *exposé* of Mac Manus there was enough, and more than enough, to set his audience thinking, and many were the speculations to which it gave birth; but, on the whole, the men were well enough pleased with their destination. It seldom happens otherwise, for no class is so fond of change and movement as the soldier, and that, at least, was secured by the order to march. How the march or transit was to be conducted, was another affair, and that it is our business now to describe.

Four transports were immediately taken up by government, and, as fast as they were got ready, were sent round to Liverpool, to receive the number of troops allotted to each. It will be enough for our purpose to select that which bore Maurice and his fortunes.

An embarkation, however, is never a very satisfactory performance, even in private life; but when the "small family party" consists of a couple of hundred soldiers, a good many of them not very sober, with their wives, their children, their pet dogs, their bird-cages, their arm-chests, their bandboxes, bundles, and other *impedimenta*, the pleasures of travel are not very greatly enhanced. It is pleasant enough, marching out of barracks to the tune of "The Girl I left behind me," but before your troops are fairly settled down in your transport, a variety of "disagreeables" have to be encountered.

The worst of these occur on board the transport; but it is no trifling task to get everybody fairly into the boats; and a drover's

dog at Smithfield has but a slight duty to perform in getting his flock into their pen, compared with that of officers and non-commissioned officers in routing the stragglers out of the public-houses into which they *will* drop to take "the parting-glass" with each other, though their destination be identical, and the dreaded separation no greater than the distance between their respective hammocks. The ladies too—pity that we should say so—give no little trouble. The stern rules of the service admit of only six married women per company; and the selection, in this case, is guided by the good conduct of the claimants, of whom there are always more than the regulations admit of taking. Add to this, the fact, that it generally happens that promises which, no doubt, would gladly be forgotten—not to say broken—are rigidly enforced during the last week before the regiment embarks, by damsels who will not be included in the category alluded to in the pleasant tune with which the men march out of quarters. The consequence of this is, that three or four women, per company, are often added to its strength—we must not say its weakness—at the very last moment, for whom there is not the shadow of a chance that they will be permitted to go out with their husbands. Nevertheless, they marry; they climb into the baggage-wagon, "just to say good-bye,"—they weep and embrace, and wave their handkerchiefs at the water-side; they scream "farewell," in accents of the wildest despair; they swoon on the beach, are carried off by compassionate individuals, and are seen no more, till some four or five days afterwards, when the transport is fairly "in blue water," when they emerge from their hiding-places, between decks, satisfied—though they are not to be provisioned, and are threatened with all sorts of pains and penalties—that it is impossible now to send them back; in spite of the declaration of the commanding officer on board, that he will hail the first vessel he meets returning to England, and trans-ship them in the middle of the Atlantic!

How these extra women manage to effect their entrance into the transport, is a mystery as great as that which puzzled George the Third in the celebrated case of the apple-dumplings; but ban and bar them as you will, seize on them when they are half-way up the side, put double sentries at each gangway, resort to every ingenious expedient that can be thought of, and, *malgré tous*, not a "man-jack" of these Ariadnes will be left behind. Perhaps the inappropriate word we have just used may furnish some clue to the enigma in the alteration of costume; but this is a mere conjecture on our part, having no experience to recount of having detected the Billy Taylor transmigration.

The distribution of the troops into their several berths; the stowing of the baggage into impossible corners—perhaps already filled by some of the prohibited women; the safe bestowal of "the inebriated;" the successful mustering of "the sick, lame, and lazy;" are strokes of art which ought alone to ensure the promotion of those who are called upon to perform them. If the people of the transport lent any kind of assistance, it would be something; but from the agent in his cabin, to the loblolly boy in the caboose, the sole occupation of each consists in damning "the sogers," and sulkily refusing to answer the simplest questions; so that they don't mend the matter, and the only thing left, is to trust to time and that providential interference, which is always working for our good, unseen, though we by no means recommend those in difficulties to trust to it alone.

As long as the transport is in harbour, difficulties abound; boats are always coming alongside with hecatombs of fresh meat and piles of vegetables, for the officers and sergeants' messes: smugglers insinuate gin in bladders; an unlucky woman is discovered, and sent ashore, who comes back again somehow, like a bad penny—probably in the return boat; in short, until the Blue Peter is hoisted, the vessel is one scene of unutterable confusion. In the early days of Patrick Mac Manus, this scene was prolonged till the wind blew fair, but the steam-tugs now are the "tricksy spirits" that supersede the wind till the transports are outside.

It was by the aid of two of these nautical Effects that the "Eliza Biggleswade" transport, with "No. 27" painted on each side of her bows, which conveyed the last division of the —— Regiment, was tugged into the Channel, where Maurice Savage, and about a hundred and fifty of his comrades—to say nothing of women and children—commenced that series of involuntary evolutions which are almost invariably performed by those who have never been at sea before.

In the course of a few days, however, matters righted themselves a little. Soldiers are not allowed to be sick any longer than is absolutely necessary; and it is surprising how effective the word of command is which sends a fellow on deck to look out for his grog at the tub, or his ration at the caboose, when he knows that if he remains below he shall receive neither. "Sea legs" are not very readily found in ordinary cases; but a soldier discovers his as soon as most people, having his ranks to keep, and certain manœuvres to go through on a limited scale, in spite of the rolling or pitching of the vessel, and at the expiration of a week or so, there remained scarcely half-a-dozen on board the "Eliza Biggleswade" who had not been laughed or drilled out of their "sea-sorrows." The voyage was accomplished without any remarkable casualties; there was cod-fishing by day, on the Banks of Newfoundland, to amuse the men and give them a welcome supply, and a careful watch and ward by night on the same banks to escape being run down in the heavy Newfoundland fogs.

Sable Island, dreary and inhospitable though it be, was hailed and passed with pleasure. Sambro' light was a welcome signal; the pilot, who came on board in the grey of the morning, was a messenger of glad tidings; and the beautiful harbour of Halifax a joyful sight after seven weeks' confinement in the "Eliza Biggleswade."

To land with far more regularity than they had embarked—shake hands with their comrades, who had preceded them—to march up the hill to barracks, with the air of men who had already seen some service, and were prepared to see more—and to know that they were in a new hemisphere, with no aspect materially altered of things they had been accustomed to behold—were matters on which the young soldiers congratulated themselves with no small degree of internal satisfaction; and no one amongst them more readily than Maurice Savage, heretofore the unwilling pupil of Corporal Rattler, but now by no means the least active or efficient of the light company in the Regiment.

His further and final progress will be told next week.

"JUDGE NOT!"

Many years since, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age: his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a halfpenny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way towards the palace of General Zaionczek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the Czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other.

"I do not; but, judging by his lugubrious costume, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Staszic."

"Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, so it is," replied his companion. "Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious *savans* of Europe."

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labours, and to his genius.

Of low extraction—he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic and Gottingen, continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson and D'Aubanton; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Apennines; and, finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterwards, the Government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself by calumny; and so Staszic found it, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose grey moustaches and old-fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that *he* could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a Palatin traversed the Capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned towards the priest, and said:—

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray what use *does* he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one.

Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic!"

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold."

"Poland esteems, as her chief glory, the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Canova to honour the memory of Copernicus?"

"It was Staszic," replied the priest, "and so all Europe honours for it the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house—there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man who repulses her. That man is Staszic—that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend, so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts—he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favourite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him:

"Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instruments—order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want anything."

"On the contrary, Sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

"You are, then, become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And your college?"

"I must leave it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils—it must not be!"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on knowing it.

"You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favours on me, at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said:

"Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma, which I cannot now solve—it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added:

"Keep an account of the money I give you, consider it as a loan; and when some day, through labour and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

During fifty years Stanislas Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant—his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the succour of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbours, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum towards educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her, yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant, habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Staszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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PLATE GLASS.

Two other gentlemen occupied the railway carriage, which, on a gusty day in December, was conveying us towards Gravesend, *viâ* Blackwall. One wore spectacles, by the aid of which he was perusing a small pocket edition of his favourite author. No sound escaped his lips; yet, his under-jaw and his disengaged hand moved with the solemn regularity of an orator emitting periods of tremendous euphony. Presently, his delight exploded in a loud shutting up of the book and an enthusiastic appeal to us in favour of the writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson. "What, for example, can be finer, gentlemen, than his account of the origin of glass-making; in which, being a drysalter, I take a particular interest. Let me read the passage to you!"

"But the noise of the train ——"

"Sir, I can drown that."

The tone in which the Johnsonian "Sir" was let off, left no doubt of it. Though a small man, the reader was what his favourite writer would have denominated a Stentor, and what the modern school would call a Stunner. When he re-opened the book and began to read, the words smote the ear, as if they had been shot out of the mouth of a cannon. To give additional effect to the rounded periods of his author, he waved his arm in the air at each turn of a sentence, as if it had been a circular saw. "Who," he recited, "when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat, melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind: which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself. This passion for——"

"Blackwall, gents! Blackwall, ladies! Boat for Gravesend!" We should, unquestionably, have been favoured with the rest of the ninth number of the "Rambler" (in which the foregoing passage occurs) but for these announcements.

"There is one thing, however," said the little man with the loud voice, as we walked from the platform to the pier, "which I *cannot* understand. What does the illustrious essayist mean by the 'fortuitous liquefaction' of the sand and ashes. Was glass found out by accident?"

Luckily, a ray of school-day classics enlightened a corner of our memory, and we mentioned the well-known story, in Pliny, that some Phœnician merchants, carrying saltpetre to the mouth of the river Belus, went ashore; and, placing some lumps of the cargo under their kettles to cook food, the heat of the fire fused the nitre, which ran among the sand of the shore. The cooks finding this union to produce a translucent substance, discovered the art of making glass.

"That," said our other companion, holding his hat to prevent the wind from blowing it aboard the Gravesend steamer (which was not to start for ten minutes), "has been the stock tale of all writers on the subject, from Pliny down to Ure; but, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson has put it out of the power of future authors to repeat it. That indefatigable haunter of Egyptian tombs discovered minute representations of glass-blowing, painted on tombs of the time of Orsirtasin the First, some sixteen hundred years before the date of Pliny's story. Indeed, a glass bead, bearing the name of a king who lived fifteen hundred years before Christ, was found in another tomb by Captain Henvey, the specific gravity of which is precisely that of English crown-glass."

"You seem to know all about it!" exclaimed the loud-voiced man.

"Being a director of a plate-glass company

I have made it my business to learn all that books could teach me on the subject."

"I should like to see glass made!" said the vociferous admirer of Dr. Johnson, "especially plate glass."

To this, the other replied, with ready politeness, "If your wish be very strong, and you have an hour to spare, I shall be happy to show you the works, to which I am going,—those of the Thames Plate Glass Company. They are close by."

"The fact is," was the reply, "Mrs. Bossle (I'm sorry to say Mrs. Bossle is an invalid) expects me down to Gravesend to tea; but an hour won't matter much."

"And you, sir?" said the civil gentleman, addressing me.

My desire was equally strong, and the next hour equally my own; for, as the friend, whom a negligent public had driven to emigration, was not to sail until the next morning, it did not much matter whether I took my last farewell of him at Gravesend early or late that evening.

Tracking our guide through dock gates, over narrow drawbridges, along quays; now, dodging the rigging of ships; now, tripping over cables, made "taut" to rings; now, falling foul of warping-posts (for it was getting dusk); one minute, leaping over deserted timber; the next, doubling stray casks; the next, winding among the strangest ruins of dismantled steam-boats, for which a regular Hospital seemed established in that desolate region of mud and water; then, emerging into dirty lanes, and turning the corners of roofless houses; we finished an exciting game of Follow my Leader, at a pair of tall gates. One of these, admitted us into the precincts of the southernmost of the six manufactories of plate glass existing in this country.

The first ingredient in the making of glass, to which we were introduced, was contained in a goodly row of barrels in full tap, marked with the esteemed brand of "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, & Co." It is the well-known fermented extract of malt and hops, which is, it seems nearly as necessary to the production of good plate glass, as flint and soda. To liquefy the latter materials by means of fire, is, in truth, dry work; and our *cicerone* explained, that seven pints per day, per man, of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Company's entire, has been found, after years of thirsty experience, to be absolutely necessary to moisten human clay, hourly baked at the mouths of blazing furnaces. These furnaces emit a heat more intense than the most perspiring imagination can conceive, or the staunchest thermometer indicate. An attempt to ascertain the degree of heat was once made: a pyrometer (a thermometer of the superlative degree, or "fire-measurer,") was applied to the throat of a furnace — for every furnace has its mouth, its throat, and its flaming tongues; but, the wretched instrument, after five minutes' scorching, made an expiring effort to mark *thirteen hundred degrees above boiling point*, cracked, was shivered into bits, and was finally swallowed up by the insatiable element whose proceedings it had presumptuously attempted to register.

Having, by this time, crossed a yard, we stood on the edge of a foul creek of the Thames, so horribly slimy that a crocodile, or an alligator, or any scaly monster of the Saurian period, seemed much more likely to be encountered in such a neighbourhood than the beautiful substance that makes our modern rooms so glittering and bright; our streets so dazzling, and our windows at once so radiant and so strong.

"In order to understand our process thoroughly," said the obliging director of the seven acres of factory and the four hundred operatives we had come to see, "we must begin with the beginning. This," picking up from a heap a handful of the finest of fine sand—the glittering pounce, in fact, with which our forefathers spangled their writing,—"is the basis of all glass. It is the whitest, most highly pulverised flint sand that can be procured. This comes from Lynn, on the coast of Norfolk. Its mixture with the other materials is a secret, even to us. We give the man who possesses it a handsome salary for exercising his mystery."

"A secret!" cried Mr. Bossle. "Every body I thought, knew—at least every body in the drysaltery line understands—what glass is made of. Why, I can repeat the recipe given by Dr. Ure, from memory:—To every hundred parts of materials, there are of pure sand forty-three parts; soda twenty-five and a half (by the bye, we have some capital carbonate coming forward *ex* Mary Anne, that we could let you have at a low figure); quick-lime, four; nitre, one and a half; broken glass, twenty-six. The Doctor calculates, if I remember rightly, that of the whole, thirty parts of this compound run to waste in fusing, so that seventy per cent. becomes, on an average, glass."

"That is all very true," was the answer; "but our glass is, we flatter ourselves, of a much better colour, and stands annealing better, than that made from the ordinary admixture: from which, however, ours differs but little—only, I think, in the relative quantities. In that lies the secret."

Mr. Bossle expressed great anxiety to behold an individual who was possessed of a secret worth several hundreds a-year, paid weekly. Romance invariably associates itself with mystery; and we are not quite sure from the awful way in which Mr. Bossle dropped his voice to a soft whisper, that he did not expect, on entering the chamber of pre-vitrified chemicals, to find an individual clothed like the hermit in "Rasselas," or mingling his "elements" with the wand of Hermes Trismegistus. He looked as if he could hardly believe his spectacles, when he

saw a plain, respectable-looking, indifferent-tempered man, not a whit more awe-inspiring—or more dusty—than a miller on a market-day.

We do not insinuate that Mr. Bossle endeavoured to "pluck out the heart of the mystery," though nothing seemed to escape the focus of his spectacles. But, although here lay, in separate heaps, the sand and soda and saltpetre and lime and *cullet*, or broken glass; while there, in a huge trough, those ingredients were mixed up (like "broken" in a confectioner's shop) ready to be pushed through a trap to fill the crucible or stomach of the furnace; yet, despite Mr. Bossle's sly investigations, and sonorous enquiries, he left the hall of "elements" as wise as he had entered.

Passing through a variety of places in which the trituration, purification, and cleaning of the materials were going on, we mounted to an upper story that reminded us of the yard in which the cunning Captain of the Forty Thieves, when he was disguised as an Oil Merchant, stored his pretended merchandise. It was filled with rows and rows of great clay jars, something like barrels with their heads knocked out. Each had, instead of a hoop, an indented band round the middle, for the insertion of the iron gear by which they were, in due time, to be lifted into and out of the raging furnaces. There were two sizes; one about four feet deep, and three feet six inches in diameter, technically called "pots," and destined to receive the materials for their first sweltering. The smaller vessels (*cuvettes*) were of the same shape, but only two feet six inches deep, and two feet in diameter. These were the crucibles in which the vitreous compound was to be fired a second time, ready for casting. These vessels are *built*—for that is really the process; and it requires a twelvemonth to build one, so gradually must it settle and harden, and so slowly must it be pieced together, or the furnace would immediately destroy it—of Stourbridge clay, which is the purest and least silicious yet discovered. (The clay mentioned in our recent article, "The Devonshire Dorado,"* may be worth a trial, for the manufacture of these crucibles.)

"We have now," said Mr. Bossle, wiping his spectacles, and gathering himself up for a loud Johnsonian period, "seen the raw materials ready to be submitted to the action of the fire, and we have also beheld the vessels in which the vitrification is to take place. Let us therefore witness the actual liquefaction."

In obedience to this grandiloquent wish, we were shown into the hall of furnaces.

It was a sight indeed. A lofty and enormous hall, with windows in the high walls open to the rainy night. Down the centre, a fearful row of roaring furnaces, white-hot: to look at which, even through the chinks in the iron screens before them, and masked, seemed to scorch and splinter the very breath within one. At right angles with this hall, another, an immense building in itself, with unearthly-looking instruments hanging on the walls, and strewn about, as if for some diabolical cookery. In dark corners, where the furnaces redly glimmered on them, from time to time, knots of swarthy muscular men, with nets drawn over their faces, or hanging from their hats: confusedly grouped, wildly dressed, scarcely heard to mutter amidst the roaring of the fires, and mysteriously coming and going, like picturesque shadows, cast by the terrific glare. Such figures there must have been, once upon a time, in some such scene, ministering to the worship of fire, and feeding the altars of the cruel god with victims. Figures not dissimilar, alas! there have been, torturing and burning, even in Our Saviour's name. But, happily those bitter days are gone. The senseless world is tortured for the good of man, and made to take new forms in his service. Upon the rack, we stretch the ores and metals of the earth, and not the image of the Creator of all. These fires and figures are the agents of civilisation, and not of deadly persecution and black murder. Burn fires and welcome! making a light in England that shall not be quenched by all the monkish dreamers in the world!

We were aroused by a sensation like the sudden application of a hot mask to the countenance. As we instinctively placed a hand over our face to ascertain how much of the skin was peeling off, our cool informant announced that the furnace over against us had been opened to perform the *tréjetage*, or ladling of the liquid *pot à feu* from the large pots into the smaller ones. "I must premise," he said, "that one-third of the raw materials, as put together by our secret friend, are first thrown in; and when that is melted, one-third more; on that being fused, the last third is added. The mouth of the furnace is then closed, and an enormous heat kept up by the *tiseur* or stoker (all our terms are taken from the French), during sixteen hours. That time having now elapsed, in the case of the flaming pot before you, the furnace is opened. The man with the long ladle thrusts it, you perceive, into the pot, takes out a ladleful, and, by the assistance of two companions, throws the vitrified dough upon an iron anvil. The other two men turn it over and over, spread it upon the inverted flat-iron, and twitch out, with pliers, any speck of impurity; it is tossed again into the ladle, and thrown into a cuvette in another furnace. When the cuvettes are full, that furnace is stopped up to maintain a roaring heat for another eight hours; and, in the language of the men, 'the ceremony is performed.'"

At this moment, the noise burst forth from the middle of the enormous shed, of several beats of a gong: so loud, that they even

* See Page 263.

drowned the thundering inquiries with which Mr. Bossle was teasing one of the "teasers." In an instant the men hastened to a focus, like giants in a Christmas pantomime about to perform some wonderful conjuration; and not a whisper was heard.

"Aha! exclaimed the director, "they are going to cast. This way, gentlemen!"

The kitchen in which the Ogre threatened to cook Jack and his seven brothers could not have been half so formidable an apartment as the enormous cuisine into which we were led. One end was occupied with a row of awful ovens; in the midst, stood a stupendous iron table; and upon it lay a rolling-pin, so big, that it could only be likened to half-a-dozen garden-rollers joined together at their ends. Above, was an iron crane or gallows to lift the enormous messes of red-hot gruel, thick and slab, which were now to be brought from the furnaces.

"Stand clear!" A huge basin, white with heat, approaches, on a sort of iron hurley; at one end of which sits, triumphant, a salamander, in human form, to balance the Plutonian mass, as it approaches on its wheeled car—playing with it—a game of see-saw. It stops at the foot of the iron gallows. Mr. Bossle approaches to see what it is, and discovers it to be a cuvette filled with molten glass, glowing from the fiery furnace. What is that man doing with a glazed mask before his face? "Why, if you will believe me," exclaims Mr. Bossle, in the tones of a speaking-trumpet, (we are at a prudent distance,) "he is ladling off the scum, as composedly as if it were turtle-soup!" Mr. Bossle grows bold, and ventures a little nearer. Rash man! His nose is assuredly scorched; he darts back, and takes off his spectacles, to ascertain how much of the frames are melted. The dreadful pot is lifted by the crane. It is poised immediately over the table; a workman tilts it; and out pours a cataract of molten opal which spreads itself, deliberately, like infernal sweet-stuff, over the iron table; which is spilled and slopped about, in a crowd of men, and touches nobody. "And has touched nobody since last year, when one poor fellow got the large shoes he wore, filled with white-hot glass." Then the great rolling-pin begins to "roll it out."

But, those two men, narrowly inspecting every inch of the red hot sheet as the roller approaches it—is their skin salamandrine? —are their eyes fire-proof?

"They are looking," we are told, "for any accidental impurity that may be still intruding in the vitrifaction, and, if they can tear it out with their long pincers before the roller has passed over it, they are rewarded. From the shape these specks assume in being torn away, they are called 'tears.'"

When the roller has passed over the table, it leaves a sheet of red-hot glass, measuring some twelve feet by seven.

This translucent confection is pushed upon a flat wooden platform on wheels—sparkling, as it touches the wood, like innumerable diamonds—and is then run rapidly to an oven, there to be baked or annealed. The bed or "sole" of this *carquèse* is heated to a temperature exactly equal to that of the glass; which is now so much cooled that you can stand within a yard or so of it without fear of scorching off your eyelashes. The pot out of the furnace is cooled too, out in the rain, and lies there, burst into a hundred pieces. It has been a good one: for it has withstood the fire, seventy days.

So rapidly are all these casting operations performed, that, from the moment when Mr. Bossle thought his spectacles were melting off his nose, to the moment when the sheet of glass is shut up in the oven, about five minutes have elapsed. The operations are repeated, until the oven is full of glass plates.

When eight plates are put into the *carquèse* it is closed up hermetically; for the tiniest current of cold air would crack the glass. The fire is allowed to go out of its own accord, and the cooling takes place so gradually, that it is not completed until eight days are over. When drawn forth, the glass is that "rough plate" which we see let into the doors of railway stations, and forming half-transparent floors in manufactories. To make it completely transparent for windows and looking-glasses, elaborate processes of grinding and polishing are requisite. They are three in number:—roughing down, smoothing and polishing.

"I perceive," said Mr. Bossle, when he got to the roughing down room, where steam machinery was violently agitating numerous plates of glass, one upon the other, "that the diamond cut diamond principle is adopted."

"Exactly: the under plate is fastened to a table by plaster of Paris, and the upper one —quite rough—is violently rubbed by machinery upon it, with water, sand, and other grinding powders between. The top plate is then fastened to a table, to rough down another first plate; for the under one is always the smoother."

Then comes the "smoothing." Emery, of graduated degrees of fineness, is used for that purpose. "Until within the last month or so, smoothing could only be done by human labour. The human hand alone was capable of the requisite tenacity, to rub the slippery surfaces over each other; nay, so fine a sense of touch was requisite, that even a man's hand had scarcely sensitiveness enough for the work; hence females were, and still are, employed."

As our pains-taking informant spoke, he pushed open a door, and we beheld a sight that made Mr. Bossle wipe his spectacles, and ourselves imagine for a moment that a scene from an Oriental Story-Book was magically revealed to us; so elegant and graceful were the attitudes into which a bevy of some fifty females—many of them of fine forms and handsome features—were unceasingly throw-

ing themselves. Now, with arms extended, they pushed the plates to one verge of the low tables, stretching their bodies as far as possible; then, drawing back, they stood erect, pulling the plate after them; then, in order to reach the opposite edge of the plane, they stretched themselves out again to an almost horizontal posture. The easy beauty of their movements, the glitter of the glass, the brilliancy of the gaslights, the bright colours of most of the dresses, formed a *coup d'œil* which Mr. Bossle enjoyed a great deal more than Mrs. Bossle, had she been there, might have quite approved.

The fairy scene is soon, however, to disappear. Mr. Blake, the ingenious manager of the works, has invented an artificial female hand, by means of which, in combination with peculiar machinery, glass smoothing can be done by steam. The last process is "polishing." This art is practised in a spacious room glowing with red. Every corner of the busy interior is as rubicund as a Dutch dairy. The floor is red, the walls are red, the ceiling is red, the pillars are red, the machinery is very red. Red glass is attached, by red plaster of Paris, to red moveable tables; red rubbers of red felt, heavily weighted with red leads, are driven rapidly over the red surface. Little red boys, redder than the reddest of Red Indians, are continually sprinkling on the reddened glass, the rouge (moistened crocus, per oxyde of iron), which converts the scene of their operations into the most gigantic of known Rubrics.

When polished, the glass is taken away to be "examined." A body of vigilant scrutineers place each sheet between their own eyes and a strong light: wherever a scratch or flaw appears, they make a mark with a piece of wax. If removable, these flaws are polished out by hand. The glass is then ready for the operation, which enables "the beauty to behold herself." The spreading of the quicksilver at the back is, however, a separate process, accomplished elsewhere, and performed by a perfectly distinct body of workmen. It is a very simple art.

The manufacture of plate-glass adds another to the thousand and one instances of the advantages of unrestricted and unfettered trade. The great demand occasioned by the immediate fall in price consequent upon the New Tariff, produced this effect on the Thames Plate Glass Works.—They now manufacture as much plate-glass per week as was turned out in the days of the Excise, in the same time, by all the works in the country put together. The Excise incubi clogged the operations of the workmen, and prevented every sort of improvement in the manufacture. They put their gauges into the "metal" (or mixed materials) before it was put into the pot. They overhauled the paste when it was taken out of the fire, and they applied their foot-rules to the sheets after the glass was annealed. The duty was collected during the various stages of manufacture half-a-dozen times, and amounted to three hundred per cent. No improvement was according to law, and the Exciseman put his veto upon every attempt of the sort. In the old time, the mysterious mixer could not have exercised his secret vocation for the benefit of his employers, and the demand for glass was so small that Mr. Blake's admirable polishing machine would never have been invented. Nor could plate glass ever have been used for transparent flooring, or for door pannels, or for a hundred other purposes, to which it is now advantageously and ornamentally applied.

Thanking the courteous gentleman who had shown us over the works, we left Mr. Bossle in close consultation with the Manager. As, in crossing the yard, we heard the word "soda!" frequently thundered forth, we concluded that the Johnsonian dry-salter was endeavouring to complete some transaction in that commodity, which he had previously opened with the director. But, it is not in our power to report decisively on this head, for our attention was directed to two concluding objects.

First, to a row of workmen—the same we had lately seen among the fires and liquid glass—good-humouredly sitting, with perfect composure, on a log of timber, out in the cold and wet, looking at the muddy creek, and drinking their beer, as if there were no such thing as temperature known. Secondly, and lastly, to the narrow passages or caves underneath the furnaces, into which the glowing cinders drop through gratings. These looked, when we descended into them, like a long Egyptian street on a dark night, with a fiery rain falling. In warm divergent chambers and crevices, the boys employed in the works love to hide and sleep on cold nights. So slept De Foe's hero, Colonel Jack, among the ashes of the glass-house where *he* worked. And that, and the river together, made us think of Robinson Crusoe the whole way home, and wonder what all the English boys who have been since his time, and who are yet to be, would have done without him and his desert Island.

A GUILD CLERK'S TALE.

The office of clerk of the Carvers' Company has been filled by members of my family for one hundred years past. My great-grandfather was elected in the year 1749. After him, came his younger brother; and, when he died, my grandfather was chosen by nine votes out of twelve; after that, all opposition vanished. Our dynasty was established. When my grandfather died, my father went through the ceremony of calling upon the members of the Court of Assistants, and soliciting their votes; and, afterwards, the formality of a show of hands being passed, he was declared, as every one knew he would be who was aware of the existence of the

Carvers' Company, the successor of his father. The transition from him to myself was so easy as to be hardly felt. When I threw aside my yellow breeches, and came out of the "Blue Coat School," with some knowledge of Greek, and very small skill in penmanship, I was at once transplanted to a stool at my father's desk; which stood railed off, in a corner of the great hall, under the stained-glass window. The master and twelve senior liverymen, who formed what is called the Court of Assistants, saw me there when they met together; and one patted me on the head, and prophesied great things of me, while I sat, very red in the face, wondering who had been talking to him about me. Another, who had himself worn the girdle and blue-petticoats, some half a century previously, examined my classical knowledge; and, finding himself somewhat at fault, remarked that he was not fresh from school, like me. At length, my father and I attended their meetings alternately; and, as he became old and infirm, the duties devolved entirely upon me. When he died, therefore, there was no change. The twelve liverymen held up twelve of their four-and-twenty hands, and my election was recorded on the minutes.

Carvers' Hall was a place not very easy to find out, for any but the warder and twelve liverymen: but, as few people else ever had occasion to find it out, that was not of much consequence. The portion of the city in which it stood had escaped the Fire of London, which took a turn at a short distance, owing, perhaps, to a change in the wind, and left the Hall and some adjacent courts untouched. In order to arrive there, it was necessary, first, to pass through a narrow passage running up from Thames Street; then, along a paved yard, by the railing of a church; and, lastly, down an impassable court, at the bottom of which stood the antique gateway of Carvers' Hall. Over the doorway was a curious carving of the Resurrection, in oak, which must have cost some ancient member of the Worshipful Guild considerable time and trouble. There were represented graves opening, and bald-headed old men forcing up the lids of their family-vaults—some looking happy, and some with their features distorted by despair. Out of others, whole families, mother, father, and several children, had just issued, and were standing hand-in-hand. Some, again, were struggling, half-buried in the ground; while others, already extricated, were assisting their kinsmen in their efforts to disinter themselves. The scene was made a section, in order to give the spectator a view of an immense host of cherubim above, sitting upon a massy pile of cloud; through which—the middle point of the picture—the summoning angel was throwing himself down, with a trumpet in his hand; which, according to the relative scale of the work, must have been several leagues, at least, in length. Having passed under this gateway, you entered a small square yard, paved with black and white stones, placed diamond-wise; and facing you was the Hall itself, up three stone steps, and with a wooden portico.

This solitary building, silent and retired, though in the heart of a crowded city, has been my home for nearly sixty years. I have become assimilated to the place by long usage. I am myself silent, retired, and tenacious of old habits; though I do not think this is my natural disposition. But why do I talk of natural disposition? Are we not all moulded and made what we are by time and outward influences? However, when I was at school I was a cheerful boy, though the monastic life of Christ's Hospital is not calculated to improve the spirits. It was only on entering my father's office that I began to be subdued to the formal being which I have since become. The portraits of my predecessors hang in the Hall; they are exactly alike, both in features and in dress, except that the first two wore hair-powder. It was my father's pride that he clung to the style of dress which was prevalent when he was a young man, which he considered to be, in every way, superior to all modern inventions. I was only released from the absurd dress of the blue coat boy to be put into garments equally provocative of remarks from impertinent boys. The family costume is, *imprimis*, a pair of knee-breeches with buckles; then a blue coat with metal buttons; and a large white cravat, spread out over the whole chest, and ornamented in the middle with a cornelian brooch. The same brooch appears in every one of the portraits. I have worn this dress all my life, with the exception of a short period, when I changed it to return to it shortly again.

If happiness consists in having many friends, I ought to have been a happy man. Old carvers, neighbours, pensioners of the Company, every one down to the house-keeper, and Tom Lawton, my only clerk, spoke kindly of me. Theirs was no lip service. I knew they liked me in their hearts. The world, too, had gone smoothly with me. I knew nothing of the struggles for bread, the hardships and wrongs which other men endure. They appeared to me even fabulous when I read them. The means of getting my living were put into my hands. The Company seemed almost grateful to my father for bringing me up to the office. My income was two hundred pounds per annum, as well as the house to live in, and coals and candles, which was more than I needed for my support, though I always found means of disposing of the surplus, and never saved anything. I was not, however, a happy man. I had always the feeling of a spirit subdued to a life to which it was not suited. I do not say that in another sphere I should have led a boisterous life. My mind was, perhaps, more prone to reflection than to action, although I felt that if I had been more in the world, if

I had known more of life and change, I should have been a happier man. But from my earliest days the vanity of life, and the virtue of keeping aloof from temptation, were instilled into me. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," was the first proverb which I heard from my father's mouth. These principles, implanted early, took deep root, though, perhaps, in an unfavourable soil. Living also under the same roof with my father, I felt alarmed at every whispering of my own inclinations which was opposed to his wishes, and strove to subdue them, as if I were struggling with the evil portion of my nature. Thus, in course of time, I became what I am; not a misanthrope, thank God, but a timid and somewhat melancholy man. We had no mirth-making in our household, except at Christmas-time, when we feasted in good earnest. My father loved at that time to display a rough hospitality. We had generally two or three nights of merry-making, at which were both young and old people—all carvers or the children of carvers—and after his death I continued the custom. Often, as I sat with my happy friends about me, some sweet young woman would give me a sly hit upon my obdurate determination to die an old bachelor; little thinking that her heedless words could give me pain, though they cut me deeply, and set me looking at the fire with a thoughtful face. I might have married, perhaps, if I had found a partner; my income was not large, but many men run the risk of a family with less means to support one than I had; but, somehow, I found myself at forty-five years of age unmarried, slim, and prim—the very type of an old bachelor. It was not from indifference, for I was by nature sensitive and affectionate. For women I had a kind of reverence. I pictured them to myself all that is noble and good: yet, in their presence, I only looked upon them timidly, speaking little, but thinking of them, perhaps, long afterwards when they were gone.

One result of my reputation for gravity was a number of executorships which had been imposed upon me by deceased friends. Any one would have thought that there was a conspiracy abroad to overwhelm me with proofs of confidence. My stock of mourning rings is considerable. The expression, "Nineteen guineas for his trouble," had to me an old familiar sound with it. At length, I was obliged to hint to any old carver who waxed sickly, that my duties in that way were already as much as I could fulfil. There was, however, an old grocer of my acquaintance, named Cawthorne, who would make me executor of his will, in spite of my remonstrances, relieving my scruples by assuring me that he had named another friend for my colleague, who, it was understood, was to undertake, if we survived him, the greater part of the duties, including the guardianship of his daughter Lucy. We did survive him; and the other executor entered upon his office, seldom troubling me except when absolutely necessary. Thus he went on for some years. The daughter had become a fine young woman of nineteen, with blue eyes and fair hair, rippled like the sunlight upon waters touched by a light wind. I saw her often in the house when he was taken ill, and thought her very beautiful. I fancied, sometimes, how she would look robed in pure white, and holding in her hand an olive branch, as I had seen some angels carved in stone. I have met her ascending the stairs with a candle in her hand, the light striking upward, like a glory on her face, and she seemed to me not to mount from step to step, but slowly to ascend without a movement of the feet. My feeling with regard to her almost amounted to a superstitious awe; for I seldom spoke many words to her, and I think, at first, she thought me harsh and cold. At length her guardian died, and although I had known from the first that in that event his duty would devolve upon me, the fact seemed to take me by surprise. I could hardly believe that henceforth, for some time, she would look to me as her sole protector. However, in a short time, the affairs of my deceased colleague were set in order, and she came to reside with me in the old hall.

She soon forgot her first antipathy, and we became good friends together. I took her over the old place, and showed her the library and the paintings, and everything there that was quaint and curious. We had a garden at the back of the Hall, in which she sat at work on fine days. It was not large, but it was, nevertheless, a garden, and in the midst of London. It was planted with shrubs, and contained two or three large trees, as well as a rustic seat upon a grass-plot; though the grass was not very thriving, on account of the trees' shutting out the sun and air. However, sitting here, the back of the Hall had a picturesque look, half covered with the great leaves of a fig-tree nailed against the wall, and with its worn stone steps guarded on each side by an aloe in a green tub. This was her favourite place. She worked or read there in the morning, and in the afternoon she taught two little nieces of the housekeeper to read and write. Sometimes, in the evening, I got an old book from the library, and read to her, and made her laugh at its quaintness. I remember one translation of a Spanish novel in folio, printed in the seventeenth century, which amused her very much. The translation occupied one half of the book, and the prefaces the other. There was the Translator's "Apology for his labour;" "A declaration for the better understanding of the book;" an address "To the learned Reader;" another "To the discreet and courteous Reader;" and another "To the vulgar Reader," with some others; and, finally, the Spanish novel itself was ushered in by a number of verses in English and Latin, laudatory of the book and the translator, by celebrated men of the period.

On Sunday we sat at church, in the same pew, and often I forgot my own devotions in listening to the earnest tones with which she said the prayers. I thought that she, of all that congregation, was best fitted to speak those words of christian love. I was vexed to hear an old overseer of the parish, whom I knew to be a bad and worldly man, in the next pew, repeating the same words in a drawling tone; and I could almost have requested him to say them to himself.

Thus, ours was not a very cheerful way of life for a young maiden; but she seemed always happy and contented. For myself, although I was sorry for the death of my co-executor, I blessed the day when she came into the house; and I grieved that I had objected to become her guardian from the first, that she might have grown up from childhood with me, and learnt to look up to me as a father. Living with her daily, and noting all her thoughts and actions sometimes even when she did not suspect that I observed her, I saw her purer than the purest of my own ideals. My feeling was almost an idolatry. If I had, at forty-five years of age, still any thoughts of marrying, I renounced them for her sake, and resolved to devote all my care to her, until such time as she should find a husband worthy of her.

By an ancient bequest to the Company, we distributed, on the day before Christmas Day, to twenty-four poor people, a loaf of bread, a small log of wood, or bavin, as we called it, and the sum of two shillings and ten pence to each person. The recipients were all old decrepid men and women. There was an ancient regulation, still unrepealed, that they should all attend on the following court-day, at noon precisely, to "return thanks for the same;" though that performance of mechanical gratitude had been allowed to fall into disuse by a more philosophical generation. The first Christmas after Lucy came there, she begged me to let her distribute these gifts, and I consented. I stood at my little desk at the end of the hall, with my face resting upon my hand, watching her, and listening to her talking to the old people. Next to the pleasure of hearing her speak to little children, I delighted to hear her talk with very aged folks. There was something in the contrast of the two extremes of life—the young and beautiful maiden, and the bent and wrinkled old people—that pleased me. She heard all their oft-repeated complaints, their dreary accounts of their agues and rheumatics, and consoled them as well as she could; and, with some of the very old, she took their brown and sinewy hands in hers, and led them down the steps. I did not know what ailed me that day. I stood dreaming and musing, till I seemed to have lost that instinctive dexterity with which we perform the simple operations of our daily life. Some accounts lay before me which I was anxious to cast, but several times I essayed, and seemed incapable of doing so. As the simple words of our daily language, which issue from our lips simultaneously with the thought, become vague and indistinct if we muse upon their origin, and repeat them several times to ourselves; so by dwelling long upon the idea of the work before me, it seemed to have become confused, and difficult to realise. I handed them over to my clerk, Tom Lawton, who sat opposite to me.

Poor Tom Lawton! I thought I saw him looking anxiously at me, several times, when I raised my eyes. No being upon earth ever loved me more than he. It is true, I had done him some acts of kindness, but I had often done as much for others, who had forgotten it since; whereas his gratitude became a real affection for me, which never failed to show itself each day that he was with me. He was a fine young man, and a great favourite with the housekeeper, who said "she liked him because he was so good to his mother, just as she thought her poor son would have been if he had lived." Tom was fond of reading, and sometimes wrote verses, of which he made copies for his friends in a neat hand. He was a shrewd fellow, in some things, but in others he was as simple as a child. His temper was the sweetest in the world—the children knew that. No diving into his coat-pocket ever ruffled him; no amount of pulling his hair could ever induce him to cry out.

Tom was to spend his Christmas Eve with us, and to make "toast and ale," as was our custom; so, when the gifts were all distributed, he left me, and ran home to dress himself smartly for the occasion. I stood at my desk, still musing, till the evening closed upon the short and wintry afternoon. Lucy came and called me, saying the tea was on the table.

"We thought you were fallen asleep," said she. "Mr. Lawton is come."

We sat round a large fire in the old wainscoted sitting-room, while Lucy made the tea—and would have made the toast, too; but Tom said he would sooner burn his eyes out than suffer her to do so. The housekeeper came up; and afterwards came an old carver and his daughter. We sat till after midnight. The old carver told some anecdotes of people whom my father knew; and Tom told a ghost story, which kept them all in breathless terror, till it turned out, at last, to be a dream. But I was restless, and spoke little. Once, indeed, I answered the old carver rather sharply. He had patted Lucy on the head, and said he supposed she would be soon getting married, and leaving us old people. I could not endure the thought of her leaving us; though I knew that she would do so, probably, one day. She had never looked to me more interesting than she did that evening. A little child, worn out with playing, had fallen asleep, with its head upon her lap; and, as she was speaking to us, her hand was entangled in its hair. I gazed at her, and

caught up every word she spoke; and when she stopped, my restlessness returned. I strove in vain to take part in their mirth. I wanted to be alone.

When I sat that night in my little bedroom, I was thinking still of Lucy. I heard her voice still sounding in my ear; and, when I shut my eyes, I pictured her still before me, with her dear kind face, and her little golden locket hung upon her neck. I fell asleep, and dreamed of her. I woke, and waited for the daylight, thinking of her still. So we passed all the Christmas holidays. Sometimes it was a happy feeling which possessed me; and sometimes I almost wished that I had never seen her. I was always restless and anxious; I knew not for what. I became a different man to that which I had been before I knew her.

When, at last, I concealed from myself no longer that I loved her fondly, deeply—deeper, I believe, than ever man has loved—I became alarmed. I knew what people would say, if it came to be known. She had some property, and I had nothing; but what was worse, I was forty-five years of age, and she was only twenty. I was, moreover, her guardian; and she had been consigned to my care by her dying father, in confidence, that if she came under my protection, I would act towards her as he himself would have acted, if he had lived, not dreaming that I should encourage other thoughts than those of a protector and a friend. I knew that I should have been jealous, angry, with anyone who evinced a liking for her; and yet I asked myself whether it was right that I should discourage any man who might make her happy; who, perhaps, would love her nearly as much as I did, and be more suited for her, by reason of his youth and habits; not like mine, sedate and monkish. Even if I eventually gained her affections, would not the world say that I had exerted the undue influence of my authority over her; or that I had kept her shut up from society; so that, in her ignorance of life, she mistook a feeling of respect for a stronger sentiment? And, again, if all these things were set aside, was it not wrong that I should take a young and beautiful girl and shut her up in that old place for ever—checking the natural gaiety of youth, and bringing her by slow degrees to my old ways? I saw the selfishness of all my thoughts, and resolved to strive to banish them for ever.

But they would not leave me. Each day I saw something in her that increased my passion. I watched her as she went from room to room. I walked stealthily about the place, in the hope of seeing her somewhere, unobserved, and hearing her speak, and stealing away again before she saw me. I walked on tiptoe once, and saw her through the open door, thoughtful—looking at the candle—with her work untouched beside her. I fancied to myself what thoughts possessed her: perhaps the memory of a friend, no longer of this world, had touched her suddenly, and made her mute and still; or, perhaps, the thought of some one dearer. The idea ran through me like a subtle poison, and I shuddered. I thought she started. I believe it was a fancy; but I stole away again hurriedly, on tiptoe, and never looked behind me till I reached my corner in the Hall.

Every one remarked a change in me. Lucy looked at me anxiously sometimes, and asked me if I was not ill. Tom Lawton grieved to see me so dejected, till he became himself as grave as an old man. I sat opposite to Lucy sometimes, with a book in my hand. I had ceased to read aloud; and she seeing that I took no pleasure in it, did not press me to do so. I looked at the pages, without a thought of their contents, simply to avoid her looks. I thought, at last, that she grew vexed with my neglect. One night I suddenly threw down my book, and looking at her boldly and intently, to observe the expression of her features, I said—

"I have been thinking, Lucy, that you grow weary of my dull ways. You do not love me now, as you did some months ago."

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "indeed I do. I do not know what makes you talk like this, unless I have offended you in something. But I see it now," she said. "I must have said something that has given you pain; though it was never in my thought to do so. And this is why you treat me coldly, day by day, and never let me know what I have done."

She came over to me, and took my hand in hers; and, with tears in her eyes, begged me to tell her what it was.

"I know," she said, "I have no friend more kind and good than you. My father died before I knew how great a friend I had in him; but had he lived, I never could have loved him more than I love you."

"Well, well, Lucy," said I, "I did not mean to hurt you. I know not why I reproached you. I am not well; and when I feel thus, I know not what I say."

"Kiss me, then," said she, "and tell me you are not angry with me; and do not think, now, that I am tired of living here with you. I will do everything to make you happy. I will not ask you to read. I will put away my work, and read to you in future. I have seen you silent, looking unhappy, and have said nothing—thinking that was best, as I did not know what it was that made you so; and you have thought, perhaps, that I was vexed with you, and wished to show it by a sullen air. But now I will strive to make you cheerful. I will read and sing to you, and we will play at draughts, sometimes, as we used to do. Indeed, I like this old place, and all that live in it, and never was so happy in my life as I have been since I came here."

I placed my hand upon her head, and kissed her on the forehead, saying nothing.

"You are trembling," she exclaimed; "this is not merely illness. You have some sorrow on your mind that haunts you. Tell me what it is that ails you; perhaps I may be able to console you. I have not so much experience as you; but sometimes a young mind can advise the oldest and the most experienced. Perhaps, too, you magnify your trouble by brooding over it; you think upon it till your mind is clouded, and you cannot see the remedy, which I, looking at it for the first time, might see directly. Besides," she said, seeing me hesitate, "if you do not tell me, I shall always be unhappy—imagining a hundred evils, each, perhaps, more serious than the truth."

"No, Lucy," said I, "I am unwell; I have felt thus for some time, and to-night I feel worse. I must go to bed; I shall be better after a night's rest."

I lighted a candle, and, bidding her good night, left her and stole up to bed—afraid to stay longer, lest I should be tempted to reveal my secret. Oh, how could I endure the thought of her kind words, more painful to me than the coldest scorn! She had said she loved me as a father. In the midst of all her kindness, she had spoken of my age and my experience. Did I, then, look so old as that? Yes. I knew that it was not my years which made me old; it was my staid manners, my grave and thoughtful face, which made me look an old man, even in my prime. Bitterly I complained of my father, who had shut me out from the knowledge of all that makes life beautiful; who had biassed me to a belief that such a life as his was best, by hiding from me all comparison; till now, when I perceived my error, it was too late to repair it. I surveyed my antiquated garments with disgust; my huge cravat; the very hair of my head, by long training become old-fashioned beyond all reclaiming. My whole appearance was that of a man who had slept for half a century, except that I was without a speck or soil. I believe they would have admitted me to a masquerade in such a dress, without a single alteration, and think that I had hired it for the occasion. But a new hope sprang up within me. I would change my way of life—I would try to be more cheerful; I would wear more modern clothes, and endeavour, at least, not to make myself look older than I was.

I had known nothing like the peace of mind which these thoughts brought me, for many days. I wondered that what was so obvious had not occurred to me before. I had gone about dreaming in my absent way, brooding unprofitably over my troubles, instead of devising something practical and useful. But I would act differently—I would not despair. Five-and-forty years was, after all, no great age. I recalled to my mind many instances of men marrying long after that time with women younger than themselves, and living afterwards very happily. I remembered one of our Wardens who married at sixty a young and very beautiful woman, and every one saw how happy they were, and how she loved her husband for years, till a rascal, by slow and artful steps, won over her affections, and she ran away with him. But Lucy would not do that; I knew too well the goodness of her nature to have any fear of such a result. Then I thought how kind I would be to her—studying every way that could amuse and please a youthful mind; till she, seeing how all my life was devoted to her, would come to love me in the end. I planned out minutely our way of life. I would invite more friends to visit us, and we would go out and visit others. We would play at our old game of draughts together in the winter evenings, and sometimes I would take her to the theatre. In the summer we would go into the country—lingering all day long in quiet shady places, and returning about dusk. Sweet thoughts, that held my mind until I slept, and lingered, breeding pleasant dreams!

The next day I visited my tailor, who took my orders with evident astonishment. My clothes were brought home in a few days, and I threw off my knee-breeches, as I thought, for ever. I felt a little uneasy in my new attire—my legs had been so long used to feel cool and unrestrained, that the trousers were irksome. However, I supposed I should soon become accustomed to them; and they really made me look some years younger. What would my father have said if he had visited the earth that day and seen me? My hair, however, was less manageable—in vain I parted it on the right side, and brushed it sideways, instead of backward, as I had hitherto done. For five-and-forty years it had been brushed in one direction, and it seemed as if nothing but five-and-forty years' daily brushing in the other, could ever reverse it. I descended my room, trying to look unconscious of anything unusual in my appearance. It was court-day: the Warden and Assistants stared at me, and would have laughed, no doubt, if most of them had not left off laughing for many years. Some of them, however, coughed; and one addressed to me some simple questions, evidently intended to test my sanity. I felt a little vexed; for I thought it was no concern of theirs, if I chose to adopt some alterations in my dress. However, I said nothing, but went quietly through my duties. Tom Lawton was there. It should have been a joyful day for him; for they increased his salary at that court. But he looked at me compassionately, and evidently thought, like the rest, that I was going mad. I was, however, amply consoled—for Lucy was pleased to see the change in my dress and manners. I laughed and chatted with her, and she read to me, and sang, as she had promised. Thus I went on for some time; when something of my old restlessness came back. I saw how little she suspected that I loved her more than as a friend; and fearing still to let her know the

truth, I felt that I might go on thus for years to little purpose. So, by degrees, I returned to my former sadness, and became again reserved and thoughtful.

One night, I descended from my little room into the garden, and walked about with my hat in my hand, for I felt feverish and excited. Night after night, my sleep had been broken and disturbed by dreams, that glided from my memory when I woke, but left a feeling of despondency that followed me throughout the day. Sometimes, I thought, myself, that my reason was deserting me. We were very busy at that time, and Tom Lawton and I were to have worked together all the evening, but I had left him; utterly unable to fix my attention upon what I set before me. I paced to and fro several times, when passing by the window where I had left him at work, I heard him speaking with some one. A word, which I fancied having caught, made me curious, and I mounted upon a stone ledge and listened; for the sliding pane of glass which served to ventilate the Hall had been pushed back, and I could hear distinctly when I applied my ear to the aperture. The light being inside, I could not be seen, although I could see his desk. The lamp was shaded, and the window was of stained glass, so that I did not see very clearly. But I had a quick vision for such a scene as that before me.

That form standing beside Tom Lawton, with its hand in his, was Lucy's! The blood rushed to my head. A thousand little lights were dancing before my eyes. I felt myself falling, but I made an effort, and clutched the window-sill, and listened. It was Lucy's voice that I heard first.

"Hush!" she said, "I heard a noise; there is some one coming. Good night! Good night!"

"No, no," said Tom, "it is the wind beating the dead leaves against the window."

They seemed to listen for a moment, and then he spoke again,—

"Oh, Miss Lucy, do not run away before we have talked together a little. I see you now so seldom, and when I do there are others present, and I cannot speak to you of what is always uppermost in my thoughts. I think of you all day, and at night I long for the next morning, to be in the same house with you, in the hope of seeing you before I go; though I am continually disappointed. I think I am unfortunate in all but one thing, though that consoles me for the rest—I think you love me a little, Lucy."

"Yes, Tom, I do; a great deal. I have told you so many times, and I am not ashamed to repeat it. I would not hide it from any one, if you did not tell me to do so. But why do you tease yourself with fancies, and think yourself unfortunate? I do not know why we should not tell him all about it. He is the kindest being in the world, and I know he would not thwart me in anything that could procure my happiness; and then, again, you are a favourite of his, and I am sure he would be delighted to think that we loved each other."

"No, no, Lucy; you must not say a word about it. What would he think of me, with nothing in the world but my small salary, encouraging such thoughts towards you, who are rich; and going on like this—laying snares, as he would say, for months, to gain your affections, and never saying a word about it; bringing, too, disgrace upon him, as your guardian, that he had suffered a poor clerk in his office to find opportunities of speaking to you alone, and at last persuading you to promise to become his wife one day?"

"All this you have told me many a time; but indeed this need not be an obstacle. I wish that I had not sixpence in the world. My money is become a misfortune to us, instead of a blessing, as it should be. I wish I might give it away, or renounce it altogether. I am sure we should be as well without it, one day; and if we had to wait a long time, we should still be able to see one another openly, and not have to watch for secret opportunities, as if we were doing wrong. You do not know, Tom, how unhappy the thought of all this makes me. I never had a secret before, that I feared to tell before the whole world; and now I sit, night after night, with him from whom I should conceal nothing, and feel that I am deceiving him. Every time he looks at me, I fancy that he knows all about it, and thinks me an artful girl, and waits to see how long I shall play my part before him. Many times I have been tempted to tell him all, in spite of your injunction, and beg him not to be angry with me because I had not dared to tell him before. I would have taken all blame upon myself, and said that I had loved you secretly before you had ever spoken to me about it—anything I would have said, rather than feel myself deceitful, as I do!"

"Lucy!" exclaimed Tom, in a broken voice, "you must not—you must not, indeed, ever give way to such an impulse. I know not what might come of it, if he knew. It would ruin us—perhaps, be the cause of our being separated for ever—make him hate us both, and never pardon me, at least, while he lives. Oh, Lucy! I have not told you all. Something yet more serious remains behind."

"Tell me—what is this, Tom?—you alarm me!"

"Come here then, and bring your ear closer. No; I will not tell you. Do not ask me again. It is, perhaps, only a fancy, which has come into my head because I am anxious about you, and imagine all kinds of misfortunes that might arise to make us wretched. But, oh! if I am right, we are, indeed, unfortunate. No misfortune that could befal us could be equal to this."

Lucy's eyes were filled with tears. "I do not like to go back into the parlour," she said, "lest he should be there, and ask me

why I have been crying. He was in his room, up stairs, I think, just now, and he may have come down, and I am sure I could not stand before him as I am. You have, indeed, made me miserable. Oh! Tom, Tom, do tell me what this is?"

"I *cannot* tell you," he replied, "it would not be right to breathe a word about it till I have surer ground for my suspicion. Let me dry your eyes, and now go back into the parlour, or your absence will be observed."

Twice he bade her "good night" before she left him, and each time I saw him put his arms about her, and kiss her; then he called after her—

"Lucy!"

She turned back, and ran up to him.

"I hardly know why I called you back. Only, I may not see you again for some time, and it may be many, many days, before I can speak to you alone."

"Well?"

I trembled for what he was about to say, and in my anxiety to catch his words, I put my ear closer, and, in so doing, struck the door of the ventilator.

"Hark! I thought I heard something moving. Go, go!" said Tom. "Good night! Good night!" And she glided across the hall, and was gone in a moment.

In the eagerness with which I had listened to their conversation, I had not had time to feel the terrible blow which I had received. It was only when the voices ceased, that I felt how all my hopes had been shattered in a moment. I relaxed my hold; and, alighting on the ground, walked again to and fro—but more hurriedly than before. I had never dreamed of this: Tom Lawton!

I sat down upon the garden-seat, and wept and sobbed like a child—the first time for many years. I could not help feeling angry with them both. "Oh!" thought I, "Tom Lawton, you were right in thinking that I should never pardon you for this. You have taken away the one hope of my life. I shall hate you while I live. Lucy, also, I blame; but my anger is chiefly with you. In order to shield you, she would have told me, poor child, that she only was to blame; but I know better. You have laid snares for her, and inveigled her; your heart told you that you had, when you put the words into my mouth."

I walked about and sat down again several times. I groaned aloud, for my heart was swelled almost to bursting. So I continued for some time fiercely denouncing my rival to myself; but that night, upon my bed, when I was worn out with my passion, a better feeling came upon me. I grew more calm and resigned to my misfortune. I saw how useless—nay, how wrong, would be all persecution; and I felt that it was natural that the young should love the young before the old. So, with a sorrowful and humbled spirit, I resolved to encourage them and bring about their union. God knows how much the resolution cost me; but it brought with it a certain peace of mind—a consciousness of doing rightly—which sustained me in my purpose. I would not delay a day, lest my resolution should waver. In the morning I walked into the parlour, and bidding Tom Lawton follow me, stood there before him and Lucy. Tom looked pale, as if he dreaded my anger.

"I expect," said I, "a direct answer to what I am going to ask you. Have you not given your faith to one another?"

Tom turned paler still; but Lucy answered before he could say a word, and confessing all, said she took the blame upon herself; but Tom interrupted her, exclaiming that he only was to blame.

"There is no blame attached to either," said I, "except for a little concealment, for which I pardon you."

Thus far I had done the duty which I had set before me; but I did not feel it to be completed till they were married.

About three months after I gave my permission, and the day was fixed. I saw them the happiest creatures upon earth. They never knew my secret. That Tom had suspected it, and that it was to that he referred when he was speaking to Lucy in the Hall, I had never doubted; though the readiness with which I had befriended them had deceived him. He had taken a small house, and everything was ready. But, on the day before their wedding, my heart failed me. I knew then that I had never ceased to love her, and I could not endure the thought of her marriage. I felt that I must go away until the day was past; so I gave out that I had suddenly received a summons to go into the country, and that it was my wish that the marriage should not be delayed on that account. That night I went away, not caring whither.

I know what were my thoughts in those two days that I was absent. When I returned, the Hall was silent—Lucy was gone; and I was again alone in the old place.

I remain there.

MERCY.

God looked, and smiled, upon the wakening earth—
In form, power, motion, wondrous and complete—
Which, in the flush and beauty of new birth,
Breasted the seas of ether at His feet;
Earth with companion-worlds, that throbbed and shone
With warmth and light transmitted from His throne,
On noiseless axles ever spinning round,
And moving evermore along the vast profound.

He called to Him three ministers, who wait
Unceasing on His wise and sovereign will,
Servants, and yet partakers of His state,
And watchers of all human good and ill;
An Angel-shaped Triumvirate they seemed,
Whose lofty-throned foreheads ever beamed,
August in presence as they are in name,
And clothed in flowing robes of many-coloured flame.

Justice was one, in aspect calm and cold,
With a severe, yet not oppressive mien;
Another, Truth, with brow sublimely bold,
And onward looks, all radiant and serene;
The last was Mercy, whose consoling eyes
Caught the reflection of celestial skies,
With a benignant and beseeching face,
And wedded hands upraised with supplicating grace.

"Let us make man, for lo! yon lovely sphere,
Which in its amplitude of orbit rolls,
Shall be—ye bright Intelligences, hear!—
Place of probation for immortal souls;
There shall he dwell, there shall he rule and reign,
Yet not exempt from sinfulness and pain,
But destined, 'mid his struggles and his storms,
To people boundless heaven with countless angel-forms."

"Oh, make him not!" cried Justice; "I foresee
That he will trample on Thy sacred laws—
Doubt, question, violate, Thy great decree,
Feel his own being, yet deny its Cause."
"Oh, make him not!" cried Truth, "for he will toil
'Gainst Thee and me, and ruthlessly despoil
Thy sanctuaries; grow corrupt and vain,
Worship himself, and scorn Thy everlasting fane."

"Create this unseen being, gracious Lord!"
Said gentle Mercy, with imploring look—
"And I will guide him by thy precious Word,
The precepts of Thy yet unwritten Book;
My voice shall move him with mysterious power,
My wings shall shield him in the perilous hour;
I'll check, subdue, inspire, as best I can,
The soul which Thou wilt breathe into the form of Man."

"Even so be it!" And Man straightway was born,
Richly endued, and full of joy and trust;
Serene, pure, happy, was his early morn,
Till the dread Tempter bowed him to the dust;
Then, shame and sorrow, and recurrent sin,
Shook his best nature, soiled the shrine within;
But Mercy pleaded, and God sent him light
To cheer his darkling soul, and lead his steps aright.

Then, take the Angel to thine home and heart,
And with her walk along the paths of life;
List to her teachings; learn the exalted art
Which conquers hatred, prejudice, and strife.
Not Truth, not Justice, must we put away,
But lean towards Mercy whensoe'er we may;
Forgive our brother, be ourselves forgiven,
And thus, by gentle deeds, draw down the smile of Heaven.

FATHER THAMES.

It was a dusky evening in the latter end of autumn, with a mizzling rain, when I passed up the Strand, and turned into the gloomy archway-entrance of old smoke-dried Somerset House. I was in a meditative mood. Having nothing to do, which is a circumstance that constitutes (though I do not by any means recommend it as a general rule), one of the best Aids to Reflection, I began very slowly—over-coat buttoned close up—arms folded—eyes bent upon the moist flag-stones—with heavy, pausing paces, to perambulate the quadrangle. How long I continued doing this, or what was the main subject of my thoughts, it is not necessary to relate; suffice it to say that, almost unconsciously, I stopped beside the parapet wall beneath the great stone figure of Father Thames, who is pointing down into the dark depths of the semi-circular vault, pit, or basement, beneath. With closed hands, and elbows lodged against the edge of the parapet, I leaned my head upon my hands, quietly crushing in the front of my hat, until I had attained the thinking attitude I meditated. This being accomplished, and no policeman chancing to pass near, who might have thought himself justified in taking charge of me as a gentleman in an "abnormal" state of mind, my meditation progressed at a great rate.

The duration of this is immaterial to my story; all I know is, that I was aroused by a sound—soft and trickling at first, and then bubbling and pouring, and falling with a quick succession of splashes. A warm vapour at the same time began to steal underneath my hat, and bedew my cheek-bones. I raised my head. The great smoke-black recumbent figure of Father Thames was evidently looking at me with a grim, gaunt smile, while out of the mouth of his huge, bent-down urn, a thick hot stream of no definite colour was now rapidly pouring forth, and falling with a loud noise to the bottom of the deep and dark semi-circular area below.

To this his great fore-finger pointed with more than usual significance. The clock of St. Mary-le-Strand now tolled six, and while the echo in the court below was still vibrating, a great voice, very like the distant sound of a captain on deck calling out through his speaking trumpet to somebody on shore—exclaimed "Good evening, Mr. Beverage! will you take a cup of tea with Old Thames!"

I sank backward a pace at this address. I am a great tea-drinker, it is true, but I could not feel otherwise than overcome, at the moment, by the tremendous cordiality of this invitation. I looked upward at the shadowy countenance of the giant. The grotesque features had relaxed into a good-humoured though still a very grim smile; and, while his inverted *urn* still continued to vomit forth the stream, a strong odour of various kinds, in which that of *tea* might be detected—or, at any rate, imagined—rose in clouds of vapour from the deep semicircular abyss to which his forefinger so significantly pointed. If, indeed, I did not take a draught, I certainly found it impossible to avoid inhaling a considerable portion of the infusion. It was by no means to my liking.

Again, the great, distant-sounding speaking-trumpet voice echoed over the quadrangle—"Mr. Beverage, will you take a jolly good cup of tea?"

The stupendous familiarity of this renewed invitation did not place me, by any means, so much at my ease as was intended; I, however, summoned sufficient boldness to reply,—"Oh, Father of Rivers! I am, indeed, a very

considerable tea-drinker, and I thank you for the high and unlooked-for favour of this your invitation; but, pardon me, most venerable of River-deities, if I add, that, having already inhaled a good 'taste of your quality,' a certain little scruple interferes with my availing myself of further favours."

"Speak it aloud to the Metropolis!" said Father Thames.

"Do not think me ungrateful," said I, "nor by any means insensible of the honour you do me; but the truth is, that, although I drink more tea than most men, probably than any other gentleman in London, I am rather scrupulous as to the water I make it with."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the River-god; "then come with me, and I will show you the magnificent broad stream from which my urn is constantly filled."

A great torch flashed before my eyes!—then another!—then three or four!—then a dozen were dancing round me, and waving me onward, and along with them—now this way, now that, now up, now descending slippery steps—till I found myself seated in a huge dark barge, with Father Thames, and floating slowly down the stream by torch-light.

"How black and solid stands the forest of shipping on each side!—how large and black lie their shadows on the water!—how the lights glance from the windows on the shore!—how fast the current runs! Commerce—commerce!—but, what is that floating by?—pah! it's a dead dog, or something—'a sort of not-of-the-newest poor-john!' How very thick the water is hereabouts, Father Thames; and, pray, may I inquire what that black, sluggish stream may be which I see pouring into you from a wide, bricked archway, yonder?"

"Oh, that's one of my sewers," replied the Father of Rivers, without turning his head, "my Blackfriars sewer-outlet; and a fine, generous, open fellow, he is."

"So he seems," said I; "have you any more of them?"

"Oh, yes: one generally near every bridge, with here and there another, and another, just as the quantity of sewage in a neighbourhood has determined. They all come to me. I have, in fact, a hundred and forty-one sewers between Battersea and London Bridge. All come to me, sir."

"That's very kind of them. But what are those smaller mouths that send forth strange party-coloured currents to mingle with your waters?"

"That one belongs to a soap-boiler—a particular friend of mine; the next to it, is from a slaughter-house, kept by a very estimable friend indeed, who wouldn't allow a particle of the refuse and drainage of his yards to run anywhere else, on any account. From Brentford down to Blackwall, every-body presents his compliments to me. Those other agreeable little outlets you are looking at, or will shortly see, on both sides of my banks, are from gas-factories, brewhouses, shot-factories, coal-wharfs, cow-houses, tan-pits, gut-spinners, fish-markets, and other cheerful and odoriferous tributaries; while the inky flood yonder which your eyes are now fixed upon, is from a very populous grave-yard, which produces so large a quantity of liquid every four-and-twenty hours, that it has to be drained off by regular arrangement, and made to flow into my convenient, all-embracing bosom. Some people affect to turn up their noses at this; but the City Corporations are more wise than nice, and *they* know better."

I was silent for some time, as well I might be, after such a dose of "information for the people;" and during this pause in the conversation, I had unconsciously dangled one arm over the side of the barge, till presently my hand, by a swell of the current, was immersed above the wrist. I drew it up, and found it covered—coated, I may say—with a thick, dingy, slimy liquid of an offensive odour. Gazing on the water around, as we proceeded, I saw that we were surrounded by whole acres of it. I looked at the imperturbable countenance of Father Thames.

"What in the world is all this?" said I.

"The mess we are passing through?" responded the giant coolly;—"oh, it's only a little scum derived from barges, and lime-works, and colliers, and the shipping around us, and bone-grinders, and tar-works, and dredging-machines, and steamers, and back-gardens, and floating remains of creatures from knackers' yards, and rotting vegetables, and what not."

"And what *not*, indeed, Father Thames!" cried I, starting up, quite unable to endure it any longer; "is *this* the water you make your tea with?"

"And do all my cooking with," continued Old Thames, taking no sort of notice of my dismay and excitement; "and all my washing. I have done so, you must know very well, for years and years—my water being in just the same state as you now see it. Don't all our ships, bound to foreign ports, fill their tanks with it? and don't they find it keep good a wonderful length of time? It has, to be sure, to putrify once, during which time sailors who are thirsty on a hot day in the tropics, have to go into a dark corner to drink it, straining it through their teeth as it goes down; but after all the queer stuff has sunk to the bottom of the tanks, and settled for good, everybody says there's no water like it. So now—about barge—we'll return home to Somerset House to tea!"

"Father Thames," said I, firmly, though with every respect; "Father Thames, if I drink a single cup of your tea, then—to quote the words of the immortal Falstaff, who knew a trick worth two of it—'fillip me with a three-man beetle.'"

"Why, how now, Mr. Beverage!—what is the meaning of this?"

"You really must excuse me—I *can't* drink your tea."

"Why not?"

"I may be thought too scrupulous by my City friends, as to the water, but in truth I can't—in short, I won't."

"Oh, Sir Beverage, of Rockwell! this fine gentleman must be your fanciful descendant! Scrupulous about the water you drink!" exclaimed Old Thames; "of course, then, you are not a Londoner—*they* don't mind *what* they drink. A genuine Londoner can stand anything, and for any number of years."

"I am fully persuaded of it," answered I; "but there must be changes in all things. Even Londoners—and let me assure you that I am one—even Londoners will some day or other come to a determination to have a purer stream to their kettles and urns, than is at present furnished by your Rivership's noble current. We live in a time of changes, and even *you* cannot much longer escape them."

"Changes!" exclaimed the Father of Rivers—"there you touch me to the very mud; for what changes have I not undergone, of which this generation, and the one before it, have not only no memory, but no idea. I, however, know it too well."

"Ah, do you so?—pray unbosom yourself, Great River!"

"Changes, Mr. Beverage!—there you reach the bottom of my proud old heart, and make me confess how much of my indifference, however I may be hardened by long habit, is assumed. I, in some measure, pretend not to care for those abominations, because I cannot help them. The City loves them; the seven District Commissioners of Sewers, long cherished them; the West-end turns up its nose at mention of them, and walks away; aldermen scream out against innovation and purification—*what* hope have I? I don't pretend that I was ever a pellucid stream—a crystal current such as pastoral poets delight to describe—no great river, with much shipping or other water-traffic upon it, ever can be clear; but it may be a vast deal clearer than my present condition—ay, purer beyond all comparison as beyond all doubt."

"Pardon me, venerable River, said I, "if I ask how this could be; for did not the sewers empty themselves into you formerly as they do now?"

"Yes," said Old Thames, "they certainly did; but then their stream was not what it now is. Formerly, the sewers were rain-courses—mere land and surface drains; they were for water only, and if anybody threw a dead cat into me, an old pair of boots, a bullock's offal, or any other refuse, he was punishable by the law."

"Where then did the house-drains have their outlets?" I anxiously inquired.

"House-drains—our ancestors' house-drains!—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Father Thames—"why, they had none. The very idea had never occurred to them."

"An extensive system of cesspools, then," said I, "like our own, till very recently?"

"Not even so decent as this. Every house took care of itself, after its own sweet will, and the passengers in the streets, especially at night, had also to take care of themselves, and run sometimes, for their lives, when they heard a window opened above them."

"Very much in the same way as in some parts of Scotland at the present time," said I.

"I know nothing of the Scotch waterworks," said Old Thames:—"I have always had enough to do with my own affairs. What with one tributary and another, each bringing fresh trouble into my waters, I am sometimes almost sick of my life—especially in the dog-days—when—a painful subject that of dogs, for they suggest cats and kittens, and other varieties, with or without brickbats round their necks. One hot summer's day, half a horse, that used to draw the Lord Mayor's coach, came float—— but I shall spoil your tea; let 's change the current of our discourse."

I now proposed that we should converse a little on the different Water Companies of the Metropolis. At mention of these, Father Thames sank back against a bulk-head and laughed aloud. "Where do you think the Water Companies derive their supplies from?" said he.

"From beautiful, unpolluted, clear rivers, rising in the rural districts," answered I, with frank innocence.

"Shall I give you the source and derivation of each of them?"

"I shall feel exceedingly obliged to you," answered I, in some little trepidation, for I began to fear that my tea-drinking was likely to be troubled by his information.

"Then, behold in me that source," said Father Thames. "*I*, Sir, *I* am that beautiful, unpolluted, clear river, from which the greatest part of them derive their supplies. Some of these are peculiarly favoured by circumstances. The Southwark Company, and the Vauxhall Company take their stock in trade from me near Vauxhall,—a neighbourhood which constantly presents me with so abundant a supply of the most objectionable contributions, that it is no wonder the water of these two companies should furnish the mass of microscopic monsters which have recently occupied the attention of Mr. Arthur Hill Hassall. The Lambeth Company fills its pipes from me at Lambeth, famous for the grand outlet of a capacious sewer, hard by. In this way do the Water Companies wisely cater for the London public. You see, they know your taste."

"Taste!—I beg, Father Thames, you will make me an exception to any such taste. My heart resents—I may say, rises at it."

"Well, well—I don't very much wonder. You are not so well seasoned to it as some

people. As for me, I am well-nigh grown callous, being hopeless of amendment amidst the insincere and prevaricating process of all Government legislation on the matter. To what end are all the elaborately prepared reports of the Board of Health;—to what end do the Commissioners of Sewers lay their heavy heads together, lay down pipes, and listen while their secretary lays down the law;—to what end do surveyors and clerks carry each other pick-a-back through the main sewers once a week, to guage, and weigh, and sniff, and snuff about, at their lives' peril,—if, after all, my Lord Do-nothing sits in the highest chair, wiping his spectacles and clearing his throat, and reducing everybody to his own condition of inactivity?"

"But surely, in your remarks on the Water Companies, you except the New River?"

"The New River Company derives its supply from springs, called its 'Head,' which may be simply described as a small pool, filled from a narrow ditch full of weeds and half-animated plants, and swarms of animalculæ in great variety of ugly shapes, which often rise from the surface and display themselves in clouds along the margin. Indifferent as these springs must therefore be, as to purity, the supply is not limited to them, but assisted from the River Lea. It has also an accession to its volume from a well and two reservoirs at Cheshunt (cleared out and cleansed once in twelve years), and it used to derive a final supply in aid from my waters along Upper Thames Street (convenient to Billinsgate), where they still keep up their 'works,' in case of need, and people *do* say, &c. The long *canal*, ingeniously denominated New River, is also a famous place at numerous spots for bathing. There's nothing unwholesome in bath-water, is there?"

"May I request, Father Thames, that you will put me ashore?"

"To tea—well, you need not make so shocking a grimace, Mr. Beverage. You can get no better tea-water in London. But I'll add a word or two. The East London Company takes its supply from the Lea, which is joined by several small rivers; and in its course runs through three-and-twenty small towns and villages, most of which use the water for various purposes of washing and bathing; and some of them drain their sewers into it. Moreover, the Lea is a barge-river; and as bargemen and their families are proverbial for the elegance and refinement of their habits, nobody but your over-nice people could object to drink after them. The Lea reaches my stream near Blackwall, and half of its water is in fact derived from me. Stop! I have not done. The Hampstead — — What's the matter?"

"Oh, Father Thames!" cried I, "it's a wonder and a mercy we are not all poisoned. We Londoners have, for the most part, a very pale look—and here is the cause, I do believe."

As I said this, a strange expression lighted up the face of the River-god; and rousing himself from his indolent recumbency in the barge, he suddenly exclaimed, "Vengeance! yes, vengeance, Mr. Beverage! It is true that I have become hardened to all these outrages, and almost callous; but, Sir, I have some feeling left; and though I would not myself condescend to be vindictive on the populations whom I have so long reared in commercial prosperity, yet you cannot expect me to shed tears over the punishment which they bring upon themselves. For every dead dog and cat that is flung into my bosom, there's a typhus patient—perhaps a dozen; for every slaughter-house, fish-market, or graveyard near my banks, there's a dozen scarlet fever patients—perhaps a hundred;—for every main sewer draining into me, there is a legion of cholera patients, in due season. I have been deeply injured, but I am amply avenged."

The barge was again nearly abreast of Somerset House, and the time was at hand for me to go ashore. The grand tone of melancholy which Old Thames had now fallen into, with the absence of any personal anger at all his years of ill-usage, gave me an additional interest in him. Though I certainly could not take tea with him, I yet did not like to lose his company.

"We are now about to part, Mr. Beverage," said the River-god, shouldering his urn—"I return to my broad pedestal in the gloomy quadrangle—you to your equally solitary tea."

"Nevertheless, oh Father of Rivers," said I, "there is no immediate hurry. Besides—I am thinking."

"Of what, Mr. Beverage? Why do you stand and muse thus? On what imaginary cup of perfect tea, or toast-and-water, do you speculate?"

"On one made with exquisite spring-water, of which I have recently been reading."*

"That is easily found—enough for you and I, and a friend or two; but, for my people, my throngs of London people, my commercial offspring—where shall we find enough pure water from rock or well, or land-spring, to supply all their necessities?"

"That very thing is asserted by scientific men who have recently been to make tea there. Boiled some beef also—and made a bowl of punch. But tea's the best test."

"And a good draught of the water itself the best of all—and the only safe guide?"

"*Shall* we go there?"

"Be it so;" said the River-god, "I have nothing else to do, but pour up, and pour down currents, and my time will be as well spent in this visit, as in lying along my stone pedestal, pointing down into the deep basement."

So, again, the torches flashed around us, for the night was far advanced, and up

* See Sir William Napier's Report on the Bagshot Springs.

the stream we went, the tide having just turned.

Father Thames remained silent for some time. He had fallen into a profound meditation, which I could not venture to interrupt. At length he broke forth into the following strain:—

"To pour up, and pour down currents for ever—nothing else remained for me, did I say? Nothing!—oh yes, there is the Memory of the Past, with all its mighty images. Where are all my city walls, and gates, and embattled towers, of olden time? Fallen—vanished. Excepting a few of the oldest fragments of the Tower of London, scarcely a stone remains of the edifices that adorned me four or five hundred years ago. Where are the numerous barges, of royal state and high nobility, that constantly moved up and down my breast,—now in the centre of my stream, (then comparatively pure, and never offensive,) now gliding beneath the huge overhanging gables of houses on my banks? Where is burly old Harry, in his barge—where resolute Queen Bess in hers—coming down the stream with flags flying, and trumpets, shawms, harps, and divers instruments of minstrelsy? I ask not for these, or such like sovereigns to live again, but where are their representatives? Where are all my fleets of snow-white swans? Choked—sunk. How often did I see William Shakspeare and his *troupe* coming along in his boat to play at the palace! And *now* all this is over. I ask not again to see a condemned king or queen, or noble, all in black array, sit pale in a creeping barge to the Tower dungeon, or to the axe on Tower Hill; but where are the festive river-throngs to replace those gloomy scenes with those of better times? Where are my palaces, each with its landing-place, and steps—its barges and boats, worthy of all the romance of Venice? Transformed to wharfs for boxes, bales, and coal-barges. Where is the Strand—with its flourishing trees, its sloping gardens, its turrets, and pinnacles? All its ancient beauty is jammed into brick-work and shop-windows. Where are the forty thousand watermen who belonged to me?* Transmogrified into cabmen and omnibus-drivers. Where are all their songs? Forgotten—lost—all excepting those of my dear son John Taylor, the water-poet, who for so many years rowed a wherry on my stream, and wrote a volume of poems to my honour. The decrease of his calling by the gradual innovation of coaches, is well recorded by my son, where, in 1662, he sayeth—

'When Queen Elizabeth came to the crown,
A coach in England then was scarcely known.'

But if, in his day, the melancholy transformation of boats into land carriages had commenced, how must I observe the desertion now! Still, let me say, I am not ungrateful to fate—I do not repine that instead of meeting a queen, or a noble, or a dramatist and his players, a gentleman's barge to church, or a fleet of apricot-boats to market, I now encounter a succession of steamers, several men-of-war, great merchant ships, or a fleet of colliers. No—I feel that I am not only the Father of Rivers—I am the Father of English Commerce. This supports me—this consoles me; and the glories of the present (though I cannot forgive—I cannot patiently bear the pollution of my waters) rewards me for all my labours, and enables me to look back upon the past without too deep a sorrow."

By this time we had arrived at the entrance of the river Wey. The torch-bearers were now dismissed; they returned rapidly down the stream, flashing out, one by one,—and with a gentle swerve, the great black barge passed through the mouth and went rippling onward, while the banks and borders seemed gradually to close in as we proceeded.

It was a fine clear night. The stars were out in myriads. Following the windings of the river—now between ranks of dwarf willows—now between green grassy banks and slopes—here coming close among colonies of osiers—there brushing against squadrons of bulrushes, or between lengthy marginal fringes of rustling sedge, the barge of Old Thames pursued its course. It was the same barge as at first, and yet it seemed a smaller one; for, somehow, it had imperceptibly contracted, narrowing and shortening itself to accommodate its form and size to the changeable width and windings of the river. At length it came to a stop. Its dark broad bows were buried in a low green bank.

"We can go afloat no further here," said Father Thames. "But come; I know the place you have mentioned, and have been curious to visit it for some time. If all be true that I have heard, it will be the saving of me, as it will of the lives of millions who drink me. So, jump out of the barge and follow me."

I did so; and in the morning twilight, with stars still shining, and the moon still visible, though pale and very high, Father Thames led the way along green marshy patches, and over wet grassy fields, and moist fallow land, and through long oozy plots of rushes, till finally we arrived at a sandy district, interspersed with large heaths and stony tracks, and then more sands,—and finally a region of fresh water springs, all glancing, and bubbling, and rippling along, like pure crystal, or liquid silver, or rivulets of clear light, according to the light and shade that fell upon them!

The Father of Rivers stopped—looked down at the bright spouting springs, following their several courses with his eye—now in one direction, now in another; then clasping his hands, and raising his face to the blush of morning now tinging the east, he exclaimed aloud, "Heaven and Earth be praised!—there's some hope for Old Thames, and for all London at last! Look here!—and look yonder!—and yonder! and yet again there!

* See Knight's *London*, Vol. I, "The Silent Highway."

and there! and yonder! and beyond! There are fifty millions of gallons a-day!"

He paused a moment; then added, "My dear Mr. Beverage do you see this?"

"I do! I do! venerable River-god!" I exclaimed. "Fifty millions of gallons of pure spring water a-day! There's tea, and salubrious drinks, and wholesome cooking for all London at last! No more emulsion of dead dogs and what-not—no more Water Company monopolies—no more qualms of nose and eye, and others to follow within—but water, such as Nature intended man to drink, not only savage man, but civilised man, too, if he will but have the sense to value the blessing.

"I breathe fresh life," ejaculated the River-god, devoutly; "I rejoice in my civilisation, and in the science that will govern it, when Thames, being free of his pollutions, shall be himself again!"

CHIPS.

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

The voice of one of the fair sex has not yet been heard from the land of gold; but, we are now able to print extracts from a letter written by a young woman resident there, to her sister. She is married, and first went out, it would appear, with her brother, to New Zealand, in the service of a family whose fortunes she, her husband, and her brother, followed to Stockton, in California. The epistle is dated in August, 1849. "Dear Rachael," it begins, "You see we have arrived at the very place that Christopher read to you and me about, in one of the London papers. At the time he read it, you know, I said I did not believe in it; but I only wish we had come here twelve months sooner; we should have saved a fortune. This is indeed a money-making place, if a person will work. You will be surprised to know how much money we can earn. I do my own work, and the washing and cooking for Mr. T. and Mr. S., and draw from eight to ten pounds per week, which is a great deal for a woman to do; but if I had any one to help me, I could do treble the work I now do. I have refused a great deal of good work; and to get a woman or girl here to help me—I may as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay. Now, my dear sister, all I want is your consent to come here to us. Brother and Mr. T. have long since advised me to send for you; and we would open a shop—go to San Francisco to buy our goods, haberdashery, &c.—and you would soon see the money we should make! I would open a shop now, only I have so much work, I could not manage it myself. I don't suppose you are married; but if this is the case, and you come here, you would soon make a fortune, there is so few females here. I am treated with the greatest respect by the gentlemen; as they say it is such a treat to talk to a lady, and particularly to an English lady. They touch their hats, and shake hands with me, and treat me as though I was quite the lady. 'Madam' is a vast word when they speak to me. I never was treated with more civility in my life.

"We have done as well or better than any who came out in our ship. We intend staying in this country, if we are spared, for some time, as we are doing well; and should we make much money, we intend going to New Zealand, as we like that, much, for cheap living, though we may change our minds. We have never yet wished ourselves back in England; though, at the same time, we should very much like to see you all, and often wish you here. We are only thirty miles from the gold diggings; I have had several pieces of gold in my hand, and expect to have some more soon."

The brother, in another letter, gives a glowing account of the labour market; and corroborates,—by way of per contra,—all that has been hitherto stated as to the high prices of food and rent:

"I am working at the carpentry, and get twelve pounds per week, and L. (the sister) gets more than I do some days; but our intention is to go into some kind of business shortly. Provisions are dear here, but not so dear in proportion as in England, considering the price we are paid for labour; but all sorts of labour is so well paid, that a man will hardly open his mouth under a dollar. Some chickens was sold here on Saturday last, at three pounds per couple; eggs, new-laid, two shillings each; milk, two shillings per quart; butter, four shillings per pound; cabbages, four shillings each; cucumbers, one shilling each; but potatoes are a penny per pound—though they have been a shilling; onions, five shillings per pound; good beef, tenpence; flour, fourpence; tea, four shillings; sugar, one shilling; coffee, three shillings; veal, one shilling; mutton, two shillings; hams, one shilling and sixpence; dried apples, two shillings; and other dried fruits about the same. House-rent, extravagantly dear; a small, one-roomed house, two pounds per week; and in some parts of the town, the ground-rent is twelve to twenty pounds per week."

The kind of lodgings made shift with, to avoid such high rents, is thus described:

"We have a large tent, which Mr. T. had made in New Zealand. It is put up in a large field, free of expense; it is twenty-four feet long, and sixteen feet wide, and is very comfortable. As we have no rain here for six or seven months, living in a tent is not inconvenient; but we intend to have a nice house before winter sets in."

In urging his sister to join them, he continues:

"We do not know whether you are married or not, but if you are, we hope you are both well and happy. If you were here, you could save as much money in one month as you

could in twelve months in England. With downright hard drudgery and rigid economy, a man and wife may save from twelve to twenty pounds per week here, if they have any luck at all; but you must not think you get it without working for it. You have to work, and work hard, but you get good pay. I have seen scores of people that have been here twelve and eighteen months, that have not saved a dollar—they gamble it all away as they get it. People go to the gambling houses every day till they get into such a loose habit. They are opened all day on Sunday, and some are never closed, neither night nor day. Some men will come from the mines, and put a pound of gold on the table at a time, and in less than an hour lose a fortune."

THE MODERN SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

PART III.

At the period when Maurice arrived in Halifax, the Lieutenant-Governor of the province was in England, on leave, and during his absence the command of the garrison devolved on the senior officer for the time being, with additional pay and allowances, and the title of "Commandant." In this office the Lieutenant-Colonel of Maurice's regiment found himself invested at the moment of his arrival; not, however, to his surprise, for he was aware of the Lieutenant-Governor's absence, and had embarked in the first transport, in order to profit by his seniority as soon as possible.

Colonel Stormy was a man who, in the course of a tolerably long military career, had seen some service, here and there, though none of the most brilliant kind; a circumstance partly owing to the nature of the expeditions in which he had served, and partly to the natural wrong-headedness that distinguished him. It was not his fault, to be sure, that Flanders should first have called for the display of his abilities; but if he had not been so obstinately bent on mistaking a celery bed for the trenches before Courtray, he would not have received that shot through his left leg which gave him an agreeable limp for the rest of his days. It was through no mistake of his that Whitelock's army surrendered at Buenos Ayres; but if he had followed that prudent General's example, he certainly might have escaped the *lasso* which would either have strangled or made him prisoner, in a skirmish there, if a friendly sword had not severed the obnoxious cord. It was not he who was responsible for the failure at Walcheren; but he might, perhaps, have avoided the fever, if he had followed the advice of the regimental surgeon, and not have gone to bed in his wet boots, after reconnoitring all day in a fog, without orders to that effect. Unfortunate expeditions, in short, were the scenes of all his exploits, and it was his peculiar fate to illustrate them to his own disadvantage. We are wrong, however, in saying "all,"—for, at the battle of Moose Island, in the Bay of Fundy (which was not recorded on the regimental colours, and is, indeed, remembered by few, having been somehow eclipsed by Waterloo) where Colonel Stormy was *not* present—at the battle of Moose Island, he carried a village of wigwams, at the head of his grenadiers, in very gallant style; and had the capture of that island made him master—as he supposed—of the key to the whole American continent, he might possibly have received the Order of the Bath, which he always considered his due, and grumbled at the Horse Guards for withholding it. But, if he did not obtain that merited distinction, he held Moose Island with his regiment, against all comers, for full six months after peace had been agreed on, and during that time acquired the taste for absolute government which he never afterwards lost an opportunity of developing.

This taste was aided by the pecuniary recommendations of "a command," and, as a soldier and a Scotchman, he had a keen appetite for all the loaves and fishes that came in his way. His talents for civil government were on a par with his military qualifications, and hot water was, consequently, the element in which he chiefly resided. Colonel Stormy did not deserve the entire application of Dryden's celebrated lines, but he laid claim to one which he made peculiarly his own; and nobody who had the fortune to serve under him, was slow to discover that the Commandant was not only "stiff in opinion," but most assuredly also "ever in the wrong." To complete this outline of the man, whose position enabled him to sway the destinies of so many of his fellows, it must be added that he was excessively passionate, but—as a set-off to the less amiable traits of his character—he was quick to forgive, of a jovial temperament, and sufficiently good-natured when not particularly thwarted. As all persons in authority in the army have their *sobriquet*, we may as well mention that the colonel was familiarly known as "Mad Jock."

A regiment, under the command of an officer such as we have described Colonel Stormy to have been, was not likely to maintain a very high reputation for discipline, in spite of the exertions of two steady-going majors and an adjutant, whose strictness bordered very closely on severity; and as long as Colonel Stormy had no other object to engage his attention, the regiment was knocked about like a shuttlecock—at one moment all work and at another all play. But the commandantship of a garrison, composed of three complete regiments, besides Artillery and Engineers, and a numerous local staff, gave Mad Jock a wide field for interference, and left his own corps comparatively undisturbed, while it afforded its more responsible officers an opportunity of getting the regiment in order.

Amongst those profited by the new state of things was Maurice Savage. The pride which he had *originally* felt in wearing a red coat, had not been discouraged; and he had learnt from Mac Manus that to be "smart" was the first step towards the promotion which the old soldier had, all along, so unambitiously neglected. Maurice, therefore, took pains with his personal appearance, and it was not long before he attracted the adjutant's attention at guard mounting, and, instead of being told off for the usual tour of duty, was very frequently ordered to fall out as an orderly for the day, in which situation a private soldier enacts at humble distance the part of aide-de-camp—without any increase of pay, but with a little more personal liberty than if he had his eight hours' sentry to perform. As an "orderly," his attendance on the adjutant, who sometimes selected Maurice specially to convey his orders, led him to observe the advantages which accrued to those men who were most regular in their attendance at school.

This was even then an optional course, and in the earlier days of Mac Manus and a few of the old soldiers of the regiment, had no existence; but when Maurice joined the service, the acquirement of education was every day becoming more widely extended, and at the present time, happily, we have it to say, the most effectual step towards advancement in the army lies through the school-room doors.

The Limited Enlistment Bill is a vast improvement, moreover, on the old system, which was generally for life; for now, a young man may enter the service at eighteen, and be dismissed at twenty-eight a perfectly educated man. This phrase is no hyperbole, for education in the army is not confined at present, as it was of yore, to the mere rudiments, sufficient to render the possessor of them capable of writing out the orders or of paying a company—but embraces a well grounded knowledge of history and geography (leaving the locality of "Novy Skoshy" no longer a matter of doubt), and a competent acquirement, not only of arithmetic and mathematics, but of geometry, algebra, mensuration, and fortification; so that, on returning to "civil life," the soldier is not compelled to fall back on the little mechanical knowledge which, peradventure, he owned before he exchanged the cobbler's awl, or the tailor's needle, for the musket and bayonet, but may earn an honourable existence by teaching those sciences which he has acquired in his military capacity.* The difficulty which the schoolmasters of regiments now have, is, not the task of employment in teaching, but positive overwork, the consequence of the avidity with which the men who have joined the battalion attend the classes. The barrack library—successful rival of the barrack canteen—towards the support of which the soldier now cheerfully pays his penny per month, convincingly proves that the desire for education has taken root in the British service, and we trust the time is not far distant when the reproach will be removed from our army of being, in point of intellectual cultivation, so far behind the armies of France and Prussia.

We have said, that when the spirit of emulation awoke in the breast of Maurice Savage, the education of the men was in no wise compulsory; they were not then required, even as recruits, to attend school for two hours a-day, and afterwards continue at their own will and pleasure to be students; but, still, it frequently happened that a man preferred the request to be allowed to pick up the crumbs of knowledge that fell from the schoolmaster's table,—and Maurice Savage was one of these. It followed, in proportion to his assiduity, not that he became estranged from his comrades, but that he rose superior to the greater part of those by whom he was surrounded. His newly awakened desire for study brought with it another notable advantage; it kept him from those haunts of idleness and vice where nothing is learnt but that which tends to degradation and leads to crime.

It is the misfortune of most of our colonies that spirits are excessively cheap, and that even the little pocket-money which comes to the soldier may, if he is so disposed, at any moment, purchase liquor enough to make him "the worse for it."* When once he gets a taste for the rum and whiskey, which are so abundant in the North American garrison towns, his demoralisation becomes as complete as that of the Red Indian, who is now seldom seen in quarters except as an object for men to make sport withal as he exhibits his drunken antics. The vice of drinking, growing by that it feeds on, cannot continue to be indulged in by the soldier, out of the pittance which, if saved, might, in the course of time, accumulate, in the Regimental Savings' Bank, to a respectable sum; his own respectability being insured the while. To obtain the unhallowed gratification, he runs in debt at the low grog-shops; and to pay his debt—for the villainous storekeeper threatens to complain, though he knows he cannot claim the amount, the credit of the troops having been "cried

* That genius will make its way in spite of every obstacle, is too trite a theme for us to insist upon in this place, but during the two hundred years' existence of a standing army in England, how few have been the instances of private soldiers elevated to distinction by the force of education. Coleridge is not an example, for he owed his advancement to the accidental discovery of his being an educated man before he enlisted in the dragoons; but the late Mr. William Sturgeon, of Manchester, was one of those rare exceptions. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and disliking that employment, at the age of nineteen entered the Westmoreland Militia, and two years later enlisted in the Royal Artillery. "While in this corps," says a recent biographical notice of him, "he devoted his leisure to scientific studies, and appears to have made himself familiar with all the great facts of electricity and magnetism, which were then opening on the world. His subsequent career has created for him a name in the annals of scientific discovery."

down,"—the drunkard sells his necessaries. He is confined, and put under stoppages for this; but his downward career is too often only arrested for a time, and when the opportunity offers of getting out of barracks, he again frequents the grog-shop, spends more than he can call his own, and, anticipating severer punishment, makes up his mind to commit the worst crime in the catalogue of military offences, by deserting.

Halifax is, in many respects, an excellent military station; but the fatal facility of procuring cheap spirits is only too patent there. We know not whether the nest of abomination is yet to be found, which, when Maurice first went out to the colony, was still in existence, and from the frequency of the disturbances which took place there, went by the name of "Knock-me-down Street;" but if not "put down," it is a crying infamy that calls for immediate extirpation. The inhabitants of the hovels that formed this appropriately-named spot, were a small colony of black people of both sexes, orignally brought from one of the remote West India islands, by the admiral on the station, and permitted to settle in Halifax, as a compensation for some loss or damage experienced by them, in the course of the war. Their notions of colonisation were of a peculiar kind, and consisted in drinking, and making others drunk, in fiddling, dancing, singing, shouting, and fighting. The squeaking tones of the kit, the shrill laughter, and shriller screams of the women, and the occasional report of fire-arms, showed that the place was not only disorderly, but dangerous, and that whoever had a reputation worth procuring, or a life he was not quite tired of, would do well to shun the disgusting dens of Knock-me-down Street. This "Suburra" was, unluckily, situated exactly between the barracks, where different regiments were quartered, and those who passed from one to the other, were obliged to pass through it. Its external hideousness was insufficient to repel visitors from the orgies which were held within, though by daylight no soldier ever dared to enter; but the case was different after dark, and many a man lived to rue the time when his foot first crossed the threshold of one of these haunts of licentiousness and crime.

Amidst the various blunders, practical and theoretical, which occupied the time of Mad Jock, was an occasional resolve to "look up" his own regiment, the discipline of which he would have acted wisely in leaving altogether to the senior major. We do not mean to say that the cares of his new station ought to have withdrawn Colonel Stormy from the paramount duty of superintending his own corps; on the contrary, he might have exercised a constant regimental superintendence, and at the same time have neglected none of the staff occupations of the garrison. But it was his misfortune to do everything by fits and starts; at one moment he would delegate the entire control of the regiment to the officer next in seniority; and at another he would, without any previous warning, resume the command, enter into the minutest details, order and counter-order, revise and find fault with everything to which he had previously given his sanction. Because he was not there to look after everything, he would say the regiment was going to the devil: everyone neglected his duty; the officers thought of nothing but balls and plays, and shooting parties, and gallivanting after the ladies—he knew what they were about when they little dreamt he was watching them; the non-commissioned officers were a pack of ignorant beasts—"lazy dromedaries,"—(this was his favourite phrase), and deserved "to be broke," every one of them; as to the men, they were, one and all, a set of drunken blackguards; nothing but flogging would do them good; and straightway he would order a parade in heavy marching order, where, without giving time for the regiment to appear properly under arms, he would stalk up and down the ranks, prancing, and taking snuff, and brandishing his cane, and swearing at everything and everybody that came in his way. The usual result of one of these sudden "inspections" (as he called them) was the ordering of half-a-dozen courts-martial on as many unlucky fellows for unsoldierlike conduct in not appearing properly dressed at parade; or for some other offence equally slight—or, it might be, altogether fanciful. He would then call for the defaulters' book, fasten on the words "drunk on duty," hurry to the front some three or four scapegraces of the regiment whom, in spite of the standing orders to the contrary, he had ordered to be "logged," and read the entire regiment a lecture on drunkenness, so worded, as to include everyone present, and lead a bystander to suppose, that from the senior officer to the smallest drummer-boy on parade, they were all a parcel of Helots; and that it was his mission to expose and punish everyone alike; his constant peroration being—

"But I'll take the rum out of you, Gentlemen! Demmee, I'll take the rum out of you!"

And the plan he adopted to effect this laudable object, was forthwith to call for his horse, and, riding in front, order the regiment out to the Common, where he would put it through a series of manœuvres, executed in "double time," till the men and officers were ready to drop with fatigue: nor cease from his exertions till he had clubbed the battalion and rendered himself inaudible between rage and hoarseness. He would then call the officers to the front, desire the Adjutant to extricate the men from the confusion into which he had thrown them, and march them home; counter-order the court-martial; and, after a few pinches of snuff, taken with a sort of grim unction, resume his ordinary

manner, satisfied that he had given the regiment a lesson which would not be forgotten in a hurry.

Nor were these lessons thrown away; but their result was to render the officers dissatisfied, and the men discontented: the former felt that all their efforts were held as nought, and the latter that no amount of good conduct made them safe, when Mad Jock gave way to one of his indiscriminate fits of passion; for on such occasions the best man was as likely to suffer as the worst. In short, these ill-considered visitations on the part of Mad Jock had a precisely contrary effect to that which he intended; they caused him to be held up to ridicule by the men; neutralised the authority of the officers in general; and drove more than one man to desertion.

It was in the midst of troubled waters like these that Maurice Savage had to steer his way, to avoid punishment, and acquire approbation; that he succeeded in doing so, was owing to more causes than one. The counsel of Mac Manus, whose motto was, "Do your duty first, Maurice, and complain afterwards," proved of no slight service; not less so was the spectacle of Corporal Rattler, whom nothing could keep from coming drunk to parade, for which he was reduced to the ranks—flogged—sent to hospital—and finally sent home with *phthisis pulmonalis*, an incurable invalid; nor was the example thrown away of two or three men, little older than himself, but who had been better prepared before they joined for the education they now received, and were already making their way upward; but, without doubt, the most serviceable thing for Maurice, as well as for the whole regiment, was the displacement of Colonel Stormy from his command, by the sudden return of the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, who had been hastily ordered out by the Horse Guards, when the consequence of certain indiscretions on the part of Mad Jock became only too apparent at head-quarters. A private letter from a friend in office, to the last named gallant but blundering individual, advising retirement, and showing where good terms might be had, induced Colonel Stormy to apply for leave of absence as soon as the General arrived; and, after taking farewell of "his boys," with tears in his eyes and something that sounded very like "dromedaries" on his lips, he recrossed the Atlantic, was gazetted a few months afterwards, as having sold out, pocketed a heavy sum by the transaction, and was never heard of afterwards.

The regiment, left in the mean time to the care of the steady-going Major, began once more to hold up its head, and by the time the new Lieutenant-Colonel joined, was in a fit state to profit by the measures which the latter had been instructed by the Commander-in-Chief to adopt, in anticipation of general improvements which "the Duke" then meditated.

This officer was discriminating, just and liberal; he knew how to make allowances for the temptations to which a soldier is exposed; he was able to forbear when, more from thoughtlessness than wilful misconduct, a man got into trouble; he saw clearly what was fairly to be expected from the troops under his command, and refrained from exacting impossibilities; and he was endowed with that accuracy of judgment which made all his rewards worthily bestowed. Thus qualified, he was quick to discover that Maurice Savage was not the least undeserving of the care with which he regarded all, and the recommendation of the young man to the probationary rank of lance-corporal was favourably received. The advice which he gave on the occasion, was not thrown away, and five years had not passed by from the time when Maurice Savage "took the shilling" from Serjeant Pike, before he became that worthy's superior in rank; indeed the last reports from the regiment, now stationed in Upper Canada, make mention of the early retirement of the Serjeant-Major who is about to claim his discharge and settle in that country, and the letter which conveys this intelligence adds, that when this event takes place it is almost certain he will be succeeded by Colour-Serjeant Savage.

At his age, with the testimonials of good conduct which he has already received, and the prospect which now opens before him, there is nothing improbable in the expectation, that in a few years he may be recommended for a commission. He has always invested his spare money in the Regimental Savings' Bank, where it is as safe and as lucrative to him as if in the Bank of England. His increased pay enables him constantly to add to the amount; and, should the expectation be realised, which has become a legitimate goal for the soldier's hopes, Maurice Savage will scarcely stand in need of the hundred pounds which is now presented to every non-commissioned officer, to enable him to bear the expenses and assist him in supporting the rank to which he has wisely been permitted to attain.

A word on parting about Patrick Mac Manus. The new system was introduced too late for him to profit by it to any extent. He was "too ould," he said, "to learn from books and them kind of things, but he didn't see that they did the boys any kind of harrum." He thought, perhaps, that "he might have cut more of a figure, if, instead of powthering the outside of his head when he first entered the service, he had been made to put something into it. He was thankful, too," he added, "for the warrant that gave him an extra sevenpence a-day pension for good sarvice, after knocking about for more than thirty years; and anyhow he'd be happy to drink long life to them as made it their study now to care for the soldier's wants, and give him a man's chance of gettin' on in the world."

as if he had a body worth preservin' and a sowl worth savin'."

These sentiments he constantly repeated, after he had obtained his discharge, when he used to pitch his quarters as near the barracks as he could get a place to put himself into; where, on a fine summer's evening, when the men were off duty, he would gather a knot round him, as he sat on a log smoking his pipe, and tell them long stories about "His R'yal Highness Prince Edward," and the long list of martinets, which ended "let us hope, boys, in Mad Jock!"

PEACE AND WAR.

Said War, "I pray thee my playthings see :—
See warriors glittering in the sun;
They're all automatons, moved by me,
The proudest, the lowliest—every one.
At my beck or nod they rush to death;
Rush—ay, with frantic cries of joy—
To the cannon's mouth. But, then, above
I strew bits of laurel, by way of decoy."

Said Peace, "I pray thee my playthings see :—
See harvests ripening under the sun;
List to the shuttle's whirr. With me
The yeoman's happy battle is won.
Cheered by me, they toil till death,
While maids and matrons their linen weave;
The earth is not damp'd with their parting breath,
And I smooth their pillow as they take leave."

Said War, "I pray thee my triumphs see :—
See now how nobly my chosen fall;
List to the cannon's roar, and their glee,
When the enemy's blood bespatters them all.
The warrior's head is upturn'd to the stars;
The warrior's plume lies soil'd in the dust;
But a halo of glory flits round his scars,
And with the blood of the enemies shall his sword rust."

Said Peace, "I pray thee my triumphs see :—
See roses creep up the cottager's wall:
The children crowd round the father's knee;
The mill-wheel turns, to grind food for all.
I gather his friends round the poor man's bed,
When Death, 'the lean fellow,' seizes his prey;
I call blessings down on the orphan's head,
And point to the flowers of the bright May-day."

Said War, "My triumphs are won with blood,
The bravest and best with which veins e'er throbb'd."
Said Peace, "I triumph in yielding food
To the famished widows whom war hath robb'd."
Said War, "I am worshipp'd in every land;
My trophies bedeck every sacred dome."
Said Peace, "Mine are raised by the small white hand
Of Truth—and I'm honoured in every home."

HOW TO BE IDOLISED.

The hyperbole of being "idolised" was never, perhaps, made a literal truth in so striking a manner as is shown in the following story; for which we are indebted to a French author.

In 1818, the good ship "Dido" left the Mauritius, on her voyage to Sumatra. She had a cargo of French manufactures on board, which her captain was to barter for coffee and spice with the nabobs of the Sunda isles. After a few days' sail, the vessel was becalmed; and both passengers and crew were put on short allowance of provisions and water.

Preserved meats, fruits, chocolate, fine flour, and live-stock, were all exhausted, with the exception of one solitary patriarchal cock, who, perched on the main-yard, was mourning his devastated harem, like Mourad Bey after the battle of the Pyramids.

The ship's cook, Neptune, a Madagascar negro, received orders, one morning, to prepare this bird for dinner; and, once more, the hungry denizens of the state-cabin snuffed up the delicious odour of roast fowl. The captain took a nap, in order to cheat his appetite until dinner-time; and the chief mate hovered like a guardian-angel round the caboose, watching lest any audacious spoiler should lay violent hands on the precious dainty.

Suddenly, a cry of terror and despair issued from the cook's cabin, and Neptune himself rushed out, the picture of affright, with both his hands twisted, convulsively, in the sooty wool that covered his head. What was the matter? Alas! in an ill-starred hour the cook had slumbered at his post, and the fowl was burnt to a cinder.

A fit of rage, exasperated by hunger and a tropical sun, is a fearful thing. The mate, uttering a dreadful imprecation, seized a large knife, and rushed at Neptune. At that moment, one of the passengers, named Louis Bergaz, interposed to ward off the blow. The negro was saved, but his preserver received the point of the steel in his wrist, and his blood flowed freely. With much difficulty the other passengers succeeded in preventing him, in his turn, from attacking the mate; but, at length, peace was restored, the aggressor having apologised for his violence. As to poor Neptune, he fell on his knees, and kissed and embraced the feet of his protector.

In a day or two the breeze sprang up, and the "Dido" speedily reached Sumatra. Four years afterwards, it happened, one day, that Louis Bergaz was dining at the public table of an English boarding-house at Batavia. Amongst the guests were two learned men who had been sent out by the British Government to inspect the countries lying near the equator. During dinner, the name of Bergaz happening to be pronounced distinctly by one of his acquaintances at the opposite side of the table, the oldest of the *savans* looked up from his plate, and asked, quickly,

"Who owns the name of Bergaz?"

"I do."

"Curious enough," said the *savant*, "you bear the same name as a god of Madagascar."

"Have they a god called Bergaz?" asked Louis, smiling.

"Yes. And if you like, after dinner,

I will show you an article on the subject, which I published in an English scientific journal."

Louis thanked him; and afterwards read as follows:

"The population of Madagascar consists of a mixture of Africans, Arabs, and the aboriginal inhabitants. These latter occupy the kingdom of the Anas, and are governed by a queen. The Malagasys differ widely from the Ethiopian race, both in their physical and moral characteristics. They are hospitable and humane, but extremely warlike, because a successful foray furnishes them with slaves. It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasys worship the devil, and that they have at Teintingua a tree consecrated to the Evil One. They have but one temple, dedicated to the god Bergaz (*beer*, source, or well, in the Chaldean, and *gaz*, light, in the Malagasy tongue). To this divinity they are ardently devoted, and at stated periods offer him the sacrifice of a cock, as the ancient Greeks did to Æsculapius. So true it is that the languages and superstitions of all lands and ages are linked together by mysterious bonds, which neither time nor distance can destroy."

Louis Bergaz thought the latter philosophical reflection very striking.

"You can scarcely imagine," said his companion, "how important these remote analogies, traced out by us with so much labour and fatigue, are to the advancement of science!"

Bergaz bowed, and was silent.

The cares of a busy commercial life soon caused him to forget both the philosopher and his own idol namesake.

After the lapse of about two years, Bergaz set out to purchase ebony at Cape St. Maria, in Madagascar; but a violent tempest forced the vessel to stop at Simpaï on the Avas Coast. While the crew were busy refitting the ship, Bergaz started off to explore the interior of the country. There are no carnivorous wild beasts in Madagascar; but, there is abundance of game to tempt the sportsman: and Lewis, with his gun on his shoulder, followed the chase of partridges, quails, and pheasants, for several miles, until he reached the border of a thick bamboo jungle.

There, he saw a number of the natives prostrate before the entrance of a large hut. They were singing, with one accord, a monotonous sort of hymn, whose burden was the word "Bergaz!" so distinctly pronounced, that Louis immediately recollected the account given him by the philosopher in Batavia.

Impelled by very natural curiosity, he stepped forward, and peeped into the temple. No attempt had been made to ornament its four walls, built of bamboo, cemented with clay; but, in the centre of the floor stood, on a pedestal, the statue of the god Bergaz, and Louis was greatly struck with his appearance.

The idol, although far from being a finished work of art, was yet far superior in form and workmanship to the ordinary divinities of savage nations. The figure represented a man, dressed in European costume, with a wide straw hat on his head, and a striped muslin cravat round his neck. He was standing in the attitude of one who is intercepting a blow, and his right hand was stained with blood. There was even an attempt, Louis Bergaz thought, to imitate his own features; and the god had thick black whiskers meeting under his chin, precisely such as Louis had worn in 1818. The dress, too, resembled his own; and the cravat, marked in the corner L. B., was one which he had given Neptune the cook. In a few minutes, a procession of natives entered the temple; they kindled a fire in a sort of chafing-dish; and, placing on it a dead cock, burnt the sacrifice before their god, amid loud acclamation. Bergaz, unluckily, was not able to preserve his gravity during this pious ceremonial. He burst into a fit of laughter, and was instantly seized by the offended worshippers. With shouts of rage they were about to sacrifice him to their outraged deity, when a noise of cymbals announced the approach of the Chief of the tribe. The high priest met him at the door, and announced the sacrilegious conduct of the stranger. The incensed chieftain seized a Malayan *crease*, and ran to take vengeance on the offender. Bergaz turned and looked at him; each uttered a cry of surprise; the next moment, the chief was embracing the feet of Louis.

"Neptune, old fellow! what is all this?" asked Bergaz pointing to the figure, "Bergaz is my god!" cried the negro, striking his breast. Then, to the unbounded astonishment of all present, the European and the chief walked off lovingly together towards the palace of the latter.

On their way thither, Neptune related his history to his friend. The powerful Radamas, sovereign of Madagascar, had concluded a treaty of peace with his enemy Réné. The wife of the latter, being a woman of genius, was named queen of the Anas, by an edict of Radama; and this lady was the sister of Neptune, ex-cook of the Dido.

No sooner was she seated on the throne than she released her brother from his menial situation, and gave him absolute authority over the small province of Simpaï.

Neptune's first act was an endeavour to manifest his gratitude, after the strange fashion of his people, to his protector Bergaz; and we may fancy how cordial was the reception, how warm and affectionate the welcome, bestowed on the living benefactor, whose wooden semblance he and his people worshipped as a god. The grateful negro loaded him with presents, and sent his most skilful workmen to assist in repairing the ship. Probably, to this day, the god Bergaz may still be worshipped in Simpaï; and the Æsculapian cock may still excite the wonder, and fill the notebooks of travelling philosophers.

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TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.

It is slippery walking up Ludgate Hill, early on a mid-winter morning, with an atmosphere well mixed with Thames fog and sea coal smoke, after a week of rainy days. Look up for the dome of St Paul's, and so much of it as you can see looks unusually magnificent, half-hidden in its bath of London yellow clouds. You can scarcely see the large clock-face, with the hands full six feet long, and everything looks so dim and dark, that when you hear it strike six, you fancy it must have made a mistake, and gone too fast in the night, in its desire to get through the cold season as quickly as possible. Still, six at night it cannot be, for the shops are all shut, and there are no well-dressed people about, hurrying on their way for business or pleasure. A policeman sauntering, three bricklayers' labourers hurrying, and one fishmonger's boy in a cart, driving the horse within an inch of a general smash, have this part of the thoroughfare all to themselves. Turn to the left up the Old Bailey, and the scene changes. Newgate is there, hard, nubbly, and black as usual, and St. Sepulchre's, with its tall tower and bells that toll men to execution below,—both stern, calm. But round about them both there is a very whirlpool of life. Noise of all kinds—bellowings, bleatings, the rattle of wheels, the barking of dogs, the sound of blows, many and fast, the clatter of hoofs, the tramp of hurrying feet, with ever and ever rising above all a running chorus of execrations, rude oaths launched by brutalised men against infuriated over-driven brute-beasts. Pass on from the Old Bailey towards Smithfield, and the crowd thickens and thickens, and, at each step you take, up splashes the thick yellowish-black slush that, literally, floats on all sides. Thousands of oxen are packed in rows, as close as so many soldiers in a line, shoulder to shoulder, whilst acres of sheep are panting away the little span of life now left in them, as butchers and salesmen are making terms, and drovers are yelling to dogs, and dogs plunging amongst herds yet unpenned. Every animal you see has heaving sides, and open mouth, and panting breath; and, had they human voices, their thousand drouthy throats, and lolled out parching tongues, would join in one long, loud wail, drowning all cries in one for Water! Water!

Take care of your toes, or they will be trodden down by drovers' hobnailed shoes; take care of your eyes, or they may be probed by the iron goads at the end of drovers' sticks; take care of your head, or it may be broken by blows meant for an unlucky ox; take care of your pockets, for all the thieves are not inside the building you have just passed, and where canvas money-bags are seen, there nimble fingers often congregate. The human throng is as thick almost as the quadruped one; and for blows or losses, there is at Smithfield, on market morning, little time either for sympathy or redress.

Look out upon the army of sheep, oxen, calves, and pigs there drawn up, all full of life, and remember, then, that all this is not three days' meat for London; that within a week all these living things will have been killed, cooked, eaten, and digested—their skins in the tan-yards, their horns in the turner's workshop, and their hoofs in the glue-pot. Gone; used up; to help feed London for just a few days, and you will have one element for making up a notion of how vast an affair this same London is.——

But Smithfield is not a safe place for abstraction.

A rush, and a shriek, and a heavy fall, and a new shower of oaths—and straightway part of the crowd proceeds to pick up a wretched woman who is trying to cross the way to her work, just as an ox which had been driven and goaded all night, makes a grand tilt at his tormentors. The drovers had driven him to mad fury, and the poor charwoman comes in for the punishment.

"Take her to the hospital," grumbles a fat salesman, whose proceedings are interrupted by the thickening of the crowd round about. Her bonnet has fallen off, and, as they lift her up, her grizzled hair escapes from her cap and hangs down, dabbled in the slush. Her thin, poverty-stricken clothing offers little resistance to the horn of the ox, and the blood shows that the blow took effect on her side.

"Take her to the hospital," repeats the fat salesman; and straightway, as by one consent, and with very few words, a police-

man and three beggars bear her off to the doors that stand ever open, close by, for the victims of accident or heavy sickness.

Saint Bartholomew's Hospital now stands just where it stood centuries ago, in days when Smithfield was the scene of holiday makings and executions; of tilts and tournaments before kings and princes at one time, and of death agonies of political criminals and religious martyrs at another. The present building has no remnant of the old one in its construction; indeed, the hospital has grown to five times its original extent. Patients now-a-days are admitted at a gate under the colonnade, where proper persons wait night and day to receive sufferers by accidents and other urgent cases; and to this gate the victim of a Smithfield ox is brought.

The handle of the bell hangs near, and one pull brings a porter to the gate. The words "An Accident," are enough to open the portal without further parley, and the old woman in a few more minutes has been examined by the house surgeon of the night, and—her injuries being severe—is placed in a kind of sedan, and carried off to a bed in the female ward, allotted to such cases. Following her, brings us into the square of the hospital, and whilst she is being tenderly borne across it, and up the noble wide oak stairs that lead to the wards, let us stay to notice the peculiarities of the place.

The buildings of the Hospital, abutting on Smithfield, give no idea of the real character, or exact extent of the place. They are, indeed, a kind of outworks to the main structure, placed where they are, partly to give increased accommodation, but chiefly to occupy a space formerly covered by tradesmen's tall houses, which some years ago, shut out the air and light from the main body of the Hospital. These were pulled down to let in the air from the open space of Smithfield—for it must be remembered that the market has its quiet hours, and that plenty of indifferent air is better than a scarcity of air altogether. To look at the main building, then, to which these more recent structures have been added, we stand within a quadrangle. In the centre of the enclosed space there is an ugly circular pump, which looks like a slice of a worn-out steam boiler with a lamp on the top, whilst on each side rises a large and handsome stone building, many stories in height, with long rows of windows, and each side having a central door and hall of entrance, from which oak staircases ascend. Each floor is divided into two wards, usually one medical and one surgical, and each ward has its little body of resident officers under the command of a matronly woman, called the "Sister." All the wards are christened; some after benefactors of the Hospital, some after the names of the virtues, some after the characters of Bible history. Indeed, it may be said, there are wards with Christian names, and wards with mercenary names—the one given from pious motives, the others from pecuniary ones. The names are all written on the sides of the doors, just as lawyers put up their cognomens on the sides of dingy portals in the Temple or Lincoln's-Inn. There, on one side we see written "Darker," "Sitwell," "Harley," and "Kenton" wards, named after persons who have done service to the place; whilst on another—the Christian side—we have "Lazarus," "Job," "Luke," "Hope," "Faith," and "Charity." The resident officer of each of these is named after her ward—the captain, as it were, is christened after the ship—and we hear nothing of Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith, but only "Sister Darker," and "Sister Sitwell," "Sister Hope," "Sister Job," "Sister Luke," "Sister Faith" and "Sister Charity." Many of these women are models in their way; full of patience, experience, kindness, and firmness, having withal the modes of good management requisite for preserving order, cleanliness, quiet, and an air of comfort in places where disease in its worst forms, and with its most unpleasant accompaniments, is ever present. Each sister has a little box—perhaps more like a little ship's cabin than anything else—fixed up in one corner of the ward. This is her sanctum, having its tiny fire-grate; its bed and table, and chairs. To this Sister Hope can retire to speak with the doctor, or to take her quiet cup of tea, and from this she issues to rule over her little kingdom of sick patients, and hard working nurses, and to keep all under her sway in as much comfort as their condition will permit. Each ward has its bath and other conveniences; and each its speaking-pipes, through which orders are given and received from the hall; each has also three nurses, in addition to the sister, with the power of calling for additional aid when requisite, from the well-filled ranks of servants attached to the place. This female staff has ordinarily twenty-six patients under its care; and day and night there is always one nurse at least on duty, to attend to the needs of the sick. The nurses, indeed, have their watches like seamen in a ship, the night nurse going on duty at eleven o'clock, and being on watch till six in the morning, when the hospital life of the day is commenced by the medicines being given to those patients who are to receive physic more than once in twenty-four hours. Soon after the clock strikes six, there is a great shaking of bottles, and a great array of wry faces amongst the five hundred sick people who tenant Bartholomew; and within the next half-hour how many pounds' weight of pill, and how many quarts of "house physic" are swallowed, we may know more about by-and-bye, when we come to look into the Apothecary's proceedings.

Having described thus far the special staff of one ward, we have only to multiply by twenty, and the whole hospital may be, thus far, understood. One ward may be appro-

priated to medical cases, in charge of physicians; and another to accidents, and other visible injuries and diseases entrusted to surgeons: but each has the knot of resident attendants we have described. The patients in the building may at one time number only five hundred; and at another, may amount to nearly six hundred: but, be the number what it may, they are arranged in companies, controlled and attended as we have seen.

How this large sick family, with the needful servants, are fed, and physicked, and tended, let us spend a day in the place to see.

Our poor old acquaintance, the woman gored by the ox, now lies in bed; and the house-surgeon having satisfied himself of the nature of her injuries, and applied the requisite means for her relief, re-crosses the square to his domicile. Let us go with him to the quadrangle, and look and inquire about us.

London, by half-past six, is but very partially astir; and though the din of Smithfield is, we know, close by, the hospital has an air of stillness and repose. As we walk round, we see outside the square, on one hand, the low line of buildings forming the medical school, the room for prescribing for out-patients, the apothecaries' laboratory and shop, the lecture theatre, the dissecting-rooms, the library, the museum, the dead-house (which through the year has an average of one tenant for its still walls each day), and the receptacle for coffins. On another side we find, still outside the noble central quadrangle, the collegiate part of the establishment, including the house in which a portion of the students live, their dining-hall, and the residence of the ever-present, ever-working warden and assistant-surgeon, Mr. Paget; and in the near neighbourhood, the surgery, some surgical wards for special cases, and the operating theatre. On a third flank, we find within the hospital boundary nothing less than the church of St. Bartholomew the Less; and the reason of a parish church being shut up, as it were, within the confines of a special establishment, is explained by the fact, that the hospital itself covers the whole parish, with the exception of some three or four houses! So that the place has its own parochial jurisdiction, its own parish church, its own parish meetings, its own parish vestries, and its own parish rates. It stands, indeed, a little principality, as it were, of its own,—with the laws of charity for its institutions; doctors and surgeons, and almoners, for its ministers and chief officers; stewards, and matrons, and ward-sisters, for its officers; nurses, and surgery men, and cooks, and cellarmen for its subordinates; and the sick and poor of the modern Babylon for its subjects.

To feed the large family residing in the huge hospital is a serious affair. It being now seven in the morning, and the physicking being over, the nurses pay their first visit for the day to the buttery, to fetch the allotted quantities of food served out in the morning. The patients are, of course, on different scales of diet, according to their bodily condition. Here is one day's list of how five hundred and thirteen sick folks were ranked on the diet list:—One hundred and sixty-two on "full diet," a hospital term which means the following ample allowance for each day—one pint of milk porridge, fourteen ounces of bread, meat weighing half a pound when cooked, half a pound of potatoes, beer, two pints for men and one pint for women, and one ounce of butter. Next comes "half-diet" which would be thought blissful abundance by many folks outside the walls, for it means the pint of milk porridge, twelve ounces of bread, a quarter of a pound of cooked meat, half a pound of cooked potatoes, a pint of beer, and three quarters of an ounce of butter. In "Broth-diet," broth and gruel are substituted for the meat and beer, the other items being nearly the same, with the addition that the potatoes are mashed, and made more acceptable to sick stomachs. "Milk-diet" almost explains itself, it being chiefly milk, with the addition of rice, sago, arrow-root, and bread.

The zero of this feeding scale, "Low Diet," means those thin comforts—gruel, or barley-water. Patients needing them have extra allowances, when ordered by the medical officers, such as mutton-chops, beef-tea, eggs, pudding, jelly, porter, ale, wine, brandy, and —hear it, Oh, Father Mathew—*gin!* No wonder that the poor who have once tasted the comforts of Bartholomew's in days of sickness and tribulation should wish for them again. The following scale is for one day in December 1850:—On full diet, 162 patients, 66 of them with extra allowances; 148 on half diet; 157 on milk; the remainder being fed on broth, beef-tea, rice-milk, arrow-root, and sago.

The meat used on the same day in the hospital for patients and nurses, weighed three hundred and four pounds, besides half-a-hundred weight of beef for beef-tea, making together three hundred and sixty pounds. With this noble dish of mutton and beef, four hundred and forty pounds' weight of bread was eaten, accompanied by about one hundred and fifty pounds' weight of potatoes, thirty pounds of butter, fifty eggs, washed down by fifty gallons of milk, and the butler only knows how many gallons of beer. Not a bad day's eating for a sick house! A month's butcher's bill comes to one hundred and fifty pounds; and a year's consumption makes a very strong array of figures. Here they are—

24,000 pounds of beef;
35,200 pounds of mutton;
16,760 gallons of milk;
12,000 eggs.

This is a glimpse of the sunshiny side of the hospital fare. We shall presently find some startling facts connected with the apothecaries' department, one of which, however, we may

give here as an addendum to the above items of yearly consumption. It is this:

1352 gallons of black draught!

It would surely take a whole statistical society to discover how many wry faces are drawn over the swallowing of such an ocean of salts and senna.

Whilst we have been going over this summary of hospital dieteties, all the beds have been made, the hospital breakfast has been got through, and another half hour of our visit has slipped by. The sound of the clock striking eight, quickens the steps of certain tardy students, who are now seen hurrying away to prayers in the church, whence they emerge in about twenty minutes to meet at breakfast, in the collegiate dining hall, such of their companions as eschew the early service. The morning meal having been discussed, the future doctors trudge off at nine o'clock to the Lecture Hall, to begin their scholastic day with anatomy and physiology. Whilst all this goes on, the Apothecary, or the "House Doctor," as he is familiarly called, is going through the physician's wards, and the "dressers" are busy with strappings, bandages, ointments, and rollers, amongst the surgical patients; attending to wounds, and making all "ship-shape" against the arrival of the superior medical staff, by and by. The "Clinical clerks" are also busy at bed-sides, taking down notes of symptoms, of the action of remedies, and the progress of special cases —all remarkable instances of disease, having their chroniclers, who watch each stage of the patient's progress from the day of admission to the hour of cure, or death—adding to each, when the result is fatal, the after-death appearances. By ten o'clock the students are seen leaving the anatomical theatre for the neighbouring one, where chemistry reigns supreme amongst a host of bottles, retorts, crucibles, test-glasses, and the thousand and one philosophical nicknacks, making up the chemist's tools. Whilst a great deal of difficult talk is going on here about oxygen, that giant amongst elemental things, and his companions hydrogen, and nitrogen, and carbon, the nurses are off to the store for arrow-root, and sago, and other good things, in one place, and another part of the establishment is rapidly filling with the large class of patients who are relieved with advice and medicine, but not received into beds in the hospital. On Thursdays this class of applicants is most numerous, because on that day a certain number of the most serious cases are selected from their ranks, to fill any beds that may have become vacant. This being known, poor people are often seen amongst the throng who have come ten, twenty, thirty, and sometimes fifty miles in the hope of obtaining the help of the institution.

The patients enter by the colonnade seen from Smithfield. Passing the outer portal, there are two doors: one for women, and one for men; and these lead to two separate rooms. By eleven o'clock the forms with which these apartments are filled, are lined with people of all ages, from the baby a month old, sickening with measles or hooping cough, to the old crone of seventy, groaning with old age, which she declares to be "roomatiz, which the doctors can cure." Such a collection of sickly, unhappy faces, and such a variety of dirty, dilapidated clothes, with here and there a dash of faded finery, must only be looked for in the waiting-room of a large hospital. Here and there you may see a handsome face, and here and there an interesting one; but the majority of these poor waiters for help belong to the class upon whom falls the general weight of the work, and of rough usage, and of the risks of injury of a great city; and their physiognomy, though full of character, has but small claim to good looks. The crowd of patients becomes thicker and thicker as eleven o'clock draws near. Rows of mothers are seen seated with rows of children with measles, children with hooping coughs, children teething, and, above all in number and discomfort, mothers and children with cough and colds in all stages of that popular English disorder. Scarcely anybody talks to a neighbour, but all sit waiting for the man who is to tell their doom—the doctor. In one part of the room enormous earthen pitchers decorate a corner filled up as an appendage to the surgery, where salves, and plasters, and "house physic," and cough mixtures, are dispensed with great readiness, when wanted. At eleven o'clock the apothecary enters the scene, with a handful of tickets differently marked. Beginning at the end of the first form, he commences his first examination of the out patients—a task that looks enough to occupy the whole day. "What is it?" is the rapid inquiry; and while these words come with a jerk, as it were, from his tongue, his rapid practised eye is scanning the face of the patient, and his finger is feeling a pulse. The few first words of the patient tell him all he needs; and in another second he has, if it be a trifling case, selected one of the tickets, with the injunction, "Get that medicine. Take a dose twice a-day. Come here again the day after to-morrow." In half a moment more—"What is it?" startles the next on the form. Another tongue is out; another face has been scanned; and the ticket and direction given; and "What is it?" assails patient No. 3; and so the work goes on more rapidly than this description has been written.

When a case of injury is amongst a throng, the patient is sent off to the surgery, close by, from whence groans and screams every now and then sound out to startle and horrify those whose turn is yet to come. More than a thousand people are seen and prescribed for every week in this place; this sick multitude affording the main bulk of the applicants, from whose ranks the greater part of the in-

patients, that is, the people taken into the house, are recruited. Diseases have their seasons here, in Smithfield, just as fruits and flowers have theirs in Covent Garden, and are expected with almost the same punctuality; the two great staple facts being that winter enormously increases the coughs and chest affections, whilst summer brings diarrhœa, and other affections of the bowels.

During rapid examination of patients in the reception-room, those who require something more than an off-hand physic ticket, or a trifling operation, are kept back to be prescribed for by the surgeon or apothecary; the worst cases of all receiving letters, and being sent to another apartment, called the admission-room, in which they undergo another and more deliberate examination, after which the worst of all are admitted to the wards, to be there kept till they are well. One ingenious plan, amongst many adopted in this hospital, may be here named. The letters are printed in different coloured inks. Some are yellow, some black, some red, some green, brown, and blue. These six colours indicate, at a glance, to the officials the name of the medical officer under whose charge the patient is; and simple as such a matter may at first seem to be, its practical value is really very great. Thus, suppose red, blue, and black, are physician's colours, and yellow, green, and brown, surgeon's colours, the general character of the disease of the patients is known at once. But more than this, red means a particular physician, say Dr. Roupell, then blue may mean Dr. Burrows, whilst yellow means, not only surgeon's case, but Mr. Lawrence's case, and green Mr. Stanley's or Mr. Lloyd's. With a dozen or a hundred sick people such distinctions may be unnecessary, but where, as in Bartholomew's Hospital in 1849, seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and ten patients ask relief in one year, all and every means for obtaining rapid modes of classification become most important.

But the clock says it wants but a quarter to twelve, and the receiving, or casualty rooms, being cleared of the crowd that thronged it an hour ago, let us pass to the Admission-Room—the second stage of the patient's progress into hospital. Here the more serious aspects of disease begin to present themselves. The large, and rather noble looking old room has forms like the other, but they have backs to them, against which the sick and weary may lean. The gaping look that was manifest amongst the "casuals" is not seen here. The very sick have little time for curiosity. Pale-faced women are seated on the one side; men, with heads bandaged and arms in slings, on the other. Moans come out from what seem to be mere masses of clothes, great coats, wrapping handkerchiefs and shawls; crumpled-up forms lie on the seat, still and silent, oblivious of all save the constant pain that brings them here; up in the corner yonder is a young girl with a cheek blooming like peach blossom, and eye bright as that of the fabled Houri; but the long thin fingers, with their filbert shaped nails—and, hark! the cough—tell plainly enough that she is blooming only for the grave. Near her see that girl's shawl rise on her breast—you may count the pulses of her heart. Go near her, and listen, and you may hear them. She too, cheerful as she seems, in her youth and her sin, is sure to pass away suddenly and soon, and without the time for thought and preparation vouchsafed to her consumptive neighbour, for she has disease of the heart—the most frightful, perhaps, of all the diseases of our modern civilisation, because so sure to slay with little warning. But the almoners and the doctors are coming, and, as they approach, we have just time for a glance at the arrangements made for them. The room is large, with heavy panneled sides, looking old and solid. The walls are well dotted about with scripture texts, speaking of religion and charity. On the shelf is an old carved wooden figure of a cripple, in the costume of two or three centuries ago; and in one corner of the room another and larger wooden model of a cripple, painted in imitation of life. This, in former days, when each house had its sign, was hung out in front of the hospital in Smithfield, to tell the unlettered crowd the nature of the building, and probably to excite, in favour of its inmates, the charitable feelings of passers by. One corner of the room has a portion converted into a small distinct apartment, or large closet, into which patients are, when needful, taken for private examination; whilst opposite this, and on the other side of a noble sized fire-place (with fire enough in it, in winter time, to roast a sheep), is a portion partitioned off and enclosing desks for the almoner and medical officers employed in admitting patients. It is soon evident that the absolute presence of serious disease is sufficient to secure a bed, at all times, for those who greatly need it, though an ancient form of petition is still kept up—and it is *but* a form. This the sufferer is supposed to fill up and present. It runs as follows:—

"To the Worshipful the President, Treasurer, and Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—The humble Petition of ——, residing at ——, in the parish of ——, and belonging to the parish of ——, showeth, that your petitioner is afflicted with ——, and is likely to perish without the charitable assistance of this house; therefore humbly prays to be admitted into the said Hospital for cure, and, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

A note in the corner says, "Here state the name and address of any relation or friend of the petitioner;"—but this signature is not insisted upon.

At twelve o'clock the ceremony of wry faces and physic swallowing goes forward in all directions, and precisely at that hour on these

important Thursday mornings, the almoner, and physician, and surgeon, enter the admission-room from the hall, attended by the beadle, and usually by matron and steward. About eighty to a hundred patients are usually present, the majority being males. The number of vacant beds being reported, the medical officers begin the task of inspection. One after another the names of the patients most in need are written on the petitions. This done, the names of the applicants, to whom beds have been allotted, are read aloud, the list of women being called over first; the men next. The number thus selected for treatment "in the house" varies very much, but being settled for the day, the words "No more beds vacant" are shouted out, and those still waiting receive letters as out-patients. The sisters of the ward next enter the room to muster the cases allotted to each. The names of the patients for Hope are called out by Sister Hope, when off she marches, with them in the rear, to Hope Ward. Sister Charity then goes through her list, which done, off she walks with her flock of sick behind her, and so on until all are drafted towards their respective places in the building. Those unable to walk are carefully taken by *chaise à porteur*. Before being taken to their respective beds they are put into warm baths, and those who need it have suitable garments lent them; though almost all, as a rule, comply with the usual requirements of a hospital, and bring with them the clothing requisite for a sick bed.

As the patients thus file off, a balance of rejected candidates are seen being lifted into cabs, or being led by their friends through the hospital gates. About six thousand in-patients are admitted every year, but even Bartholomew's, large as it is, cannot hold all who ask admission to its wards.

By about half-past twelve all this selection, separation, and allocation of the sick has been finished; and as many of them reach the wards, the first sound they hear is a voice up the speaking tubes that tells it is dinner-time. One porter makes this known in a very few minutes through all the rooms in an entire wing, for, in the hall, ranged side by side, are mouth-pieces communicating with each ward. Up comes the voice, and off file the nurses with their cards and tickets showing how many dinners they are to *draw*, and of what kind.

The food for five hundred people having been served out, taken to bed-sides, and ward-tables, and arranged, another half-hour has gone, and by this time the neighbourhood of the Apothecary's shop is besieged by hosts of out-patients waiting to see the assistant-physicians, and assistant-surgeons, and, when they have been prescribed for, waiting for the physic they are to take.

The Apothecary's shop and that physic factory—the laboratory—which adjoins it are amongst the most curious portions of the entire establishment. Passing through the throng of patients—who (women in one room and men in the other) are ready, each in turn, to pass through the turnstile which prevents crowding, by allowing only one or two at a time to reach the counter where the medicines are served out—we cross the dispensing-room, and descending a step or two, find ourselves in the laboratory. The floor is stone and the roof high. On one side fumes a steam-engine; next it are large coppers fixed in brickwork, and having most capacious coverings, looking like huge copper nightcaps large enough to cover the heads of a whole family of giants. Each of these is moved up from the simmering, steaming mass within by means of pulleys, and other machinery. Mr. Wood, who, like Mr. Paget, is one of the omnipresent people of Bartholomew's, reigns chief magician over this region of stills, funnels, crucibles, evaporating pans, and potent things. He raises one lid just an inch, when out gushes a fragrant aromatic steam of boiling sarsaparilla; he lifts another, and we note the soporific fumes of syrup of poppies. A little further on we see an assistant mixing up gallons of treacle for syrups and confections, and another opening casks full of the pulp of hips, and mixing it with large masses of sugar; an early process in the preparation of a popular tincture for coughs. How many millions of wild roses must have blossomed in quiet country hedge-rows before even one of five casks could be filled with the pulp of hips; how many bright autumn days must have been spent in gathering the ripe fruit of those wild flowers from the rural English banks where they grew! They come chiefly from Hertfordshire, and are plucked by children, who take out the seeds and store up the pulp, which comes here by the hundred-weight.

But the things in this alchemist-looking place are not all so pleasant to think of, or so harmless to smell as the rose fruits and the sarsaparilla. The men in the corner there, are preparing and extracting the poisonous juices of henbane and foxglove, and monkshood. The fumes come off, and, hardened as they are to the work, they will all suffer more or less from their task, before they have done. They are always, more or less, sick after it, and were they always so employed, it would doubtless cost them their lives. Happily a little poison goes a long way, and to-morrow, or next day, they will be engaged in the more harmless duty of mixing the thirteen gallons of black dose, which the house requires regularly twice a week, and sometimes thrice! All round the place run pipes containing hot distilled waters, and others conveying steam, by means of which a boiling heat can be got under the evaporating pans, or in the coppers. The evaporating dish in the corner is made of solid tin, and though holding about a gallon only, the metal for it cost fifteen pounds. Next this dish stands a

hydrostatic press, by which a weight of one hundred tons can be brought down upon any drugs to squeeze out the last drops of their useful juices, for economy goes hand in hand with abundance in this part of the establishment, as the well and elaborately kept books show. Next the laboratory is a kind of store-room, full enough of physic to frighten a dyspeptic man into health—and that's saying a great deal. The drugs come here in their raw state, and are made up in the laboratory, on one side, to be dispensed in the apothecary's shop on the other. In this place, in a year they use enormous quantities of drugs, and some of the single bottles and drawers, hold an amount of value, surprising to recount. One bottle holds, in solution, as much iodide of potass—a thing largely used—as cost at wholesale price, fifteen pounds. In the drawers you may see sixty or seventy pounds worth of bark—about a year's consumption, besides which, above one hundred and fifty pounds a year is spent upon quinine! As all this is got from the smaller branches of a particular kind of South American oak, what forests must be needed to keep up the supply for this one hospital alone!

Between two and three hundred pounds are spent, every year, for strong sound port wine, for the sick poor. It is bought in pipes and drawn off as needed. Nearly two thousand pounds weight of castor oil; two hundred gallons of spirits of wine, at seventeen shillings a gallon; twelve tons of linseed meal; a thousand pounds weight of senna; twenty-seven hundred-weight of salts; are items in the annual account for drugs. The grand total spent upon physic, in a twelve month, being two thousand six hundred pounds. Five thousand yards of calico are wanted for rollers, for bandaging; to say nothing of the stouter and stiffer fabric used for plaisters. More than half a hundred-weight of sarsaparilla is used every week, a sign how much the constitution of the patients requires improvement. In a year twenty-nine thousand seven hundred leeches were bought for the use of the establishment—an invasion of foreigners without parallel, until we have the influx of the Great Exhibition—for the leeches brought to bite and die in this London Hospital are gathered in France and Poland, in Africa and Spain. A ton and a half of treacle is annually used to make some kinds of syrup; the five casks of hips, which, mixed with a cask of sugar, makes linctus for coughs, has been already mentioned, but one little fact, in addition, respecting it should not pass unnoticed. This preparation for coughs is red in colour, and looks fruity, and tastes somewhat sweet, having still, however, an acid dash. As winter comes the coughs increase, and the demand upon the stock of linctus becomes heavier and heavier. This is expected and provided for; but one season it had been larger even than usual. The same children and the same women came again and again, most perseveringly; when, in consequence of some inquiries, it was found that one of the most urgent claimants for the favourite physic lived by selling little sweets and pies to children, in a back street, near Smithfield, and that she used the favourite linctus *to make fruit tarts of!*

But we have been a long time with Mr Wood, the apothecary, and must return to the wards. By half-past one the ward dinners are all over, and all the inmates are expecting the visit of the chief surgeons and physicians of the day. The approach of these is known by the tramp of many feet up the stairs—for the medical officer is medical teacher also, and comes surrounded by the bevy of students who are "walking the hospitals." Tall and short, fat and lean, young and middle-aged, in black, green, brown, and gray, but all displaying a certain grave, inquiring seriousness, on comes the crowd.

You may always know the medical repute of a man by the number of his pupils; and somehow, the surgeons always have most. There is something certain and exact; something free from doubt and humbug about anatomy and surgery, which commends itself to young and ingenuous inquirers; and hence, partly, perhaps, the greater throng round the chief surgeon, as he makes his way through the wards of a hospital, than round any of his merely medical brethren.

Whilst this company of surgeons that are and surgeons that hope to be, are going from bed to bed, examining and questioning and prescribing for patient in surgical ward after surgical ward, the physicians are performing a similar duty in the medical wards; for the uninitiated should know that a great merit of a large hospital, lies in the opportunities it has for classifying the sick. The timid patient with disease of the heart, or the delicate woman suffering with still more critical maladies, in a good-sized establishment can be separated from the contact, and be away from the groans of any sufferer by accident or from operations.

The rapidity with which the old medical practitioners detect the peculiarities of a case, is marvellous. The size, strength, complexion, general aspect, tone of voice, brightness or dullness of eye displayed by the sick, tell as much, or more, than any verbal story of aches and pains. The glance, a few questions, a pen and ink scratch of some half-dozen pharmaceutical hieroglyphics upon a card handed from the bed-head by the attendant nurse, and on go the crowd to the next bed, and the next, until all have been seen. The last stairs are descended; and as the surgeons and physicians get into certain yellow chariots, and bright blue broughams, which have been waiting all the while in the hospital square, the students trudge off round the angle of the building to the half-past two anatomical lecture.

Again, there is a gathering up of physic

bottles, and a collection of prescription cards, and a voice is heard up the speaking tubes, shouting the word "shop." Off jog nurses and sisters, in haste, to the apothecary's shop, and then there comes such a filling of vials, and a pouring out of pints and quarts of odd smelling fluids, and a counting out of pills, as can be seen in few places else. Drawers full of pills, hundreds of printed labels, and gallons of physic are served out, and, at last, one by one, the nurses all march off, with each her unsavoury but serviceable burthen. By the time they are back in the wards, on the three open days in the week, "Visitors are admitted," and then arises many a scene. Husbands come to see bed-ridden wives, and children to see bed-ridden mothers, and, often more sad still, wives and little ones to see dying husbands and fathers. Many a tragedy of humble life have these old hospital walls seen in their time; many a death-bed of remorse, and many a smothered shriek of agony, as the living have parted from their dead. Could we but hear the revelations of a hospital pillow, what a story it must be: of aching heads, and breaking hearts, and souls just passing from their clayey tenement, yet yearning for scenes and people far far away beyond reach, and beyond hope,—of sons prodigal and truant, dying here unknown, whilst parents grieved for them in distant homes they shall never see again,—of daughters sin-stained and lost, weeping out their last breath, not that life is going, but that a mother's forgiveness may not be implored, and a mother's voice once more be heard to pray,—of fathers brought in to die, fallen from scaffoldings, or crushed by machinery, whilst wives are waiting their return from work, and children wonder why father is so late.

As the friends of the sick are leaving the hospital, soon after four o'clock, the students are thinking about leaving their books and scalpels; and forsaking the gossip in the library to see about dinner. Those attached to the place congregate, at five o'clock, in the College dining-hall, where Mr. Paget rules the roast very satisfactorily. By six, there is a stroll round the square, if the evening is fine, for the students, and the less pleasant occupation of face-making, and pill and potion-swallowing for the patients. By seven, the surgical lecture commences, and by the same hour the afternoon cup of tea has been enjoyed in the wards, and all who were able to be out of bed, have returned to it. The outer gates are closed; the work of the day begins to slacken; the men of many labours and great usefulness, the assistant surgeon, and warden, and the "house-doctor," begin to think of sitting down to rest; but before this can be done the wards must be gone through, to see that all is right. Sister Rahere (for a ward and a sister are still called after the name of the kindly founder of the hospital)—Sister Rahere "wishes Mr. Paget would just look at the accident in her ward." Mr. Paget paces off of course. "The accident" is our poor old acquaintance of the morning. She is evidently worse. In each ward there are a few useful things, such as calomel, laudanum, wine, and brandy; but something else is needed, so Mr. Wood is sent for, and the doctor's shop, only locked an hour ago, is re-opened, and what is needful for the sick sufferer is obtained, and administered.

The wards are quiet enough now. The noble old fire-places throw out a cheerful light that warms the room. Most of the patients are sleeping, but some lie restless with pain, and some turn a curious eye towards the one bed by the side of which the surgeon stands watching, with a nurse beside him who evidently thinks at this moment how hard it is that accidents to some people will interfere with other people's rest. But there she stands also—and, hark! how much stiller the place has grown, for there 's the great clock of St. Paul's striking ten. But still the poor victim of the furious ox gets worse, and, after careful thought, and still more careful examination, the assistant-surgeon—who, since eight this morning, has been at work, talking, writing, advising, walking up-stairs and down-stairs, and across the courts and back again, and seeing patients all day, (saving just eleven minutes and a quarter for luncheon, and half an hour at dinner,)—makes up his mind that the only hope is in an operation. And as "capital" operations must be done by chief surgeons, away in a cab he sends a porter to fetch a chief surgeon from a family party which it so happens is being given this very night. But family parties, and birth-nights, and wedding-days are all alike to doctors when life is in danger. The messenger being gone and a few more orders given, off trudges Mr. Paget across the court to the Operating Theatre. It is still quieter here, in this out-of-the-way corner of the building. The chair there has supported hundreds in their moments of greatest human trial; and the tier above tier of seats for students, have been the places where thousands have learnt their chief lessons in practical surgery. The moon now shines through the broad skylight at the top, and down upon the benches, and the pullies, and the instrument-cases, as placidly and as calmly quiet as if there were no pain or mortal agonies in the world. By its light the assistant-surgeon finds what he wants, and as he re-crosses the square, St. Paul's tolls eleven; and, at the same moment, a Hansom's Patent Safety (no time or need to get out one's own horses at this hour of night) whirls into the square with the chief surgeon. Up the stairs the two doctors go together, and in five minutes the suffering woman has inhaled chloroform, the delicate operation has been completed, and the sufferer, relieved from present pain, sighs out her thanks as the surgeon goes off again

to his family party, and the assistant surgeon goes off at last to his midnight bed.

A night nurse has been set to watch by the bedside they have left, and as she does so, she counts the hours—these long still watches of the night—wearily enough. St. Paul's Clock speaks audibly from hour to hour. *One; two;* still all quiet; *three,* and there is a hum from Smithfield; *four,* and the hum has grown into a noise of distant rumbling wheels mingled with the sounds of an increasing throng; *five* is less heard, for other noises of roused and awakening London begin to absorb the sounds of the clock in themselves; *six!*—the hour we entered yesterday. We have completed the circle of one day of the life that is led in Bartholomew's, from year's end to year's end, amongst the throng of sick, and the labours of those who wait on them in their affliction. Walk out again into Smithfield. The cattle are all gone. It is a different market to the one we saw last, for the smell of new hay comes gratefully towards us, suggesting memories of quiet pleasant spots in the country, trebly pleasant to think of after spending Twenty Four Hours in a Hospital.

A CONFIDENT PREDICTION.

In one of the defiles of the range of mountains that divides Valencia from New Castile, stands the ruin of an ancient monastery. Many years had elapsed since this monastery had been in prosperous splendour; but its crumbling walls had not been finally deserted until the ravages of war, during the French Invasion, having reached even this barren and secluded spot, the few remaining monks were partly driven away by terror, and partly by force, from their spoliated cloisters and demolished cells. At the period when this tale commences, the edifice was not only quite deserted, but was in a state of mouldering dilapidation and ruin. The grass was growing between the stone pavement of the church; the roof was blown off in many parts; the altar was dismantled, and bare of ornament; and alone, amidst the general solitude and decay of the building, a large figure of Christ, in black marble, yet stood, surveying, as it were, the ruins and desolation that surrounded it on all sides.

On a gloomy evening, in the spring of 1812, a regiment of French hussars rode cautiously up the defile in which this deserted monastery stood. They had had a long and weary march, and gladly hailed the sight of the ruins, as a convenient place for a more comfortable bivouac than the open air afforded. The troop drew up before the front of the church, surveyed its capabilities, and, after some anxious deliberation, decided that the encampment for the night had better be arranged outside the tottering walls, as the bivouac fires would be better sheltered there, than in the ruined church, through which gusts of wind rushed on all sides; as well as on account of the possibility of a surprise, should the ruins be already occupied by some of the enemy placed in ambush for that purpose. The night also threatened to be stormy, and the broken and demolished roof of the church did not look as if it could stand a tempest.

The fires were lighted in the most sheltered spot; the troop supped, and wrapping themselves in thin travelling cloaks, and such blankets as they had, extended themselves on the ground round the various fires, to take their night's rest. Léon Felner, the captain of the troop, was the last to lie down by the fire prepared for him. He had visited the sentinels, and the horses, and surveyed the environs, and seen to the general comfort of his men, before he thought of his own repose. Satisfied with every precaution that had been taken, he, at length, wearied out, wrapped his cloak closely around him, and resting his head on his horse's saddle, prepared for sleep

But sleep was not to be obtained. His busy thoughts rambled from scene to scene of his active life, and the recollections of his home, family, and friends, arose vividly to his memory. Two years had he been away from all he most loved. Latterly, even communication with them had been impossible. The image of Gabrielle, to whom he was betrothed, at length rose, in vivid distinctness, above his other thoughts. He could dwell with pleasure on this remembrance, for his loyalty to her had never swerved. The charms of the far-famed Spanish women had not shaken his fidelity; they might be more beautiful, but had not Gabrielle's candour and modest grace; and he longed for the conclusion of the war, that he might be once again by her side.

While thus pondering upon his country, home, and love, he began to doze; insensibly he was dropping asleep, when a rude blast of wind, accompanied by a driving sleet, and heavy peal of thunder, aroused him. The fire was nearly extinguished. Léon arose, and looked about for a shelter from the storm, which now no longer merely threatened. Opposite to him was the unclosed door of the ruined church. He pushed it wider open, and entered.

The church was damp and gloomy; flashes of lightning illuminated, at intervals, the few panes of painted glass that yet remained in the broken windows, and brought into view the stone tombs of ancient knights and abbots, as well as the dismantled altar. The black image of the Saviour stood out in bold relief during these transitory gleams, and added to the sensation of awe and desolation that the whole scene called up. In spite of his better reason, the young soldier shuddered at the loneliness of this gloomy place; and even felt a slight emotion of terror as the sound of the echo of his own footsteps, and clank of his spurs and sabre, sounded through the vast nave, disturbing the profound silence that otherwise reigned there. He did not advance

far into the church, but stopped against the first column he met; for the cracking of the walls, as the gusts of the tempest drove against them, added to the uneasiness that was beginning to creep over him, and caused him to doubt the prudence of the shelter he had sought. He began to retrace his steps, as well as the darkness would permit, when, loud amidst the howlings of the wind, and clatter of the fierce rain, the old bell of the church sounded. Léon involuntarily stopped to count the strokes, and he numbered twelve.

As the last stroke resounded, a dim light pervaded the church, and the creaking of the hinges of a door slowly opening made Léon turn in the direction of the sound. The door of the sacristy was opening, and a dark figure was seen emerging from it. Léon fixed a steady gaze upon it, and saw, as it approached, that it was a priest, dressed in a black chasuble with a white cross embroidered on the breast. In his hands he bore the sacramental cup and consecrated host. With very slow and solemn motion, he advanced in the direction of the altar. His tread was so light, that he passed across the pavement, and up the stone steps, without awakening any echo in the sonorous ruin. With solemn dignity he placed on the altar the holy cup, and turned his pale, emaciated face towards Léon, fixed a steady gaze upon him, and raising his finger, beckoned to him to approach.

Instinctively, the young soldier obeyed; he had not power to resist. The little reverence he had had for church performances when he quitted college for the army, had been quite obliterated by the painful scenes of the campaign in which he had been actively engaged. The mysterious influence, therefore, that drew him passively obedient to the steps of the altar confounded him. The nearer he approached the figure, standing at the altar, the more solemn and shadowy it appeared. At a given sign Léon knelt, and covered his eyes with his hand. A deep sepulchral voice, in slow and measured accents, recited the Service for the Dead. The recollections of childhood vividly arose, and, as the service proceeded, the young officer found himself giving the responses almost as accurately as the deacons and sub-deacons are wont to do. The sound of his own voice, filling up the intervals of the awful looking priest's, formed such a strange contrast, as to make Léon's blood curdle. What was he doing? Whose funeral rites was he thus celebrating? All power of volition seemed annihilated, and, as the ceremony proceeded, the young man became in such a state of mental agony as to be a passive instrument in the hands of the mysterious influence which was commanding him. He almost doubted if he were alive.

When the ceremony was ended, the priest pronounced the farewell benediction, as if a numerous congregation filled the church; and then, for the first time, addressing Léon, he said to him, "Young stranger, the pious service you have just rendered has helped to redeem my soul from purgatory. For centuries, by this nocturnal penitence, have I been expiating a sin committed against the severe laws of our monastery. For centuries have I waited for the assistance of a living being to aid me in the holy sacrifice. For centuries the hour of midnight mass has tolled every night, but no human being has appeared. You alone have come to kneel before the altar of God, and have released me from some of the bonds which chained my soul in purgatory, and deterred its entering into the heavenly abode. Your piety shall have its reward. Ask any one question before I go, and I will answer you."

The unearthly tones of the speaker penetrated and roused the half paralysed Léon. Shuddering, and shrinking from the gaze of the lustreless eye that was fixed upon him, the young man involuntarily asked—"Whose funeral service is this?"—"Alas! my son," returned the mysterious priest in a sad and subdued voice, "three years hence, at the same hour, and the same day, your departing spirit will restore your body to the dust. Be ready at the hour. The funeral service is THINE OWN!"

As he uttered these words, the old man disappeared without any noise, without leaving any trace of his presence, or indication whether he had returned to the tomb, or mounted to heaven!—and the church was again in total darkness.

Oppressed by amazement and awe, Léon remained at the altar. The words of the old priest were indelibly impressed on his memory. The sensation that overwhelmed him was not fear of death. Over and over again, he had confronted the possibility of that catastrophe on the field of battle. The gallant deeds that had won his promotion, had not been performed without great personal risk of life. Yet alone in this old gloomy church, the doom he had heard pronounced, had chilled him to the heart. He could not contemplate the annihilation of all the golden promises and hopes of his youth with resignation.

By degrees the horror subsided into melancholy, and a furious blast of wind slamming the church-door, with violence, aroused him. He arose from his kneeling position, and fancying he might be under a delusion, stamped with his iron-heeled boot on the pavement, to convince himself he was awake.

The darkness was becoming less intense; a faint, almost imperceptible, grey light began to steal gradually through the building. The dawn was breaking through the clouds of night, the storm without was evidently less violent. Léon strode down the aisle with nervous haste. Alas! he could no longer doubt his presence in the church. He had then received a real warning!

With some difficulty he pulled open the church door, which the wind had violently closed, and inhaled the fresh breeze with

feverish impatience. His men answered to his agitated call as he emerged from the church-porch. Léon joined them. The troop were preparing to depart, and, as soon as all were ready, left the inhospitable ruins where, without exception, the whole party had passed a most uncomfortable night. The hopes of soon reaching dry quarters and warm breakfast hastened their movements. The gloomy silence of their leader they attributed to the same causes as were affecting themselves—wet, cold, and hungry men, are seldom disposed to be merry.

Animation, however, was ere long restored to the troop; for before they were able to reach the village where they expected to join the rest of the detachment, they fell in with the advanced guard of the opposing army, and a sharp skirmish ensued. Felner, with intrepidity and coolness, and at unsparing personal exposure, preserved his troop from destruction by effecting an adroit retreat.

The war continued with unabated rigour. But little time was left for reflection to men engaged, day by day, in the perils of the retreats which the French had to effect, as the successes of the English troops roused the natives also to action. Léon saw his friends fall, but himself seemed to bear a charmed life. His immunity from the fate of his comrades scarcely surprised him. The monk's prediction had taken such firm hold on his mind, that it was hardened with the conviction that he was safe for the rest of the three years. But in the intervals of active combat, a brooding melancholy took possession of him. Life had lost its charms. He had almost hoped to die on the field; he would have preferred to end his existence amidst the horrors of the battle field, than to wait the slow coming of the death ordained.

On the return of peace, he delayed his journey homeward. The fatal visit to the monastic ruin had quenched his ardent desire to rejoin the nearest and dearest of his kindred. The many years of domestic happiness he had so long anticipated to pass with Gabrielle were never, he believed, to be realised. He would only be united to her to be, in a short space, torn from her by death.

At length, the urgent solicitations of his friends grew into reproaches, and he could no longer refuse to return; but he turned his face towards his home with a heavy, aching heart, resolutely determined to keep his fatal secret to himself. The sight of that happy home, the old, dear, and familiar faces, the cordial reception of his beloved Gabrielle, made him doubly melancholy. Nothing aroused him to happiness, not even promotion, so dear to the soldier's heart. His military skill and undaunted courage were not unrequited. Just before his marriage he had been made colonel, with the promise of having a responsible command confided to him when next called to the field.

Still his sufferings did not abate, but the cause no one could extract from him. For some time Gabrielle doubted whether he did not repent his engagement to her. But he assured her that he loved her even more ardently than before; and to quiet her doubts, urged the preparations for his marriage, but in heavy-hearted tones more characteristic of the mourner than the bridegroom.

Two years had nearly passed since the fatal bivouac at the monastery. All things were arranged for the marriage. At the altar, when pronouncing the vow of life-long love and protection, Léon hesitated; for a conviction that the oath was a mockery—that it would be broken by death in a little more than a year—weighed heavily upon him.

Marriage caused no change in his habitual melancholy. People wondered; for Léon Felner ranked high in military honours, had ample fortune, and possessed a good and beautiful wife, whom he loved, and who was fondly attached to him. Wherefore this despondency and distaste of life? Tears were often observed to fill his eyes, as he gazed upon the young bride from whom he felt he was so soon to be parted. He became more and more gloomy, and sadness fell upon the cherished wife.

A son was born. Gabrielle had hoped this event would restore his cheerfulness. Vain hope! His despondency increased, for only a month now remained—to live. As yet no persuasion had wrung from him the fatal secret. With surprise and unutterable grief, Gabrielle saw him making preparations for an early death. He arranged all his affairs, settled his property, declared his wishes. Was he intending suicide? Night and day his wife, or his mother, watched by him.

Meanwhile, history was crowding its page with great events. Napoleon's escape from Elba, Fontainebleau, the hundred days, the concentration of the grand army to the Belgian frontier. It had already been intimated to Léon, that his services would be required, and he only awaited final orders from head-quarters—not to lead his old comrades as their colonel—but to take the head of a division.

The excitement such news was calculated to produce took no effect upon Felner. He knew that the last day of life approached, and he awaited it with the despondency of despair. It came; and after sunset, Léon summoned his wife and mother to his chamber. Here he revealed the fatal secret, and took an affecting farewell of them. It is impossible to describe their anguish. The first part of the night was spent in bewailing the expected fulfilment of the warning; and then, exhausted by grief and watching, Léon, with his weeping wife, and with his desolate mother seated beside him, awaited the death that was to come with the dawn.

The first faint streak of day appeared in the eastern horizon! Léon shuddered convulsively—a cold shiver seized his limbs; and

a confused murmur sounded in his ears. He tried to rise; but the effort seemed to overcome him, and he sank motionless in the arms of his wife.

Did he still breathe? Madame Felner the elder, who still retained her self-possession, could not ascertain. Her daughter did everything to restore consciousness that despair suggested.

Amidst this dreadful uncertainty, the blast of a trumpet, the hoofs of horses, and clanging of arms, was heard in the court-yard. To this, Gabrielle was insensible; she clung to her inanimate husband with frantic grief. Madame Felner, however, ran to the window; a troop of hussars was drawn up in the form of a guard of honour. At the same instant an officer rushed into the room, and without heeding the ladies, shook the dying man by the hand with the rough energy of an old campaigner.

"Felner! Felner!" he shouted; "awake You have not a moment to lose." A tremor passed over the prostrate man's frame. His wife shrieked for joy at this sign of animation.

The hussars in the court-yard now presented arms, and the "salute" was blown lustily by the trumpeters. This was followed by a loud shout "Long live the General!"

At these words the dying man rose slowly as if still in a trance. He stood for a moment transfixed. He pressed his hands to his head; his eyes slowly opened.

"General Felner!" began the officer.

"General?" repeated Léon, like a man in a dream. His wife and mother looked on in much amazement.

"Yes; here is your commission, and the Emperor's orders under his own hand."

Léon took the paper like a somnambulist; but at the sight of Napoleon's writing, consciousness appeared to return; and he began to give orders for his own immediate departure, with the habitual precision and promptitude of an officer on active service.

Meanwhile, the cause of Léon's malady was explained to Major Angarde. The major smiled.

"Why, that monk," he said, "is an old ally of *mine!* Four years ago I was in the hospital in the same monastery; and even then the same monk played the farce which so deluded the General. He carries it on to this day. He is stark mad. He is possessed by the idea that he is dead, and had, by an earthly penance, to redeem his soul from purgatory, by performing a certain number of services, in which he was continually asking us to help him, and as continually dooming whoever was wise enough to comply, to death, in three years."

Léon was not slow in reviving from his delusion. Further explanations completely dispelled it, and he hid his shame in the embraces of his wife, whose grief was now awakened from another cause; that of his departure to the field of battle.

Léon Felner passed through the battle of Waterloo scatheless, although he performed his part bravely and well, and lives to this day to smile at having made himself for three whole years the hero of a Modern Monkish Legend.

THE NINEVEH BULL.

To the honour of the Unapproachable, and of his Ministers, the Fires of Heaven and Earth, be it spoken:—

I am the Bull of Nineveh. I was born in the quarries beside the river, the great river, in the birth-place of my Creator, Man. My early existence I know but dimly; my memory is as the figures in morning's mist. Thus much I recollect. As a shapeless block was my substance borne to its place; there did the hands of cunning workmen fashion me; and as my shape was formed, so did I gain a knowledge of things around: the chisel carved my ear, and I heard; the tool opened mine eyes, and I saw; I stood on my pedestal and gazed around me. Beside me was a companion like myself; we two guarded the threshold. It was a hall of royal magnificence. From a floor of alabaster rose walls of like substance; their height was as mine own height, and above them were gaudy patterns, textures of silver, gold, and brilliant dyes: over all was a roof fretted with the odorous cedar, the lithe poplar, and the pillared palm

But who can tell the glory of the sculptured wall? I beheld it with no ignorant gaze, for as was my body, so was there given me a mind; with my wings I could soar like the Eagle, my feet bore me as the Bull; I was decked in royal apparel, and above I had the lineaments, the head, and the mind of man. I gazed and wondered. Here raged the battle; there, in exulting pomp, moved the solemn triumph; there was the strong warrior, here the sad captive. I beheld the awful rites of worship, the forms of holy men, the symbols of mighty gods. There were figures as of kings before me; they bent the warrior's bow, or hurled the hunter's lance, or knelt in humble adoration before the mystic tree, or fell prostrate to the Almighty Seven, the rulers of the heavens, the fates of men below. They were a voiceless company around me, and yet they had an utterance, not by the passing sound of tongues, but with the enduring memorial of the glittering characters that shone forth among them. I felt myself the guardian of a nation's history, the emblem of its power, and the thought stamped itself on my features in a smile which has endured till now, proud at once and solemn, showing a consciousness not unpleasing of my might and glorious destiny.

And now the living forms of my companions throng around me; a thing exceeding glorious to behold proudly sits on the throne of the Great Hunter. About him are his subject

princes. They speak of new conquests, of spreading empire; and the heaped-up treasures, of many a captive nation bear witness to their words. With wealth comes luxury; and ere an hour of the world's great week has passed, the sound of music strikes my ear, singing, and the voluptuous dance; no more the battle-car, the crash of armies, and the shout of victory; Ashur's monarchs, sunk in an inglorious ease, make me a spectator of such revels as were misery to see, and shame to chronicle.

Anon there is a rush of feet, a clash of arms, a troubled surging of unknown tongues amidst our halls, already ancient to ephemeral man; "Cyaxares! Cyaxares!" rings loud and triumphant. It tells a mournful tale. Ashur is fallen—the conqueror is conquered—the destroyer, destroyed!

Long did the foreigners hold us; and by degrees the beauty of ancient work faded: walls crumbled, roofs decayed, but I and my companions stood firm. At length, the building tottered and fell; elsewhere, fire had completed the work of the conqueror; we were left to silent ruin; a heap of earth covered all in, and no vestige of our magnificence remained, save a stray stone, or a crumbling clod.

From this time, I remember little but at intervals, as in the breaks of a heavy slumber; the spring rain sometimes uncovered part of our dwelling; I felt the greenness of the moist season, the drought and fervid glare of summer. Travellers came, at long periods; one I heard speak gloriously, in a foreign tongue, of tales gathered from many climes, of a fair land beneath the northern star: many a story of our ancient grandeur he told, and of the history he would write of all our wonders. He passed away, and again I slept until the same tongue echoed among our halls, now masses of shapeless ruin. Their rude speech named our home Larissa; they spoke of Cyrus and of Xenophon, and again left us in our gloomy silent abode, watching in ruins over our forgotten nation.

Once more a mighty concourse passed, crying "Alexandros;" they looked at us with ignorant eye, and never dreamed that these shapeless mounds had seen armies more noble, kingdoms more vast, and men more brave than they.

Again I slept; as one dreaming the fitful visions of illness I felt the hours, days, and years roll on, countless and dreary; at times a dark figure flitted by, cursing me as the unbelievers' idol, or a cry of misery rose from the dwellers in the village hard by: all else was stern and desolate.

But my sleep was not to be ever. I had long heard the sounds of spade and mattock around me; I had little heeded them; at length the shrouding earth fell from before me, and, for the first time after many an age, I gazed with waking eye on the scene around me. And what a change was there! I was in a deep pit, from the bottom of which rose my head; around me were half-clad wild seeming men, viewing me with wonder and awe. Presently came one who seemed a lord among them; his dress was strange, unlike what I had seen before. Joy was in his face as he gazed on me, and I rejoiced in spirit, for I saw he knew me and my history; I was again awake and restored to the world. Meanwhile men dug and laboured near me, as I had seen them do in the days when I was young. Soon I rose in my ancient dignity, standing over the ruins. Often would the man of strange aspect, but of noble and enterprising countenance, contemplate me, as one whose mind is in the ages passed away; methought he spake to me as doth a child to one many of years; he asked me of the days of yore; I seemed to answer with mine own thoughts, and I said, "I am the guardian of the house of Ninus, protector of nations, reverence of kings; to me are known the secrets of our mystic worship, the sacrifices of our dread altar; Father am I of many generations; ruler of the world!" Thus boasted I in the weakness of my heart; for, in his silent steady gaze, I read my changed condition; I called to mind my long slumber, my inglorious waking, and I felt my fallen state. Thrice had the world's great wheel rolled on to its close; four more days were added since I fell asleep; and he said, "Behold the change around thee; where once thou sawest a mighty nation standing in its pride, where thou gloriedst in wealthy temples, in the riches of great cities, in the mastery of the world, now look upon the misery and ignorance of barbarian hordes, see around the ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Where was thy noble palace, now passes the rude plough, now waves the yellow corn!

And my shame was clear in mine own eyes; I was sad, for my pride was fallen. Why need I tell more, the tale is grievous to me; I was borne down beside my own ancient river, amidst strange voices and shouts—"Layard!—Layard!" they seemed to cry. I saw my country desolate, my dwelling a prey to strangers, I was tossed many days on the heaving waters. Now I stand in a strange land, the wonder of earth's younger children. They say I am far from my violated home, in a city prouder, greater, more glorious than my native realm; but boast not, ye vain-glorious creatures of an hour. I have outlived many mighty kingdoms, perchance I may be destined to survive one more.

WEALTHY AND WISE.

Little he loseth, who, for greater gain
Of wisdom, letteth fall the golden clue
By which he should unto those hoards attain,
Of treasure which the feet of men pursue.
Small toll of sorrow to the bar is due
Of him who, on the pathway to success,
Pauses, and passes not beyond the True,
Content an inward pleasure to possess
In God, whose worship is Man's noblest worldliness

No human wealth is worthy to be won
That sums mean hours of flattery or guile.
Repayment for the labour we have done—
Does this demand the sycophantish smile?
Measure and watch thy words, more than the pile
Of perishable gold they may beget.
Take care of thy soul's deeds, and wait awhile;
Although they may not suit the law courts yet,
When the last bill falls due, they are to meet the debt.

Arrested by the tearless bailiff, Time,
Locked in the debtor's prison of the grave,
Upbraided with a balance-sheet of crime,
The terrors of the Judgment who can brave?
Of talents lent and squandered, he who gave
No heed to his soul's work, yields no account,
Bankrupt hereafter. Bitter flows the wave
Of water that was bitter at the fount;
And he who crawls through life, through death will never mount.

Yet worthy produce of our upright toil,
Is wealth well earned with honourable pain:
Hands that are clean, from gold receive no soil—
There needs a mordant to complete a stain.
Men seek the rich: is he then rich in vain,
Whose goodness makes him worthy to be sought?
Wealth to the good to all the world is gain.
So count we not this life's rewards as nought,
But work for them like men, and use them as we ought.

SLEEP.

Our health and happiness depend very much on the way in which we regulate our lives. Strange, as it may appear, there is a discipline which should be observed in our sleeping, as well as in our waking hours. But after all, what is sleep? "It is so like death," said Sir Thomas Browne, "that I cannot trust myself to it without my prayers." Our medical philosophers puzzle themselves in vain to account for it; and move about in a circle of truisms, reminding us of the kitten described by Goethe, everlastingly playing with its own tail. There is no better description given of the approach of sleep than that which we find in one of Leigh Hunt's papers in the "Indicator."

"It is a delicious moment certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful: the labour of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye;—'tis closing—'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds." But what is the immediate cause of sleep?—Let us explain.

There can be no doubt that a certain amount of nervous energy is necessary to support the activity of the body; and when this is exhausted by the exertions of the day, the organs of animal life become fatigued, and unable any longer to perform their functions. Hence their prostration, arising from the want of their usual nervous stimulus, superinduces a state of sleep. The perception of external objects becomes confused; the eyes grow dim; the lids drop, in spite of every effort to uphold them; then the muscles of the back and neck relax their tension; the head falls forwards, or to one side or the other, and the body sinks, as far as circumstances will permit, into a horizontal position. But the sense of hearing remains for a period after that of sight; so that we may hear the conversation of persons around us, long after we are able to perceive their gestures, and discriminate the object of their remarks. In this half-waking, half-sleeping condition, which the French call "*demi-sommeil*," we may remain, as in a pleasing reverie, for some time, until sleep absorbs the last glimmering of consciousness. Now, if this state arise, as we believe it does, from a deficiency or exhaustion of nervous energy, the more perfectly developed we shall find the nervous system, the greater will be the amount of sleep required to recruit the animal strength. Let us take a glance through the different gradations of the Animal Kingdom.

If we begin with Insects we shall find that although many, like the common housefly, remain for months in a state of torpidity, yet they may continue wakeful and cheerful throughout the year—in fact, they scarcely sleep at all. We shall next observe that in fishes the nervous system is only imperfectly developed, therefore they require little sleep, and when asleep, they may be observed motionless in the water, with the exception of a gentle movement of the tail, in which state they may be easily netted, or even taken with the hand; but, if suddenly touched, they start in an instant, and swim away in evident alarm. The Serpent tribes, which rank somewhat higher in the scale of organisation, remain awake many days and nights, and then have long periods of repose. The Boa Constrictor, after gorging itself to repletion, will remain for many days or weeks motionless and insensible. But this should be regarded as a state of lethargy, consequent upon over distension, rather than one of natural repose.

As we proceed higher in gradation, we shall find that birds sleep much more than fish or reptiles; but the slightest noise or movement will awaken them, as was evinced by the cackling of the sacred geese which saved the Capitol of Rome from the soldiers of Brennus, when the watchdogs and sentries were sleeping at their posts. When we arrive at the different orders of quadrupeds, the brain and spinal marrow appear more fully developed; and the consequence is, that in obedience to their instincts, those which are active by day, sleep by night, and those

which roam abroad in quest of prey during the night, sleep by day. It is a curious circumstance, however, that this order of their nature is reversed in those animals which are kept in captivity; thus it may be observed that the lions, tigers, hyænas, &c., in the Zoological Gardens, remain awake during the day, and sleep by night. They accommodate themselves, so far, to the uses of "civilisation." The Monkey tribes—particularly the ringtails and smaller species, are very restless; but the great baboon or Chimpanzee, the organisation of whose brain very closely resembles that of Man, will take his six or eight hours' sleep, if undisturbed. We therefore come to the conclusion that the more fully developed the nervous system is—the greater being the amount of nervous energy that is successively generated and exhausted, as it were, from its electrical battery—the greater will be the quantity of sleep required; hence it has been truly remarked, that "Man sleeps longer than any of the larger animals."

Let us now draw near to the bedside, and consider more attentively this mysterious state;—let us examine the phenomena of Sleep.

It will be observed that the breathing is slower than it is when we are awake; the inspirations are fuller and deeper, and there is a greater interval between them. They also take place with an increased sound; and, when very forcible, the most "unmusical" of instruments, viz., the nose, is "called upon" for a song—and snoring occurs; more especially if the tongue touch the palate, or the mouth remain partially open. In these cases the inspired and expired air encounters an obstruction; and when the soft palate at the back of the mouth is thrown thereby into a state of vibration, a louder and more discordant noise is produced. Many persons, however, particularly young people who are delicate, breathe very gently; their respiration, during sleep, is sometimes scarcely audible.

We have known a lady in extreme grief lie in a kind of trance, breathing so feebly for nearly a fortnight, that her respiration was scarcely perceptible to the ear. It is the same in infancy; and under the exhaustion produced by many diseases, there would appear to be no manifest boundary between sleep and death. Like the respiration, the circulation also diminishes in rapidity; the pulse becomes slower and fuller. The vessels of the skin relax; and it has been proved that a person sleeping healthfully and without any artificial means to promote it, will during an undisturbed sleep in a given space of time, perspire insensibly twice as much as a person awake. The temperature of the body, under such circumstances, falls somewhat below its waking standard; which, in the management or discipline of sleep, is a matter of considerable importance. On this account, during sleep, there is less resistance to the cooling power and morbid effects of cold than when we are awake. "Therefore," says Dr. Elliotson, "persons cover their heads before going to sleep; and when habit has not overcome the necessity for this, cold is continually caught from its neglect. A draught of air is far more dangerous in the sleeping state, and the back of the body appears less vigorous than the front, as a draught at the back is much more dangerous than in front." The cause of this is obvious: the cold strikes directly on the spinal column—the back-bone having, unlike the chest, very little muscular protection. It is important, therefore, that during sleep the back should be well covered. Dr. Elliotson adds, that "agues are caught more readily if persons fall asleep;" which may be explained by this simple fact, that although the muscular system is relaxed and prostrate, and the organs of sense veiled, as it were, from communion with the external world, the processes of absorption, digestion, and nutrition go on with increased activity. The function of absorption is particularly active, which explains the danger of sleeping in marshy places, or where there is a succession of palludal exhalations. Already we have observed, that during sleep—when the nervous system is in repose, the temperature of the body is reduced—there is less animal heat generated; hence arises the danger of yielding to sleep when exposed to cold. "The power of intense cold in producing sleep," as Dr. Macnish observed, is very great in the human subject; and nothing in the winter season is more common than to find people lying dead in the fields and the highways from such a cause. When Dr. Solander was crossing the mountains which divide Sweden from Norway, in company with Sir Joseph Banks and several other gentlemen, he warned them, saying, "Whoever sits down will sleep; and whoever sleeps will wake no more." Shortly afterwards Dr. Solander was the first who felt an irresistible inclination to lie down, and one of his fellow travellers, Mr. Richmond, persisted in doing the same, declaring that "he desired nothing better than to lie down and die." Both lay down. Finding it impossible to proceed with them, Sir Joseph Banks and the rest lit fires with brushwood around them; having done which, Sir Joseph endeavoured to wake Dr. Solander, and happily succeeded; but though he had not slept five minutes, he had almost lost the use of his limbs, and the muscles were so shrunk, that the shoes fell from his feet. He consented to go forward with such assistance as could be given him; but no attempts to relieve Mr. Richmond were successful,—he died on the spot. In severe winter weather, when the poor suffer much from cold, blankets are almost as indispensable to them as food. There is also one very interesting and important fact connected with this subject; it is that sleep promotes the cure of all diseases. What the physicians of old called "*the crisis*" occurs in this state, and it is not, therefore without reason that

the afflicted relatives watching round a sick bed await with painful anxiety the awaking of their patient. In a state of health, sleep not only contributes to the prolongation of life, but enhances the conscious pleasure even of our existence; indeed, it frequently happens, after a refreshing night's rest, that the mind experiences a high degree of unwonted buoyancy, particularly after pleasant dreams, although the details of them may not be remembered—a circumstance which Shakespeare has admirably described, where Romeo says, in a tone of exultation,

"If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams portend some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts."

In order, however, that we may enjoy these advantages it behoves us to consider in what manner sleep should be disciplined, for when we consider "how use doth breed a habit in a man," it is obvious that even this "wide blessing" may be strangely abused. We may, therefore, fairly ask what is the quantity of sleep which a reasonable man should be contented with?

This is somewhat a difficult question. Tall and bulky people require more sleep than short and thin people; men than women; and all animals sleep longer in winter than in summer. Age, constitution, climate, occupation, and a variety of incidental causes must be taken into consideration. During the first three months of life nutrition and sleep constitute the whole sum of existence; the infant awakes when hungry to take nourishment, when satisfied it falls asleep again. As the development of the nervous system, in particular, goes on at this period, with remarkable rapidity, the more it sleeps the better. In extreme old age much sleep is also required. The famous Dr. Thomas Parr, who died at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifty-two years and nine months, latterly slept away the greater part of his existence. We knew an old lady, one hundred and five years of age, in Essex, who slept nearly twenty out of the twenty-four hours. Youth and young adults sleep, habitually, very soundly: and it is during this period of life that lazy and sluggish habits are easily engendered. The faculty of remaining asleep longer than is necessary cannot be indulged in without impairing the strength both of the body and mind. The continued depression of the nervous system and excessive transpiration occasion physical debility, while the intellectual faculties, from constantly slumbering in a state of inactivity, become gradually enfeebled. Valengin relates the case of a young man, who, in consequence of too much sleep, became lethargic, and died at the age of twenty-three years. Boerhaave gives an account of a physician, who, from excessive sleep, became mentally imbecile, and perished, miserably, in a hospital. The somnolency of the fat boy in Pickwick is, by no means, an exaggeration. Persons have existed who have almost dozed away their entire existence. One Elizabeth Oven, Dr. Macnish says, spent three-fourths of her life in sleep. Another woman, Elizabeth Perkins, would sleep for ten or eleven days at a time, and then spontaneously awake, and go about as usual. The "Sleeping Lady of Nismes" (as she was called) had attacks of somnolency which lasted sometimes for days—and even months. Her sleep was remarkable. During the brief interval of her wakefulness she hurriedly swallowed small quantities of broth, which was kept ready prepared for her. When the somnolency had continued for six months, it left her suddenly for six months, and then attacked her again, leaving another interval of six months. At length the affection gradually disappeared altogether, and she lived to the age of eighty-one, and eventually died of dropsy. Sleep, therefore—too prolonged sleep—may become a disease; nay more, persons, from habit, may bring themselves to sleep when they will and wake when they will. Quin, the celebrated comedian; Napoleon; the philosopher Reid; and Captain Barclay, the great pedestrian, are said to have commanded this faculty.

On the other hand, some persons have lived in a state of constant wakefulness, and scarcely slept at all; we frequently, indeed, meet with individuals of an active, nervous temperament, who habitually require very little sleep. The celebrated General Elliot never slept more than four hours of the twenty-four; his food consisting wholly of bread, water, and vegetables. Frederick the Great of Prussia, and the eminent John Hunter, never slept more than five hours during the same period. Dr. Gooch gives an instance of a man who slept for only fifteen minutes out of the twenty-four hours. Sir Gilbert Blanc states, that General Pichegru informed him that, in the course of his active campaigns, he had, for a whole year, not slept more than one out of every twenty-four hours. There can be no doubt that mental activity, accompanied by anxiety, will keep up an excitement of the brain which will produce a state of constant watchfulness. Boerhaave says, that after his mind, on one occasion, had been greatly over-worked, he could not sleep for six weeks; and it is well known that sleeplessness is one of the most ordinary symptoms of insanity. In a state of health the amount of sleep required to restore the nervous energy averages, we conceive, from six to eight hours. Jeremy Taylor insisted that three hours sleep was sufficient; Baxter, four; and Wesley recommends the standard to be limited to six out of the twenty-four hours. We believe that six hours is, with many, sufficient; it is so with the Duke of Wellington, and few statesmen, engaged in active business, allow them-

selves a longer period of repose. Three or four hours, we have heard, is all that Lord Brougham, in his best days, required, and he always rose sufficiently refreshed; but literary men need more sleep perhaps than others. We are informed, by Lockhart, that Sir Walter Scott, both as a young man and in more advanced age, required "a good allowance of sleep;" and he, on principle, indulged in it, saying "he was but half a man if he had not full *seven* hours of utter unconsciousness." We have already premised that tall and bulky people require more sleep than short people; and Sir Walter, besides being a large boned, was, it may be said, a tall man. It is a curious circumstance, we do not remember to have met with in his Biography, that, being desirous of joining an athletic club, which existed in Edinburgh, he was proposed as a candidate. This was called "The Six Feet Club," and it was a *sine quâ non* that every member should be of that stature. We believe the Earl of Errol became the patron of this club, the object of which was to promote athletic exercises and the sports and pastimes of the "Highland Games." When Sir Walter Scott presented himself to be measured there was some doubt about his being eligible; but, when he had taken off his shoes and placed himself under the measuring ordeal-post, it was found that he exactly reached the requisite height. His head just scraped the mark, and he was, therefore, admitted a member of the "Six Feet Club," with all the honours.

To return. Whatever may be the quantity of sleep required, early rising is essential to health, and promotes longevity. Almost all men who have distinguished themselves in Science, Literature, and the Arts have been as Mr. Macnish states, early risers. The industrious, the active minded, the enthusiast in pursuit of knowledge or gain, are up betimes at their respective occupations, while the sluggard wastes the most beautiful period of life in pernicious slumber. Homer, Virgil, and Horace, are all represented as early risers; the same was the case with Paley, Franklin, Priestley, Parkhurst, and Buffon; the last of whom ordered his servant to awaken him every morning, and compel him to get up by force if he evinced any reluctance, for which service he was rewarded with a crown each day, which recompense he forfeited if he did not oblige his master to get out of bed before the clock struck six. Bishops Jewel and Burnet rose every morning at four o'clock. Sir Thomas More did the same thing. Napoleon was an early riser, so were Frederick the Great and Charles the Twelfth: so is her present Majesty; and so are almost all the nobility in attendance upon the Court. That early rising tends to prolong life, appears to be clearly proved. One of our most eminent Judges, Lord Mansfield, was at the pains of collecting some curious evidence on this subject. When he presided in his judicial capacity over the court, he questioned every very old person who appeared at the Bar, respecting his habits. "What age are you?" "What sort of life have you led—often drunk, eh?" "Please God," answered a man upwards of ninety, "I have seldom gone to bed sober," and in fact it turned out that while some of these veterans pleaded guilty to habitual intemperance, and others on the contrary, attested their uniform sobriety, all agreed on one point—that of having been early risers. Nevertheless, the morning snooze, has we confess, its temptations. Our readers will remember Burns' pleasant little song.

"Up in the morning's, no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it 's winter fairly."

Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," passed a great portion of his time in bed.

Dean Swift, we are told, lay in bed until eleven o'clock every morning, to think of wit for the day.

Sir Walter Scott observed, "I like to lie *simmering* over things for an hour or so before I get up—and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de Chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily." We have always considered the morning toilette should be gone through very methodically, and very deliberately; it is a ceremony that should not be too hastily performed; during the operation of shaving in particular, which ought always to be performed slowly, many strange fancies, and thoughtful suggestions may flit across the mind. It should, however, be added that Sir Walter Scott during the greater part of his life, rose by five o'clock, and that his literary work was chiefly accomplished before breakfast.

Early rising, if inculcated in youth, will in after life become a habit; hence many persons at whatever hour they retire to bed, will awaken at the same hour the next morning. The influence of habit on the discipline of sleep is very remarkable. Persons accustomed to sleep in the noisy thoroughfares of a town are disturbed by the quietude of the country, and complain that they cannot sleep for the silence. The story is related of a miller, who being very ill, his mill was stopped that he might not be disturbed by its noise; but this so far from inducing sleep prevented it altogether, and it was not until the mill was again set going, that he could compose himself to sleep at all. So also the manager of some vast Iron Works, who slept close to them amid the din of hammers, forges, and blast-furnaces, always awoke if there were any cessation of the noise during the night. If a person fall asleep listening to the ringing of a church bell, he may remain conscious, while sleeping, that it continues ringing, and will be aroused by its suddenly stopping. We also remember the anecdote of an old admi-

man's wife who was awakened by *not* hearing the morning gun go off. It is certain that by habit a person may bring himself to awake at any given hour. Seamen and soldiers on duty do so constantly. When the British troops returned into cantonments, after bivouacking in the Peninsula, and sleeping constantly on the ground, they preferred sleeping on the floor in the barracks and hospitals, even to the palliasses, or mattressed beds provided for them. Hence, persons accustomed to sleep on a mattress cannot endure what others conceive to be the luxury of a feather bed. How differently our ancestors fared, in respect to these comforts will be found detailed in many an old chronicle. "Our fathers," says Holinshed, "and we ourselves have lain full often upon straw pallettes, covered only with a sheet, under coverlets made of dagswain, or hoperlots (I use their own terms) and a good round log under their heads, instead of a bolster. If it were so that the father or the good man of the house had a mattress, or a flock bed, and thereto a sack of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the town. So well were they contented. Pillows, said they, were thought meet only for women. As for servants, if they had any sheet above them, it was thought well; for seldom they had any under their bodies to keep them from the prickling straws that ran oft through the canvas, and pared their hardened hydes." There can be little doubt that the tendency of over-civilisation, is to produce effeminacy; and many of our fashionable young aristocrats resemble, now-a-days, the delicate youth, who could not sleep because, forsooth, a rose-leaf was doubled under him.

There is one very curious fact connected with this subject, that merits particular attention—it is the periodicity of sleep. The laws of nature may be tampered with, but they cannot be subverted; we may step out of the paths she has prescribed, but we cannot go far beyond them with impunity. It needs scarcely any evidence to prove that the day was intended for exercise, and the night for repose; yet many persons, forgetting that this is the order of nature, endeavour to what is familiarly called "turn day into night." The votary of pleasure retires to his couch frequently after sunrise, and the university student, not unfrequently, remains poring over his books all night, abridging the amount of repose which is necessary to recruit the exhausted energies of his brain. The result of this bad custom is sooner or later severely felt; study becomes more and more difficult, and, at last, impossible. The over-worked brain can toil no longer; its intimate structure gives way, and the most distressing symptoms—extreme debility of body, and prostration of mind, ensue. Many of the most talented and promising young men in our universities, have thus fallen victims to their not having properly disciplined the hours of their sleep. That night cannot, with impunity, be converted into day, has been proved by a variety of observations. Two colonels of horse in the French army had much disputed, which period of the twenty-four hours was fittest for marching, and for repose; and it being an interesting question in a military point of view, they obtained leave from the commanding officer to try the following experiment. One of them, although it was in the heat of summer, marched in the day and rested at night, and arrived at the end of a march of six hundred miles without the loss of either men or horses; but the other, who thought it would be less fatiguing to march in the cool of the evening and part of the night, than in the heat of the day, at the end of the same march had lost most of his horses, and some of his men. Another remarkable circumstance has been observed. It is more unhealthy to get up before the sun has risen, and burn candles until daylight, than it is to sit up by candle-light after sunset. "I have no doubt," says Sir John Sinclair, "of the superior healthiness, in the winter time, of rising by day-light, and using candle-light at the close of the day, instead of rising by candle-light and using it some hours before day-light approaches."

But, it may be said, "All this is very well," Mr. Philosopher, "but supposing that we cannot sleep, and that with all appliances and means to boot, we toss about our bed, beat our pillow, and adjust and re-adjust our bed clothes, counterpane, blankets, and sheets, in vain. What then is to be done?" Our answer is, emphatically, avoid having recourse to narcotics, for although they may produce a temporary repose, the sleep will not be refreshing, and the following morning the deleterious effects, whether of opium or henbane, will still linger in the system. We believe, speaking generally, that the more the mind can be brought to dwell on any single impression, the sooner the attention will be fatigued, and sleep induced. It is upon this principle that monotonous sounds produce sleep: but other sensations, monotonously excited and repeated, produce the same effect. A common blister, by fatiguing the attention, often brings on sleep; so also will frictions, particularly along the course of the spine. It is a common practice with Spanish women to put their children to sleep by rubbing the spine along the vertebræ of the back. It is quite certain, also, that the waving of the hands before the face and body during the operation of animal magnetism, produces a very profound sleep, followed by hysterical symptoms which are sometimes extremely perplexing. "We have seen boys at school," says Dr. Binns, "fall asleep by fixing their eyes steadily on a candle, or a hole in the shutter." A few years ago a Mr. Gardner, in London, professed to have discovered the art of teaching people to procure sound and refreshing sleep at will, and among the number of his converts

was Dr. Binns, just quoted, who gives the following description of this mysterious process: "The sleepless sufferer having duly tossed about his bed, as restless and unanchored as a ship at sea, is directed to "turn on his right side, place his head comfortably on the pillow, so that it exactly occupies the angle, a line drawn from the head to the shoulder would form, and then slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspiration, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. This, however, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through their mouths during sleep, and rest as sound as those who do not. Having taken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action—that is, the respiration is not to be accelerated or retarded too much, but a very full inspiration must be taken. The attention must now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He must depict to himself that he *sees* the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant he brings his mind to conceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers; fancy becomes dormant; thought ceases; and sleep supervenes. It will happen, sometimes, that the patient does not succeed on the first attempt, but he must not be discouraged. Let him persevere in taking full inspirations and expirations without attempting to count them, for if he does, the act of numeration will keep him awake; and even should he not succeed in inducing very sound sleep, he will, at least, fall into that state of pleasing delirium which is the precursor of repose, and which is scarcely inferior to it. Many trials have satisfied us of this." We do not pledge ourselves, be it observed, for the success of this experiment, which reminds us of an observation once made to us by a poor lunatic. "Ah!" said he, "everything is now done by steam; we live by steam,—breathe by steam,—and pray by steam, which is the reason that my aunt, who is a very devout woman, although she robbed me of my snuff-box, has a turn-up nose. The steam, always ascending, gave it an upward twist." Poor fellow! he was full of fancies; and we can easily conceive that if any person *could* (which is the difficulty,) exhaust his attention by watching his own breathing until it emitted visible steam, he would fall into a sound slumber long before the phenomenon became apparent. The best preparatives for sleep at night are healthy exercise and occupation—bodily and mental, during the day—but it should be remembered that over-fatigue produces a state of irritability and restlessness. Once, however, asleep, wrapt in deep unconscious slumber, how is it that we again awake?

This, we apprehend, may be accounted for in the following manner:—As we have already endeavoured to explain, sleep arises from exhaustion of the nervous energy; and when during repose, it is regenerated in sufficient abundance, the nerves are stimulated to renewed action. Hence, in the early part of the night, our sleep is more profound than it is afterwards; it becomes lighter and lighter as this nervous power is gradually restored, until at length we are awakened by its stimulus. Ought then a person who is in a natural placid and profound sleep to be unnecessarily awakened? As a general rule, we think not. We conceive that sleep is a provision of Nature to restore the exhausted energies of the animal system—physical and mental—and as such it should be dealt with kindly, gently, and gratefully. The mind, too, as Sir Thomas Browne premised, should compose and prepare itself for slumber by proper discipline; "the virtuous thoughts of the day lay up good treasures for the night." But we are now touching upon the land of Dream, and must pause ere we venture to explore its mysteries. We shall return to it anon; and then, as we draw aside the curtain, it will be made manifest that "Our life is twofold—Sleep hath its own World."

CHIPS.

THE INVITED INVASION

When, O provincial or foreign visitor! you look down at mid-day upon Ludgate Street from the outer gallery of the dome of St. Paul's, you behold four currents of hats with a variegation of bonnets here and there, (like flowers floating in an inky river) flanking two more streams of vehicles. These trails move in alternate rows eastward and westward without intermission and without end. Upon that gilded and giddy height, you get an idea of a dense population. It is there that you fully understand that two millions and a quarter of us are congregated upon this out-of-the-way corner of the earth, which is on terrestrial globes labelled "London." It is there that you smile at the stories of ancient Babylon and its fabulous census of Assyrians, and laugh the vaunted population of Pekin to scorn. It is there that, straining your eyes to the right and to the left, while circumambulating your airy perch, you feel some hesitation in descending; lest, there being no room even for your moderate corpus, you should be pushed aside like a straw in a torrent. Yet this traffic is not so great as that which passes under the ugly clock which protrudes from the elegant spire of Bow Church, like a mis-shapen tumour on the neck of a beauty. Into Cheapside are disgorged, not only the east-going thousands now passing under your eye; but an equal multitude from Holborn and Newgate Street. These concentrate and thicken at Bow Church—to be born within earshot of whose belfry constitutes a Cockney. Ethnologically therefore Bow Church is the centre of London.

You may, perhaps, suppose, O innocent provincial! that the moving manifestation of to-day is exceptional. Like the other countryman, who waited at the threshold of Goldsmith's publisher (whose house is just below you) for half a day, and then enquired "when the crowd would have done passing," you imagine that some extraordinary attraction has brought the people into the streets. But, be assured, you behold the ordinary average. Hear the secretary of the City of London police on the number of foot, omnibus, cab. carriage and coach passengers who daily traverse the City thoroughfares:—During every twenty-four hours throughout the year, he says, an average of one hundred and nineteen thousand, six hundred and two individuals pass Bow Church, and only a little more than half of them are foot passengers, the rest being riders. In the Month of May, he adds, the number of persons who enter the City daily, on foot and in carriages, is little less than four hundred thousand persons! two-thirds more than the entire population of Edinburgh; and four times greater than the number of lieges who own the sway of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz!

With these facts before you and the moving masses below you, do you not tremble when told that from May next ensuing to September, the narrow necks of the swarming thoroughfares will be throttled with one-third more passengers!—not mere population, including the infantine, aged, and disabled; but sturdy, trudging, untiring sight-seeing pedestrians—regular beaters of pavements and throngers of shop fronts. You box the compass on your elevated balcony, and see little or no preparation for this Invited Invasion. The new Cannon Street opening will hardly draw off much traffic from Cheapside; for, although the street may be ready in time, its attractions will not have been put forth. There will be no shops—it has no public buildings—nothing but London-stone to divert our visitors from the highway to the Mansion House, the Bank, the Royal Exchange, Gog and Magog, and the New Post Office. Then, north-westward the new Farringdon Street opening, which is to lead, some day or other, to Clerkenwell, can scarcely be made worthy of foreign or provincial patronage in time; despite Sharp's Alley on the one side, and Field Lane on the other. It follows, therefore, that from whatever quarter visitors may arrive, in order to get at the great centres of City attraction they must pass Bow Church.

Come down, then, O, half-frozen stranger! from your gusty place of contemplation, and battle with me to the Old Jewry, that we may look in at the City Police Office, and examine its returns on the matter a little more closely. We will glance over a "Report of the Number of Vehicles which passed Bow Church, Cheapside, between the hours of six p.m. on Thursday, the eighth day of August, and six p.m. on Friday, the ninth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fifty; and the Number of Persons in and with the said Vehicles. Also the Number of Foot Passengers who passed during the same time."

Here is the history of a City thoroughfare on an autumn day. 'Tis "post meridian half-past six." Most of the public and merchants' offices are cleared of their clerks. The principals are at home, dining at the West End, or are miles away at their villas; yet during the hour between six and seven, eight hundred and fifty-one vehicles, with three thousand three hundred and twenty-three persons riding in or guiding them, and four thousand and forty foot passengers (total seven thousand three hundred and sixty-three) have passed Bow Church. At eleven, when every retailer and every assistant has finished his day's work, the numbers have dropped off to three hundred and fifty-two vehicles and three thousand and seventeen persons. After bed-time the traffic subsides, though it never ceases. The hour between three and four in the morning, is that of the greatest repose; for then, only thirty-five wheeled carriages and one hundred and fifteen individuals pass the Church.

Circulation increases gradually from four o'clock until after breakfast time. During the hour which ends on the stroke of nine, the numbers are—vehicles, four hundred and eleven; persons, three thousand nine hundred and fifty. The business begins in earnest; the public and merchants' offices are to be filled by ten, hence, for that, the figures are nearly doubled, standing thus:—carriages, nine hundred and twenty-nine; individuals, eight thousand and seventy-five. The culminating point of traffic is reached at noon, the hour previous to which one thousand and eighty-two vehicles, and nine thousand eight hundred and fifty-five persons stream through Cheapside. Then a subsidence takes place until between three and five in the afternoon. During the last of those hours upwards of a thousand carriages and eight thousand eight hundred and eighty individuals are crowding once more towards their houses, their villas, or their lodgings.

What, then, will be the condition of Cheapside, about twelve o'clock, on the eighth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-*one*? The lowest estimate we have seen—(we do not pledge ourselves to put our trust in it)—computes that there will be an extra million of people in the Metropolis, during the most part of the time that the Great Exhibition remains open. These would augment the passengers through the City's centre to *fifteen thousand;* and, as the new comers will have to be fed with food carried from place to place on wheels, the passage of vehicles will be increased in number to upwards of fifteen hundred! What they will do when

they try to push through the Poultry, the Lord Mayor only knows!

Upon this, another consideration supervenes:—if there will be a deficiency of walking and riding room for the welcome invaders, how are they to be housed?

Although a great pressure of business is being forced upon house agents, by persons living in more affluent neighbourhoods, who hope to make harvests of profit from the influx of strangers; yet, such strangers as can afford good accommodation and high rents, will, we apprehend, form but a small minority. The bulk of visitors will be of the artisan and humbler classes; yet, for such persons, has any temporary accommodation been planned, upon a comprehensive scale? Londoners in their own rank are not so circumstanced as to be able to turn out of their houses to oblige, even to their own profit, the coming strangers. Tents are not particularly adapted for an English climate; still, as few of the class we advert to will be able to afford to remain long at the multitudinous Congress, slightly-constructed buildings would suffice. These ought to be set about without loss of time.

THE ACE OF SPADES.

Honest John Sillett solves, by the most satisfactory of all tests—that of fact and personal experience—one of the most momentous problems of social economy. He demonstrates that spade husbandry is not only the most productive, but the most *profitable* system of agriculture. His theory is, that small farms will not only maintain large families in comfort and independence, but leave a much larger proportionate margin than the most approved system of "high farming under liberal covenants," on a great food manufactory; that in this country, at the present, and even lower prices, the tiller of the soil may "earn a good living," and that the establishment and extension of peasant proprietories could not fail to promote the virtuous industry and happiness of the people, and, consequently, the greatness and good order of the State.

John Sillett's history is that of the pursuit of digging under difficulties. He ended in the calling which Adam began, but by no means in a Paradise.

"I served my apprenticeship," quoth John, "to a grocer and draper, and at the expiration of my time I went to London. I lived in different situations as a linen-draper, and a short time at Birmingham, in the same trade. I afterwards returned into the country, and went into business as a general shopkeeper, in a village called the 'Garden of Suffolk;' but it proved a very unproductive garden to me, for after a six years' struggle, I was placed on the wrong side of fortune." He returned to London, carried on the business of haberdashery, &c., was compelled by bad health to restore the country-bred lungs of his family to Suffolk once more, and there, in the old line, to keep still on the lee-shore of bad luck—Jack of all trades, hitherto master of none—although the profitless slave of each.

Like the highly-respectable father of Young Norval,

"His constant care was to increase his store,"

but he couldn't manage it; and so he longed, like Norval junior, to "follow to the *field*" not some warlike lord—but a plough.

"Having a natural taste for a rural life, and reading works on Husbandry," he continues, "I was always anxious to catch hold of any books or articles in the newspapers on the subject. The first thing that particularly struck my attention was an article in a newspaper, headed, 'How to keep a Cow and a Pig upon an Acre of Land.' Delighted with this account, I purchased, on the demise of my mother, two acres of land sold under my father's will. I gave one hundred and eighteen pounds per acre (two hundred and thirty-six pounds), besides the expenses incurred upon the purchase. This same piece of land my father purchased, thirty years before, for one hundred and thirty pounds. Our present agricultural distress exhibits, therefore, itself in doubling the price of land. This land is freehold, tithe-free, and land-tax redeemed, and, consequently, entitles me to a vote for the county. I was afterwards offered four hundred and eighty pounds per acre for my purchase; but by and bye I proved that I could turn it to better account by keeping it, and tilling it."

The "article in the newspaper" was soon "topped" by John's cabbage Mentor, William Cobbett, who in his "Cottage Economy," showed him "how to keep a cow off a *quarter* of an acre of land." His freehold has a northern exposure. It had no buildings on it. He had to become his own architect, bricklayer, and builder. He "could not afford brick buildings," so he "erected them on a wooden frame, and covered them in with pantiles, and enclosed them with walls of clay;" which he "collected from his ditch, and hedge ditch." In this way he raised a good cow-house, two piggeries, a shed for keeping roots, a brick laid drain and tank, and keeps "adding as he requires" buildings, of which, even for two acres, he finds himself still deficient. It is with excusable pride, that he says, "This I did with my own hands at leisure times."

How he was called "mad" for breaking up his pasture; how he keeps cows, and fattens and rears calves; how he manages his "dairy;" and how he produced four crops from the same piece of ground within the year; he discourses with the authority derived from actual experiment.

"I had not long begun my labours," he continues, "before I was beset by my neighbours. They were quite sure I did not know what I

was about; and that I should soon get tired of it. I am proud to say that by adhering to the principles of temperance, frugality, and industry, I have for the last seven years been enabled to support myself and my family, in a comfortable and respectable manner." And all upon two acres of land, entirely managed by his own head, and cultivated by his own hands.

His family have as many potatoes as they can eat. They annually use up sixteen bushels of wheat. This he explains is consumed in brown bread, in his family, instead of white—that is whole meal bread, just as the wheat is ground, without the coarse bran being taken out. "I do not practise this from necessity, but from choice, feeling convinced that it is more beneficial to my health, and more wholesome than the finest flour." By this expedient, he adds sixteen stone of meal to the whole quantity he consumes. Unstinted in their consumption of butter, vegetables, and milk, his family yearly consumed, besides, one of their two pigs weighing eight stone, and a portion of the "fatted calf," they kill in the house, and sell among the neighbours.

"I can hardly express in terms sufficiently strong," observes this village patriarch, "the pleasure I feel in subsisting upon all the necessaries of life—manufactured, as it were, by my own hands—pure, fresh, and free from adulteration. I am proud to say, that I am in possession of an abundance of all the good living that any rational man ought to wish for."

By this mode of life our Suffolk sage escapes all indirect taxes—and to show how much he thus saves, he quotes the weekly expenditure of William Blaxland, a working man of Birmingham, who, out of an outlay of seven shillings and seven-pence halfpenny, hands over to the Government no less a proportion than five shillings and three-pence. "I was," continues John, "so astounded at this statement, that I thought if I could see the time when I should be enabled to produce my own food, and be content with Adam's ale, what a considerable sum I should be saving in taxes, in the course of a year. I have lived to accomplish my purpose, to the full extent I can desire."

But now for the two acre budget—the most surprising particulars of ways and means that, probably, ever Chancellor of Exchequer exhibited.

"The following is a correct statement of the produce sold after the family's consumption, keeping two cows, fattening one calf and rearing one, and fattening two pigs, besides reserving seed for next year's cropping. The calf I fatted weighed nine stone of fourteen pounds to the stone, at seven weeks' old, which I had killed in the house, and sold it amongst my friends and neighbours. The price I made of it was seven-pence per lb., or eight and two-pence per stone of 14 lbs.

SOLD PRODUCE OF THE YEAR 1847.

Produce of two cows, *after family's consumption*, fattening one calf, and weaning one				£29	12	8
One calf fatted—weighed 9 stone, at 8s. 2d. per stone of 14 lbs.	£3	12	6			
Skin, head, feet, &c.	0	16	0			
				4	8	0
One year old heifer				5	0	0
One fat pig of 8 stone at 8s. per stone				3	4	0
Twenty sacks of potatoes at 8s.				8	0	0
Twelve bushels early ditto at 5s.				3	0	0
Seven thousand cabbages at one halfpenny				14	11	8
Twelve pecks of onions at 1s.				0	12	0
Various seeds, vegetables, &c.				5	15	0
				£74	3	10
Deduct rent for land, at five per cent. on purchase money (including expenses) 250*l*.	£12	10	0			
Rent of House	8	0	0			
Rates, Taxes, &c.	2	12	0			
				23	2	0
Net profit for the year				£51	1	10

This statement is an under, rather than over estimate of the actual annual results of this experiment. In fact, it is not an account of what John's ten fingers and two acres of land produce, but of what is left over after feeding, housing, and taxing the family. The rent is extravagant in the extreme. The best land in England may be rented at forty shillings per acre, so that there is here an overcharge of eight pounds ten shillings. The rent of the house is no charge upon the land. The consumption of the family should, of course, be added to the credit side of the account; and therefore the real net produce stands thus:—

As before stated	£74	3	10
One fat pig consumed by family	3	4	0
Two quarters of wheat at 45s. per quarter	4	10	0
Potatoes, butter, milk, vegetables, &c., say	10	0	0
Manure of two cows, two pigs, and two calves; no credit being taken for straw, hay, or food	6	0	0
	97	7	10
Deduct rent, 4*l*., Taxes 1*l*. 6s.	5	6	0
Net profit of the year of two acres	£92	11	10

Here is the proof of the "might that 's in a peasant's arm;" not that all peasants are John Silletts. Since the age of the Peripatetics, the world has seldom produced such a practical philosopher. Indeed, while the Greek sages but talked, the English Wise Man has acted all his own precepts, and proved them to be such as man can live by. He has solved the vexed problem of the economics of small farms, and spade husbandry. He shows that the system is not only the most productive in the gross yield, but also in the real profit. While the large farmers, and extensive proprietors, protest that they cannot afford to farm at present prices, even if they got the land for nothing, here is a man, bred a haberdasher, and so ignorant of agriculture, that, until he resorted to it in despair, *late in life*, he tells the reader that "he never saw a sow have a litter, till he had his own," who can afford a fair rent, pay all taxes, and have a return of forty guineas per acre for his labour.

THE FOREST TEMPLE.

Why hath man raised to thee his crumbling temples?
Which pass away like drifting clouds above!
When thy pure worship were in bright examples
Of holy Charity, sweet Peace, and Love!

For there is, deep within the heart's recesses,
Devotion, thy all-seeing eye defines,
Unbreathed, O God, which thy observance blesses
Before the pomp of consecrated shrines!

Will tapers, temples, priests in robes that glisten
With jewelled splendour—pageantry's array,
Incline thine ear, O God, the more to listen,
Than to the simplest prayer without display?

Let man go forth to the primeval forests,
Their cloistered solitudes, their leafy aisles,
And list the voices of thy feathered choirists,
Their grateful hymn, in which no art beguiles!

Vistas, adorned with gorgeous fringe and tassel
Of glowing blossom—graceful, pendant flower,
Where truant thought becomes a *willing* vassal,
And owns the wondrous glory of thy power!

Their floors, encrusted with brocaded splendour
Of golden, silver, azure, purple bloom,
Their velvet verdure to the knee more tender
Than all the cushioned pomp of cunning loom;

In their green glades is many a "niche," whose beauty
Nor saint adorns in quaintly-carven stone,
Where, may be paid —*unspoken*—all the duty
The contrite spirit feels, unseen, unknown!

There, are meet shrines amid their pomp cathedral,
And rich mosaics where the reverent knee
May bend, O God, in faithful fervor federal,
Ir homage pure, with prostrate heart to thee!

In the still night, amid thy giant altars,
Thy everlasting hills—all silent—where,
Trembling on the lip, weak language falters,—
Each glance is worship—every thought a prayer!

The stars that tesselate the vault of heaven,
Their chastened glory on those altars pour,
Lighting the soul from paths of earthly leaven,
To those bright shrines where angel eyes adore!

Bright, everlasting lamps, celestial tapers,
Twinkling and beaming from the dome of night,
Till upward roll the silver-clouded vapours
To curtain, Lord, thy realms of living light.

On their white wings they bear, to thee ascending,
The grateful incense of earth's fairest bowers,
The heart's pure orisons—in silence—blending
The morning breath of thy sweet censer-flowers.

PLEB-BIDDLECUMB EDUCATION.

On looking at the History of the County of Scrubshire, by Squancy (who has devoted twenty pages out of ninety-four, to the Squancys of Blutter), you find honourable mention of the little village of Pleb-Biddlecumb. The people down here, call it more romantically a "hamlet;" and I am bound to say that it has "rude forefathers" enough to please Gray, or any of Gray's admirers. They rather pride themselves on their simplicity. They have no lamp on the green, and there is a fine homely rusticity in the extent to which you tumble over the pigs at night, which is highly rural. The railway which threads the county a few miles off (the trains look just like volleys of musketry in the distance), has no station at all accommodating Pleb-Biddlecumb. The county town is only accessible by very narrow lanes, which it is awkward to have to pass, in election time.

Elections are managed very simply (like everything else) at that county town. The whole population are drunk for three days, and some gentleman of fortune is declared duly returned at the expiration of that period. This gave rise, once, to a fine piece of humour. The Honourable Mr. Banneret, having spent about twenty thousand pounds in contesting a county against a peer, and being determined to be more economical for the future, came down and bought our county town, out of hand, for a fourth of the money. On the hustings, when returning thanks, this gentleman (who is what is called "eccentric,") said:

"Gentlemen, you are the most disinterested and independent body of electors in the empire; for you 'll vote for any man who gives you five pounds more than his rival." The people applauded the new member vociferously, and drank his health (at his expense) with much cordiality.

Pleb-Biddlecumb social, tallies exactly with Pleb-Biddlecumb topographical. It lets improvement pass by it—just as it lets the train pass; it sees, in fact, smoke, where other people see progress. The Sunday attendance in the little old flinty-towered church, averages fourteen, besides certain old alms-people of the neighbouring almshouse (built by Mr. Priggby of Priggby Park, as you can read on the outside of it, half a mile off), whose stipend depends on the rather hard condition of their never missing a single service. The curate has preached, for the last year or two, some sermons bearing on the controversy between Horsley and Priestley, which took place in the time of his grandfather, the dean, and which were left as an heirloom for the use of that learned man's family. Some time ago, it was resolved to have an organ; but, although three men can bring an organ (of our size) to the church, ten can't make it play! It was set up, but couldn't be set going. The handle (it being of the barrel description) turns briskly enough; the sound, however, is a distracted hubbub, and that 's all. And I live in daily dread of being called on for a subscription to keep it in repair.

With public business we do not much concern ourselves in Pleb-Biddlecumb. Occasionally, we send up a petition, signed by six, for a duty on grain; and several old ladies in

the neighbourhood have got up one for the removal of Rubens' Graces from the National Gallery. Though how in the name of goodness these Graces can injure the said old ladies (whom they nowise resemble) I—Pleb-Biddlecumbian as I am—have not yet been able to make out!

In this sort of way, Pleb-Biddlecumb has been jogging on ever since the Reformation. But, I clearly perceive a change to be at hand. The demon of intelligence is among us. Not that we have *much to fear* from him, however,—as you will agree when I describe our "Mutual Improvement" Society.

Some time ago, the neighbouring village of South Slumms got a North of England curate in among them. This gentleman arrived, armed with a galvanic battery, an air pump, microscopes, and other instruments of war. At first, he kept himself perfectly quiet. But he soon began to break out—showing hideous chemical preparations to the farmers, which he recommended as manures—with which none of them would have anything to do. Then, he delivered a lecture, at the school-room, on the "circulation of the blood." This threw the whole parish into a state of excitement, for nobody knew that his blood did anything in the circulating way, before. One farmer wanted to know what his blood was to him? But the intrepid curate persisted. Week after week, he perched himself before a large board, armed with a piece of chalk, whereon he described the interior arrangements of the entire parish (as a cottager remarked to me with a look of admiration), and demonstrated everything he chose. To say, when he was disserting on the heart, that he made a joke, applicable to his female audience, thereon, is but to say that he was human.

This went on. The North of England Curate became a greater and greater man. A certain air of importance marked the *savant*. Occasionally, he gave dim hints that the mysteries of nature were not quite insoluble. No; South Slumms might yet see. Here, he would fall into a fit of musing before the wondering rustics; and then, awaking suddenly, "exhaust" a frog, with severe determination, and look round, as much as to say, "what do you think of that!"

At last, we in Pleb-Biddlecumb, in emulation of the progress of South Slumms (which we detest in our hearts), and in fulfilment of a magnificent resolve to beat South Slumms out of the field at one blow, and without any preparation of ourselves, formed a "Mutual Improvement Society." The rustics were to assemble in the schoolroom, every Thursday evening, to "converse." Our Curate; Mr. Hobby, a retired doctor; and Squire Snubb, took their seats. The villagers sat round on benches, and everybody began to improve himself, mutually, out of hand. *I* was there, as a spectator. *I* am a mere, quiet, old reading-man, who pass among the neighbours as a harmless "natural."

Fancy, the benches crowded with the farmers, and fancy the graceful air of condescension majestically blowing round the curate and his friends, while the outsiders look awfully on.

Curate. Pray, Mr. Snubb, have you, of late, paid much attention to the phenomena of the malady which has affected our potatoes? (*Rustics, understanding the word "potatoes," prick up their ears.*)

Squire Snubb. Some attention, sir

Curate. Atmospheric in origin; or a leguminous decadence from unavoidable causes?

Squire (*himself hazy as to clause last*). Atmospheric, I think.

Curate (*to* Respectable Farmer). What say you, sir?

Respectable Farmer (*very red about the ears*). I agree with the Squire, sir. (*Rustics look at each other—male Rustics draw in their legs.*)

Doctor Hobby. I remember, when I was in practice, the case of a patient of mine being seriously injured by eating potatoes. (*Rustics frightened.*)

Curate. Since the disease, of course?

Doctor. Why, no—

Omnes (*not seeing at all what his remark has to do with the subject*). Exactly so!

Curate (*looking benevolently round*). We should all study those objects which have anti-septic qualities. (*Doctor nods knowingly. Female rustic, who is timid, uses her pocket-handkerchief largely*).

And so the company go on to improve themselves, and the poor country folks are very puzzled and sleepy, and think the curate and his friends have a "mortal lot o' larning—they have." There is something very touching to a speculative man in seeing how very anxious our labouring people are to get knowledge, and what a reverence they have for those who seem to possess it. But, down in Pleb-Biddlecumb, our teachers (unlike the North of England Curate, who has studied the science of teaching) serve them as they do the frogs they illustrate by—pump the natural air out of their life, to show the ingenuity of their apparatus—and leave them to gasp at leisure!

I think (if ever I overcome my natural bashfulness) I shall get up a petition to the Directors of the Great Boreas Railway, for a station near us. I wish somebody would only persuade our neighbouring peer to pull down his gamekeeper's lodge in those quarters, and take to "preserving" his tenantry.

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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RED TAPE.

Your public functionary who delights in Red Tape—the purpose of whose existence is to tie up public questions, great and small, in an abundance of this official article—to make the neatest possible parcels of them, ticket them, and carefully put them away on a top shelf out of human reach—is the peculiar curse and nuisance of England. Iron, steel, adamant, can make no such drag-chain as Red Tape. An invasion of Red Ants in innumerable millions, would not be half so prejudicial to Great Britain, as its intolerable Red Tape.

Your Red Tapist is everywhere. He is always at hand, with a coil of Red Tape, prepared to make a small official parcel of the largest subject. In the reception room of a Government Office, he will wind Red Tape round and round the sternest deputation that the country can send to him. In either House of Parliament, he will pull more Red Tape out of his mouth, at a moment's notice, than a conjuror at a Fair. In letters, memoranda, and dispatches, he will spin himself into Red Tape, by the thousand yards. He will bind you up vast colonies, in Red Tape, like cold roast chickens at a rout-supper; and when the most valuable of them break it (a mere question of time), he will be amazed to find that they were too expansive for his favorite commodity. He will put a girdle of Red Tape round the earth, in quicker time than Ariel. He will measure, from Downing Street to the North Pole, or the heart of New Zealand, or the highest summit of the Himalaya Mountains, by inches of Red Tape. He will rig all the ships in the British Navy with it, weave all the colors in the British Army from it, completely equip and fit out the officers and men of both services in it. He bound Nelson and Wellington hand and foot with it—ornamented them, all over, with bunches of it—and sent them forth to do impossibilities. He will stand over the side of the steam-ship of the state, sounding with Red Tape, for imaginary obstacles; and when the office-seal at the end of his pet line touches a floating weed, will cry majestically, "Back her! Stop her!" He hangs great social efforts, in Red Tape, about the public offices, to terrify like evil-minded reformers, as great highwaymen used to be hanged in chains on Hounslow Heath. He has but one answer to every demonstration of right, or exposition of wrong; and it is, "My good Sir, this is a question of Tape."

He is the most gentlemanly of men. He is mysterious; but not more so than a man who is cognisant of so much Tape ought to be. Butterflies and gadflies who disport themselves, unconscious of the amount of Red Tape required to keep Creation together, may wear their hearts upon their sleeves; but he is another sort of person. Not that he is wanting in conversation. By no means. Every question mooted, he has to tie up according to form, and put away. Church, state, territory native and foreign, ignorance, poverty, crime, punishment, popes, cardinals, jesuits, taxes, agriculture and commerce, land and sea—all Tape. "Nothing but Tape, Sir, I assure you. Will you allow me to tie this subject up, with a few yards, according to the official form? Thank you. Thus, you see. A knot here; the end cut off there; a twist in this place; a loop in that. Nothing can be more complete. Quite compact, you observe. I ticket it, you perceive, and put it on the shelf. It is now disposed of. What is the next article?"

The quantity of Red Tape officially employed in the defence of such an imposition (in more senses than one) as the Window-Tax; the array of Red Tapists and the amount of Red Taping employed in its behalf, within the last six or seven years; is something so astounding in itself, and so illustrative of the enormous quantities of Tape devoted to the public confusion, that we take the liberty, at this appropriate time, of disentangling an odd thousand fathoms or so, as a sample of the commodity.

The Window-Tax is a tax of that just and equitable description, that it charges a house with twenty windows at the rate of six shillings and twopence farthing a window; and houses with nine times as many windows, to wit a hundred and eighty, at the rate of eightpence a window, *less*. It is a beautiful feature in this tax (and a mighty convenient one for large country-houses) that, after progressing in a gradually ascending scale of charge, from eight windows to seventy-nine, it then begins to descend again, and charges a house with five hundred windows, just a farthing a window more, than a house with

nine. This has been, for so many years, proved—by Red Tape—to be the perfection of human reason, that we merely remark upon the circumstance, and there leave it, for another ornamental branch of the subject.

Light and air are the first essentials of our being. Among the facts demonstrated by Physical Science, there is not one more indisputable, than that a large amount of Solar Light is necessary to the development of the nervous system. Lettuces, and some other vegetables, may be grown in the dark, at no greater disadvantage than a change in their natural colour; but, the nervous system of Animals must be developed by Light. The higher the Animal, the more stringent and absolute the necessity of a free admission to it of the Sun's bright rays. All human creatures bred in darkness, droop, and become degenerate. Among the diseases distinctly known to be engendered and propagated by the want of Light, and by its necessary concomitant, the want of free Air, those dreadful maladies, Scrofula and Consumption, occupy the foremost place.

At this time of day, and when the labours of Sanitary Reformers and Boards of Health have educated the general mind in the knowledge of such truths, we almost hesitate to recapitulate these simple facts: which are as palpable and certain as the growth of a tree, or the curling of a wave. But, within a few years, it was a main fault of practical Philosophy, to hold too much herself apart from the daily business and concerns of life. Consequently, within a few years, even these truths were imperfectly and narrowly known. Red Tape, as a great institution quite superior to Nature, positively refused to receive them——strangled them, out of hand—labelled them Impositions, and shelved them with great resentment.

This is so incredible, that our readers will naturally enquire, when, where, and how? Thus. In the Spring of 1844, there sat enthroned, in the office of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Downing Street, London, the Incarnation of Red Tape. There waited upon this enshrinement of Red Tape in the body and flesh of man, a Deputation from the Master Carpenters' Society, and another from the Metropolitan Improvement Society: which latter, comprising among its members some distinguished students of Natural Philosophy, took the liberty of representing the beforementioned fact in connexion with Light, as a small result of Infinite Wisdom, eternally established before Tape was. And, forasmuch as the Window Tax excluded light from the dwellings of the poor in large towns, where the poor lived, crowded together in large old houses; by tempting the landlords of those houses to block up windows and save themselves the payment of duty, which they notoriously did—and, forasmuch, as in every room and corner thus made dark and airless, the poor, for want of space, were fain to huddle beds—and, forasmuch, as a large and a most unnatural per-centage of them, were, in consequence, scrofulous, and consumptive, and always sliding downward into Pauperism—the Deputation prayed the Right Honorable Red Tape, M. P., at least so to modify this tax, as to modify that inhuman and expensive wrong. To which, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M. P., made reply, that he didn't believe that the Tax had anything to do with scrofula; "for," said he, "the window-duties don't affect the cottager; and I have seen numerous instances of scrofula in my own neighbourhood, among the families of the agricultural peasantry." Now, this was the perfection of what may be called Red Tapeosophy. For, not to mention the fact, well known to every traveller about England, that the cottages of agricultural labourers, in general, are a perfect model of sanitary arrangement, and, are in particular remarkable for the capacious dimensions of their windows (which are usually of the bay or oriel form: never less than six feet high, commonly fitted with plate glass, and always capable of being opened freely), it is to be carefully noticed that such cottages always contain a superabundance of room, and especially of sleeping-room: also, that nothing can be farther from the custom of a cottager than to let a sleeping-room to a single man, to diminish his rent: and to crowd himself and family into one small chamber, where by reason of the dearness of fuel he stops up crevices, and shuts out air. These being things which no English landlord, dead or alive, ever heard of, it is clear—as clear as the agricultural laborer's cottage is light and airy—that the exclusion of light and air can have nothing to do with Scrofula. So, the Right Honourable Red Tape, M. P., gave the lie (politely) to the Deputation, and proved his case against Nature, to the great admiration of the office Messengers!

Well! But, on the same occasion, there was more Red Tape yet, in the back-ground, ready, in nautical phrase, to be paid out. The Deputation, rather pertinaciously dwelling on the murderous effects of a prohibition of ventilation in the thickly-peopled habitations of the poor, the same authority returned, "You *can* ventilate them, if you choose. Here is Deputy Red Tape, from the Stamp Office, at my elbow; and he tells you, that perforated plates of zinc, may be placed in the external walls of houses, without becoming liable to duty." Now, the Deputation were very glad to hear this, because they knew it to be a part of the perfect wisdom of the Acts of Parliament establishing the Window Tax, that they required all stopped-up windows to be stopped up with precisely the same substance as that of which the external walls of a house were made; and that, in a variety of cases, where such walls were of stone, for example, and such windows were stopped up with wood, they were held to be chargeable

with duty: though they admitted no ray of light through that usually opaque material. Besides which, the Deputation knew, from the Government Returns, that, under the same Acts of Parliament, a little unglazed hole in a wall, made for a cat to creep through, and a little trap in a cellar to shoot coals down, had been solemnly decided to be windows. Therefore, they were so much relieved by this perforated-zinc discovery, that the good and indefatigable DOCTOR SOUTHWOOD SMITH (who was one of the deputation) was seen, by PRIVATE JOHN TOWLER of the Second Grenadier Guards, sentry on duty at the Treasury, to fall upon the neck of MR. TOYNBEE (who was another of the deputation) and shed tears of joy in Parliament Street.

But, the President of the Carpenters' Society, a man of rule and compasses, whose organ of Veneration appears (in respect of Red Tape) to have been imperfectly developed, doubted. And he, writing to the Stamp Office on the point, caused more Red Tape to be spun into this piece of information, "that perforated plates of zinc would be chargeable if so perforated as to afford light, but not if so as to serve the purpose of ventilation only!" It not being within the knowledge of the Carpenters' Society (which was a merely practical body) how to construct perforations of such a peculiar double-barreled action as at once to let in air and shut out light, the Right Honorable Red Tape, M.P., himself, was referred to, for an explanation. This, he gave in the following skein, which has justly been considered the highest specimen of the manufacture. "There has been no mistake, as the parties suppose, in stating that openings for ventilations might be made which would not be chargeable as windows, and I cannot think it at all inconsistent with such a statement to decline expressing, beforehand, a general opinion as to whether certain openings when made would or would not be considered as windows, and as such liable to charge."

To crown all, with a wreath of blushing Tape of the first official quality, it may be briefly mentioned, that no existing Act of Parliament made any such exception, and that it had no existence out of Tape. For, a local act, for Liverpool only, was *afterwards passed*, exempting from the Window Tax circular ventilating apertures, not exceeding seven inches in diameter; provided, that if they were made in a direct line, they should be protected by a grating of cast-iron, the interstices thereof not exceeding one quarter of an inch in width.

One other choice sample of the best Red Tape presents itself in the nefarious history of the Window Tax. In July of the same year, LORD ALTHORP—whose name is ever to be respected, as having, perhaps, less association with Red Tape than that of any Minister whomsoever—made a short speech in the House of Commons, descriptive of an enactment he then introduced, for allaying something of the indignation which this tax had raised. It was, he said, "a clause, enabling persons to open fresh windows in houses at present existing, without any additional charge. Its only effect is, to prevent an increase of the revenue, in the case of houses already existing." On the faith of this statement, numbers of house-occupiers opened new windows. The instant the clause got into the Government offices, it was immeshed in a very net of Red Tape. The Stamp Office, in its construction of it, substituted existing occupiers, for existing houses; into the clause itself were introduced, before it became law, words, confining this privilege to persons "duly assessed for the year ending 5th April, 1835." What followed? Red Tape made the discovery that no one who took advantage of that clause, and opened new windows, WAS duly assessed in 1835—the whole Government Assessment: made, be it remembered, by Government Assessors: having been loosely and carelessly made—and all those openers of new windows, upon the faith of that plain speech of a plain gentleman, were surcharged; to the increase of the revenue, the dishonour of the public character of the country, and the very canonisation of Red Tape.

For the collection and clear statement of these facts, we are indebted to an excellent pamphlet reprinted, at the time, from the "WESTMINSTER REVIEW." The facts and the subject are worthy of one another.

O give your public functionary who delights in Red Tape, a good social improvement to deal with! Let him come back to his Tape-wits, after being frightened out of them, for a little while, by the ravages of a Plague; and count, if you can, the miles of Red Tape he will pile into barriers, against—a General Interment Bill, say, or a Law for the suppression of infectious and disgusting nuisances! O the cables of Red Tape he will coil away in dispatch boxes, the handcuffs he will make of Red Tape to fetter useful hands; the interminable perspectives of Exchequers, Woods and Forests, and what not, all hung with Red Tape, up and down which he will languidly wander, to the weariness of all whose hard fate it is, to have to pursue him!

But, give him something to play with—give him a park to slice away—a hideous scarecrow to set up in a public place, where it may become the ludicrous horror of the civilised earth—a marble arch to move—and who so brisk as he! He will rig you up a scaffolding with Red Tape, and fall to, joyfully. These are the things in which he finds relief from unlucky Acts of Parliament that are more troublesome improvements than they were meant to be. Across and across them, he can spin his little webs of Red Tape, and catch summer flies: or, near them, litter down official dozing-places, and roll himself over and over in Red Tape, like the Hippopotamus wallowing in his bath.

Once upon a time, there was a dusty dry old shop in Long Acre, London, where, displayed in the windows, in tall slim bottles, were numerous preparations, looking, at first sight, like unhealthy maccaroni. On a nearer inspection, these were found to be Tapeworms, extracted from the internal mechanism of certain ladies and gentlemen who were delicately referred to, on the bottles, by initial letters. Doctor Gardner's medicine had effected these wonderful results; but, the Doctor, probably apprehensive that his patients might "blush to find it fame," enshrined them in his museum, under a thin cloud of mystery. We have a lively remembrance of a white basin, which, in the days of our boyhood, remained, for eight or ten years, in a conspicuous part of the museum, and was supposed to contain a specimen so recent that there had not yet been time for its more elaborate preservation. It bore, as we remember, the label, "This singular creature, with ears like a mouse, was last week found destroying the inside of Mr. O— in the City Road." But, this was an encroachment on the province of the legitimate Tapeworms. That species were all alike except in length. The smallest, according to the labels, measured, to the best of our recollection, about two hundred yards.

If, in any convenient part of the United Kingdom, (we suggest the capital as the centre of resort,) a similar museum could be established, for the destruction and exhibition of the Red-Tape-Worms with which the British Public are so sorely afflicted, there can be no doubt that it would be, at once, a vast national benefit, and a curious national spectacle. Nor can there be a doubt that the people in general would cheerfully contribute to the support of such an establishment. The labels might be neatly and legibly written, according to the precedent we have mentioned. "The Right Honorable Mr. X— from the Exchequer. Seven thousand yards." "Earl Y—from the Colonial Office. Half as long again." "Lord Z— from the Woods and Forests. The longest ever known." "This singular creature,"—not mentioning its ears—"was found destroying the patience of Mr. John B— in the House of Commons." If it were practicable to open such an Institution before the departure of All Nations (which can scarcely be hoped) it might be desirable to translate these abstracts into a variety of languages, for the wider understanding of one of our most agreeable and improving sights.

THE BROKEN CHAIN.

Captives, bound in iron bands,
Have well-nigh learned to love their chain;
Slaves have held up ransomed hands,
Praying to be slaves again;
So, doth usage reconcile,
Soothing even Pain to smile;
So, a sadness will remain
In the breaking of the chain.

But, if chains were woven, shining,
Firm as gold, and fine as hair,
Twisting round the heart, and twining,
Binding all that centres there,
In a knot that, like the olden,
May be cut, yet ne'er unfolden—
Would not something sharp remain
In the breaking of the chain?

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BODGER.

SCENE THE FIRST.

In the year 1832, on the 24th December, one of those clear bright days, that sometimes supersede the regular snowy sleety Christmas weather, a large ship lay off Plymouth; the Blue Peter flying from her mast-head, quarters of beef hanging from her mizzen-booms, and strings of cabbages from her stern rails; her decks crowded with coarsely-clad blue-nosed passengers, and lumbered with boxes, barrels, hen-coops, spars, and chain-cables. The wind was rising with a hollow, dreary sound. Boats were hurrying to and fro, between the vessel and the beach, where stood excited groups of old people and young children. The hoarse impatient voices of officers issuing their commands, were mingled with the shrill wailing of women on the deck and the shore.

It was the emigrant ship, "Cassandra," bound for Australia during the period of the "Bounty" system, when emigration recruiters, stimulated by patriotism and a handsome per centage, rushed frantically up and down the country, earnestly entreating "healthy married couples" and single souls of either sex to accept a free passage to "a land of plenty." The English labourers had not then discovered that Australia was a country where masters were many and servants scarce. In spite of poverty and poorhouse fare, few of the John Bull family could be induced to give heed to flaming placards they could not read, or inspiring harangues they could not understand. The admirable education which in 1832, at intervals of seven days, was distributed in homœopathic doses among the agricultural olive branches of England, did not include modern geography, even when reading and writing were imparted. If a stray Sunday School scholar did acquire a faint notion of the locality of Canaan, he was never permitted to travel as far as the British Colonies.

To the ploughman out of employ, Canaan, Canada, and Australia, were all "*furrin parts;*" he did not know the way to them; but he knew the way to the poorhouse, so took care to keep within reach of it.

Thus it came to pass that the charterers of the good ship "Cassandra," were grievously out in their calculations; and failing to fill with English, were obliged to make up their complement with Irish; who, having nothing to fall upon, but the charity of the poor to

the poorer, are always ready to go anywhere for a daily meal.

The steamers from Cork had transferred their ragged, weeping, laughing, fighting cargoes; the last stray groups of English had been collected from the western counties; the Government officers had cleared and passed the ship. With the afternoon tide two hundred helpless, ignorant, destitute souls were to bid farewell to their native land.

The delays consequent on miscalculating the emigrating tastes of England, had retarded until mid-winter, a voyage which should have been commenced in autumn.

In one of the shore-boats, sat a portly man—evidently neither an emigrant nor a sailor—wrapped in a great coat and comforters; his broad brimmed beaver secured from the freezing blast, by a coloured bandanna tied under the chin of a fat whiskerless face. This portly personage was Mr. Joseph Lobbit, proprietor of "The Shop," farmer, miller, and chairman of the vestry of the rich rural parish of Duxmoor.

At Duxmoor, the chief estate was in Chancery, the manor house in ruins, the lord of it an outlaw, and the other landed proprietors absentees, or in debt; a curate preached, buried, married, and baptised, for the health of the rector compelled him to pass the summer in Switzerland, and the winter in Italy; so Mr. Lobbit was almost the greatest, as he was certainly the richest man in the parish.

Except that he did not care for anyone but himself, and did not respect anyone who had not plenty of money, he was not a bad sort of man. He had a jolly hearty way of talking and shaking hands, and slapping people on the back; and until you began to count money with him, he seemed a very pleasant liberal fellow. He was fond of money, but more fond of importance; and therefore worked as zealously at parish-business, as he did at his own farm, shop and mill. He centered the whole powers of the vestry in his own person, and would have been beadle, too, if it had been possible. He appointed the master and matron of the workhouse, who were relations of his wife; supplied all the rations and clothing for "the house;" and fixed the prices in full vestry (viz., himself, and the clerk, his cousin), assembled. He settled all questions of out-of-door relief, and tried hard, more than once, to settle the rate of wages too.

Ill-natured people did say that those who would not work on Master Lobbit's farm, at *his* wages, stood a very bad chance if they wanted anything from the parish, or came for the doles of blankets, coals, bread, and linsey-woolsey petticoats; which, under the provisions of the tablets in Duxmoor Church, are distributed every Christmas. Of course, Mr. Lobbit supplied these gifts, as chief shopkeeper, and dispensed them, as senior and perpetual churchwarden. Lobbit gave capital dinners: plenty smoked on his board, and pipes of negro-head with jorums of gin punch followed, without stint.

The two attorneys dined with him—and were glad to come, for he had always money to lend, on good security, and his gin was unexceptionable. So did two or three bull-frog farmers, very rich and very ignorant. The doctor and curate came occasionally; they were poor, and in his debt at "The Shop," therefore bound to laugh at his jokes—which were not so bad, for he was no fool—so that, altogether, Mr. Lobbit had reason to believe himself a very popular man.

But there was—where is there not?—a black drop in his overflowing cup of prosperity.

He had a son, whom he intended to make a gentleman; whom he hoped to see married to some lady of good family, installed in the Manor House of Duxmoor, (if it should be sold cheap, at the end of the Chancery suit), and established as the squire of the parish. Robert Lobbit had no taste for learning, and a strong taste for drinking, which his father's customers did their best to encourage. Old Lobbit was decent in his private habits; but, as he made money wherever he could to advantage, he was always surrounded by a levee of scamps, of all degrees—some agents and assistants, some borrowers, and would-be borrowers. Young Lobbit found it easier to follow the example of his father's companions than to follow his father's advice. He was as selfish and as greedy as his father, without being so agreeable or hospitable. In the school-room he was a dunce, in the play-ground a tyrant and bully; no one liked him; but, as he had plenty of money, many courted him.

As a last resource his father sent him to Oxford; whence, after a short residence, he was expelled. He arrived home drunk, and in debt; without having lost one bad habit, or made one respectable friend. From that period he lived a sot, a village rake, the king of the tap-room, and the patron of a crowd of blackguards, who drank his beer and his health; hated him for his insolence, and cheated him of his money.

Yet Joseph Lobbit loved his son, and tried not to believe the stories good-natured friends told of him.

Another trouble, fell upon the prosperous churchwarden. On the north side of the parish, just outside the boundaries of Duxmoor Manor, there had been, in the time of the Great Civil Wars, a large number of small freehold farmers; each with from forty to five acres of land; the smaller, fathers had divided amongst their progeny; the larger had descended to eldest sons by force of primogeniture. Joseph Lobbit's father had been one of these small freeholders. A right of pasture on an adjacent common was attached to these little freeholds; so, what with

geese and sheep, and a cow or so, even the poorest proprietor with the assistance of harvest work, managed to make a living, up to the time of the last war. War prices made land valuable, and the common was enclosed; though a share went to the little freeholders, and sons and daughters were hired, at good wages, while the enclosure was going on, the loss of the pastura for stock, and the fall of prices at the peace, sealed their fate. John Lobbit, our portly friend's father, succeeded to his little estate, of twenty acres, by the death of his elder brother, in the time of best war prices, after he had passed some years as a shopman in a great seaport. His first use of it was to sell it, and set up a shop in Duxmoor, to the great scandal of his farmer neighbours. When John slept with his fathers, Joseph, having succeeded to the shop and savings, began to buy land and lend money. Between shop credit to the five-acred and mortgages to the forty-acred men, with a little luck in the way of the useful sons of the freeholders being constantly enlisted for soldiers, impressed for sailors, or convicted for poaching offences, in the course of years, Joseph Lobbit became possessed, not only of his paternal freehold, but, acre by acre, of all his neighbours' holdings, to the extent of something like five hundred acres. The original owners vanished; the stout and young departed, and were seen no more; the old and decrepit were received and kindly housed in the workhouse. Of course it could not have been part of Mr. Lobbit's bargain to find them board and lodging for the rest of their days at the parish expense. A few are said to have drunk themselves to death; but this is improbable, for the cider, in that part of the country, is extremely sour, so that it is more likely they died of colic.

There was, however, in the very centre of the cluster of freeholds which the parochial dignitary had so successfully acquired, a small barren plot of five acres with a right of road through the rest of the property. The possessor of this was a sturdy fellow, John Bodger by name, who was neither to be coaxed nor bullied into parting with his patrimony.

John Bodger was an only son, a smart little fellow, a capital thatcher, a good hand at cobhouse building—in fact, a handy man. Unfortunately, he was as fond of pleasure as his betters. He sang a comic song, till peoples' eyes ran over, and they rolled on their seats; he handled a single-stick very tidily; and, among the light weights, was not to be despised as a wrestler. He always knew where a hare was to be found; and, when the fox-hounds were out, to hear his view-halloo, did your heart good. These tastes were expensive; so that when he came into his little property, although he worked with tolerable industry, and earned good wages, for that part of the country, he never had a shilling to the fore, as the Irish say. If he had been a prudent man, he might have laid by something very snug, and defied Mr. Lobbit to the end of his days.

It would take too long to tell all Joseph Lobbit's ingenious devices—after plain, plump offers—to buy Bodger's acres had been refused. John Bodger declined a loan to buy a cart and horse: he refused to take credit for a new hat, umbrella, and waistcoat, after losing his money at Bidecot Fair. He went on steadily slaving at his bit of land, doing all the best thatching and building jobs in the neighbourhood, spending his money, and enjoying himself without getting into any scrapes; until Mr. Joseph Lobbit, completely foiled, began to look on John Bodger as a personal enemy.

Just when John and his neighbours were rejoicing over the defeat of the last attempt of the jolly parochial, an accident occurred which upset all John's prudent calculations. He fell in love. He might have married Dorothy Paulson, the blacksmith's daughter—an only child, with better than two hundred pounds in the Bank, and a good business—a virtuous, good girl, too, except that she was as thin as a hurdle, with a skin like nutmeg-grater, and rather a bad temper. But instead of that, to the surprise of every one, he went and married Carry Hutchins, the daughter of Widow Hutchins, one of the little freeholders bought out by Mr. Lobbit, who died, poor old soul, the day after she was carried into the workhouse, leaving Carry and her brother Tom destitute—that is to say, destitute of goods, money, or credit, but not of common sense, good health, good looks, and power of earning wages.

Carry was nearly a head taller than John, with a face like a ripe pear. He had to buy her wedding gown, and everything else. He bought them at Lobbit's shop. Tom Hutchins—he was fifteen years old—a tall spry lad, accepted five shillings from his brother-in-law, hung a small bundle on his bird's-nesting stick, and set off to walk to Bristol, to be a sailor. He was never heard of any more at Duxmoor.

At first all went well. John left off going to wakes and fairs, except on business; stuck to his trades; brought his garden into good order, and worked early and late, when he could spare time, at his two little fields, while his wife helped him famously. If they had had a few pounds in hand, they would have had "land and beeves."

But the first year twins came—a boy and girl; and the next another girl, and then twins again, and so on. Before Mrs. Bodger was thirty she had nine hearty, healthy children, with a fair prospect of plenty more; while John was a broken man, soured, discontented, hopeless. No longer did he stride forth eagerly to his work, after kissing mother and babies; no longer did he hurry home to put a finishing stroke to the potato patch, or broadcast his oat crop; no longer did he sit whistling and telling stories of bygone feats at the fireside, while mending some wooden

implement of his own, or making one for a neighbour. Languid and moody, he lounged to his task with round shoulders and slouching gait; spoke seldom—when he did, seldom kindly. His children, except the youngest, feared him, and his wife scarcely opened her lips, except to answer.

A long, hard, severe winter, and a round of typhus fever, which carried off two children, finished him. John Bodger was beaten, and obliged to sell his bit of land. He had borrowed money on it from the lawyer; while laid up with fever, he had silently allowed his wife to run up a bill at "The Shop." When strong enough for work there was no work to be had. Lobbit saw his opportunity, and took it. John Bodger wanted to buy a cow, he wanted seed, he wanted to pay the doctor, and to give his boys clothes to enable them to go to service. He sold his land for what he thought would do all this, and leave a few pounds in hand. He attended to sign the deed and receive money; when, instead of the balance of twenty-five pounds he had expected, he received one pound ten shillings, and a long lawyer's bill *receipted*.

He did not say much; for poor countrymen don't know how to talk to lawyers, but he went towards home like a drunken man; and, not hearing the clatter of a horse behind him that had run away, was knocked down, run over, and picked up with his collar bone and two ribs broken.

The next day he was delirious; in the course of a fortnight he came to his senses, lying on a workhouse bed. Before he could rise from the workhouse bed, not a stick or stone had been left to tell where the cottage of his fathers had stood for more than two hundred years, and Mr. Joseph Lobbit had obtained, in auctioneering phrase, a magnificent estate of five hundred acres within a ring fence.

John Bodger stood up at length a ruined, desperate, dangerous man, pale, and weak, and even humble. He said nothing; the fever seemed to have tamed every limb—every feature—except his eyes, which glittered like an adder's when Mr. Lobbit came to talk to him. Lobbit saw it and trembled in his inmost heart, yet was ashamed of being afraid of a *pauper!*

About this time Swing fires made their appearance in the country, and the principal Insurance Companies refused to insure farming stock, to the consternation of Mr. Lobbit; for he had lately begun to suspect that among Mr. Swing's friends he was not very popular, yet he had some thousand pounds of corn stacks in his own yards and those of his customers.

John Bodger, almost convalescent, was anxious to leave the poor-house, while the master, the doctor, and every official, seemed in a league to keep him there and make him comfortable, although a short time previously the feeling had been quite different. But the old rector of Duxmoor having died at the early age of sixty-six, in spite of his care for his health, had been succeeded by a man who was not content to leave his duties to deputies; all the parish affairs underwent a keen criticism, and John and his large family came under investigation. His story came out. The new rector pitied and tried to comfort him; but his soothing words fell on deaf ears. The only answer he could get from John was, "A hard life while it lasts, Sir, and a pauper's grave, a pauper widow, pauper children: Parson, while this is all you can offer John Bodger, preaching to him is of no use."

With the wife, the clergyman was more successful. Hope and belief are planted more easily in the hearts of women than of men, for adversity softens the one and hardens the other. The rector was not content with exhorting the poor, he applied to the rich Joseph Lobbit on behalf of John Bodger's family, and as the rector was not only a truly Christian priest, but a gentleman of good family and fortune, the parochial ruler was obliged to hear and to heed.

Bland and smooth, almost pathetic, was Joseph Lobbit: he was "heartily sorry for the poor man and his large family; should be happy to offer him and his wife permanent employment on his Hill farm, as well as two of the boys and one of the girls."

The eldest son and daughter, the first twins, had been for some time in respectable service. John would have nothing to do with Mr. Lobbit.

While this discussion was pending, the news of a ship at Plymouth waiting for emigrants, reached Duxmoor.

The parson, and the great shopkeeper were observed in a long warm conference in the rectory garden, which ended in their shaking hands, and the rector proceeding with rapid strides to the poor-house.

The same day, the lately established girls' school was set to work sewing garments of all sizes, as well as the females of the rector's family. A week afterwards, there was a stir in the village; a waggon moved slowly away, laden with a father, mother, and large family, and a couple of pauper orphan girls. Yes, it was true; John and Carry Bodger were going to "Furrin parts," "to be made slaves on." The women cried, and so did the children, from imitation. The men stared. As the emigrants passed the Red Lion there was an attempt at a cheer from two tinkers; but it was a failure; no one joined in. So staring and staring, the men stood until the waggon crept round the turn of the lane and over the bridge, out of sight; then bidding the "wives" go home and be hanged to 'em, their lords, that had two-pence, went in to spend it at the Red Lion, and those who had not, went in to see the others drink, and talk over John Bodger's "bouldness," and abuse Muster Lobbit quietly, so that no one in top boots should hear them;—for they were poor

ignorant people in Duxmoor—they had had no one to teach them, or to care for them, and after the fever, and the long hard winter, they cared little for their own flesh and blood, still less for their neighbours. So John Bodger was forgotten almost before he was out of sight.

By the road-waggon which the Bodgers joined when they reached the highway, it was a three days' journey to Plymouth.

But, although they were gone, Mr. Lobbit did not feel quite satisfied; he felt afraid lest John should return and do him some secret mischief. He wished to see him on board ship, and fairly under sail. Besides, his negotiation with Emigration Brokers had opened up ideas of a new way of getting rid, not only of dangerous fellows like John Bodger, but of all kinds of useless paupers. These ideas he afterwards matured, and although important changes have taken place in our emigrating system, even in 1851, a visit to Government ships, will present many specimens of parish inmates converted, by dexterous diplomacy, into independent labourers.

Thus it was, that, contrary to all precedent, Mr. Lobbit left his shopman to settle the difficult case of credit with his Christmas customers, and with best horse made his way to Plymouth; and now for the first time in his life, floated on salt water.

With many grunts and groans he climbed the ship's side; not being as great a man at Plymouth as at Duxmoor, no chair was lowered to received his portly person. The mere fact of having to climb up a rope ladder from a rocking boat on a breezy, freezing day, was not calculated to give comfort or confident feelings to an elderly gentleman. With some difficulty, not without broken shins, amid the sarcastic remarks of groups of wild Irishmen, and the squeaks of barefooted children—who, not knowing his awful parochial character, tumbled about Mr. Lobbit's legs in a most impertinently familiar manner—he made his way to the captain's cabin, and there transacted some mysterious business with the Emigration Agent over a prime piece of mess beef and a glass of Madeira. The Madeira warmed Mr. Lobbit. The captain assured him positively that the ship would sail with the evening tide. That assurance removed a heavy load from his breast: he felt like a man who had been performing a good action, and almost cheated himself into believing that he had been spending *his own* money in charity; so, at the end of the second bottle, he willingly chimed in with the broker's proposal to go down below and see how the emigrants were stowed, and have a last look at "his lot."

Down the steep ladder they stumbled into the misery of a "bounty" ship. A long, dark gallery, on each side of which were ranged the berths; narrow shelves open to every prying eye; where, for four months, the inmates were to be packed, like herrings in a barrel, without room to move, almost without air to breathe; the mess table, running far aft the whole distance between the masts, left little room for passing, and that little was encumbered with all manner of boxes, packages, and infants, crawling about like rabbits in a warren.

The groups of emigrants were characteristically employed. The Irish "coshering," or gossiping; for, having little or no baggage to look after, they had little care; but lean and ragged, monopolised almost all the good-humour of the ship. Acute cockneys, a race fit for every change, hammering, whistling, screwing and making all snug in their berths; tidy mothers, turning with despair from alternate and equally vain attempts to collect their numerous children out of danger, and to pack the necessaries of a room into the space of a small cupboard, wept and worked away. Here, a ruined tradesman; with his family, sat at the table, dinnerless, having rejected the coarse, tough salt meat in disgust: there, a half starved group fed heartily on rations from the same cask, luxuriated over the allowance of grog, and the idea of such a good meal daily. Songs, groans, oaths: crying, laughing, complaining, hammering and fiddling combined to produce a chaos of strange sounds; while thrifty wives, with spectacle on nose, mended their husbands' breeches, and unthrifty ones scolded.

Amid this confusion, under the authoritative guidance of the second mate, Mr. Lobbit made his way, inwardly calculating how many poachers, pauper refractories, Whiteboys, and Captain Rocks, were about to benefit Australia by their talents, until he reached a party which had taken up its quarters as far as possible from the Irish, in a gloomy corner near the stern. It consisted of a sickly, feeble woman, under forty, but worn, wasted, retaining marks of former beauty in a pair of large, dark speaking eyes, and a well carved profile, who was engaged in nursing two chubby infants, evidently twins, while two little things just able to walk, hung at her skirts; a pale, thin boy, nine or ten years old, was mending a jacket; an elder brother, as brown as a berry, fresh from the fields, was playing dolefully on a hemlock flute. The father, a little round-shouldered man, was engaged in cutting wooden buttons from a piece of hard wood with his pocket-knife; when he caught sight of Mr. Lobbit he hastily pulled off his coat, threw it into his berth, and, turning his back, worked away vigorously at the stubborn bit of oak he was carving.

"Hallo, John Bodger, so here you are at last," cried Mr. Lobbit; "I've broken my shins, almost broken my neck, and spoilt my coat with tar and pitch, in finding you out. Well, you're quite at home, I see: twins all well?—both pair of them? How do you find yourself, Missis?"

The pale woman sighed and cuddled her

babies—the little man said nothing, but sneered, and made the chips fly faster.

"You're on your way now to a country where twins are no object: your passage is paid, and you've only got now to pray for the good gentlemen that have given you a chance of earning an honest living."

No answer.

"I see them all here except Mary, the young lady of the family. Pray has she taken rue, and determined to stay in England after all; I expected as much—"

As he spoke, a young girl, in the neat dress of a parlour servant, came out of the shade.

"Oh! you are there, are you, Miss Mary? So you have made up your mind to leave your place and Old England to try your luck in Australia; plenty of husbands, there, ha, ha!"

The girl blushed, and sat down to sew at some little garments. Fresh, rosy, neat, she was as great a contrast to her brother, the brown ragged ploughboy, as he was to the rest of the family, with their flabby, bleached complexions.

There was a pause: the mate having done his duty by finding the parochial dignitary's protegées, had slipped away to more important business; a chorus of sailors "yo heave ho-ing" at a chain cable had ceased, and for a few moments, by common consent, silence seemed to have taken possession of the long dark gallery of the hold.

Mr. Lobbit was rather put out by the silence, and no answers; he did not feel so confident as when crowing on his own dunghill, in Duxmoor; he had a vague idea that some one might steal behind him in the dark, knock his hat over his eyes, and pay off old scores with a hearty kick: but parochial dignity prevailed, and, clearing his throat with a "hem," he began again—

"John Bodger, where's your coat?—what are you shivering there for, in your sleeves?—what have you done with the excellent coat generously presented to you by the Parish—a coat that cost, as per contract, fourteen shillings and fourpence—you have not dared to sell it, I hope?"

"Well, Master Lobbit, and if I did, the coat was my own, I suppose?"

"What, sir?"

The little man quailed; he had tried to pluck up his spirit, but the blood did not flow fast enough. He went to his berth and brought out the coat.

It was certainly a curious colour, a sort of yellow brown, the cloth shrunk and cockled up, and the metal buttons turned a dingy black.

Mr. Lobbit raved; "a new coat entirely spoiled, what had he done to it?" and as he raved, he warmed, and felt himself at home again, Deputy Acting Chairman of the Duxmoor Vestry. But the little man, instead of being frightened, grew red, lost his humble mien, stood up, and, at length, when his tormentor paused for breath, looked him full in the face, and cried, "Hang your coat!—hang you!—hang all the parochials of Duxmoor! What have I done with your coat? Why I've dyed it; I've dipped it in a tan-yard; I was not going to carry your livery with me. I mean to have the buttons off before I'm an hour older. Gratitude you talk of;—thanks you want, you old hypocrite, for sending me away. I'll tell you what sent me,—it was that poor wench and her twins, and a letter from the office, saying they would not insure your ricks, while lucifer matches are so cheap. Ay, you may stare—you wonder who told me that; but I can tell you more. Who is it that writes so like his father the Bank can't tell the difference?"

Mr. Lobbit turned pale.

"Be off!" said the little man; "plague us no more. You have eaten me up with your usury; you've got my cottage and my bit of land; you've made paupers of us all, except that dear lass, and the one lad, and you'd well-nigh made a convict of me. But never mind. This will be a cold, drear Christmas to us, and a merry, fat one to you; but, perhaps, the Christmas may come when Master Joseph Lobbit would be glad to change places with poor, ruined John Bodger. I am going where I am told that sons and daughters like mine are better than 'silver, yea, than fine gold.' I leave you rich on the poor man's inheritance and poor man's flesh and blood. You have a son and daughter that will revenge me. 'Cursed are they that remove landmarks, and devour the substance of the poor!'"

While this, one of the longest speeches that John Bodger was ever known to make, was being delivered, a little crowd had collected, who, without exactly understanding the merits of the case, had no hesitation in taking side with their fellow-passenger, the poor man with the large family. The Irish began to inquire if the stout gentleman was a tithe-proctor or a driver? Murmurs of a suspicious character arose, in the midst of which, in a very hasty, undignified manner, Mr. Lobbit backed out, climbed up to the deck with extraordinary agility, and, without waiting to make any complaints to the officers of the ship, slipped down the side into a boat, and never felt himself safe, until called to his senses by an attempt on the part of the boatman to exact four times the regular fare.

But a good dinner at the Globe (at parochial expense) and a report from the agent that the ship had sailed, restored Mr. Lobbit's equanimity; and by the time that, snugly packed in the mail, he was rattling along toward home by a moonlight Christmas, he began to think himself a martyr to a tender heart, and to console himself by calculating the value of the odd corner of Bodger's acres, cut up into lots for his labourers' cottages. The result, fifty per cent., proved a balm to his wounded feelings.

I wish I could say that at the same hour John Bodger was comforting his wife and

little ones; sorry am I to report that he left them to weep and complain, while he went forward and smoked his pipe, and sang, and drank grog with a jolly party in the forecastle —for John's heart was hardened, and he cared little for God or man.

This old, fond love for his wife and children seemed to have died away. He left them, through the most part of the voyage, to shift for themselves—sitting forward, sullenly smoking, looking into vacancy, and wearying the sailors with asking, "How many knots to-day, Jack? When do you think we shall see land?" So that the women passengers took a mortal dislike to him; and it being gossipped about, that when his wife was in the hospital, he never went to see her for two days, they called him a brute. So "Bodger the Brute" he was called until the end of the voyage. Then they were all dispersed, and such stories driven out of mind by new scenes.

John was hired to go into the far interior, where it was difficult to get free servants at all; so his master put up with the dead-weight encumbrance of the babies, in consideration of the clever wife and string of likely lads. Thus, in a new country, he began life again in a blue jersey and ragged corduroys, but the largest money income he had ever known.

SCENE THE SECOND.

In 1842, my friend Mrs. C. made one of her marches through the bush with an army of emigrants. These consisted of parents with long families, rough country-bred single girls, with here and there a white-handed, useless young lady—the rejected ones of the Sydney hirers. In these marches she had to depend for the rations of her ragged regiment on the hospitality of the settlers on her route, and was never disappointed, although it often happened that a day's journey was commenced without any distinct idea of who would furnish the next dinner and breakfast.

On one of these foraging excursions—starting at day-dawn on horseback followed by her man Friday, an old *lag* (prisoner), in a light cart to carry the provender—she went forth to look for the flour, milk, and mullet, for the breakfast of a party whose English appetites had been sharpened by travelling at the pace of the drays all day, and sleeping in the open air all night.

The welcome smoke of the expected station was found; the light cart, with the complements and empty sack despatched; when musing, at a foot-pace, perhaps, on the future fortune of the half-dozen girls hired out the previous day, Mrs. C. came upon a small party which had also been encamping on the other side of the hills.

It consisted of two gawky lads in docked smock frocks, woolly hats, rosy sleepy countenances; fresh arrivals, living monuments of the care bestowed in developing the intelligence of the agricultural mind in England. They were hard at work on broiled mutton. A regular hard-dried Bushman, had just driven up a pair of blood mares from their night's feed, and a white-headed brisk kind of young old man, the master of the party, was sitting by the fire trying to feed an infant with some sort of mess compounded with sugar. A dray heavily laden with a bullock-team ready harnessed, stood ready to start under the charge of the bullock-watchman.

The case was clear to a colonial eye; the white-headed man had been down to the port from his Bush-farm to sell his stuff, and was returning with two blood mares purchased, and two emigrant lads hired; but what was the meaning of the baby? We see strange things in the bush, but a man-nurse is strange even there.

Although they had never met before, the white-headed man almost immediately recognised Mrs. C.—, for who did not know her, or of her, in the Bush?—so was more communicative than he otherwise might have been, and so he said,

"You see ma'am, my lady, I have only got on my own place this three years; having a long family, we found it best to disperse about where the best wages was to be got. We began saving the first year, and my daughters have married pretty well, and my boys got to know the ways of the country. There's three of them married, thanks to your ladyship; so we thought we could set up for ourselves. And we've done pretty tidy. So, as they were all busy at home, I went down for the first time to get a couple of mares and see about hiring some lads out of the ships to help us. You see I have picked up two newish ones; I have docked their frocks to a useful length, and I think they'll do after a bit; they can't read, neither of them—no more could I when I first came—but our teacher, (she's one my missis had from you,) will soon fettle them; and I've got a power of things on the dray; I wish you could be there at unloading; for it being my first visit, I wanted something for all of them. But about this babby is a curious job. When I went aboard the ship to hire my shepherds, I looked out for some of my own country; and while I was asking, I heard of a poor woman whose husband had been drowned in a drunken fit on the voyage, that was lying very ill, with a young babby, and not likely to live.

"Something made me go to see her; she had no friends on board, she knew no one in the colony. She started, like, at my voice; one word brought on another, when it came out she was the wife of the son of my greatest enemy.

"She had been his father's servant, and married the son secretly. When it was found out, he had to leave the country; thinking, that once in Australia, the father would be reconciled, and the business that put her husband in danger might be settled.

For this son was a wild, wicked man, worse than the father, but with those looks and ways that take the hearts of poor lasses. Well, as we talked, and I questioned her—for she did not seem so ill as they had told me—she began to ask me who I was, and I did not want to tell; when I hesitated, she guessed, and cried out, 'What, John Bodger, is it thee!'—and with that she screamed, and screamed, and went off quite light-headed, and never came to her senses until she died.

"So, as there was no one to care for the poor little babby, and as we had such a lot at home, what with my own children and my grandchildren, I thought one more would make no odds, so the gentleman let me take it, after I'd seen the mother decently buried.

"You see this feeding 's a very awkward job, ma'am—and I 've been five days on the road. But I think my missis will be pleased as much as with the gown I 've brought her."

"What," said Mrs. C., "are you the John Bodger that came over in the 'Cassandra,'—the John B.?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"John, the Brute?"

"Yes ma'am. But I 'm altered sure-*ly*."

"Well," continued John, "the poor woman was old Joseph Lobbit's daughter-in-law. Her husband had been forging, or something, and would have been lagged if he'd staid in England. I don't know but I might have been as bad if I had not got out of the country when I did. But there 's something here in always getting on; and not such a struggling and striving that softens a poor man's heart. And I trust what I've done for this poor babby and its mother, may excuse my brutish behaviour. I could not help thinking when I was burying poor Jenny Lobbit (I mind her well, a nice little lass, about ten years' old); I could not help thinking as she lay in a nice cloth covered coffin, and a beautiful stone cut with her name and age, and a text on her grave; how different it is even for poor people to be buried here. Oh, ma'am! a man like me with a long family can make a-head here, and do a bit of good for others worse off. We live while we live; when we die, we are buried with decency. I remember, when my wife's mother died, the parish officers were so cross, and the boards of the coffin barely stuck together, and it was terrible cold weather, too. My Carry used to cry about it uncommonly all the winter. The swells may say what they like about it, but I 'll be blessed if it be'ent worth all the voyage to die in it."

Not many days afterwards Mrs. C. saw John at home, surrounded by an army of sons and daughters; a patriarch, and yet not sixty years' old; the grandchild of his greatest enemy the greatest pet of the family.

In my mind's eye there are sometimes two pictures. John Bodger in the workhouse, thinking of murder and fire-raising in the presence of his prosperous enemy; and John Bodger, in his happy bush home, nursing little Nancy Lobbit.

At Duxmoor the shop has passed into other hands. The ex-shopkeeper has bought and rebuilt the manor-house. He is the squire, now, wealthier than ever he dreamed; on one estate a mine has been found; a railway has crossed and doubled the value of another; but his son is dead; his daughter has left him, and lives, he knows not where, a life of shame. Childless and friendless, the future is, to him, cheerless and without hope.

CHIPS.

DEGREE DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

None but those who have been educated at Cambridge can wholly understand the excitement which pervades that old university town on "Degree Day." Graduates, solicitous about the honour of their respective colleges, and their own credit as tutors; undergraduates, anxious for their friends' success, as prophetic of their own; incepting bachelors, dreading, yet nervously expecting, the decree which shall decide their university fate for good or for evil; town-residents, actuated by feelings of local interest, and perhaps connected by ties of friendship or otherwise with the collegiate world; look out, with equal curiosity, for the Friday morning's list. This is hung within the Senate House upon one of the pillars that support the east gallery, and is supposed to be proclaimed aloud by the Senior Moderator at the fixed hour, 9 A.M. It is true that he begins to read the list simultaneously with the opening of the doors, but, almost before he has pronounced the first name, he is swept back into the hall by the resistless crowd of men which pours in. The scene of confusion; the struggling and crushing, on the steps and at the doors; the complete discomfiture of all hats, caps, and gowns; the shouts and cheers that arise as each man catches the name and place of a friend, from some one who, for a moment, has gained access to the suspended placard; the vain efforts of individuals to extricate themselves from the crowd, and to pass out with the intelligence which they have obtained—set all powers of description at defiance.

At Cambridge, the examination for Mathematical Honours takes place but once a year—in January, when, upon an average, about one hundred and ten men pass creditably. Their names are divided into three classes, Wranglers, Senior Optimes, and Junior Optimes; and, in each class, are arranged in order of merit. The first place among the Wranglers, the Senior Wrangler as it is termed, is the very highest honour which the University can bestow; he who earns it, may indeed be proud of his position. These three classes complete the Friday morning's list; the hubbub attendant upon its publication soon subsides; and the quieter business of mutual congratulation and

letter-writing, takes its place. In the evening of the same day, is made known the list of successful candidates for ordinary degrees; this list contains about one hundred and sixty names, and is also divided into three classes; but in these the names are arranged alphabetically, in order to take away all appearance of honour.

But, the morrow is the true "Degree Day." At ten o'clock, the Senate House doors are thrown open, and its beautiful hall is speedily filled with a most brilliant assemblage. Along the sides, and far into the body of the room, are tiers of gaily dressed ladies; fair faces fill a portion of the galleries; caps and gowns innumerable take possession of the remainder; while the floor is occupied by Doctors, Masters of Arts, &c., in their various dresses; and last, not least, the heroes of the day, or, as they are called, Incepting Bachelors, wearing their picturesque hoods. The ceremony of conferring the degrees is somewhat long and tedious; but, omitting details, it may be observed that each man is led up, by the proper officer of his College, to the Vice-Chancellor of the University, who sits in state at the head of the hall—and that he returns, a Bachelor of Arts.

The Senior Wrangler has the distinguished honour of receiving his degree before any proceedings are taken with his less successful rivals; the deafening and universal applause which thereupon breaks forth from all parts of the building, is almost overpowering in its heartfelt earnestness; it is a worthy tribute to youthful talent and perseverance, and goes far to reward the happy student for his years of toil and drudgery.

A WELSH WEDDING.

The ancient festivities connected with marriage are still retained in the rural parts of Wales. When the day for that ceremony has been fixed, "bidding papers" are dispatched to all friends, within possible distance. The Squire generally finds one laid on his table, and usually responds to the pecuniary part of the invitation. The following is a specimen of one of these papers:—

"Carmarthenshire, *Nov. 15th*, 1850.

"*As we intend to enter the* Matrimonial State, *on* Wednesday, *the 4th day of December next, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a* Bidding *on the occasion, the same day, at the* Young Woman's Brother's House, at which time and place the favour of your very good and most agreeable company is respectfully solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then, will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid, whenever called for on a similar occasion,

"By your most obedient Servants,

"David Price,

"Elizabeth Jones.

"The Young Man, with his Brother and Sister (Richard and Mary Price), desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful, together with his Uncle, and his Brothers-in-law and Sisters, and their Wives, for all additional favours.

"The Young Woman and her Sister (Anne Jones) desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful, together with her Brothers and Sisters-in-law, and her Uncles and Aunts, for all favours granted."

As soon as the heroine of the day makes her appearance in bridal array among the assembled guests at her father's house, her friends proceed to hide her in the most unattainable place possible. Should the dwelling not afford such accommodation, the cow-house and stables are invaded, or even a neighbour's domicile. When hidden, notice is given to the bridegroom's chosen representatives, who are four or five in number; they advance to the door, and demand the fair prize from her father. The bride's chosen spokesmen reply to those outside. All the stock of wit possessed by either party is exchanged, amidst general hilarity, until the claimants are admitted to seek the lost one. Sometimes, she is so hopelessly concealed, that time creeps most alarmingly near twelve. When matters assume this serious aspect some kind friend is found to act as guide, and she is found, amidst universal acclamations. The bride's perils are, by no means, over; for, instead of going quietly to church, where the bridegroom has been waiting, his delegates make an attack upon her appointed body-guard. The poor girl often gets very rough handling, between the combatants; and, should the opposing one be victorious, she is carried off to some place of concealment, until again rescued. When, at last, the lady reaches the church gate, her betrothed comes forward, attended by two girls, determined, apparently, to make the most of his last unfettered minutes. He then, having shaken hands with his future father-in-law, receives and conducts his bride to the altar.

The instant the ceremony is over and the names registered, a furious scene of racing commences—very dangerous at a "horse wedding." The fleetest courier wins the pint of ale awarded to the bearer of the first intelligence from church to those at home.

On the arrival of the new couple they are seated at a table, each holding a plate for the reception of "bidding money;" and beside them a friend with a little book, in which are entered the names of the lenders, and the amount—for the promise to return, in kind, is taken *au pied de la lettre*. The debt is strictly one of honour, and if not repaid on the marriage of the creditor, is sure to be demanded. This ceremony over, the bride retires to change her dress—or make some alterations in it—and, on her return, attends upon her guests. A table is laid out with a very simple cold collation—bread, cheese, and butter—of which all partake, who choose. This may seem but poor hospitality, especially

when we add that the beer and ale are *sold* to the guests; but, any reader, who knows the poverty of the Welsh peasantry, and their simple habits, will find excuse sufficient. The beer is supplied by the young woman's father, and the profits form part of her dower.

Drinking is kept up, until a late hour, amid singing and music. Welsh *vocal* melodies are generally rather dismal. Few get beyond psalms, which are pretty enough, set to Ar-hyd-y-nos, &c., but national psalmody partakes very much of the cow-killing tune of general notoriety. Dancing is often indulged in. When the bride retires to rest, if a wary woman, she investigates the arrangements of her bed-room, for her friends consider it their duty to conclude the amusements with a practical joke.

A melancholy catastrophe is said to have been the result of one of these practical jokes. On the afternoon of a wedding-day, what was supposed to have been a dead viper was put into the bride's bed. Her husband, on joining her, found her a corpse! The viper lay in her bosom, with its head elevated to her mouth. She had not been stung, but had died, it was thought, from fear.

SAINT VALENTINE.

I THINK if old Saint Valentine but knew
The way his fête day now's commemorated;
And if the strange productions met his view
That fill our picture-shops, at any rate he 'd
Be much amused, and, no doubt, marvel too,
At fame he surely scarce anticipated—
A fame as great as any of the sages
Of Greece, or Rome, or of the Middle Ages.

I wonder what his Saintship had to do
With flaming hearts, or with the cooing dove,
With little bows and arrows, and the true
Entangled lover's knot (fit type of love);
With chubby, flying Cupids, peeping through
The leaves of roses, or through clouds above,
Daintily sketched on paper, with lace edges,
To be perhaps of timid love the pledges.

The Sacred Nine, by many a youthful poet,
Are now invoked, and many a wasted quire
Of cream-laid note-paper will serve to show it,
Covered with scraps of wild poetic fire,
And bursts of eloquence! No doubt you know it,
By observation, or experience dire.
What crooked stanzas will be perpetrated
By Bards and Rhymesters uninitiated!

They 'll scarce improve upon the doggrel verse,
That tells of "roses red and violets blue;"
And ends by saying in a style most terse,
That the "carnation's sweet, and so are you."
I have seen modern rhymes that are much worse,
But then I have seen better, it is true;
Exquisite songs and sonnets bright and pure,
The gems of minstrelsy and literature.

How many hearts are throbbing with emotion,
How many eyes are sparkling with love-light,
As loving words are read; and what commotion
When postmen knock! What ill-concealed delight,
When these mysterious tokens of devotion,
Tinted and scented meet the dear one's sight!
But I 'm on dangerous ground and rather blundering,
So I 'll return to where I left off wondering.

Wondering about Saint Valentine's connection
With all this sort of thing so unmonastic,
Suggesting something like a dereliction
From the prescribed high roads ecclesiastic,
'Twould seem his heart was in the wrong direction,
And for an ancient Bishop far too plastic;
He's certainly the Cupid of Theology,
Rivalling the rosy boy of Old Mythology.

Perhaps he had a taste for wedding-cake,
Or orange blossoms in a white chip bonnet;
Perhaps the marriage fees he liked to take;
At least he never did (depend upon it),
Treat marriage like St. Paul, who seemed to make
A point of throwing ice-cold water on it.
I wonder whether, too, he wrote epistles,
Or spent his time illuminating missals?

If he did write at all, it was a lecture
On love I think, or something of the kind;
And much less calculated to correct your
Follies and foibles, than distract your mind:
But this is only founded on conjecture,
For not a line of his can I yet find,
Though I have searched through many darksome pages
Of the Church Hist'ry of the Middle Ages.

And there I read, that, in the Eternal City,
Now nearly one thousand six hundred years ago,
Saint Valentine, the subject of my ditty,
Was doomed to death by Claudius Cæsar,—so
Our Saint was martyred!—what a dreadful pity!
What it was for, I don't exactly know,
(*He* didn't know perhaps); indeed his history
Remains to me a most intricate mystery.

Long live thy mem'ry, Great St. Valentine!
Still lend thy ancient name to lovers' lays,
And with thy spirit animate each line,
And still may poets celebrate thy praise,
And yearly help to make that name of thine
"Familiar in our mouths," as Shakespeare says,
"As Household Words."—(This wish is loyal too,
For Valentines increase the Revenue.)

THE MARTYRS OF CHANCERY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

SYDNEY SMITH, with his wise wit, remarked that there never was a great abuse brought to light in England, but there certainly arose some men prepared to contend not only that it was no abuse at all, but that it was something to be admired, and glorified, and boasted about. Such folks are tender, we presume, even of the Court of Chancery.

On the 7th of December we published an article bearing the above title. It was a statement of facts, respecting certain individuals imprisoned in the Queen's Bench by the Court of Chancery, for contempt of its decrees. A month afterwards, a letter appeared in the Times newspaper, the object of which was to deny the truth of the *historiettes* we published;

to prove that the Court of Chancery is blameless in such matters; and that Chancery prisoners, though incarcerated by that Court in the first instance, become

"So pleased with ruin and in love with *jail*,"

that "the great difficulty" always has been to tear them away from their beloved cells! This, we believe, was, more than once, the case in the Bastille of Old France, also.

"When the Fleet Prison was cleared," says Sir Edward Sugden, in this letter to the Times, "the great difficulty was to compel the prisoners to leave the prison. They filled the offices of cook, hotel-keeper, &c., and it was absolutely necessary, when their costs had been paid for them, and their discharges obtained, to turn them out of the Fleet; and some, after having been sent comfortably home to their friends, returned after a time, and, knocking at the Fleet gates, begged to be re-admitted! One man who had a large room, which he let out in lodgings, resorted to many contrivances to remain in prison, and when at last his discharge was obtained in spite of his resistance, several detainers for debt were lodged against him, which upon inquiry turned out to be fabrications: no such persons as the attorneys or creditors could be found. He contrived to remain in the Fleet for a considerable time longer, and, when ejected by force, was found to have amassed a considerable sum of money. Nor is this to be wondered at, considering how long many of them had been there, and that, in fact, it had become *their home!*"

It would seem to be nearly impossible, according to Sir Edward Sugden's plea, for any Chancery prisoner to remain long in prison, except from his own wilfulness. Sir Edward Sugden, to his honour, framed, in 1830, chapter 36 of 1 William IV. He says of it:—

"The object of that act was to render it impossible for any man to be detained in prison for contempt from poverty or ignorance, and to enable every man, by paying his debts as far as he could, to obtain his liberty. For this purpose the act provides that every person shall, within thirty days, be brought to the bar of the Court of Chancery for his contempt, or in default thereof the gaoler is at once to discharge him out of custody without payment of the costs of contempt, which are to be paid by the person who issued the process. This was an effectual remedy against the abuse of leaving a poor man to die in a county gaol. The act then provides, that if a person being brought before the Court shall make oath in court that he is unable, by reason of poverty, to employ a solicitor to put in his answer, the Court may appoint a solicitor and counsel for him to put in his answer, and may pay the costs out of the suitors' fund. This, therefore, fully provided for the poor man. The act then provides for a visitation by one of the Masters of the Court of Chancery of the Fleet every three months, who is to examine the prisoners for contempt and report on their respective cases to the Court, and the Court itself is authorised to direct the costs of the contempt of every such prisoner to be paid out of the suitors' fund, and to assign a solicitor and counsel to such prisoner for putting in his answer and defending him *in formâ pauperis*, and to direct any such prisoner, having previously done such acts as the Court shall direct, to be discharged out of custody."

This thorough purgation of Chancery prisoners, provides for the expulsion of those, even, who are afflicted with a morbid love of confinement:—

"The act goes still further; for in any other case of commitment for contempt not specially provided for, the Court may discharge the prisoner upon such terms and making any costs, costs in the cause, as the Court may deem proper. And, which is not the least valuable part of the act, when any contempt prisoner shall be entitled to his discharge upon applying to the Court, but shall omit to make such application, the Court may compulsorily discharge him from the contempt and from custody."

Nothing can be plainer, more humane, or more summary. "There is no class of prisoners," says Sir Edward Sugden, farther on, "of whose liberty the law is so tender." His Ejectment Act reaches the prisoner, whether he be poor, or ignorant of his offence, or in love with imprisonment.

If Sir Edward Sugden's facts had supported his arguments, he would have made out a case against us; but, they do not. In October last, he visited the Queen's Bench Prison. "I found," he narrates, "*twenty-four* prisoners for contempt!" The dates of most of the committals, he adds, range from 1827 to 1841, and a few from that year to last October. The fact of twenty-four persons being still in prison for contempt, in spite of Sir Edward Sugden's excellent Act, confutes him; and makes in direct contradiction to his assertion, that "the Court of Chancery appears to be free from all blame, as regards the legislative provisions of the poor, unwary, and ignorant, and even as regards the obstinate and dishonest debtor."

The vice of Sir Edward Sugden's plea for the Immaculate, is simply this:—he confounds the law with its administrator. He borrows the lustre of his own statute to blind us to the mal-administration of it in the Court of Chancery. The truth is, that Sir Edward Sugden's Act is nearly inoperative in the present condition of that "hell" (Lord Brougham); of that "scourge to the country" (the Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce); of that arena of torture "in which the unhappy suitor is tossed from judge to master, and from master to judge, often terminating the game by despair, insolvency, and death" (Mr. Commissioner Fane); that system which "not merely operates to delay justice, but gives rise to fraud and oppression" (Lord Langdale); by whose decrees "estates are destroyed, according to law" (Vice-Chancellor Shadwell).

Were the High Court of Chancery the purest and promptest fount of justice, on this

side of Lord Brougham's Hades, the provisions of the Sugden Act, if carried out, would yet demand an amount of leisure, gratuitously employed, which the High Court of Chancery would not probably have the power to bestow. In January last, a nightmare of arrears sat upon the Lord Chancellor, of eighty-two appeals; the Master of the Rolls was haunted by four undelivered judgments and one hundred and twenty-five "matters of all sorts" undisposed of. Five hundred and twenty-eight "matters of all sorts" in arrears oppressed Mr. Knight Bruce; whilst Lord Cranworth came into a residuary legacy of two hundred and twenty-one "matters of all sorts" then to be dealt with.* These arrears go on increasing! The Masters in Chancery, whose alternate duty it is to visit the prisons, four times a year, to investigate each prisoner's case (which has perhaps lasted through four successive reigns), are described as working harder than day labourers. The appointment of two extra Vice-Chancellors, caused fifty per cent. additional "references to the master." Yet, no additional masters were appointed. Subsequently, the working of the Joint Stock Companies Winding-up Act was thrown on the same shoulders. It has, therefore, happened that, with the ordinary avenues to Chancery justice thus choked up, the provisions of Sir Edward Sugden's measure have not been complied with, upon his own showing, in at least twenty-four cases.

The case of a gentleman, who attracted public attention about Christmas, by his discharge from the Queen's Bench and a subsequent indulgence in intoxication, explains how it is that Chancery prisoners become so much more attached to prison walls than mere prisoners for debt. Sir Edward Sugden tells us, that this man was committed in 1835, but that his contempt was, in effect, purged in 1837. Here, were two years' isolation from friends and connexions, to the severance of every tie, to the destruction of every chance of livelihood without the walls. Meanwhile, he had found, perhaps, means, by industry within the walls, to earn money; and objected to be released. His counsel, in applying, at last, for his emancipation, said he had remained in custody so long, "from ignorance, and the oversight of those who visited the prison under Sir Edward Sugden's Act." Sir Edward answers, that it was of no use for the Court to cause the contempt to be purged, because there were detainers for debts. Why of no use? Had the Court discharged the contempt, is it not possible that the creditors might have ejected the man under the compulsory clause of the Insolvent Act, and obtained his assets? But their answer to such a suggestion would naturally have been Sir Edward Sugden's answer to the converse of their case—"No use. What will it avail us, to make such an application to the Insolvent Court, against a prisoner for contempt?" His case was "no doubt regularly reported fifty-six times," says Sir Edward; yet, it appears that the contempt had been effectually satisfied in 1837, and that the merest form was only necessary, to discharge its victim any day afterwards! How searchingly the visitors, and the court, must have done their duty under Sir Edward's Act, in their fifty-six visitations and their fifty-six reports!

Some seventeen years ago, a cavalry officer drove up to the Fleet Prison in great style. He was in contempt, and remained so for five years. During that time, his commission, his friends, his hopes, his ordinary means of obtaining an existence "outside" had worn away. He might have been free; but, having, meantime, kept life and soul together by performing menial offices for his fellow-prisoners, he preferred a sure crust, in gaol, to an uncertain subsistence out of it. For the last twelve years, he has made a living by cleaning boots and shoes!

Some of the "twenty-four" are similar cases. Even the committals after the passing of the 1st William IV., c. 36, engender the same kind "fondness" for gaol life. A man in humble circumstances is thrust into durance for contempt, and remains long enough, in spite of the most vigilant visitation, and the quickest subsequent (Chancery) proceedings, to be utterly ruined, from mere absence from his connexions and means of livelihood. Is not he a Chancery martyr? Is it not special pleading to urge that, because the whole duration of his confinement be not due to Chancery, it was not Chancery that struck him down, and destroyed him?

But, there are cases in which the old grievance of "Chancery delays," locks the door upon the prisoner for years. We mentioned, in our former article, that an individual who had been recently discharged, had been confined, for seventeen years, upon a mistake. Captain Hudson, the Governor of the Queen's Prison, informed Sir Edward Sugden, that he knew of no such case. We will now particularise the case, as an instance how thoroughly the intentions of the Sugden Act are defeated by the mere force of delay.

Mr. George Pyne Andrews, himself a solicitor in the Court of Chancery, and Notary Public, residing in Birchin Lane, had a dispute with the owners of the premises in which he carried on his business, and filed a bill in Chancery against them. In June 1831, the Vice-Chancellor decreed against him, on a matter of form, with costs: expressing, that but for such bar, he thought the plaintiff's agreement with the defendants gave him the right he sought. Mr. Andrews appealed to the Lord Chancellor, who also decreed against him; subsequently, he carried his appeal to the House of Lords, where it at present remains, still undecided.

* By "matters of all sorts," is meant causes for original hearing; causes which having been once heard and referred to the Master, are to be re-heard upon the Master's Report on further directions; Exceptions to such Reports, Exceptions to Answers, Pleas, Demurrers, Petitions, &c.

In January, 1833, Mr. Andrews was attending at the Register Office, for settling minutes of the order on appeal, by appointment of the solicitors of the defendants, when they caused him to be arrested there, on a Middlesex writ. This is, in itself, a high contempt; the person of a solicitor being, while in an office of the Court on the business of a suit, held sacred. The attachment was for one hundred and seven pounds; but, on the 16th of the same month, whilst the plaintiff was preparing to apply to the Court for immediate release, on the above ground, a discharge, in the usual form, from the Sheriff's Office, was brought, and plaintiff's liberation (freely, voluntarily, and unconditionally,) followed. In March, the plaintiff was again arrested, for the same costs, on a London writ, which ran concurrently with the Middlesex one, returnable at the same time as the writ from which he had been discharged. The prisoner petitioned for his discharge continually, until July, 1834, when he got himself brought up before Lord Brougham; who part heard him in person, stopped him to keep an official appointment, and, soon afterwards, went out of office. Mr. Andrews renewed this application, repeatedly, before the succeeding Lord Chancellor, Lyndhurst—then, before the Lords Commissioners—then, before Lord Chancellor Cottenham—next, before Lord Lyndhurst, again—and, finally, (several times) before Lord Cottenham. All to no purpose; until, on the 24th December, 1849, Mr. Andrews was set at large, with all his rights about him; these rights being, liberty to carry on certain appeals to the House of Lords, which are still pending. He could have been liberated some time earlier, had he chosen to forego an appeal upon an injunction to restrain him from bringing an action against his opponents for false imprisonment. This he declined to do; for, by that time, his ruin had been completed.

The inability of some prisoners to obtain their liberation by any "acts or concessions of their own," is well illustrated by another case we previously stated. Sir Edward Sugden furnishes some notes made by himself during a recent visit to the Queen's Prison. The first case he mentions, is that of the gentleman committed for the non-transfer of certain stock, and for not delivering up certain deeds;—in fact, the unhappy individual who invested his legacy in Spanish Bonds. "For this case," Sir Edward remarks, "as matters at present stand, there appears to be no remedy." In spite of Sir Edward Sugden's own statute.

This gentleman then cannot liberate himself "by any acts or concessions of his own." We apprehend this to be not a solitary case. We repeat, therefore, that he is in the catalogue of the doomed, and is doomed accordingly, and cannot be restored to society.

Sir Edward Sugden lays great stress on the expression in our former article, that there is no Insolvent Debtors' or Bankrupts' Court to release the martyr of Chancery. There lies before us a letter to the "Times" newspaper, signed "George Stephen;" the writer of which declares that he was for some time appointed solicitor to pauper Chancery prisoners. Amongst other things, he tells us that it has sometimes occurred "that prisoners were detained in contempt for non-payment of costs, and, though reported by the master as fit objects for relief, being paupers not worth five pounds, they were left to obtain their discharge by the Insolvent Debtors' Court, as provided by the act, but were unable to resort to the Insolvent Court because that involved payment of fees to the amount of six pounds." Does Sir Edward Sugden term these men "self-elected" martyrs?

Great good was, doubtless, effected during the earlier years of the operation of Sir Edward Sugden's Act: and to Sir Edward Sugden, as its author, we render all due commendation; but, it is rather a curative after mischief done than a preventive measure. The power of the Court of Chancery for committing for contempt will, we trust, be abridged. There is no reason why the non-payment of a Chancery lawyer's bill, for instance, should bring down condign punishment on the head of the defaulter, any more than any other debt.

A PRISON ANECDOTE.

In the year 1834, a widow lady of good fortune (whom we shall call Mrs. Newton) resided with her daughter in one of the suburbs nearest to the Metropolis. They lived in fashionable style, and kept an ample establishment of servants.

A very pretty young girl, nineteen years of age, resided in this family in the capacity of lady's-maid. She was tolerably educated, spoke with grammatical correctness, and was distinguished by a remarkably gentle and fascinating address.

At that time Miss Newton was engaged to be married to one Captain Jennings, R.N.; and Miss Newton (as many young ladies in the like circumstances have done before,) employed her leisure in embroidering cambric, making it up into handkerchiefs, and sending them and other little presents of that description, to Captain Jennings. Unhappily, but very naturally, she made Charlotte Mortlock, her maid, the bearer of these tender communications. The captain occupied lodgings suited to a gentleman of station, and thither Charlotte Mortlock frequently repaired at the bidding of her young mistress, and generally waited (as lovers are generally impatient) to take back the captain's answers.

A strange sort of regard, or attachment (it is confidently believed to have been guiltless) sprung up between the captain and the maid; and the captain, who would seem to have deserved Miss Newton's confidence as little

as her maid did, gave as presents to Charlotte, some of the embroidered offerings of Miss Newton.

It happened that a sudden appointment to the command of a ship of war, took Captain Jennings on a trans-Atlantic voyage. He had not been very long gone, when the following discovery threw the family of the Newtons into a state of intense agitation.

In search of some missing article in the absence of her maid, Miss Newton betook herself to that young woman's room, and, quite unsuspiciously, opened a trunk which was left unlocked. There she found, to her horror, a number of the handkerchiefs she had embroidered for her lover. The possibility of the real truth never flashed across her mind; the dishonesty of Charlotte seemed to be the only solution of the incident. "Doubtless," she reasoned, "the parcels had been opened on their way to Captain Jennings, and their contents stolen."

On the return of Charlotte Mortlock, she was charged with the robbery. What availed the assertion that she had received the handkerchiefs from the captain himself? It was no defence, and certainly was not calculated to soften the anger of her mistress. A policeman was summoned, the unhappy girl was charged with felony, underwent examination, was committed for trial, and, destitute of witnesses, or of any probable defence, was ultimately *convicted*. The judge (now deceased) who tried the case, was unsparingly denounced by many philanthropic ladies, for the admiration he had expressed for the weeping girl, and especially for his announcement to the jury, in passing sentence of one year's imprisonment with hard labour, "that he would *not* transport her, since the country could not afford to lose such beauty." It was doubtless, not a very judicial remark; but an innocent girl was, at all events, saved from a sentence that might have killed her.

Consigned to the County House of Correction, Charlotte Mortlock observed the best possible conduct—was modest, humble, submissive, and industrious—and soon gained the good-will of all her supervisors. To the Governor she always asserted her innocence, and told, with great simplicity, the tale of her fatal possession of those dangerous gifts.

She had been in prison a few months, when the Governor received a visit from a certain old Baronet, who with ill-disguised reluctance, and in the blunt phraseology which was peculiar to him, proceeded to say, that "a girl named Charlotte Mortlock had quite bewitched his friend Captain Jennings, who was beyond the Atlantic; and that a letter he produced would show the singular frame of mind in which the Captain was, about that girl."

Assuredly, the letter teemed with expressions of anguish, remorse, and horror at the suffering and apparent ruin of "a dear innocent girl," the victim of his senseless and heartless imprudence. However, the Baronet seemed to be anything but touched by his friend's rhapsodies. He talked much of "human nature," and of "the weakness of a man when a pretty girl was in the case;" but, in order to satisfy his friend's mind, asked to see her, that he might write some account of her appearance and condition. Accordingly, he *did* see her, in the Governor's presence. After a few inappropriate questions, he cut the interview short, and went away, manifestly disposed to account his gallant friend a fool for his excitement.

The incident was not lost upon the Governor, who listened with increased faith to the poor girl's protestations. In a few months more he received a stronger confirmation of them. Apparently unsatisfied with the Baronet's services, Captain Jennings wrote to another friend of his, a public functionary, formerly a Captain in the renowned Light Division; and that officer placed in the Governor's hands a letter from the Captain, expressing unbounded grief for the dreadful fate of an innocent young woman. "He could not rest night or day; she haunted his imagination, and yet he was distant, and powerless to serve her." His second messenger was touched with pity, and consulted the Governor as to the proper steps to pursue. However, under the unhappy circumstances of the case, Captain Jennings being so far away, no formal document being at hand, and the period of the poor girl's release being then almost come, it was deemed unadvisable to take any step. Charlotte Mortlock fulfilled the judgment of the law.

She had been carefully observed, her occupation had been of a womanly character; she had never incurred a reproof, much less a punishment, in the prison; and her health had been well sustained. She, consequently, quitted her sad abode in a condition suitable for active exertion. Such assistance as could be extended to her, on her departure, was afforded, and so she was launched into the wide world of London.

She soon found herself penniless. Happily, she did not linger in want, pawn her clothes (which were good), and gradually descend to the extreme privation which has assailed so many similarly circumstanced. She resolved to *act*, and again went to the prison gates. Well attired, but deeply veiled, so as to defy recognition, she inquired for the Governor. The gate porter announced that "a lady" desired to speak to him. The stranger was shown in, the veil was uplifted, and, to the Governor's astonishment, there stood Charlotte Mortlock! Her hair was neatly and becomingly arranged about her face; her dress was quiet and pretty; and altogether she looked so young, so lovely, and, at the same time, so modest and innocent, that the Governor, per force, almost excused the inconstancy (albeit attended with such fatal consequences) of Captain Jennings.

With many tears she acknowledged her grateful obligations for the considerate and humane treatment she had received in prison. She disclosed her poverty, and her utter friendlessness; expressed her horror of the temptations to which she was exposed; and implored the Governor's counsel and assistance. Without a moment's hesitation, she was advised to go at once to a lady of station, whose extensive charities and zealous services, rendered to the outcasts of society at that time, were most remarkable. She cheerfully acquiesced. She found the good lady at home, related her history, met with sympathy and active aid, and, after remaining for a time, by her benevolent recommendation, in a charitable establishment, was recommended to a wealthy family, to whom every particular of her history was confided. In this service she acquitted herself with perfect trustfulness and fidelity, and won the warmest regard. The incident which had led to her unmerited imprisonment, broke off the engagement between Captain Jennings and Miss Newton; but whether the former had ever an opportunity of indemnifying the poor girl for the suffering she had undergone, the narrator has never been able to learn. This is, in every particular, a true case of prison experience.

THE CHEMISTRY OF A PINT OF BEER.

At a late meeting of a very useful little Metropolitan Mechanics' Institution, which it is not necessary to our present purpose to name, a discourse on the subject above-mentioned was delivered by Mr. James Saunders, practical plumber and glazier, amateur chemist and natural philosopher.

Mr. Saunders commenced his lecture by observing, that much ado was being made just now about the Papal Aggression. This remark might appear foreign to his subject, but, in fact, led up to it; for the Pope of Rome had occasioned a fermentation in this country; and without fermentation there could be no such thing as that which he was about to have the pleasure of discussing—a pint of beer. He should say no more on the fermentation caused by the Pope, except that he hoped it would be followed by the usual results of that process as observed in brewing—a sinking of the dregs; a going off of flighty volatile gas; and strength communicated to the good stuff in the barrel.

"For many of the observations I'm about to make, Ladies and Gentlemen," continued Mr. Saunders, "I shall have to apply to my notes; for which I'm beholden to our worthy Doctor, who is now amongst us; and I hope he'll excuse me for any mistakes I may make in pronouncing some of his words.

"In the first place, what is a pint of beer? 'Twopence,' says some of you, 'and a deal too much!' That's not the question. There's a great many beers. There's porter, there's heavy, or brown stout, and there's strong beer, and ales of ever so many sorts, and, then, there's swipes. Which is it to be? Well; please to take beer as meaning malt-liquor in general—a fermented drink made out of malt and hops. In a chemical sense, it don't much matter what tap it is. Here I may be asked, perhaps, what chemistry has to do with beer? Everything. Brewing's a regular chemical operation. Of course, I haven't time to go into the whole art and mystery of brewing. I shan't attempt more than to give you some sort of notion of the science of that beautiful process. Well; now then we'll begin by inquiring what beer is made of?

"The answer most of you would make to this question, I take it, would be, 'Malt, hops, and water.' Some would add, perhaps, 'and a little isinglass, for finings.' That's what it ought to be made of, to be sure. But there's more things in ale and beer, ladies and gentlemen, than is dreamt of in your society—However, let us take beer as brewed simply of water, malt, and hops—what you may call Utopian Entire; though, mind, 'tis in the power of all of us to realise this salubrious and agreeable beverage, if so be as we've got the means, and will take the trouble ourselves, for to brew the same.

"We'll say, then, that beer is made of malt, hops, and water. Very good. But now comes another query. What is water, and hops, and malt made of?

"First, what is water made of? Ah!—there was a time when heads, with big wigs on 'em, would have been shook at me for asking that question. I should have been thought mad—perhaps worse. But we live in better times, thanks be. You've been told afore, most of you, no doubt, that water, when quite neat, which you can't get except by distilling of it, is made of oxygen and hydrogen, which are two sorts of gas; that is, when separated one from the other, as can be done by galvanism and other ways and means, and collected apart. Rain-water, fresh from the clouds, contains a little fixed air besides; the same air that comes out of soda-water and ginger-beer: what they call carbonic acid; namely, carbon, the same thing as charcoal, turned into gas by being combined, as the word is, with oxygen. What river-water contains depends a good deal on what goes into the river; the idea whereof may be left to imagination, with the hope it won't disorder the stomach. Same with well-water drawn from nigh sewers and churchyards. Besides these things, which have no business in water, both river and well-water contain various salts, more or less. There's carbonate of lime in 'em, carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of potash, now and then sulphate of iron, and so on, according to the soil they run through, or spring out of. Sulphate and carbonate of lime (in other words, plaster of Paris and chalk) cause water to be, what is called, hard; which is bad and wasteful for making tea;

but whether it is the worse or no for brewing beer is a dispute among brewers; and who 's to decide when brewers disagree. It stands to reason that the quality of the water must have more or less effect upon the quality of beer; so, no doubt, the difference between the beers of different places depends, for one thing, on the kind of water they are brewed from.

"Next, as to the hops. The hop-flower, belonging to the vegetable creation, is made of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. Besides, there's a bitter extract in it, and likewise a drowsifying sort of principle, something like what there is in opium, called *Humulin.*

"Now for the malt. What is malt? Not many of you, I suppose, are such Cockneys as not to know that malt is barley, steeped in water, laid out on a floor, let be there till it is just about to sprout, and then dried on a kiln, at a heat high or low, according to the colour you want it to be; pale, or amber, or brown. Here begin the chemical manœuvres required to produce a pint of beer. Malting is a process of chemistry that goes on in each grain of barley inside of the husk. What are the chemical ingredients of barley? Carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and a little nitrogen. Malt has the same. But the difference between barley and malt is, that the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen in the barley are in the shape of starch; whereas, in the malt they are in the state of sugar. In going to sprout, the barley gets sweet. The starch in it changes into sugar. Both sugar and starch have the same proportions of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; twelve of carbon, ten of oxygen, and ten of hydrogen, in each—that is to say, water and charcoal. The difference between starch and sugar is thought to depend on the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen in the one, being ranged together in a different way from what they are in the other. The 'ultimate particles' of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, being 'grouped together,' as the phrase is, in one way, form starch, and in another, sugar. So with gum, and several other things, that have the same elements—as chemists say—and in the same proportions as sugar, but differ from it in look and taste, and feel, and some other properties. It seems as though, whilst they are the same in point of chemical ingredients, they differ as to chemical texture. So they are the same things in different forms. All these things turn very easily into sugar. You can make sugar of linen rags, by boiling them gently in oil of vitriol. Dame Nature makes the sugar for us in malting. She always does make sugar in grain for the young sprout to start from. The change of starch into sugar goes by the name of the 'saccharine fermentation;' about which there 's a curious fact I have to mention presently.

"The rest of the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen in the malt is in the shape of gum or mucilage, and colouring-matter. In the barley, before it became malt, there was a small quantity of a substance called *diastase.* This contains the other chemical element of things that live and grow; animals and plants: nitrogen. There is very little *diastase* in barley: not more than one part in five hundred; but without it the change of starch into sugar could not be set a going.

"Now, Chemistry says, that there are such and such things in malt; but it does not follow that there may not be more. Those niceties in the composition of things that make flavours and perfumes, most of them, are not to be laid hold of or shown up by the art and instruments of philosophers, at least at present, and all we know about them, is by their effect on our palates and our noses: as the Doctor says, 'on our gustatory and olfactory nerves.' But, however, all this does not signify for our present purpose; and to understand the chemical part of brewing, we need only to look upon malt as so much grain turned into so much sugar.

"Seeing then that we know, in a general way, what water, and malt, and hops, are made of, and that we 've got them to make beer with: the question is, how to use them for that important purpose. As I said before, I am not going to describe the process of brewing. Talking as I am to the wives and daughters of England, which latter will of course, become the former in good time, I should as soon think of lecturing on the darning of stockings or sewing of buttons on; to say nothing of the *crochet* which is so favourite a fancy just at present. No: I trust that the practice of brewing, and let me add of baking, and of cookery in all its branches, is as familiar to all young ladies as geography, astronomy, and the use of the globes, callisthenic exercises, elocution, dancing, and deportment; and if I pretended to teach them how to brew, the next piece of conceit I should be guilty of, would probably be, in the words of my learned friend the Doctor, 'instructing my parent's maternal parent in the art of applying the power of suction, in order to extract the contents of gallinaceous ova.' After which trying quotation, ladies and gentlemen, you 'll perhaps allow me to take a sip of a beverage, which by name comes under the head of this discourse; however 'tis only the celebrated Adam's Ale: and no bad thing neither, when genuine, which is hard to get in these times, except in your cottage near a wood, if you happen to be so fortunately situated, in a sanitary point of view."

Having refreshed himself with a glass of water, the lecturer proceeded:—

"The first step in brewing consists in making an infusion of malt. Never mind about the physicky sound of this phrase. In other words, we will say mashing, if you like. But I use it because, in doctors' language, the word infusion means a liquor made by steeping a thing in hot water, to soak the goodness out of it, as counter-distinguished from boiling out the virtue; which last process is

called decoction. Infusion is enough to extract the goodness from malt; the goodness being the sweet, or sugar, whereinto the starch of the barley was turned, when it was changed to malt. It is a great point to make the infusion properly. The water ought to be of the right degree of heat, which, to make good beer, in a general way, is one hundred and seventy degrees by Fahrenheit's thermometer to begin with. A mistake in this particular may occasion the beer to turn sour, or become *blinked*, which when it used to be afore the thermometer was known, was often set down to witchcraft by the wisdom of our ancestors, in the times of priestcraft and superstition.

"Water enough to stir and separate the malt, is first poured into a proper vessel—that is, a mash-tub;—the malt is now put into it and stirred about: more water is then added at a greater heat; the mash, or mixture of malt-and-water, is let stand for two hours, at the end of which it is drawn off, and is now called wort, or sweet-wort, in the vulgar tongue, and infusion of malt, or 'solution of the saccharine and extracted matter of malt,' by the learned.

"Now, to make wort it is not necessary that the grain used should all have been malted. About one part of malt mixed with two of raw grain in the mash-tub, will communicate the nature of malt to the whole quantity of goods. The raw grain or barley, must be cut into fine meal; meal powdered to dust, does not answer the purpose. This is a curious instance of 'saccharine fermentation,' and is the fact, concerning it, that I alluded to just now: how to account for it, nobody knows, I believe, further than that through contact with the sweet of the malt, a movement takes place in the starch of the grain, between its particles of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; they altering their places with respect to each other, in such a way as to take that form of vegetable matter which we call sugar. But this is little more than merely stating a circumstance we can't explain.

"The starch in rasped potatoes even, may be turned into sweet or saccharine stuff, in the same way, by means of mashing or steeping with malt; and then a sort of beer may be made from it, and was made from it, so Mr. Booth says, in his 'Treatise on the Art of Brewing,' published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. By his account, beer was so brewed from potatoes by a Monsieur Dubrunfaut, a Frenchman; and we are told it 'resembled the beer which is made in Paris.' Perhaps it may resemble, and something more, not a little of the beer that is sold in London, too.

"Brewers seem to approve of brewing from raw grain; though I believe that, on their part, is against the laws, which however don't prevent private persons from so doing, if they choose. But one, who was a tolerable authority on the subject, William Cobbett, doesn't hold with it at all. He says, 'As to using barley in the making of beer, I have given it a full and fair trial, twice over; and I would recommend it to neither rich nor poor. The barley produces *strength*, though nothing like the malt; but the beer is *flat*, even though you use half malt and half barley; and flat beer lies heavy on the stomach, and of course, besides the bad taste, is unwholesome.' Cobbett's 'Cottage Economy,' page 26, paragraph 38. How the truth may be, I can't say; but I can easily understand how the sort of sugar made in the sprouting of a seed, or 'germination,' may yield beer, different in point of taste and flavour from what that does which is produced in the mash-tub; the principles of flavour and taste being so very delicate, and perhaps, also, roasting or drying the malt may have some influence in the same particulars. I should be inclined to apply these remarks, likewise, to beer brewed from sugar and treacle, as it may be, and under certain circumstances is sometimes allowed to be, by the Excise. For the subject of a chemical discourse such beer is just as good beer as any other, and I 've no objection to it whatever, as a lecturer; but, as a consumer, if I am to have a choice, I should say, 'If you please, I should rather prefer the genuine original commodity, provided it 's all the same to you.'

"When you have got your wort, or sweet-wort, the next step in brewing is to boil the hops with it: thereby making a decoction of hops in infusion of malt. By this operation you get out the bitter principle of the top; and there is no chemical change in it requiring particular notice.

"The liquor, strained from the hops, having been brought down in the coolers to the proper temperature, which is about seventy degrees, is now put into the tun-tub. In that respect it undergoes the great change that converts it into beer. This is called, fermentation. The process of fermentation is set a-going, as you know, by mixing yeast with the wort.

"Now, for fermentation to take place, it is necessary, that besides carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, there should be nitrogen present in the liquor or substance to be fermented. Wort, from the small quantity of nitrogen still left in the malt, may be made to ferment of itself with some trouble; but, to save that, the yeast is mixed with it. Yeast is the froth of a previous fermentation; and contains nitrogen enough to make the fermentation sufficiently quick. It is a sort of stuff in which you see a continual motion is going on. According to the German chemist Liebig, yeast causes fermentation by communicating its own motion, in a mechanical manner, to the particles of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, that compose sugar, dissolved in the wort, for instance. The hydrogen and oxygen, in sugar, as I said above, stand, in sugar, each to each, in the proportions of twelve; carbon;

ten, hydrogen; and ten, oxygen—though some reckon the two last at eleven. In fermentation these elements are dislodged, so to speak, from the position they hold, one to another, and then a re-arrangement of them takes place. Part of the carbon of the sugar unites with most of the oxygen so as to form carbonic acid, which flies off in gas. The rest of it combines with all the hydrogen and some of the oxygen, and becomes alcohol, or spirit, the production whereof in infusion of malt, converts it into that generous and invigorating beverage on the philosophy of which I have now the honour of addressing you. Alcohol consists of four proportionals of carbon, six of hydrogen, and two of oxygen. The proportions of these elements one to another in sugar and alcohol, as well as other things, are made out by separating one from the other according to art, in ways which it would take too long to describe, called Analysis. Well; you see fermentation is a sort of inward commotion ending in a new constitution; a sort of natural revolution in point of fact. Alcohol is formed in making wine, and all strong drinks, in the same manner as in brewing. A certain quantity of it, perhaps you may know, is even produced in fermenting bread. This is mostly lost in the baking; but some years ago there was a company formed to supply the Public with cheap bread, in the hopes of being enabled to afford to sell it at a lower price by collecting the spirit that is generally wasted. Whereupon a baker, who was up to snuff a great deal more than to chemistry, set up a shop where he professed to sell bread at the same rate as the company, with the gin in it!

"The carbonic acid given off from beer while fermenting, is what makes it so dangerous to go down into vats, and sometimes occasions death by this being done without precaution.

"The proper plan is to send a candle down first; if there is much carbonic acid it puts it out. So, if you let a light down into the tun-tub, over the fermenting liquor. All the inside of the tub, above the liquor, while it is working, is full of carbonic acid gas; and if you dip a cup into the gas gently, you can ladle it out, and then if you turn the cup upside down over a candle you extinguish it as completely as if you were to pour water upon it, by that means astonishing the weak minds of spectators in a considerable degree.

"When the froth, or yeast, ceases to be formed on the surface of the liquor in the tun-tub, your wort has become beer, which you allow to get cold, and then put it into the cask or barrel. Here the fermentation still goes slowly on, as is shown by the yeast, that keeps gradually working out of the cask, till all the sugar, or as much of it as can be, is changed into spirit. Beer that tastes sweet, owes its sweetness to containing sugar not decomposed, or changed into spirit. Bottled beer is beer in which the carbonic acid, made by the decomposition of the sugar, or other vegetable matter in the beer, is prevented from escaping by being corked down.

"A liquor, to ferment, requires a certain amount of heat, not lower than between fifty-five and sixty-five degrees. It likewise grows hotter during fermentation; and as carbonic acid gas is thrown off at the same time, as from a fire, this makes fermentation seem somewhat like a burning or combustion. Only this, which is called the vinous fermentation, is a sort of burning independent of the air, the oxygen that feeds it being contained in the liquor.

"All fermentation in beer—or wine either—ought to stop with the change of sugar into spirit. But by being exposed to the air, or to the action of electricity, and some other causes, a second fermentation is set up in it. The alcohol takes in oxygen from the air, and is changed into acetic acid, or vinegar. This is the reason why it is so necessary to have beer-casks thoroughly air-tight; for though what is called the acetous fermentation is interesting as a matter of science, to have one's beer turn sour is a great misfortune, in a domestic and economical point of view. What is termed hard beer is beer in which vinegar, or acetic acid, has begun to form.

"Good beer, then, is a mixture of alcohol and water, more or less undecomposed sugar, mucilage, and other extractive matter, carbonic acid, in greater or less quantity, and those delicate principles on which flavour depends, besides the bitter of the hop. To these things there is added colouring-matter, which is given by the malt. In porter this is got by malt that has been roasted almost to charcoal. The carbonic acid in beer is what its briskness depends upon. The little bubbles you see in sparkling ale are composed of this gas, and without it the beer tastes flat. Old beer is beer wherein the vegetable matter has been wholly or mostly decomposed. In mild beer the decomposition has not been quite completed. It is a pleasing relish to a pot of beer to reflect on the chemical facts which that particular taste in it, which you fancy, depends upon.

"So much, ladies and gentlemen, for the chemistry of beer. Now for a word or two about the *druggistry* of it. Instead of malt, sugar, treacle, honey, and other sweet things may be used—though contrary to law in the case of brewers—and are so, I fancy, more or less; without much harm. Wormwood, quassia, and other bitters, may, in like manner, be employed in lieu of hops, without poisoning the consumer. Buckbean, or *Menyanthes trifoliata*, is another substitute—to be marked 'dangerous.' Aloes has likewise been used for the same purpose; but, being physic, I think it had much better be confined to regular medicinal purposes and not used to doctor beer with.

"I won't say, however, that beer may never

require a little doctoring. It is apt to be rather indisposed at times; that is, to turn somewhat sour. When slightly afflicted with this complaint, a few egg-shells, which, in fact, are so much chalk, to absorb the acidity, may not be injurious. A little salt is supposed to make beer keep: there can be no great harm in that. Some have given their beer jalap, in the proportion of two or three ounces to twenty barrels; the reason for which proceeding is unknown; it may not do harm; but I don't see that it can do much good. Copperas is used for the sake of giving porter a frothy top. For this purpose, there need not be used more than would lie on a half-crown piece for a barrel. But I, for my part, should be disposed to think that so much copperas as would affect the head of a pot of beer, would be not unlikely also to affect the human stomach; and I would, therefore, prefer not to have any copperas in my beer, if I knew it.

"However, this copperas, or sulphate of iron, is found in a great many springs of water, which the Excise does not prevent brewers from brewing from, although it forbids them to put the same quantity of copperas as what there is in those springs into the common water which they use. But this only proves that the law knows nothing about chemistry; and I'm afraid it don't know much more about philosophy and science of any sort.

"The root of the sweet flag, coriander and carraway seeds, orange-peel, and other aromatics, are also used to give beer that flavour, which, if properly made, it would derive, without any such medical treatment, from malt and hops.

"Lastly, there are drugs which are put into beer merely to increase its fuddling power—*Cocculus Indicus*, *St. Ignatius's Bean*, *Nux Vomica*, or Ratsbane, *Opium* and *Tobacco*. Concerning which, I shall only make the brief remark, that though in this age of enlightenment and civilisation, we must be naturally averse to capital punishments, I wish every brewer who puts any such stuff into his liquor, was condemned to drink his own beer, and nothing else, till he died—which I fancy he would in no very long time.

"I feel that I have not exhausted the subject of beer; but I am afraid I may have exhausted your patience. However, if my discourse has occasioned on your parts a feeling of dryness, the subject of it no doubt will suggest to you a ready means of relieving that uncomfortable sensation."

The lecture of Mr. Saunders was listened to with marked attention by a crowded auditory. At its conclusion, a teetotaller stepped forward, and begged to ask the lecturer's opinion on the relation of beer to health and morality? To which Mr. Saunders replied, that he considered it highly favourable to both, provided moderation—a virtue in itself—was observed in the use thereof. Too much of any good thing was bad; and this remark was as true of tea as of any malt liquor.

A SALT GROWL.

—Salt, because I am an Old Salt. I am brine, from head to foot. I am an officer of old standing, and, by a singular chain of circumstances, one of the most unlucky men in the profession. I can compare myself to nothing but a cat that has been sent up by an experimentalist in a balloon. I have been a victim to Admiralty experiments all my life. Sir Charles Napier's book, "The Navy: Its Past and Present State," has set all my wounds bleeding, by touching up my memory—and here goes for a spell of lamentation!

I am all over grievances. I represent wrongs in my proper person—as the South Sea Islanders do the customs of their country by the nature of their tattoo. I mean no personal offence to any one, but to those who feel themselves aggrieved, I present my card (that card which I have left so often at an official's when unable to get an interview)—Captain Jeremiah Jigger, R.N.

First of all, I entered as a mere boy, during war; and, when still unable to tolerate the birch with anything like Spartan patience, was armed with a sword, and expected to resist that of a ferocious enemy! Our captain, who was subject to gout (being *ætat.* sixty when he got the "Bruiser") was a noted Tartar. Men would not enter his vessel; consequently we were obliged to resort to rigorous impressment. You moderns don't know what impressment really was. I have lived a good deal in the country since; and I tell you what it is exactly—it is *poaching*. Poaching for men! You set snares for them in public houses, just as you set snares for hares in hedges. You catch them asleep, as you would catch a pheasant on a tree at night, and sulphur him. Many a time we pinned an outward-bound merchantman on the wing. We were resisted, wounded, execrated; nevertheless, *no* system of manning the Navy is adopted to this day; and if we have a war again we must press. What will the sea-ports say to that?

The "Bruiser" went to sea in a hurry—some guns short, and with a hundred landsmen among the crew—in the thick of the American war. Jonathan was, just then, beginning to pick up our frigates—with better manned, better armed, and bigger frigates of his own. What did the Admiralty do? They issued secret orders not to engage the large American frigates—which was a capital remedy. I wish you had seen our skipper, reeking with indignation and rum, when this reached us! He had been licking Frenchmen the whole of his gunpowdery life, and didn't believe it was possible that the "Bruiser" could be taken. Captain Snagg, of the U.S.N., commanding the "Locofoco," thought other-

wise. We fought him, one fine morning, at sunset; we were unpleasantly wet on the lower deck; in fact, we were sinking, when H.M.S. "Oberon" came up and saved us. The Yankee went off, playing "Yankee Doodle."

We were all tried by court-martial, and acquitted. To be sure, we had lost a third of our crew, and four officers; which showed that we had made a fight, and was considered highly satisfactory. The skipper's turn for a flag came on some time afterwards, when he was a brisk young admiral of sixty-five; but he never got a command. They were afraid of youthful enthusiasm. When we were paid off, I was attacked, one night, by a party of Amazons whose husbands we had pressed, and lost the use of a finger. I applied to the Admiralty, in the hope of smart-money, but got none; when I wrote again, I was informed that their lordships "had nothing to add to their former communication." It is a curious circumstance that they never have anything to "add." What does this arise from? Is each communication perfect *per se?* I consoled myself with reflecting that their former communication had been quite dull enough, and cold enough, without any addition.

I was now on shore, unemployed. My relations were not much pleased with me, for *I had* brought home my legs, and *had not* brought home any prize-money, and was, therefore, neither an object of personal nor pecuniary interest. I kept applying for employment, and after a long time, *just as I was married* (Jeremiah, be firm!), came my appointment to H.M.S. "Blunderer." Poor dear Emily! That long, coffin-like letter, "On Her Majesty's Service," did eclipse our honeymoon into an eclipse that would have startled Kepler.

The "Blunderer" was one of those peculiar vessels, a "fir thirty-two;" which class of vessels had this odd peculiarity that they could neither stand up under canvas, nor sail. Fancy an umbrella that would neither shut up, nor keep out wet, and you have a good notion of the utility of a fir thirty-two. The "Blunderer," sir, was made of raw fir—gummy, sir, positively! We used to expect to see her, leafy, in spring-time! She was as cranky as a parasol in winter weather. Half our time was spent in wishing we dare set the top-gallant sails. She was as liable to capsize, as a boy's boat on the Serpentine. One day, I had the watch, and set the top-gallant sails in a fresher breeze than usual. A squall came, and the masts went over the side. The Admiralty made me pay for them out of my pay; and poor Emily had to sell her piano to make up the difference.

I left the "Blunderer" a mate (she afterwards was taken aback, in a squall, with the mainsail on her, and went down stern foremost), and joined a twenty-eight-gun-ship. *She* was, also, a peculiar ship, belonging to another strange class, that could neither fight nor run away. I was made an acting-lieutenant in her; shortly afterwards I joined one of a really fine class of brigs. Will the reader believe that the authorities took the whim of putting a third mast in her, which spoiled her—and did the same to a dozen, before finding out their mistake!

For this is a standing principle with the naval authorities—always "to go the entire animal" (I am too polite to say *what* animal) and to multiply a blunder in arithmetical progression. One foolish experiment makes many; and each bad vessel produces a whole set of them—as the fox that had lost his tail sought for companions. Accordingly, our beautiful eighteen-gun-brig, the "Violet," had a third mast put into her, and was spoiled. And the same process was gone through with several others at a cost of nine hundred pounds each. This process of addition, I may say, is as sensible as it would be for a man with two good legs to add a wooden one by way of improving his walk!

I was paid off in the "Violet," this time, and, though I had been an acting-lieutenant some years, had to go back again to the rank of mate. You see I was not a man of family, neither had I interest in a borough. The first lord, a civilian, wanted patronage; *I* had no patrons. Off I went to sea in H.M. Brig;—what do you suppose?—"Jowler." She was one of a number of flat-bottomed, bad brigs, named by the Admiralty after Lord Spencer's hounds. There was "Rucher," and "Badger," and "Bang;" and the sea was turned into a kennel. Since the days of Scylla, who

"Chid his *barking* waves into attention,"

—as Milton, I think, says—the ocean had seen nothing so canine! We were yelping and galloping about, over the world—but by no means too good hands at biting. But, my luck on board the "Jowler," was better than that of my old messmate Blocksby. He joined one of the new ten-gun-brigs, begun in 1808—when the kennel lot began to be seen to be useless. The Admiralty built them, like wild-fire, as usual, and launched sixty-four. Four foundered at sea; and two hundred and sixty men perished; six, turned into packets, were lost with one hundred and sixty-eight men, beside passengers. Poor Blocksby went down, all standing, in command of one of the last. It was an awful winter, that, and he never expected to come back from Halifax. He had left all his plate on shore at Falmouth, in order that his family might not lose *that*, at all events!

Well! I got made a lieutenant, and I commanded a revenue cutter—which put me in the way of seeing a good deal of what went on in the dockyards, when I was in harbour. Sometimes, I have gone round a dockyard with the first lord, who (of course) wanted somebody to put him up to the differences between the various sorts of ships, and another, (a kind of interpreters between him and his business!) while he was making a tour of inspection.

"That's a fine ship—that—Ahem!"
"Frigate, my lord."
"Ah, yes.—Ahem! I like the stern—"
"I beg your pardon, my lord, the bow"—
"True!—Ahem, I had forgot. Ask them to bring my carriage round to the gates, will you, Mr. Jigger?"

You see, there *must* be an appearance of attention to the sea-port towns—they return members. Thus, you see, it would not do, for instance, to make too much fuss about the shameful waste in dismantling a ship when she's paid off—it's convenient to let the dock-yard people rush at her, as if she were a vessel of the enemy's.

One thing often amused me—the trouble they take, and the expense they go to, about ships' sterns. Surely, *that's* not the part of our ships that we're anxious to show! Yet, just read this little bit from the book of Sir Charles Napier's that I mentioned above.

"No less than twenty-eight ships had their sterns altered on Sir Robert Sepping's plan, by a return of the 24th of April, 1846 but the expense was not stated I suppose they were ashamed of it Twenty six ships, of different sizes, by the same return, had their sterns altered on another plan; some of them twice, and the "Boscawen" three times, some also that had been altered by Sir Robert Sepping before, were again altered on the second plan.' (Page 196.)

I got so disgusted at all this, years ago, that I was very nearly ruining my chances of success in the profession, by trying to improve its condition! You don't, perhaps, know, reader, that it's a punishable offence to write on a naval matter when you're on full pay. You, who know best, must say nothing. You, who suffer, must not cry out—the authorities being like the shoemaker in the face, who says to the customer, "'That shoe pinch you! *I* made it. I know better."

I'm not vain, but I once did send a plan of a very tidy vessel to Somerset House. They took no notice of it for a long time; at last I heard that "my idea had been anticipated," and she made her appearance soon afterwards.—I have my suspicions on the matter though!

While we are talking about ship-building, let me give you another little bit from the Admiral's book—and then you will scarcely wonder at the results when you see the organisation.

"In general our attempts at improvement have turned out failures; and certainly the Admiralty took an odd manner to get information; for when a committee of reference was appointed, the instructions were as follow:—'In the event of any nautical difference of opinion, between the surveyor and the committee thus constituted, the report of the surveyor is to be referred to the committee, and that of the committee to the surveyor, who are to state, after having duly weighed the arguments in favour of their respective views, whether or not they still adhere to their respective opinions.' I wonder whether the surveyor ever attended to such an absurd instruction. I should think not; and the committee of reference has been abolished." (Page 190.)

This was the oddest plan to get wisdom, I ever heard of. It was surely suggested by the idea of rubbing two sticks together, to produce fire—though it was never so successful. Are we surprised at official eccentricities, after this? Need we wonder that we so often turn out a ship, which (to imitate Sir John Falstaff's phrase) is like a ship "cut out of a cheese-paring after supper?"

I am not going to trouble the reader with the details of an unfortunate career. Some years ago, I was made a commander, on which occasion I received the hearty congratulations of my grand-children. Oddly enough, and quite consistently with my strange naval experiences, I got, the very same day, the news that "the 'Minotaur,' costing seventy-six thousand six hundred and sixty two pounds, had been converted into a convict ship without being at sea;" and that the "Black Prince" and "Defence" had suffered the same "sea-change." My eldest grandson, a rather smart boy, observes that the transformation of the ships into nymphs, in Virgil, is the only metamorphosis of a naval character worthy of comparison with our modern ones He also, occasionally, sings what he calls "a parody," to the following effect, on our ships.—

"Nothing of them but doth change
Into something rich and strange
Dockyards hourly ring their knell—
There goes the money!—ding, dong, bell'

The line-of-battle-ships and frigates built since 1815, and cut down and converted, without being at sea, have cost six hundred and nineteen thousand seven hundred pounds. Judge of the expense of these operations, when I tell you that the expense of cutting down and repairing the "Dublin" was fifty-two thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine pounds. All this is not very remarkable, when we remember that a great many ships are built by "amateurs." Did any man, wanting a house, ever employ an "amateur" to build it? Would any one trust the stability of his first-floor, to the caprices of a speculative gentleman educated for the Bar or the Pulpit?

A few years ago, I was nearly rolled to pieces in a Symondite line-of-battle-ship. I served some time in an iron steam-vessel; which class of vessels has proved an entire blunder, and been, apparently, condemned as useless. A model shell exploded in one of them, when I was in her, and killed two men. In the hope, however, of a reform in the constitution of the Admiralty, and some abstinence from this horrible wasting of money, I conclude here. I still keep up my spirits—for I shall, under the present system, be an admiral, if I live to a hundred and twenty!

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"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL:

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"BIRTHS. MRS. MEEK, OF A SON."

My name is Meek. I am, in fact, Mr. Meek. That son is mine and Mrs. Meek's. When I saw the announcement in the Times, I dropped the paper. I had put it in, myself, and paid for it, but it looked so noble that it overpowered me.

As soon as I could compose my feelings, I took the paper up to Mrs. Meek's bedside. "Maria Jane," said I (I allude to Mrs. Meek), "you are now a public character." We read the review of our child, several times, with feelings of the strongest emotion; and I sent the boy who cleans the boots and shoes, to the office, for fifteen copies. No reduction was made on taking that quantity.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say, that our child had been expected. In fact, it had been expected, with comparative confidence, for some months. Mrs. Meek's mother, who resides with us—of the name of Bigby—had made every preparation for its admission to our circle.

I hope and believe I am a quiet man. I will go farther. I *know* I am a quiet man. My constitution is tremulous, my voice was never loud, and, in point of stature, I have been from infancy, small. I have the greatest respect for Maria Jane's Mama. She is a most remarkable woman. I honour Maria Jane's Mama. In my opinion she would storm a town, single-handed, with a hearth-broom, and carry it. I have never known her to yield any point whatever, to mortal man. She is calculated to terrify the stoutest heart.

Still—but I will not anticipate.

The first intimation I had, of any preparations being in progress, on the part of Maria Jane's Mama, was one afternoon, several months ago. I came home earlier than usual from the office, and, proceeding into the dining-room, found an obstruction behind the door, which prevented it from opening freely. It was an obstruction of a soft nature. On looking in, I found it to be a female.

The female in question stood in the corner behind the door, consuming Sherry Wine. From the nutty smell of that beverage pervading the apartment, I have no doubt she was consuming a second glassful. She wore a black bonnet of large dimensions, and was copious in figure. The expression of her countenance was severe and discontented. The words to which she gave utterance on seeing me, were these, "Oh git along with you, Sir, if *you* please; me and Mrs. Bigby don't want no male parties here!"

That female was Mrs. Prodgit.

I immediately withdrew, of course. I was rather hurt, but I made no remark. Whether it was that I showed a lowness of spirits after dinner, in consequence of feeling that I seemed to intrude, I cannot say. But, Maria Jane's Mama said to me on her retiring for the night: in a low distinct voice, and with a look of reproach that completely subdued me: "George Meek, Mrs. Prodgit is your wife's nurse!"

I bear no ill-will towards Mrs. Prodgit. Is it likely that I, writing this with tears in my eyes, should be capable of deliberate animosity towards a female, so essential to the welfare of Maria Jane? I am willing to admit that Fate may have been to blame, and not Mrs. Prodgit; but, it is undeniably true, that the latter female brought desolation and devastation into my lowly dwelling.

We were happy after her first appearance; we were sometimes exceedingly so. But, whenever the parlor door was opened, and "Mrs. Prodgit!" announced (and she was very often announced), misery ensued. I could not bear Mrs. Prodgit's look. I felt that I was far from wanted, and had no business to exist in Mrs. Prodgit's presence. Between Maria Jane's Mama, and Mrs. Prodgit, there was a dreadful, secret, understanding,—a dark mystery and conspiracy, pointing me out as a being to be shunned. I appeared to have done something that was evil. Whenever Mrs. Prodgit called, after dinner, I retired to my dressing-room—where the temperature is very low, indeed, in the wintry time of the year—and sat looking at my frosty breath as it rose before me, and at my rack of boots: a serviceable article of furniture, but never, in my opinion, an exhilarating object. The length of the councils that were held with Mrs. Prodgit, under these circumstances, I will not attempt to describe. I will merely remark, that Mrs. Prodgit always consumed Sherry Wine while the deliberations were in progress; that they always ended in Maria Jane's being in wretched spirits on the sofa; and that Maria Jane's Mama always received me, when I

was recalled, with a look of desolate triumph that too plainly said, "*Now*, George Meek! You see my child, Maria Jane, a ruin, and I hope you are satisfied!"

I pass, generally, over the period that intervened between the day when Mrs. Prodgit entered her protest against male parties, and the ever-memorable midnight when I brought her to my unobtrusive home in a cab, with an extremely large box on the roof, and a bundle, a bandbox, and a basket, between the driver's legs. I have no objection to Mrs. Prodgit, (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby, who I never can forget is the parent of Maria Jane), taking entire possession of my unassuming establishment. In the recesses of my own breast, the thought may linger that a man in possession cannot be so dreadful as a woman, and that woman Mrs. Prodgit; but, I ought to bear a good deal, and I hope I can, and do. Huffing and snubbing, prey upon my feelings; but, I can bear them without complaint. They may tell in the long run; I may be hustled about, from post to pillar, beyond my strength; nevertheless, I wish to avoid giving rise to words in the family.

The voice of Nature, however, cries aloud in behalf of Augustus George, my infant son. It is for him that I wish to utter a few plaintive household words. I am not at all angry; I am mild—but miserable.

I wish to know why, when my child, Augustus George, was expected in our circle, a provision of pins was made, as if the little stranger were a criminal who was to be put to the torture immediately on his arrival, instead of a holy babe? I wish to know why haste was made to stick those pins all over his innocent form, in every direction? I wish to be informed why light and air are excluded from Augustus George, like poisons? Why, I ask, is my unoffending infant so hedged into a basket-bedstead, with dimity and calico, with miniature sheets and blankets, that I can only hear him snuffle (and no wonder!) deep down under the pink hood of a little bathing-machine, and can never peruse even so much of his lineaments as his nose.

Was I expected to be the father of a French Roll, that the brushes of All Nations were laid in, to rasp Augustus George? Am I to be told that his sensitive skin was ever intended by Nature to have rashes brought out upon it, by the premature and incessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a Nutmeg, that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the parent of a Muslin boy, that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small-plaited? Or is my child composed of Paper or of Linen, that impressions of the finer getting-up art, practised by the laundress, are to be printed off, all over his soft arms and legs, as I constantly observe them? The starch enters his soul; who can wonder that he cries?

Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be born a Torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then, why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up? Am I to be told that there is any analogy between Augustus George Meek, and Jack Sheppard?

Analyse Castor Oil at any Institution of Chemistry that may be agreed upon, and inform me what resemblance, in taste, it bears to that natural provision which it is at once the pride and duty of Maria Jane, to administer to Augustus George! Yet, I charge Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with systematically forcing Castor Oil on my innocent son, from the first hour of his birth. When that medicine, in its efficient action, causes internal disturbance to Augustus George, I charge Mrs. Prodgit, (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with insanely and inconsistently administering opium to allay the storm she has raised! What is the meaning of this?

If the days of Egyptian Mummies are past, how dare Mrs. Prodgit require, for the use of my son, an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this agonising sight. I beheld my son—Augustus George—in Mrs. Prodgit's hands, and on Mrs. Prodgit's knee, being dressed. He was at the moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature; having nothing on, but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments. Trailing from Mrs. Prodgit's lap, on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage—I should say, of several yards in extent. In this, I saw Mrs. Prodgit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upwards, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet, he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it, and smile!

I fear I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Any body? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodgit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. I do not complain of being made of no account. I do not want to be of any account. But, Augustus George is a production of Nature, (I cannot think otherwise) and I claim that he should be treated with some remote reference to Nature. In my opinion, Mrs. Prodgit is, from first to last, a convention and a superstition. Are all the faculty afraid of Mrs. Prodgit? If not, why don't they take her in hand and improve her?

P. S. Maria Jane's Mama boasts of her

own knowledge of the subject, and says she brought up seven children besides Maria Jane. But, how do *I* know that she might not have brought them up, much better? Maria Jane herself, is far from strong, and is subject to headaches, and nervous indigestion. Besides which, I learn from the statistical tables that one child in five, dies within the first year of its life; and one child in three, within the fifth. That don't look as if we could never improve in these particulars, I think!

P. P. S. Augustus George is in convulsions.

THE TYRANT OF MINNIGISSENGEN.

"Your Serene Highness must not forget that the eyes of Europe are upon us!" exclaimed the Baron Von Brobrecht, Prime Minister, Commander of the Forces, Privy Councillor, and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the principality of Hesse Minnigissengen.

"But, my dear Baron," returned the Prince, pointing out the passage, "my cousin's letter expressly states that his visit is to be without ceremony."

The Baron Von Rrobrecht proudly drew himself up to his full height. It being a court-day he was in full dress; the "Reception"—which lasted exactly eight minutes—was just over. The display upon the Baron's small round person, would have led a stranger to believe, that, in him, were concentrated the highest honours of the greatest realm in Europe. His coat was stiff with embroidery; and, would have been, but for the dimming ravages of Time, gorgeous with gold; it was fastened at the waist with a rainbow of sashes, girdles, and lace; while a grotesque menagerie of honorific animals dangled at his breast. Having expanded his person to its utmost dimensions, to give the greater impressiveness to his arguments, he proceeded to say, "Your Highness will permit me to observe, that in this affair, your Highness's consequence and consideration, in the eyes of foreign courts, are in question. When I had the honour to be attached to the person of the late Prince, your father, we were, under similar circumstances, accustomed to spare no expense."

"Very true; and more than once you were obliged to pledge to the Jews the diamonds of the Princess, my late beloved mother."

"But, then," interrupted the First Minister, eagerly, "we enjoyed, amongst the neighbouring principalities, the reputation of being the most polished and elegant court in Germany. And," persisted the Baron, "to what did we owe your illustrious predecessor's marriage; which brought him a revenue of ten thousand florins? Why, to the magnificence of his court, when your august uncle visited it. Dazzled by his brilliant reception, the Grand Duke of Saxe Kissankumagen bestowed on us his sister in marriage."

At the word "marriage" the Prince sighed, and said, abstractedly, "Well, Rrobrecht; receive my cousin as you think best:" and then sighed again, and was soon plunged into a reverie.

"Nine of the palace servants must have new liveries," said Rrobrecht, commencing his arrangements. "Your Serene Highness will excuse my absence. I must hasten to the tailor!"

That announcement suddenly aroused the royal dreamer.

"To the tailor?" he repeated.

"To the tailor," said the functionary, once more.

"Then I will accompany you."

Popularity was thought at that time—to the great discomfort of that thorough absolutist, the Baron Von Rrobrecht—to be a necessary adjunct to the throne of Hesse Minnigissengen. Revolution was stalking rapidly over Germany; and it was necessary that the Prince should be familiar with his people. This was not difficult; for his capital consisted of seventy-eight houses, and a population that did not exceed three hundred and two souls; ten per cent. of whom were babies in arms.

The tailor's house was, beyond contradiction, the prettiest dwelling in Minnigissenbourgh; it was approached by a quadruple row of acacias, which were then in full bloom. Under these trees his Serene Highness expressed his intention of taking "a turn," while his Prime Minister entered the house to negociate the transaction in liveries.

"The business I have come upon is this," said Rrobrecht to Herr Hubert Oberschneider; "we require fifteen new state liveries complete by the end of the week."

"Impossible!" said the tailor, drily.

"Nevertheless," rejoined the Baron, haughtily, "we must have them. His Serene Highness's cousin, his Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe Kissankumagen is about to pay us a visit."

"*I*, too, am expecting a visitor," rejoined the tailor; "my nephew—and the two or three first days after his arrival are destined to merry-making.—No work will be done."

"So!" exclaimed Rrobrecht, with severity. "Those are the fruits of that excessive familiarity with which his Highness indulges his subjects. It renders them impertinent."

Mr. Oberschneider lit his pipe. "Baron Rrobrecht," he said, with the utmost composure, "you have the option of giving the Prince's custom to any other tailor you please; I do not seek it. I do not even demand payment of my little bill of four hundred and odd florins. Thank Heaven, I am not in need of them at present. But," continued the tailor, "why do you require fifteen suits, since there are only nine domestics at the palace; one of whom is, to my certain knowledge, bedridden?"

"Because," replied Rrobrecht, "we are going, provisionally, to double the number of our retainers." As the tailor went on smoking his pipe, with an irreverent indifference which

betokened obstinate firmness, the Baron found a mollifying tone expedient. "Come, good Master Hubert," he coaxed, "do this for the Prince, and we will not quarrel about price."

"I am hourly expecting my nephew," was the tailor's next remark. "He is coming from Bonn after having completed his studies at Göttingen. He is a young man who, to judge by the money he has cost me, must be a wonderful genius. I cannot think of your fifteen suits; all that I can do is to lend his Highness *my* people's clothes. My nephew, I dare say, will not care about being received in grand liveries."

The Baron groaned inwardly, "I must," he thought, "lower our dignity before this miserable tailor's money-bags!" The Minister of State then tapped his snuff-box, and cogitated profoundly. At length he caught an idea. "You will change the collars and facings to our colour?" he asked.

"Willingly:" and Master Hubert held out his hand to the Baron, for the purpose of clinching the bargain. The latter, though deeply shocked at this familiarity, thought it better, under present circumstances, to swallow his resentment; and, exerting a gentle violence over his pride, he mildly shook the outstretched digits of the independent tailor."

"Ah!" thought Rrobrecht, as he proceeded to rejoin the Prince. "If I could only persuade his Highness to impose some sort of income, or property-tax, we should soon pull down the pride of these monied gentlemen."

As he advanced under the acacias, Rrobrecht discovered that the Prince was not alone. He was too discreet a courtier to interrupt a *tête-a-tête*, and bent his steps where numerous and pressing engagements required his presence. The sex and beauty of the Prince's companion explained, perhaps, the eagerness with which he accompanied his Minister to the spot. He was long in quitting it. For more than an hour he and Albertina, the tailor's daughter, paced the avenue.

Early on the morning of the day appointed for their visitor's arrival, the Baron Von Rrobrecht, magnificently attired, and glittering in the effulgence of all his orders, presented for the Prince's signature a closely-written parchment: it was the royal consent to the sale of a farm.

"The means are violent, I must admit," said Rrobrecht; "but, then, our peculiar position demands the sacrifice; we shall thus be enabled to receive your august cousin with proper pomp and splendour.

The Prince signed without reading.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Rrobrecht again made his appearance, to announce that some peasants had seen a horseman of distinguished mien, but evidently travelling incognito, enter the inn at Zweibrüken, on the frontiers—about a quarter of a league distant—having previously inquired his way to Minnigissenbourgh.

The Prince mounted his charger, and set off to meet the visitor, accompanied by Rrobrecht, the soldiery, and the band. To tell the truth, his Serene Highness was delighted at getting away from home for a short time, under whatever pretext it might be; for during the last two or three days all had been at sixes and sevens in the palace. His own valet had been metamorphosed by the Baron into a sort of grand chamberlain. A horrible noise rendered the palace unbearable. All the old state-rooms had been furbished up with the furniture which but scantily garnished the private apartments.

As they approached the frontier, they beheld a dense cloud of dust at a short distance. Rrobrecht drew up his forces in open order, and the band began to tune their instruments. The Prince was an amateur, and out of the seventy men of which his army consisted, forty-five were musicians. In a few minutes the cloud of dust increased in volume and propinquity. Rrobrecht gave the signal, and the band struck up Spontini's *marche triumphale.*

Then there issued from the cloud, a horse covered with foam. A figure was seated on it, clad precisely in the way in which a peasant would suppose noblemen go about. The costume was ultra-fashionable and gaudy; consisting partly of the dress of the German students, and partly of that of the young Parisian exquisites of the day.

He halted. Rrobrecht, who had dismounted, walked solemnly up to the side of the horse, and commenced reading an address of welcome. The soldiery presented arms.

The new comer stood erect in his stirrups with surprise. The Prince laughed. Rrobrecht had not got further in his recitation than—"Penetrated with a sense of delight at the honour conferred by your Royal Highness's presence, we cordially——" when the horseman, with a look of alarm, expressed a hope to the Prince that the old gentleman was not a "dangerous" lunatic; for a lunatic of some sort he assuredly thought him.

"This is all a mistake," said the Prince.

"I should think it was," asserted the stranger. "Don't you know who I am, old fellow?"

These expressions assured the Baron that their utterer was not his Royal Highness.

"I am Heinrich, nephew to Master Hubert Oberschneider," continued the free-and-easy student. He then cantered off, leaving the soldiery at "present arms;" the band playing the march of triumph, and the Prince almost reeling with laughter.

The Lord High Chamberlain and Commander-in-Chief pocketed his address in disgust, and set the army in motion towards home. On arriving at the palace, a letter was put into the Prince's hand by the postman (who had passed them on the road) announcing that his cousin had been obliged to change his *route.*

Everything was in readiness for the *fête* which was intended to dazzle and astound his

Royal Highness the young Prince of Saxe Kissankumigen; and the Premier was in despair! The Prince, on the contrary, took no pains to conceal his delight. "Baron," he said, "your talent for arranging and managing a *fête* shall not be thrown away. The festival shall still be held. You have my permission to invite every soul in the city." His Serene Highness then sat down, and wrote an autograph letter to Mr. Oberschneider, inviting him, his daughter, and nephew, to dinner. At this democratic proceeding Rrobrecht stood aghast. He trembled for the security of the throne of Hesse Minnigissengen. But the Prince was peremptory, and the state servant was obliged to obey.

The invitation set every member of the establishment near the acacias in an exceeding flutter, except Heinrich. That young gentleman, having imbibed the politics of the least respectable of the Parisian estaminets, told his uncle that he would never sit at the table of a "tyrant."

Oberschneider, who was tying on his whitest neckcloth at the glass, made a grimace expressive of the most condign ridicule; to which his nephew retorted that he—Hubert Oberschneider, tailor—was a worshipper of power, and a sycophant! The uncle—an easy-going, but shrewd man, who regularly read the papers, and knew what was going on in the world—said to his daughter, while escorting her to the palace, "The truth, is, my dear, your cousin has got hold of those egregious notions which are so flattering to people who prefer amusement or idleness to work. Property is robbery; restraint, tyranny; government, brigandage."

"How very odd!" said Albertina; who knew nothing of politics, and was thinking of the Prince.

The tailor went on, warming as his subject expanded. "Confounding such silly theories with the glorious acts of the true patriots, who have burst the bonds of royal chicanery in France, and of tyranny in some portions of this empire; Heinrich has, I fear, brought notions home to my shop which will unsettle the heads of all my journeymen."

"How very naughty of him!" said Albertina; because she felt it was necessary she must say something just then.

When they arrived at the palace, the Prince received them in the throne-room, with marked distinction. The Baron Rrobrecht grinned (like one of the heraldic hyenas on his breast) and bore it, with wonderful fortitude.

The dinner went off well; because the rain, which fell in torrents, could not spoil that. But, although the fire-works proved utterly uninflammable, the thunder-storm drowned the music, and nobody could dance on the lawn; yet Albertina was there, and the Prince was delighted. She wore his favourite colours—white with blue ribbons.

"Rrobrecht," said he that night after his guests had departed, "your *fête* was charming and amused me immensely. You may sell another farm to-morrow."

"*Something* must be done," returned the Prime Minister, who, to his other multifarious places, added that of Chancellor of the Exchequer; "our coffers are exhausted, and two years' revenues have been already anticipated. Only one resource remains——"

"Which is?——" interrogated the Prince, as he folded up a piece of blue ribbon and put it inside his vest.

"Marriage!" answered the principal privy councillor solemnly: "you have a crowd of wealthy and noble cousins, out of which you might choose a wife—a rich wife."

The Prince yawned. He was tired. Would Rrobrecht ring for his valet?

Many days had not elapsed since the grand *fête* at the palace, in honour of the prince who did not arrive, before old Hubert's fears about his nephew proved but too true. He had originally conceived the idea of getting up a match between Heinrich and Albertina; but, in addition to the young student's coarse and turbulent manners—which were in the highest degree displeasing to the girl—he himself made no efforts to overcome this visible antipathy. He passed his time in the public-houses, uttering a variety of commonplaces to a pack of young fellows, as idle and ill-disposed as himself. He formed them into a club, and explained to them his political creed. He spoke a great deal about Brutus and a "bloated oligarchy;" by which he meant the first minister, who united in his own podgy little person all the aristocratic and oligarchical power of the state. He denounced the Prince merely as an incarnation of royalty, against which he made war in the abstract; but—because, perhaps, he found the roll of the baron's name tell with effect in his harangues, (for he had learned at Paris to revel in the canine letter, and called the baron "R-r-r-robrecht!") to him, his enmity was relentlessly personal. Every misfortune that happened to anybody, he attributed to the Government—otherwise to the bloated oligarchy—otherwise to R-r-r-robrecht. The storm on the night of the *fête* he traced to the vengeance of Heaven for the atrocious vices, corruptions, and oppressions of the Court. When Hans Hiccup, the cobbler, reduced himself to beggary by beer, and nobody would trust him with their boots, Heinrich held him up as a martyr to political oppression, and demanded an organisation of labour. When Madame Maggschifter's baby took the small-pox, Heinrich had no manner of doubt that the infant had been infected by a secret emissary of Government. The club spread the sentiments which their leader originated, and obtained the sympathies of all the idlers in Minnigissenbourgh.

Yet, for a people ground down by all manner of social and political oppressions, the more respectable citizens did not seem an

unhappy or discontented community. Each lived in the bosom of his family. In the evening, under the acacias or lime-trees that overshadowed these miserable people's porches, might be heard the cheerful song with its accompaniment of flute or harpsichord.

It happened about this time that a violent hail-storm did some damage to the crops. This was an opportunity not to be lost; accordingly, Heinrich and his acolytes spread themselves over the principality (this was soon done, and at a cost for travelling expenses quite nominal), bewailing the loss of the husbandmen. They insinuated—without, however, daring openly to avow it—that one of the rights of the agricultural interest was that of not having their fields cut up by the hail.

This doctrine soon became popular; for, decidedly, the most disagreeable of all human misfortunes are those which we are unable to lay at our neighbour's door. We would all of us rather be stoned by a man upon whom we can be revenged; than receive a couple of aerolites, for the fall of which no one is responsible. Urged on, therefore, by the Club, the farmers profited by the hailstorm to neglect paying their rents, and to utter loud complaints and woeful lamentations.

The consequence of such defalcations was, that the State Treasury became more and more impoverished; and Rrobrecht was obliged to discharge more servants, and sell two of the three horses which his royal master still possessed. Under these disagreeable circumstances, however, the Prince had his consolations. He practised new symphonies with his musicians; he passed his time in angling, and in botanising expeditions into the woods, close to the dwelling of Master Hubert Oberschneider; and where, by some extraordinary concatenation of circumstances, he had very frequently the pleasure of meeting Albertina.

One day the student Heinrich, mounted upon a table covered with pots of beer and drinking-horns, spoke thus to his followers, at what he was pleased to term a Monster Meeting. Thirty-seven were actually present.

"It is time, my friends, that a corrupt and bloated oligarchy should cease from fattening themselves upon our substance! It is cowardice that produces the insolence of kings! Let us rend asunder the chains that have too long held captive our beautiful fatherland. Let us break the yoke of tyranny! Let us proceed at once to the palace, where the tyrant gives himself up to impure delights, surrounded by his ferocious satellites: let us reclaim our rights and liberties, or perish in the attempt!"

By the time the peroration was finished, the crowd had increased considerably.

While these affairs, big with the fate of Minnigesenbourgh, were passing at the *bierhaus*, the Prince was sauntering in his garden amusing himself with plucking the dead leaves from four favourite carnations, and angling for rhymes for a sonnet to Albertina's blue eyes. "Desires" and "fires" were just arranging themselves prettily at the ends of a couplet, when the conspirators—to the number of eighty-three—burning with beer and patriotism, arrived at the palace gates.

The ferocious satellites, of whom Heinrich had spoken, were at that moment represented by one old sentry, who was then busily engaged in practising on the flute his part in the new symphony of Beethoven's, which the band was to perform on the following day. This warrior permitted the revolters to pass, on their stating that they desired to speak to the Prince. But, as a preliminary precaution, he shouldered his forelock, "dressed himself" up in line with his sentry-box; and asked the invaders to be so good as to keep on the gravel-walks, and not to pluck the flowers.

The Prince, though a little surprised at this great gathering, turned his calm and indifferent countenance carelessly on the troop; and, when he demanded what they wanted with him? no one had sufficient nerve to speak. They replied only by confused and almost unintelligible cries; amongst which, however, might be detected a timid stuttering, which sounded like—"Down with the tyrant!"

The Prince smiled, and in a voice which was clearly audible above the whispered clamour of the disaffected, said—

"Let some one among you speak for the whole: for if you all speak in turns it will take up too much time; and, if altogether, the noise will be deafening."

At these words there was a dead silence. All recoiled a few paces; leaving by common assent to the student Heinrich, the right of explaining those grievances, of which none were exactly cognisant.

"We stand here," said Heinrich, "in the name of ——"

"Will you take a seat?" interrupted the Prince, pointing to a rustic chair.

"We come," continued the orator, not heeding the polite invitation, "to protest against abuses too long suffered. We come in the name of the People!"

"My good friend," said the Prince. "My people are not so numerous as to have need of delegates; they might very well speak for themselves. Let them assemble tomorrow in the great court of the palace, and, if they wish it, we will have a chat together."

"The People have no time to wait!" exclaimed the orator fiercely.

"Believe me, Monsieur Heinrich, my calling of Prince is not such a delightful one that I should desire to play it every day. I shall be a prince to-morrow; to-day I am but a private individual, very anxious respecting the fate of a beautiful carnation of which I have just set a cutting. As a private individual, therefore, I desire to be master in my own house. So, my friends, be advised by

me, and go home; and, above all things, do not tread upon my carnations."

Heinrich turned towards his friends. "Are you content," said he, "with the evasive, the ferocious irony, which has dictated the tyrant's words?"

"My worthy friend, Heinrich," said the Prince quietly, "you really *must* be so obliging as to leave my garden. It would give me great pain to use force, even with my cane."

"I see," said Heinrich, "that the end of the career which I have embraced, will bring me but a martyr's crown; but I am ready to shed my blood for the People. Take my head!"

"Your head? What should I do with your head? I am sure I should find it as utterly useless as you do," responded the Prince. "I shall expect my people to-morrow. I have some excellent beer; and we will talk over our affairs. In case of rain, there shall be an awning."

When the delegates had departed, the Prince made a bouquet of his finest carnations for Albertina, and wrote to remind her that she had promised to waltz with him on the ensuing evening.

At daybreak, on the following morning, the band assembled at the palace, for the final rehearsal of Beethoven's symphony, which was to be performed for the first time in public, that evening.

"What on earth can my people want with me?" thought Richard; "and what unfortunate accident can have recalled to their minds that I am a prince? However," he exclaimed to a servant, "rinse out some glasses for my People! Happy the sovereign who can thus hob-nob with his subjects!"

At the appointed hour, an assemblage of about one hundred persons made their appearance at the palace. After them came a second hundred to see what the first were about; and finally, the whole of the remaining inhabitants of the capital, who were capable of locomotion, brought up the rear, anxious to ascertain the cause of the unaccustomed gathering.

"My friends," said his Serene Highness, "drink your beer while it is fresh."

The people did as they were told.

When the barrels had to be tilted, the Prince asked his people what they wanted? "Have I," he said, "ever interfered with your pleasures or your affairs? Do I even know what you do, or how you pass your time?"

"Down with the tyrants!" said Heinrich.

"Down with the tyrants!" shouted the Club in cuckoo chorus.

"Why is the Prince surrounded with guards?" demanded Heinrich.

"I am surrounded by my musicians," replied the Prince; "the rest of the soldiers are gone out to take a walk.—Pray be silent for one moment and listen to me:—Have you anything to complain of? Are you unhappy? I am not rich; but he among you, whoever he be, who has wished to partake of my soup or my beer, has he not ever been welcome?"

"We desire," said Heinrich, the "liberty of the press."

"Yes, we desire the liberty of the press," repeated the Club.

"Well," replied the Prince, "buy a press if you want one. You have my full liberty to use it if you know how. But, alas, I am afraid that there are a great many of you who cannot read."

Something was then said about "dying for liberty and fatherland," but, during the parley, Rrobrecht had succeeded in collecting the scattered forces, and now disposed them round the court-yard. "I beg to acquaint your Highness," said he pompously, "that our troops hem in the rebels on all sides, and that they are now in our power."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Richard; "for what am I to do with rebels? I have no place to put them in. There is but one prison in Minnigissenbourgh, and that I converted long ago into an orangery. Dismiss the soldiers!"

"But if I might suggest to your Highness—your personal safety—"

"Pray don't alarm yourself about trifles, Rrobrecht, and do as I bid you."

"Treachery!" shouted Heinrich, as the soldiers dispersed.

"Treachery!" echoed the Club.

"The palace of the tyrant is about to be reddened with the blood of patriots!" screamed Heinrich, hoarsely.

But no denunciative enthusiasm was to be infused into the other patriots; too much of whose attentions were rivetted on the Prince's beer. When they found the casks producing nothing but lees, they sauntered peaceably home.

After the signal failure of this "demonstration," all went on well for some time. But the liberty of the "Press" was taken advantage of—only the pen supplied its place. Heinrich started a newspaper in manuscript; although never was a place so destitute of news as Minnigissenbourgh; however, even for the few occurrences, there were "leaders" ready-made. "Rr-r-r-robrecht," above all, was never spared; and the latter came one day to the Prince to request his permission to start a newspaper also.

"They have desired the liberty of the press," said his Highness; "you have it, and may use it as you think proper."

Then began the great paper war between Rrobrecht and Heinrich. The journals appeared every morning. Heinrich expressed in every number his conviction that all princes were criminals; Rrobrecht inculcated that a sovereign's most trivial action was angelic.

As there was scarcely any news stirring in the city from month's end to month's end, the Baron's journal was a sort of court

wheeler. One day he announced "that His Serene Highness was in excellent health and spirits; no addition was made to the illustrious dinner circle; and His Serene Highness ate French beans." On the next Heinrich's paper came out with, "How long will an enslaved people suffer tyranny to eat French beans?" In the succeeding number of Rrobrecht's paper it was replied, "that the Prince's fondness for French beans showed his unflinching desire to encourage agriculture."

"It is," retorted Heinrich, in Number three, "a bitter mockery of the people, who cannot afford such expensive luxuries."

One evening the Prince was walking under the lime-trees; Albertina happened (accidentally, of course) to be passing that way. She showed the rival papers to the Prince. He laughed heartily at Heinrich's denunciations, and commanded Rrobrecht to discontinue his "organ" altogether.

In the meanwhile Prince Richard's affairs went from bad to worse, until they brought him to the condition of a gentleman in very embarrassed circumstances. He had hardly a florin to bless himself with. Retrenchment was imperative. He therefore assembled his army and addressed his brave soldiery in the following terms:—

"My friends, I have no longer the means of paying you your wages. I have, accordingly, disposed of your services to a great power, who will lead you into Africa. You will have double pay."

The Commissariat arrangements were neither extensive nor intricate; and the entire force was soon in heavy marching order (band included) with drums beating and colours flying. The departing army made its first halt, on its way to Africa, at Zwéibrüken, a village celebrated for the excellence of its malt liquor; as Heinrich was always ready to testify.

René of Anjou has said, that a king without music is a crowned ass; and the Prince, after the departure of his brave band, became the most unhappy of potentates. Albertina alone consoled him; but in a very short time she also took her departure, accompanied by a female attendant. The alleged reason for the journey was a visit to an old relation.

The loss of his farms, of his fortune, of his army, and even of his band, did not affect the Prince, it was observed, so much as this; and the Prince placed in Rrobrecht's hands a letter addressed to his uncle, without, however, desiring him to take it to its destination without loss of time. The letter ran as follows:—

"My dear Uncle,

"I neither can, nor do I any longer desire to remain a Prince.

"When you receive the letter I shall have taken my departure from my dominions. I abandon to you all my rights; requiring only at your hands, as a compensation for the same, a yearly pension of one thousand five hundred florins. I will let you know when you are to forward me my pension. Keep Rrobrecht near your person, he is a good and loyal servant.

"I embrace you affectionately,

"Augustus-Richard-Frederic-Ernest-Alphonse-Hans-Albert."

And the following morning, as soon as the rising sun had tinged with its first rosy beams the muslin curtains of his bed-room windows—silk curtains were used only in the throne-room—his Serene Highness sprang from his couch, dressed himself hastily, and proceeded to pack into a small valise his four most precious articles. To wit:—

A small canvas bag containing thirty crowns.

A blue sash which had formerly encircled the taper waist of the pretty Albertina.

Albertina's letters.

His favourite flute.

This done, he glided down stairs, placed the valise upon his horse, mounted, and took his departure from Minnigissenbourgh, never to return.

When he had reached the outskirts of the town, he paused and looked round, and his eyes rested upon the acacias which overshadowed the tailor's dwelling. After a long gaze, he sighed and went his way.

His horse padded on steadily; till, towards evening, he arrived at a little forest retreat, surrounded by acacias, and fronted by a nicely-mown grass-plot, dotted with several flower-beds, each containing a variety of plants in full bloom. He thought of his own carnations, and wished they could be transplanted.

He entered the cottage, and an aged domestic received him politely. He had scarcely sat down near the window, when he perceived, at a turning of the gravel walk, two ladies approaching. One of them was old, of a gentle and prepossessing countenance; the other was Albertina.

In a few words the ex-Prince put the ladies in possession of all that had occurred. "Albertina," said the Prince, "how sweet would be a life spent here with you! I cannot now demand your hand after having foregone the possession of it when I was a prince. Behold to day my entire fortune!—— I have thirty ducats in my valise, and I am assured a pension of fifteen hundred florins a-year."

"My Prince," said the aunt, "you have no cause for despair. Albertina loves you. Remain here. She shall come to see me every month; and when I shall have been assured that your resolution of marrying her is not the result of a momentary enthusiasm; when I am convinced that you do not regret your palace and power; then we will arrange all for the best."

Richard could make no other reply than that of kissing the wrinkled hand of the kind old lady.

When she presented to him, a month later, the little hand of Albertina, he exclaimed, as he pressed it to his lips, "Adieu, adieu, Hesse Minnigissengen; adieu the sad

past; and yet blessings be upon it, if it has been the price of the future!" The future was happiness both to him and to Albertina.

As plain unostentatious man and wife, they henceforth lived in the cottage part of the year, and in the finest seasons took pleasant tours to different parts of Europe.

The conclusion of the history of the great political movement which caused the ultimate downfal of the amiable "tyrant" of Hesse Minnigissengen is soon told. By twelve o'clock on the day upon which the Prince fled there were eight princes of Hesse Minnigissengen; that evening there were exactly thirty-two. On the following morning, the Prince's uncle—who had gladly accepted his nephew's offer—sent over to Minnigissenbourgh an armed force, consisting of a corporal and ten men; which, in the brief space of two hours, effectually, and for ever, nipped the budding germs of the great Minnigissenbourgh revolt.*

* The outline of this tale is taken from an amusing French novelette.

THE BUILDER'S HOUSE, AND THE BRICKLAYER'S GARDEN.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS AND SUFFERER.

I LIVE in a damp house. Nothing can cure it. The form, or outline, of my house is in the usual bad modern taste, or rather the usual no-taste of the great mass of trading builders of the day; and at the back there is a bit of garden, enclosed by three walls, and "laid out" for me in the usual no-taste of hard straight lines. My second floor back window commands a view of a long row of new houses, which will inevitably be as damp as my own. Each has its garden—all exactly alike, and as hard-favoured and graceless as mine. This is no sort of consolation to me. On the contrary, by reason of my sympathy with those who will become their tenants, they multiply my own grief and indignation. As I have watched the rise and progress of the whole row, day by day, from the very first brick (every morning during the intervals of shaving), I am enabled to record the same, in the hope that it may be of some little public service.

I should premise, that by the term of "builder," I do not so much refer to the regularly trained master of the craft, who often works under an architect, and always upon sound regular principles (though he is frequently guilty, like the rest), as to that very large class, who, having risen by their industry and skill as master bricklayers, ought to have remained in that position, and not to have started forward as the builders of heaps of houses and innumerable streets, filling our extensive suburbs with ill-drained, incommodious, damp, and shapeless abodes. "Living in a free country," of course this cannot be prevented; the only way, therefore, to bring about a salutary reform in these matters, is to make the public more alive to the evil, and more wary than people usually are—in taking a house. It is more especially needful to be cautious at this time, when the expectation of a million or two of additional visitors in London, from the provinces no less than from the continent of Europe, (Mr. Thomas Miller, of Edinburgh, has put forth a calculation that there will be *seven* millions of visitors), is causing new blocks of houses, and streets upon streets, to be "run up" with a rapidity which may very well accord with the new building principles of iron and glass, but is very unsuitable to the old principles of bricks and mortar.

But, to the point. I live in a damp house—ugly in shape, with a shapeless garden—and I have taken it for a lease of seven years. A friend of mine recently took a house in the country on a lease. It was in the summer that he took it, as I did mine, and it was then dry enough; but in winter was so damp that he was obliged to shut it up, and when he went to look at it in the spring, mosses and fungus had grown from the ceilings on the ground-floor, and a colony of toadstools had risen up in the dining-room corners. I am more fortunate than that. By dint of fires in almost every room, I can live in my house all through the winter; but there is a thick mist and bloom upon the painted walls and wainscoats—the walls of all the rooms are so damp that prints mildew upon them, and the paper bulges and wants to be peeled off; while the painted stair-case walls are covered over with caricatures and other finger-drawings made by my children in the moisture, as high as they can reach, and these are duly obliterated by the rills and streams that, every now and then, pour down from above. Paper will not hold at all on the walls of the ground-floor; there is a mist or a fog in every room, except the kitchen, and wherever there is a mat or a bit of carpet laid down upon the bricks, it becomes perfectly mouldy in the course of a week, and covered over with red worms, and slugs, or other creatures, who get through the crevices beneath, and cling to it for warmth. Such is the house, which I took one fine summer's day on a seven years' lease; two only having at present expired.

My garden is enclosed by five walls, of unequal length and height, and, instead of the beds and walks, being "laid out," with some view to this necessary outline, and to hide it, or make the best of it, the very reverse of this is done;—the eye being either led up to each wall by the bed or walk, repeating the same angle, or else a bed is made having no relation to anything, and a shapeless patch or heavy lump in itself. Then, in digging in any of these beds, the most unlooked-for impediments have been encountered. Broken bricks, of all sizes, and fragments of stone innumerable; bits of wood (lying cross-ways beneath the

blade of the spade, of course), and masses of mortar, road drift, horse-hair, and musty straw. Three old shoes, with the remains of nailed soles; a piece of rotten waistcoat, with rusty metal buttons; some old rope, and a broom-handle; broken crockery, such as bits of tea-cups and basins, and brown delf-ware; a rusty knife or two; an old hat (a very difficult thing, indeed, for a spade to deal with, at twelve or thirteen inches below the surface); a number of clothes-pegs; half a prop; a battered pewter-pot; and here and there a complete bed, or mine, of broken laths, shavings, and miscellaneous rubbish,—buried at nearly the depth of a spade, or a spade and a half. As for altering the shape and direction of the walks, let the reader think of the expense, and trouble, and time of that—all the gravel to be raised with a pickaxe, and carried elsewhere, and fresh mould, for two feet depth, to be brought from a nursery. In the country, these matters are not difficult to manage, with the help of a single gardener; but, in a small suburb-garden, such "improvements" are seldom to be ventured.

I have said that my back second-floor window commanded a view of a very long row of new houses and gardens, which I had seen manufactured from the very earliest stage. A brief account of the principal processes will explain all that has been previously related, and a great deal more; the truth of which tens of thousands of householders will recognise, but too readily. I shall begin at the beginning.

My dressing-room window overlooks an irregular piece of fallow land, which extends from the furthermost end of my garden wall over an extent of some five hundred yards in length, by one hundred in breadth. This land is covered with a sort of rank grass, which gives it the look of a neglected field, like the "sluggard's garden;" but the soil of this vegetation is only a few inches deep, the whole piece of land being of yellow clay. Except in the hottest season of the year, it is always in a damp condition, and whenever there has been rain the whole surface reeks, and a fog rises all over it.

On this "very desirable plot of ground for a building lease," Mr. Roomy, the builder, of Lumbago Place—a respectable, business-like man—determines to build a row of houses, each with a good strip of garden, and makes contracts with his bricklayer and carpenter that the entire row, extending the full length of the desirable plot of land, shall be completed, and made, what is considered by builders, "habitable," on or before the beginning of next March. It is now November. They must be all ready to receive visitors of the Great Exposition—so there's no time to be lost.

The ground is forthwith measured off, and levelled, and cart-loads of bricks, and scaffolding poles, and planks arrive. That damp clay land will need a pretty good foundation for the houses, of broken brick-rubbish, and gravel. We look in vain for the depositing and arrangement of anything of this kind. Can it be?—is it possible they can intend?—yes—and my shaving-water has got cold from my continually stopping to look down upon the bricklayers' operations—it is a fact, that, after merely cutting off the grass for turf, they have begun to build upon the bare clay! The first house has actually been placed upon the bare damp soil, without even the pretence of any intermediate foundation whatever.

The construction of the house-drains, I perceive, is upon the old bad plan. Instead of glazed earthenware pipes of some four inches diameter in the bore, they are laying down the old fashioned brick-built drains, of twelve or fourteen inches *square*, and with the branch drains intersecting them at right angles, instead of long acute angles in the direction of the outward flow. Moreover the drains are constructed on a level, or nearly so, and with no calculation for the proper degree of fall, or graduated descent, so that on any occasion of a temporary stoppage, owing to improper substances having got into the drain, or a flooding from heavy rains, the whole of the sewage having no downward pressure from its own weight, will inevitably flow back to the house, and deluge the cellars and ground floors most odoriferously.

I believe they intend to make the out-fall of the drains, according to the new regulations, and drain down into the main sewers. But I have seen several consultations in certain curious spots, where a cesspool would have been preferred, but for the salutary fear of a visit from the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, whose surveyors are worthy of far better masters. The builder, however, does the "next best thing;" he builds a brick dust-hole close under the kitchen window, and in a line beneath the dining-room window.

Of the materials of which the house is built, as of its slight and rapid structure, I shall not pause to speak, nor of its inward inconveniencies in the arrangement of the rooms, and general clumsiness, and want of forethought and contrivance; because these things so much depend on circumstances, that they are almost beyond the pale of influence except inasmuch as one can put people on their guard to look well into all such matters before buying or tenanting any house. It is a question for individuals. Let their eyes be widely opened to it. But the external form of a house, row, or street, is a public question of taste. The character of the nation in respect of its buildings, is, more or less implicated in it, as every "Prospect Place," and "Paradise Row," attests, not to mention the average run of all suburban "Terraces," and "Streets."

The form of the house that has grown up before my eyes is that of a box, or chest set upright. It has four walls, or sides, with a

top and bottom. It is nearly a square, and the only thing that interrupts this cube-like outline is a row of chimney-pots, which they are now placing upon it. This is no ordinary cottage or lodge; it is what is called a good, substantial, brick-built, eight-roomed house.

As to any such thing as "design," the builder has evidently no more thought of it than if architecture had never existed in the world, and men had always made houses simply to "cover them." It is as though we were living in a primitive state of nature, in respect to house building, while possessing all the materials of art and civilisation.

A second house is rapidly rising, like the first; a third is commenced; the ground for a fourth and fifth is being levelled. Each one is exactly like the other; placed, without further foundation, upon the bare damp clay. Square brick box after box, they rise, and Mr. Roomy rubs his hands as he speculates on the rent he shall demand, and their speedy occupancy by a tenant desiring a nice airy residence on the outskirts of London.

But now for the "garden." The ground at the back of the house was levelled and enclosed by walls, in the shape of the house, as nearly as possible. It would have been a square by choice, but circumstances have caused it to be somewhat too long. In short, it is of that well-known outline, called a "strip," being, of all others, the most difficult to deal with for the picturesque or graceful laying out of a garden, even when the dimensions are of some extent; but when small, needing the greatest exercise of ingenuity to prevent ugliness and awkwardness, or the hardest lines that can offend the eye. But what is the gardener about? He has got a bricklayer's line, and is drawing it along parallel with the wall, for the formation of a long border, thus repeating the hard outline; and instead of carrying the eye away from it, or endeavouring to conceal it, he is literally forcing it into the most rivetting attention. Gardener did I call him?—no, it is one of the bricklayers, assisted by a hodsman. Several cart-loads of mould are now brought into the garden, and shot down, and to work they go in "laying-out."

Each strip of ground is separated from that belonging to the next house by a long wall. The wall of the first one is only half finished, and a bricklayer is at work upon the other side, while the gardening bricklayer on this side is laying down the mould for a border. Numerous pieces of broken and chopped-off brick, with corresponding dabs of mortar, consequently fall over and are mixed up with the border mould, which the bricklayer on this side carefully buries, and then proceeds to make the border very fine on the surface. A path is next measured off by the bricklayer's line, parallel with the border, thus again repeating the sharp outline of the wall; and this path is covered with brick-rubbish and stones, and well trodden and beaten down, so that it would be no small trouble to change the form and direction of the path, if any tenant had the taste and moral courage to attempt it. By way of making this laying out perfect of its kind, a long central bed is now marked off, and covered with mould, parallel with the previous lines, and being an exact counterpart of the outline of the entire strip, only some sizes less.

The gardening bricklayer manages his spade very assiduously, and neatly too, considering it is not his proper tool,—in fact, from his general handiness, I conjecture him to be an Irishman; and also, I must add, from his want of forethought: for this morning I perceive he is about to finish the top row of the wall bricks, to do which he stands on this side, thus trampling down all his fine surface of border-mould as he goes, besides strewing it all over with a second fall of fragments of brick and mortar. By night he has done. Next morning he is there again; not with his trowel, but his spade, carefully burying all the bits of brick and rubbish, and once more working the surface of the mould very fine to look at.

Morning after morning have I watched these various operations during three months, and now, finally, I behold, a long row of new square brick-boxes, set upon damp clay—drained on an old and very bad system, and having in other respects, the most inconvenient arrangement—a succession of dust-holes close under the kitchen-windows, and in a line beneath the back dining-room window—and I am presented with a succession of some eighteen straight walls, enclosing straight strips of garden, each lined out by the bricklayer, in parallel lines, as a bricklayer naturally would do, and each one being the exact counterpart of the other. The whole set are made neat and sightly for letting, by the use of the broom to sweep out all manner of rubbish from the houses,—and the spade to bury it carefully in the garden beds and borders.

Some poor woman, a bankrupt laundress, a servant-of-all-work out of place, or a charwoman with her family, is put in to "mind the house," and open the door to those who are looking out for a house. The rubbish and refuse she and her family will accumulate during her stay, perhaps of one month, perhaps of six, must not be thrown into the dust-hole, for that has to be kept tidy for letting; she therefore gets a man, or her husband when he comes home in the evening, to bury it "somewhere" in the garden.

The extreme ends of these garden walls are met by the ends of other garden walls on the opposite side. I turn my gaze on them very often while sitting at my dressing-table, but gain little consolation from what I see. On this side, the outline of the garden walls is nearly the same as those I have been describing, and the laying out displays no better taste. Several of these strips are laid out in three round puddings of beds, one after

the other, with the largest round pudding in the middle. Others have great beds made like aces of diamonds; three of them have made hard-favoured sets of little beds, like furrows cut across the whole width of the garden, with narrow walks between, like ruled copy books; and two of them have fairly given up the matter, and allowed the whole strip to lie like the fallow-field of rank grass, from which they were originally separated by the builder's walls.

To look at the great mass of our houses and streets—suburban houses and streets in especial—a foreigner would suppose we had no architects among us. "What!" cries Mr. John Bull, "do you mean to compare any foreign houses with English houses for convenience, comfort, and snugness?" Certainly not, Mr. Bull, with regard to the inside domestic arrangements; but those are not the builder's department—they are the work of the carpenter, the cabinet-maker, the upholsterer, and the ironmonger. I am speaking of the external form and appearance of our modern houses, and I affirm that it would never occur to a foreigner that such persons as architects were ever consulted, except on particular occasions, and that, in fact, nearly all our houses are the product of the brains of wealthy, enterprising, master-bricklayers, or builders who, like my friend Mr. Roomy, have risen into "builders" from that questionable foundation. For this reason, a house with us is in shape nothing more than a square box, and a street is a succession of boxes. There is no more external "design" in them than goes to the construction of a box, or a rabbit-hutch—a child's first drawing of "a house" on a slate; and a street is often no better to look at than a set of menagerie cages —take away the bars, and place windows in the front, and add a door, with steps, and some chimneys, and there you have our modern houses. Sometimes an attempt is made to get over the heavy squareness by an ornamental door-way, a flight of stone steps, or an enormous entrance-porch, or by sticking a small bit of a wing to one side, like a house and its little one. But there's the "box" amidst all the awkward half-conscious attempts to hide it. Frequently, a variation is yet more obviously sought by a skreen or parapet at the top; and yet more frequently by a rising roof, in imitation of a haystack in single houses, and of a barn in a small row of houses. But, after all, there is the builder's box, standing with sturdy utilitarianism in the middle of all these vain attempts, as one should say doggedly (not to add stupidly), "Well—and a good strong box too."

A CHRISTIAN PAYNIM.

A LEGEND.

ROUND Malaga's fair city
Is drawn the pride of Spain;
And morn and night, they hotly fight,
Its battlements to gain.

But, still the valiant Pagans
Full stoutly hold their own,
And from many a height is the crescent bright
In fierce defiance shown.

And lo! the wide gates opening
Send forth a dense array;
In the sun's bright beams their armour gleams,
And their war-steeds shrilly neigh.

From their saddle-bows down-bending
They sweep to meet the foe—
But is it from fear that their full career
Is check'd even as they go?

It is not fear that checks them,
But pity's gentle sway;
For an infant train on the verdant plain
Are group'd in frolic play.

The host they view with wonder!
Admire their trappings gay,
Their plumes of white and their lances bright,
And their steeds that court the fray.

With greeting and with pleasure
They clap their little hands;
And laugh and shout as the warlike rout
Whirl high their deadly brands.

Then spake the Chief Zenete—
Valiant and gentle knight!
"To your mothers begone, each truant one,
And screen ye from the fight!"

"Revoke that word, Zenete,"
Then spake his comrades forth;
"For this infant band is placed in our hand
As hostages of worth."

"Now shame on ye, by Allah!
Shame on all such!" cried he:
"May bearded men by us be ta'en,—
Not smiling infancy!"

OUR PHANTOM SHIP.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Now that Central America is very generally looked to as a Land of Hope, the imagination glows over the picture of what it is destined to become. Though most of us like to know as much as travellers will tell us, about the country of the Incas, very few of us care to experience what it now actually is. Fleas, fevers, and frijoles, to say nothing of convulsions, political and natural, earthquakes and revolutions, go far to quench the spirit of the traveller. Only the other day war was declared with the small state of Honduras by the small states of Guatemala and San Salvador. Valiant ragamuffins by the dozen will form armies, dodge each other, march and countermarch. There will be universal crisis, as our neighbours call it. Never mind. We travel in our Phantom Ship, and we will wander through the land as phantoms.

Already we have traversed the Atlantic in our Phantom Ship, and have been drenched by a good sheet of rain within the tropics by the time we reach Belize. As Britons, we will first visit Belize, the British settlement.

Belize is on the coast of the free Indians, in the Bay of Honduras. South of it lie the five independent and quarrelsome states forming the Republic of Central America. Guatemala and Honduras side by side; Guatemala with a coast-line on the Pacific, and a bit of coast on the Atlantic; Honduras with Atlantic coast along the bay named after it. Under these lies first, San Salvador, with the Pacific forming its sea-margin. Then Nicaragua, with a long coast on the Pacific, and containing lakes, but with a very little piece of coast on the Atlantic. The great part of the Atlantic coast line from Honduras southward is in possession of the Mosquito Indians. Costa Rica in the narrowest part of the Central American Isthmus, occupies the breadth from sea to sea, but has by a great deal its longest coast line on the Pacific side. Then comes the remainder of the Isthmus, including the line of railway between Chagres and Panama, but Central America does not extend so far. We will begin our travels at Belize and ramble southward, until we take ship again in Costa Rica at Punta Arenas on the Pacific side, for reasons hereinafter to be mentioned.

Here we are, then, near the British settlement, as we before said, after having felt how water can dash down between the tropics; raining, not cats and dogs, but tigers and rhinoceroses. Belize appears to rise out of the sea as we approach; a range of white houses running for a mile along the shore—government house at one end, barracks at the other; a picturesque bridge, somewhere about the middle, crosses a river which divides the settlement. At the mouth of the river, on an island, is a little fort. There is a church spire, and, behind all, a background made by groves of cocoa-nuts. Vessels at anchor in the harbour, rafts of mahogany, canoes paddled to and fro, and there is the government dory made out of the trunk of a mahogany tree. Belize lives upon mahogany. The mahogany cutters are free blacks, who form the staple population of the town. There is a Court of Justice in Belize. Seven Judges sitting on heavy mahogany chairs, seven ordinary men of business, sit to hear causes. There are plenty to be tried; there is a jury to try them, but there's not a lawyer in the settlement. The merits of each case are fairly brought out, by mutual explanations, and shrewd questioning. The decisions are founded upon homely common sense, and the strict purpose of protecting honest men. The suitors have a right of appeal from this court to England, but they make no use of it. How many appeals would there be in the English courts if every suitor knew, that go into what court he might, he would find the law to be the synonym of justice?

We walk among the bustle of Belize, then step into our Phantom Ship, and sailing slowly up the Belize River, one turn shuts the Bridge from sight—and we are in the deepest solitude. The dense forest, motionless, and silent; the swift river by which, but a few miles farther up, the aboriginal Indians are dwelling; the sky obstructed by thick boughs; these are the scene in which no living thing appears to be astir, except a quiet pelican. The solitudes beyond are almost unexplored; we did not come out to explore them, so we let the current float us back into the bustle of Belize, and through Belize, till we can hoist our ghostly white sail and put out to sea again.

Our voyage is a short one. In the extreme corner of Honduras Bay we find the Rio Dolce. Mountains clothed up to their very summits with the brightest foliage, are parted by an ample stream; we pass between them, we are enclosed on all sides by a forest wall. The course of the broad stream is hidden by its windings; trees, piled upon trees environ us, the rocks are hidden by luxuriance of shrubs that burst forth out of every crevice. The air is odorous of fruits and flowers. The plumage of the cocoa-nut, the huge stems of the cotton trees, are bound together by a network of parasites, whose crimson blossoms cover them, whose runners hang in festoons from the boughs and dip into the placid water. There are orange trees and lemons, pine-apple, banana, plantain; but there is no song of birds. We float for nine miles, buried thus within a scene of solemn beauty, catching now and then a gleam of sunset on our faces, and then the mountains part on either hand; for we have reached the broad lake, Golfo Dolce, into which the River Dolce first flows from the heights of Guatemala. The lake, studded with islands, is now glorious before the setting sun. We steer for the little port of Isabel—a port, of Guatemala, on the Gulf—behind which mountain rises above mountain—there we land. The removal of a mud bar from the mouth of the harbour would make this one of the best ports in the world. The small population here at present is composed of Indians, negroes, people of mixed blood, and a few Spaniards. Not far from Isabel there is another port, St. Thomas, with a sheltered harbour. We wait for morning and pass on, leaving our ship to find its way without a pilot or a crew, round Cape Horn and wait for us on the Pacific coast of Costa Rica. We are now in Guatemala, the most northern state, and on the high road to its capital. This road takes high ground at the very outset, for it begins by running up the Mico Mountains.

Starting from Isabel, and passing a small suburb, we cross a marshy plain, and then, in a few minutes drive into primeval forest. In central America, roads mean lanes cut by axe into the otherwise impenetrable wood, just wide enough to give room for the mules to meet and pass each other. The stems of the trees are not dug out, the path is not made level by an artificial process, but it is trodden into by the mules, washed into by the rains, and bristles with a *chevaux-de-frise* of mighty

change. The high road from Isabel to Guatemala upon which we are now travelling is an example. We, travelling phantoms, take no harm, we may amuse ourselves with watching more substantial way-farers. Here is a party floundering on mules that sink in mud at every step, up to their knees or shoulders. The wood grows thicker, and so does the mud; the shade is deeper and so are the holes. We come to a stream rattling over stones, the whole party plunges in and clatters up its bed. The mules are perpetually falling. The trees meet overhead; it is like a cathedral aisle, only instead of organ music there is the cursing and swearing of the muleteers. Out again into the road, that is to say, into the mud-holes, and among the roots of trees. The colossal roots of the mahogany trees get sadly in the way. It is almost dark under the dense branches, but we can all contrive to see the mud-holes into which our friends are tumbling. We are working our way up the Mico mountain at the conclusion of the rainy season. At length we reach a little clearing on the top, the only ground on which the sun can shine, and this is dry. We rest here for a little while, and then follow to watch the general tumble of our party down the other side. They are down at length; in ten hours they have got through those twelve miles of road, and they are in a grove of palm trees on the plain. Plastered from head to foot with a thick layer of mud, the party we have watched attain a kindred shelter, a small rancho, built of mud. Here they eat frijoles, that is to say, black beans fried in hog's lard, which are the roast beef of Central America. Now we may note that those who do not like hog's lard must not travel in this part of the world. Lard is to the natives here what palm oil is to negroes. It enters into every dish, and if you ask for bread and are able to get it, it will be brought to you as a matter of course, smeared with lard, unless you are extremely vigilant. Good wheat bread can be got, but it is about three times dearer than it is in England. Maize is the grain in common use; they grind it between stones into a pulp, the women pat it into cakes, and bake them on a "griddle." These cakes are called Tortillas, and the daily manufacture of them forms a good part of the women's household work. Rounds of beef, and shoulders of mutton are not to be met with in this country. An ox is cut up into long strips, in villages, and dried without any reference to steaks or sirloins; so that the beef is then bought by the yard, and eaten, fried in hog's lard naturally. The upper classes live much upon vegetables, fruit and sweet-meat. Chocolate is in common use, and coffee in the neighbourhood of the plantations. Tea has scarcely penetrated into this part of the world. So now you know what you can get to eat if you should chance to visit Central America, not as a phantom but in hungry flesh.

We travel on—along the summit of a mountain range—on either side of us delicious valleys, whereon winter never trod; here and there a scenery reminding us of English parks. The next hour is enlivened by a heavy rain. It ceases, and we see beneath us the Motagua, the finest river in Central America, which forms in the lower part of its course the boundary between the states of Guatemala and Honduras. We descend by a steep, romantic path, and stand upon the margin of the torrent, where huge mountains compass us about. A naked Indian sits on the other bank before a few huts roofed with palm leaves. He pushes across for us in his canoe.

We turn aside from the high road to Guatemala—not very far aside—to trace the Copan River. Copan is but a little village—of Honduras, for we have just crossed the borders of that state. It lies in a district famous for its good tobacco. In Central America the whole population smokes, men, women, and children; standing, sitting, and reclining. The wife goes to bed, on the ox-hide, with a cigar in her mouth, and the husband with his cigar will lie with his head at her feet sometimes, for mutual convenience. Copan is their best tobacco district.

What Titanic wall is that whose image is reflected in the river? By the shrubs and creepers we can climb up to the summit. It looks like a portion of some massive ruin. We have climbed, and we stand spell bound. Step below step, broken by trees, loaded with shrubs, and lost at last in the luxuriance of forest, we see the traces of a theatre of masonry. But from a pillar of broken stone below, the fixed stare of an enormous sculptured head encounters us. We descend wondering, and stand before an altar richly carved. We seek for more, and find at our first plunge into the forest a colossal figure frowning down upon us; it is a statue twelve feet high, loaded with hieroglyphic and with grotesque ornament. The grand face seems to be a portrait—but of whom? We explore farther, and find more and more of these stone giants, elbowed from their places by the growth of trees, some of them buried to the chest in vegetation, staring through the underwood with their blind eyes. Monkeys in troops pass to and fro among them. Who are these gods or heroes buried in the dark recesses of the wood? Who raised their monuments? What Temple, what great city, has existed here? No man can tell. These figures frowned before their altars when the Spaniards came. They speak, as the monuments of Egypt, about that time when man exulted most in wrestling against matter, when glory lay in strength of hand and magnitude of handiwork. These are the ruins of Copan, and tell of a past whose history is totally effaced. Along a row of death's heads, carved in stone, by other monuments, we pass back to the outer wall. From the suggestion of what has been, we return to the examination of what is. We get back into the high road for Gua-

temala, and bid good-bye to Honduras, in which state we shall not travel.

We should have found it a land of valley and mountain (for "Honduras" is by interpretation "valleys") rugged and barren. It has gold and silver mines, but hath also revolutions, and the mines are almost abandoned. It has, as everybody knows, mahogany, bought by the Belize merchants of the Honduras government, at the rate of about ten dollars per tree. It exports hides and a little sarsaparilla. Then we leave Honduras, and float swiftly on through Guatemala till we reach its capital; that is called Guatemala too, and once was regarded as the capital of all Central America.

Guatemala, the town, at a distance looks extremely handsome. It has many churches, many gardens interspersed among the houses. The streets, on entering, we find to be all straight, and the houses all one story high. Well, there's an earthquake now, at any rate! We have been very fortunate in getting all the way from Isabel without one. The sensation is like that which we have on shipboard when the vessel lurches. There are two or three rolls, and the sudden settling is the worst part of the shock. We see that a good many people have jumped out of their houses. It is on account of the frequent earthquakes that they are built only one story high. Earthquakes are disagreeable; folks do not become used to them, but, on the contrary, are said with each experience to acquire some increase of dread. This very town is a place begotten of an earthquake. It was founded no longer ago than the year 1773, when the old capital—Old Guatemala—suffered from a disastrous earthquake that eventually tired its patience. Before that, in 1717, the volcano of fire—for the old capital stood between two volcanoes, and one was of fire, the other of water—the volcano of fire had been extremely active, and its eruption had been accompanied with a dose of earthquake and devastation, which was continued for four months. Before that, in 1686, a tenth part of the population had been swept off by an epidemic. Before that, in 1651, there was an extraordinary earthquake, and the wild beasts came to town to be protected. Before that, in 1601, there was a pestilence. Before that, in 1585-6, there was for months incessant fire from the volcano, and earthquakes; in December, 1586, numbers of the people were buried under ruins, the ridges of mountains were torn off, and there were great chasms in the ground. Before that, in 1581, the volcano threw up such a load of ashes, that lights were required in the houses at mid-day. Before that, in 1575-6-7, there were ruinous earthquakes. Before that, in 1558, there was an epidemic. Before that, in 1542, the capital was founded, because another capital before that had been swept into ruins by the descent of a huge torrent, bearing with it rocks and trees, down the sides of the volcano of water.

The new Guatemala is built like all towns of what has been Spanish America, in square blocks, so that all the streets are straight and cross each other at right angles. The houses are, as we saw, one story high; but spacious, with large doors and windows, and iron balconies. There is a public market square, with a fountain in the middle, and on one side the Cathedral, a fine structure, with the archbishop's palace and a school; opposite that the government house and some law courts; on a third side, guard-house and barracks; and on the fourth, a corridor, occupied by the chief shops of the city, which are all "general stores." The water of the fountain comes from a distance of twelve miles, by an aqueduct, which supplies all Guatemala, and yields a surplus which plays about the town in fifty public fountains. These supply water freely to the poor, and many of them are covered with stone buildings and partitioned off into stone troughs, for washing clothes. Hear this—O, London!—of the land of frijoles!

The chief amusement in Guatemala consists in letting off fireworks in the streets, every Saint's day. This is a Saint's day, and the fireworks come after the earthquake. We will look to a hotel for shelter. Alas, there is no hotel, no inn. Possibly we may get a lodging. A lodging in Central America means a room. A room—four walls, and nothing else. We'll borrow a bed, to see what that is like. It is an ox-hide, full of fleas. Not that fleas matter in the ox-hide, for the floor, of baked clay, broken, is full of fleas in every crevice. Phantoms though we are, we will not sleep in Guatemala. Guatemala is the best town in Central America; and the Mica Mountain is not the worst road.

We float off to the deserted capital. Not quite deserted; many clung to it when the new town was built, for it is situated in a fertile district; the new town is not. It has a desolate appearance, its fine old cathedral cracked from top to bottom—ruined houses with huts planted in the corners of them. We will go on a few miles, to the city of Amatitlan. Old Guatemala and Amatitlan are the centres of the cochineal plantations. Each house in Amatitlan has its cactus ground, as, in English villages, each cottage has its cabbage garden. In Central America you have the cactus at home, in all its glory. On unfrequented mountains there, we wander among cactus blossoms. Five varieties of cactus are employed to feed the cochineal insect. The valley of Amatitlan is covered with cochineal estates. In this valley is a lake whereinto two streams flow, and out of which there flows a river. On the lake floats pumice-stone, springs of boiling-water bubble round it. Steam pours out of crevices, here and there, in the adjacent mountains. The whole ground is volcanic. In some parts of the valley well-diggers almost burn their

... at twenty yards, and at thirty-two ... find the water boiling.

We must not stop too long in Guatemala. Its cochineal plantations in Old Guatemala and Amatitlan are its only scenes of reasonable industry. It produces a little coffee and a little cocoa; it can produce very fine vanilla and large quantities of caoutchouc. Its chief products now are robbers and revolutions.

We cross the River Paz, southward, within sight of the Pacific, and have found our way into the state of San Salvador. One of the first things upon which we tumble, is a volcano; that of Isolco, above Sonsonate. This was born—sprouted out of the plain—about eighty years ago, and has not yet done growing. There used to be a cattle estate where it now stands. It is continually in eruption, and signalises the period of its youth by throwing a large number of stones. It is very regular in its habits, exploding every sixteen minutes and three seconds, with reports like a discharge of artillery, smoke and stones, which fall upon its flank, and that is how it grows. In Sonsonate, only three leagues distant, this business-like volcano, might be made a partial substitute for clocks.

We go on to the capital, San Salvador. Town on the usual model. Thieves on the watch, soldiers asleep on the pavement, covered with ants, very ragged, less respectable than English beggars, and a revolution come or coming. Where there is offal there are turkey buzzards. Of course a volcano just outside; the volcano of San Salvador, quiet of late years. We hasten to San Miguel, the seat of an annual trading market, which is generally either spoilt or put off by the same month's political convulsion. We pass through a fine tobacco district; then by a volcano at San Vicente; travel through the usual forest tracks—the homes of pumas, parrots, snakes, bees, scorpions, and ticks; cross the Lempa, the chief river of the state, and go on through the woods again until we are brought to a stand-still by a wall twenty feet high, of burning scoriæ, covered with charred trees, a souvenir from the volcano of San Miguel. The lava has come all this way, though we are five leagues from the base of the volcano, and ten leagues from its crater. We follow a new roundabout path which has been made requisite by this obstruction. Through indigo plantations we come to San Miguel.

We will get a fever at San Miguel. It's time to have a fever. Every traveller in Central America must have a fever and get well, or die. Being a phantom fever we can soon get rid of it. We travel a few leagues, and ascend the extinct volcano of Conchagna. From there the view is fine. The Pacific, the Bay of Conchagna, studded with islands, tropical forests, rivers and mountains, and eighteen volcanoes. On coming down we find there is a fresh revolution, and take flight by boat across the bay into the state of Nicaragua. We don't wish to be ferried over to the volcano of Cosiguina on the bay. That is the volcano which broke out suddenly in 1835, breaking through a reputation for extinctness, with shocks perceptible to all the country round as far as Mexico, New Granada, and Jamaica. It filled the air with a fine powder, obscuring sun and stars, so that there was a thick darkness for forty-three hours, in which the light of torches was not visible at three yards distance. The lizards and the reptiles came to man for help, and all was destroyed for leagues around the fatal centre of activity. No, we don't visit Cosiguina.

The chief produce of the State of San Salvador is indigo, cultivated near San Vincente, San Miguel, and San Salvador. From the neighbourhood of Sonsonate, in this state, comes all our Balsam of Peru. San Salvador can produce, also, vinegar, ginger, and vanilla.

Across the Bay of Chinendega we are floated to Nacoscolo, in the State of Nicaragua—and travel by the usual mule track to the chief town, Leon. Riding on these tracks must be much like tossing in a blanket. We come to Chinendega, a pretty town (near an extinct volcano), in a country able to produce large quantities of sugar and cotton. We are now only three leagues from the harbour of Realejo, the proposed Pacific terminus to the grand ship canal; but we go on to Leon. Leon is, after Guatemala, the largest city in Central America, and contains, perhaps, twenty-four thousand inhabitants; it has contained twice as many. These towns being all built on the same plan, one is enough to look at. Here, as before, we find rectangular streets, a square, a fountain, ragged soldiers, thieves, a crisis, and a revolution.

We quit Leon for Realejo; and our way lies over level country, through thick forest, on the usual mud-and-stump mule track. Realejo, the town, is about two leagues distant from Realejo, the harbour: it is a mere collection of mud huts. The harbour is a safe and good one, suited for large vessels, and completely sheltered. This harbour will perhaps be chosen on the Pacific side, as the terminus of the proposed canal. San Juan del Sur, a little further to the south, has also its advocates.

Several fresh water streams run into the creek which forms the harbour of Realejo. One of these flow from within three leagues of a lake—the Lake of Managua—over a gentle slope. Let us imagine this stream on the track of the canal; let us, indeed, imagine the canal cut from Realejo into that lake. With Lake Managua, the larger lake of Nicaragua is connected already by a river, which we will suppose transformed into canal. We float then into the great Lake of Nicaragua. A wind sweeps over it, and it is rolling like a sea; before us there is no land visible. From islands upon it, and from its

shores, arise magnificent volcanoes. Wild-fowl flit over the water; deep woods clothe the bank. The lake is ninety-five miles long, and thirty miles broad, in its broadest part. We reach the River St. John, which leads out of the lake into the Atlantic Harbour of San Juan del Norte. The river, with its windings, is about seventy-nine miles long, flowing through dense forest. This we imagine converted into canal, and we have traversed one of the proposed routes. Returning by the St. John into the Lake of Nicaragua, we have only to cross the lake, to reach a spot where we are separated by no more than sixteen miles of land from the Pacific harbour of San Juan del Sur. This is by far the shortest route, but there are forcible objections to it. Across the path of those sixteen miles, there runs a range of hills, to be traversed only by a deep cutting or a tunnel, or both. And deep cuttings or tunnels are neither of them quite safe in the society of volcanoes, however matter-of-fact they may seem to Englishmen. Furthermore, it is said that the Port of St. John del Sur, is not an eligible one, swept during five months of the year by an adverse north wind. The harbour of Realejo forms an admirable terminus, perfectly embayed, and sheltered by an island at its mouth, while the proposed canal route, although longer, presents much less engineering difficulty. Not that it is difficult to engineers to operate just as they please, upon dead matter; but that to make a tunnel or a cutting is one thing, and to insure it against earthquakes, is another. In May, 1844, a series of violent earthquake shocks passed over the precise site of this projected cutting, and did great damage to the town of Nicaragua.

The unhealthiness of the Atlantic coast—the danger to European overseers during that part of the operation which will concern the river Saint John; the worthlessness of native labour, the question of the necessity of negro free labour, and all such matters, we need not discuss. It may be noted, however, that in making the new railway from Chagres to Panama, the works have been imprudently commenced on the unhealthy side. Commencement at the other end might have given some time to the labourers in which they could become better acclimatised.

Now we are about to quit the state of Nicaragua. It is a country of rich, fertile plains and slopes, freely besprinkled with volcanic peaks. It can produce fine indigo, cotton, sugar, and cocoa. Mahogany, cedar and Brazil wood, abound in its forests; thieves, ragged soldiers, and political convulsions abound in its towns.

We enter Costa Rica, the most southern state, which for some years past has been quietly industrious, and given up the revolutionary business. Here we traverse wild rocks and forest-covered glens until we reach the high table-land in the centre of the state, which is the cultivated part of Costa Rica. Here are three towns—San Jose the capital, Alhajuela, and Heridia. Sugar is grown here, but coffee-plantations are the chief source of prosperity.

San Jose, like Guatemala, is a new capital. We visit the old city, Cartago; it is a mass of ruins, made by an earthquake in 1841. The old volcano looks down on the mischief smoking quietly.

The coffee of Costa Rica sent to Europe, is not shipped on the Atlantic side. The mountains, valleys, marshes, and prevailing rains of the Atlantic coast, make that side so impracticable, that although they have a port on the Atlantic, the Costa Ricans shudder at the difficulty and expense of making roads to it for transport of their produce. Therefore they make roads suitable for country carts—better than mule tracks, to their port on the Pacific, Punta Arenas, in the Gulf of Nicoza. This port is formed by a sandpit about two leagues long, running out from the main land, enclosing a harbour sheltered by two islands, and accessible to small vessels, which can receive and land cargo only by boats. The village is built upon the sandpit, and from hence the coffee is exported. Here, too, there is a Pearl Fishery. The Costa Ricans think it better to sell their coffee in Europe at the disadvantage of three pounds a ton, by paying freight for the circumnavigation of South America, than to make roads to their port of Matinas, on the Atlantic, which, in point of mileage merely, is no farther distant from the coffee-grounds than Punta Arenas.

Now we are at our journey's end, and waiting on the sandpit for our Phantom Ship. We have seen the surface of the land. Beneath the surface are abundant deposits of gold, silver, and iron. We have seen something of the wealth lavished by Nature upon that district of the world, whose part in the world's history is destined to be hereafter as large as it now is little. The present inhabitants of Central America—Spanish, mixed or coloured—know no more of the use which they might make of their unlimited resources, than a baby knows what it can buy with half-a-crown. An industrious and settled population, in the first place—no more revolutions—in the second place, good roads, are the great wants of Central America. Nothing but Anglo-Saxon energy will ever stir this sluggish pool into life. There is no vigour in the revolutions even; they are not an active ebullition of the feelings, but a chronic malady.

Who is to fell the trees, to destroy the sickliness of an excessive vegetation? Who is to form the roads, to work the mines, to make the cultivated soil yield its best treasures in their full abundance? When the commerce of Europe shall flow into the Pacific, through the Nicaraguan Canal, those questions will be answered readily.

But now we step into our Phantom Ship, to come home by the country of the Patagonians; and in a minute you are landed safely by your own fireside.

THE QUEEN'S BAZAAR.

The articles displayed for sale at the Queen's Bazaar are brought together under peculiar circumstances. Some of them are handed over by Her Majesty's Revenue officers, who obtain them from passengers as they step ashore from foreign steamers. Some, are thus unwillingly contributed by full-figured dowagers; by young ladies carrying poodles; by well-cloaked gentlemen; or by obese individuals encumbered with protuberating brandy-bottles, formed like the "stuffing" adopted by actors when they play Falstaff.

It is, however, a pity that the smuggling propensities of Mrs. Brown, Miss Robinson, or Mr. Bombigs, should be a cause of annoyance to the thousands of passengers who land weekly on our coasts. It is a pity, that because Miss Bumble cannot resist the temptation of secreting a bottle or two of Eau de Cologne between the folds of her packed-up draperies; that because Mr. Fitz-Fink must put Galignani's edition of "Astoria" in his hat-box; their fellow-passengers should be subjected to the annoyance of having their wardrobes tumbled out upon a counter, for the amusement of the curious. It is distressing to witness the performance of the searcher's duties. Mrs. Tiplip's boxes are thrown upon the counter, uncorded, unlocked. The searcher commences by removing huge piles of silk dresses; Mrs. Tiplip looking on in a state of the greatest excitement. The searcher vigorously rams his arm to the bottom of the trunk, and by a dexterous twist tumbles its contents into a condition of the most picturesque confusion. Mrs. Tiplip feels that she will faint, if the man does not desist at once. But, he regards neither her confusion nor her expostulations. He rolls a dozen pairs of stockings upon the counter; he rattles her jewel-case and asks for the key; he minutely inspects her supply of linen; he brings to public light all kinds of little secret cosmetics and artifices, which gentlemen are not usually privileged to see. He hopes that there is no contraband article secreted in her needlecase. He trusts that there is nothing but cotton in her work-box; and having chalked a huge hieroglyphic upon the trunk, pushes the whole tumbled exposed heap from before him, and turns to another victim. Now and then he ruthlessly seizes a bottle of brandy, a few yards of lace, or a pair of new shoes; but generally finds nothing worth touching. The value of his contributions to the Queen's Bazaar scarcely covers the amount of his salary.

In another part of the Custom House are officials keeping up the Queen's Bazaar stock by mulcting the merchants. It is necessary to prevent importers from understating the value of goods upon which an *ad valorem* duty is charged. To check this tendency, a system has been adopted of buying those goods which the Custom House officers hold to be undervalued. Thus, when a merchant declares the value of a bale of goods, and the officer believes the declaration to be understated, he pays the value the merchant has declared to the owner, and retains the goods. This course, furnishes the chief articles which figure at the periodical Custom House sale. Very often, Her Majesty loses by these transactions. Thus, a merchant imported a quantity of soiled goods lately, which he declared at the value he honestly believed they would fetch. This declaration being, to the mind of the officials (who disregarded the damaged condition of the goods), understated, they paid the merchant his price on the part of Her Majesty, and subjected them to the hammer, in the expectation that a round sum would be realised by the bargain. It turned out, however, that the merchant had rather overstated the value; and, the consequence was, that the goods were sold for about one hundred and fifty pounds less than the Custom House authorities had paid for them. As a large proportion of the goods sold under the authority of the Customs' Commissioners are detained and paid for as undervalued, the bazaar is in some sort a Government speculation; and one, probably, that does not return a large per centage of profit. The pickings from trunks, form items which it is easy to trace; the articles wrenched from the grasp of professional smugglers are for the most part either tobacco or spirits.

Having thus briefly reviewed the systems which fill Her Majesty's Bazaar with all kinds of valuable commodities, we may enter the Queen's Warehouse, situated on the ground-floor of the Custom House. The Queen's Warehouse is not an imposing apartment, either in its decorations or extent. It is simply a large square room, lighted by an average number of windows, and consisting of four bare walls, upon which there is not the most distant approach to decoration. Counters are placed in different directions, with no regard to order or effect. Here and there, masses of drapery for sale are hung suspended from cords, or, to all appearance, nailed against the wall. Across one corner of the room, in the immediate vicinity of a very handsome inlaid cabinet, two rows of dilapidated Bath chaps are slung upon a rope. Close under these delicacies, stands a rosewood piano, on which a foreign lady, supported by a foreign gentleman, is playing a showy fantasia. The effect of her brilliant and vehement performance is, however, unhappily marred by the presumption of a young gentleman who is trying a gross of accordions, situated at the further end of the row of chaps, by playing the first few notes of the National Anthem upon each, with utter disregard of time and

tune. At the elbow of this young gentleman an old gentleman is rubbing some raw silk—as though he longed to wash it—and then stroking it with a touching fondness. He carries a catalogue in his hand, and when he has completed his inspection, hastens to make some hieroglyphics in it.

Advancing a little more into the bazaar, and edging our way between all kinds of men in earnest conversation who "think one and a quarter enough," or who "wouldn't mind taking the damaged with the sound," or who are confident "there is no longer any home market for such goods"—we reach the first long counter. Here, we discover a rich assortment of objects piled about in hopeless confusion.

Eighty-nine opera glasses: three dozen "companions"—more numerous than select, perhaps. Forty dozen black brooches—ornamental mourning, sent over probably by some foreign manufacturer, relying in the helplessness of our Woods-and-Forests-ridden Board of Health, and in the death-dealing fogs and stenches of our metropolis. Seventeen dozen daguerreotype plates, to receive as many pretty and happy faces. Eighty dozen brooches; nineteen dozen pairs of ear-rings; forty-two dozen finger-rings; twenty-one dozen pairs of bracelets. The quantities and varieties are bewildering, and the ladies cluster about in a state of breathless excitement, or give way to regrets that the authorities will not sell less than ten dozen tiaras, or half a dozen clocks.

The French popular notion, that every Englishman has an exhaustless store of riches, seems to hold as firmly as ever; for, here we find about three hundred dozen *portes monnais*, and countless purses, evidently of French manufacture. Presently we are shown what Mr. Carlyle would call "a gigantic system of shams," in five hundred and thirty-eight gross of imitation turquoises. We stroll on, amused at the variety of the scene—the intent looks with which men are peering into all kinds of packages, testing all kinds of manufactures in all sorts of ways, and making notes eagerly in their catalogues. We pause before seven crosses, and nine crucifixes, "mounted." A particular interest attaches to these gaudy ceremonial trinkets of Berlin ware. They were put up to auction with a cigar-holder, and eleven finger-rings, for the sum of three pounds fifteen shillings. At the farther end of the long counter before which we have been pausing, are some very finely-executed bronzes, and Dresden, and other vases, marked at exceedingly low prices. Yet, according to the catalogue, they have all been undervalued, and the sale of them is a Government speculation.

To realise an idea of the Queen's Bazaar on the morning of sale, it is necessary to have a vivid sense of the unpleasantness of hearing every imaginable air played at short intervals on every kind of instrument, by performers of various degrees of skill. We were suddenly attracted to the second counter in the room by a few loud notes played upon an oboe, by a short gentleman with a long moustache. The counter was loaded with brass instruments, lying in confused heaps: some packed in papers, some bursting through their covers, and others glittering in the sun, in all the nakedness of polished brass. We began to think that a brass band had been seized by the ruthless searchers of the Custom-house; but, on referring to our catalogue, we learnt that this heap of cornopeans, clarionets, ophicleides, trombones, clarions, violoncelli, and guitars, had been undervalued according to the Custom-house authorities, and had been bought on behalf of Government. An organ with sixteen barrels had also fallen into the hands of Government, for something under fifty-three pounds. A solitary drum had been resigned to the authorities, as an undervalued article: it was the only instrument which remained untouched.

Near these musical instruments, lay a great variety of china from all parts of the world. Designs the most graceful, and distortions the most grotesque, were huddled together. Two salt-cellars, which had been undervalued, were inside of two butter-boats, that had been similarly treated; while two egg-cups, detained by the majesty of English law, stood modestly beside some of the splendid pottery of Dresden. Near all this china, were about one hundred-and-twenty party-coloured Chinese lamps, in the immediate neighbourhood of twenty-eight cottages (dolls'), napkin-rings, pincushions, nut-crackers, paper-knives, &c., all of the celebrated Swiss carving, of which some splendid specimens are promised for the Great Exhibition.

Tired with the endless variety of the Government Bazaar, we must pass over—seventy-six dozen scissors, seventeen dozen bellows, and even ninety-five coffee biggins, to say nothing of nineteen larding-skewers, thirteen scoops, fifty thousand tickets in sheets, and one thousand box tops—to come to a few parcels over which we saw many gentlemen pause, and to which ladies hastened with eager steps. Here they are;—sixty thousand gross of buttons! Two hundred and fifty-two dozen inkstands; hundred and fifty gross of hair pencils. Of the stocks of shawls, barèges, and handkerchiefs, we do not pretend to say anything; but it appears rather trifling to squabble over the value of two embroidered aprons, and one scarf. However, the authorities appear to be excellent judges of the value of a light crust, and the cost of confectionery: inasmuch as they have thought fit to detain, as undervalued, no less than fifty-five *patês de foies gras*, and a very promising consignment of *caviare*.

Among the seizures which we find in the Queen's Bazaar, is a muslin dress skirt, embroidered; one robe with body; one scarf; twelve collars; innumerable dress pieces; and

... bonnets. The agony of the respective owners of these elegancies need not be dwelt upon. But, perhaps the most melancholy lot in the Government Bazaar was a packet of pamphlets, "weighing one hundredweight, two quarters, twenty-one pounds," according to the catalogue, to be sold for the "benefit of the Crown." This direct appeal from the Commissioners of Customs to the trunk-makers of the country, cannot be contemplated by any lover of literature with other than feelings of strong antipathy. Various old trunks, boxes of old clothes, hundreds of tattered volumes, hundreds of pairs of dice, clocks innumerable, countless watches, rivers of wine spirits, tons of tobacco, may be added to our list of the stock which Her Majesty has periodically on sale. On the particular occasion to which we have been all along referring, three hundred gross of lucifer matches figured in the Bazaar, besides several acres of East India matting; forty-nine gallons of Chutney sauce; eighteen gallons of curry paste; thirty millions of splints; seventy-seven hundredweight of slate pencils; sixty-eight gallons of rose-water; one package of visiting cards; one ship's long-boat; and "*four pounds*" of books in the English language!

Truly, the gentlemen who test the prices of these various articles of commerce—who can hit upon the precise value of slate pencils and caviare, dolls' houses and fat liver patties—must have extraordinary experience! That they are, after all, human, and are subject to mistakes like the rest of us, is indisputable.

The Queen's Bazaar is a specimen of the profitableness and policy of the whole system. Smuggling, of which it is the parent, is not looked upon by the community with much horror; on the contrary, by some, as rather a meritorious means of making bargains. "To pretend to have any scruple about buying smuggled goods," Adam Smith tells us, "would in most countries be regarded as one of those pedantic pieces of hypocrisy which, instead of gaining credit with anybody, serve only to expose the person who pretends to practise them, to the suspicion of being a greater knave than the rest of his neighbours."

The danger of maintaining laws which it is held by many well-meaning persons, not inglorious to break, has forced itself upon the governments of most countries; and it may be safely stated that the reduction of duties on foreign goods has done more to put down smuggling than fleets of revenue cutters, armies of coast guards, and the quick eyes of searchers. It is now believed that "whenever duties exceed thirty per cent *ad valorem*, it is impossible to prevent a contraband trade." The experience of the present time points to this conclusion, and further tends to show that, economically, high duties are less productive to the revenue than low duties; inasmuch as to levy high duties, a large protective force must be maintained, whereas, with low duties, smuggling sinks to a losing game, and is quickly abandoned. In 1831, Lord Congleton estimated the cost of protecting the revenue, at from seven hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand pounds. In 1832, upwards of one hundred and eighty-one thousand pounds were expended in building cottages for the officers and men of the Coast Guard in Kent and Sussex. Yet, while duties are imposed, however paltry in amount, people of an economical turn will do a little smuggling on their own account—as much for the popular glory of defrauding the revenue, as for the irresistible impulse of saving a few shillings.

LIKENESS IN DIFFERENCE.

THERE was a tale of feeling,
  Told at eve, in a stately room,
Where the air was an odour stealing,
  And the light was a gorgeous gloom;—
And there was a story whispered,
  At a window, whose only blind
Was of wet vine-leaves, that glistered
  And shook in the swaying wind:
Two tales that were diverse spoken,
  Yet their import *one*, I know,
And the language of each was broken—
  And both were true!

There was a maiden queenly,—
  Through bright halls gliding came,
Which grew brighter, as still serenely
  She smiled o'er an unbreathed Name:
And there sat a maiden lonely
  On the hearth, striving, line by line
By the light of the embers only,
  To spell out a Valentine.
Two hearts that were keeping duly
  One time and one tune in each breast,
Both true-loved and loving truly—
  And both were blest!

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER II.

THE Romans had scarcely gone away from Britain, when the Britons began to wish they had never left it. For, the Roman soldiers being gone, and the Britons being much reduced in numbers by their long wars, the Picts and Scots came pouring in over the broken and unguarded wall of SEVERUS in swarms. They plundered the richest towns, and killed the people; and came back so often for more booty and more slaughter, that the unfortunate Britons lived a life of terror. As if the Picts and Scots were not bad enough on land, the Saxons attacked the islanders by sea; and, as if something more were still wanting to make them miserable, they quarrelled bitterly among themselves as to what prayers they ought to say, and how they ought to say them. The priests, being very angry with one another on these

questions, cursed one another in the heartiest manner; and (uncommonly like the old Druids) cursed all the people whom they could not persuade. So, altogether, the Britons were very badly off, you may suppose.

They were in such distress, in short, that they sent a letter to Rome, entreating help: which they called The Groans of the Britons, and in which they said, "The barbarians chase us into the sea; the sea throws us back upon the barbarians; and we have only the hard choice left us of perishing by the sword, or perishing by the waves." But, the Romans could not help them, even if they were so inclined; for they had enough to do to defend themselves against their own enemies, who were then very fierce and strong. At last, the Britons, unable to bear their hard condition any longer, resolved to make peace with the Saxons, and to invite the Saxons to come into their country, and help them to keep out the Picts and Scots.

It was a British Prince named VORTIGERN who took this resolution, and who made a treaty of friendship with HENGIST and HORSA, two Saxon chiefs. Both of these names, in the old Saxon language, signify Horse; for, the Saxons, like many other nations in a rough state, were fond of giving men the names of animals, as Horse, Wolf, Bear, Hound. The Indians of North America,—a very inferior people to the Saxons—do the same to this day.

HENGIST and HORSA drove out the Picts and Scots; and VORTIGERN, being grateful to them for that service, made no opposition to their settling themselves in that part of England which is called the Isle of Thanet, or to their inviting over more of their countrymen to join them. But, HENGIST had a beautiful daughter named ROWENA; and when, at a feast, she filled a golden goblet to the brim with wine, and gave it to VORTIGERN, saying, in a sweet voice, "Dear King, thy health!" the king fell in love with her. My opinion is, that the cunning HENGIST meant him to do so, in order that the Saxons might have greater influence with him; and that the fair ROWENA came to that feast, golden goblet and all, on purpose.

At any rate, they were married: and, long afterwards, whenever the king was angry with the Saxons, or jealous of their encroachments, ROWENA would put her beautiful arms round his neck, and softly say, "Dear king, they are my people! Be favourable to them, as you loved that Saxon girl who gave you the golden goblet of wine at the feast!" And, really, I don't see how the king could help himself.

Ah! We must all die! In the course of years, VORTIGERN died—he was dethroned, and put in prison, first, I am afraid—and ROWENA died, and generations of Saxons and Britons died; and events that happened during a long, long time, would have been quite forgotten but for the tales and songs of the old Bards, who used to go about from feast to feast, with their white beards, recounting the deeds of their forefathers. Among the histories of which they sang and talked, there was a famous one, concerning the bravery and virtues of KING ARTHUR, supposed to have been a British Prince in these old times. But, whether such a person really lived, or whether there were several persons whose histories came to be confused together under that one name, or whether all about him was invention, no one knows.

I will tell you, shortly, what is most interesting in the early Saxon times, as they are described in these songs and stories of the Bards.

In, and long after, the days of VORTIGERN, fresh bodies of Saxons, under various chiefs, came pouring into Britain. One body, conquering the Britons in the East, and settling there, called their kingdom Essex; another body settled in the West, and called their kingdom Wessex; the Northfolk, or Norfolk people, established themselves in one place; the Southfolk, or Suffolk people, established themselves in another: and gradually seven kingdoms or states arose in England, which were called the Saxon Heptarchy. The poor Britons, falling back before these crowds of fighting men, whom they had innocently invited over as friends, retired into Wales and the adjacent country, into Devonshire, and into Cornwall. Those parts of England long remained unconquered. And, in Cornwall now—where the sea-coast is very gloomy, steep, and rugged—where, in the dark winter-time, ships have been often wrecked close to the land, and every soul on board has perished—where the winds and waves howl drearily, and split the solid rocks into arches and caverns—there are very ancient ruins, which the people call the ruins of KING ARTHUR'S Castle.

Kent is the most famous of the seven Saxon kingdoms, because the Christian religion was preached to the Saxons there (who domineered over the Britons too much, to care for what *they* said about their religion, or anything else) by AUGUSTINE, a monk from Rome. KING ETHELBERT of Kent was soon converted; and the moment he said he was a Christian, his courtiers all said *they* were Christians; after which, ten thousand of his subjects said they were Christians too. AUGUSTINE built a little church, close to this king's palace, on the ground now occupied by the beautiful cathedral of Canterbury. SEBERT, the king's nephew, built on a muddy marshy place near London, where there had been a temple to Apollo, a church dedicated to Saint Peter, which is now Westminster Abbey. And, in London itself, on the foundation of a temple to Diana, he built another little church, which has risen up, since that old time, to be Saint Paul's.

After the death of ETHELBERT, EDWIN, King

of Northumbria, who was such a good king that it was said a woman or child might openly carry a purse of gold, in his reign, without fear, allowed his child to be baptised, and held a great council to consider whether he and his people should all be Christians or not. It was decided that they should be. COIFI, the chief priest of the old religion, made a great speech on the occasion. In this discourse, he told the people that he had found out the old gods to be impostors. "I am quite satisfied of it," he said. "Look at me! I have been serving them all my life, and they have done nothing for me; whereas, if they had been really powerful, they could not have decently done less, in return for all I have done for them, than make my fortune. As they have never made my fortune, I am quite convinced they are impostors!" When this singular priest had finished speaking, he hastily armed himself with sword and lance, mounted a war-horse, rode at a furious gallop in sight of all the people to the temple, and flung his lance against it as an insult. From that time, the Christian Religion spread itself among the Saxons, and became their faith.

The next very famous prince was EGBERT. He lived about a hundred and fifty years afterwards, and claimed to have a better right to the throne of Wessex than BEORTRIC, another Saxon prince who was at the head of that kingdom, and who married EDBURGA, the daughter of OFFA, king of another of the seven kingdoms. This QUEEN EDBURGA was a handsome murderess, who poisoned people when they offended her. One day, she mixed a cup of poison for a certain noble belonging to the court; but, her husband drank of it too, by mistake, and died. Upon this, the people rose in great crowds, and running to the palace, and thundering at the gates, cried, "Down with the wicked queen, who poisons men!" They drove her out of the country, and abolished the title she had disgraced. When years had passed away, some travellers came home from Italy, and said that in the town of Pavia they had seen a ragged beggar-woman, who had once been handsome, but was then shrivelled, bent, and yellow, wandering about the streets, crying for bread; and that this beggar-woman was the poisoning English queen. It was, indeed, EDBURGA; and so she died—without a shelter for her wretched head.

EGBERT, not considering himself safe in England, in consequence of his having claimed the crown of Wessex (for, he thought his rival might take him prisoner and put him to death), sought refuge at the court of CHARLEMAGNE, King of France. On the death of BEORTRIC, so unhappily poisoned by mistake, he came back to Britain; succeeded to the throne of Wessex; conquered some of the other monarchs of the seven kingdoms; added their territories to his own; and, for the first time, called the country over which he ruled, England.

And now, new enemies arose, who, for a long time, troubled England sorely. These were the Northmen, the people of Denmark and Norway, whom the English called the Danes. They were a warlike people, quite at home upon the sea, not Christians, very daring and cruel. They came over in ships, and plundered and burned wheresoever they landed. Once, they beat EGBERT in battle. Once, EGBERT beat them. But, they cared no more for being beaten than the English themselves. In the four following short reigns, of ETHELWULF, and his three sons, ETHELBALD, ETHELBERT, and ETHERED, they came back, over and over again, burning and plundering, and laying England waste. In the last-mentioned reign, they seized EDMUND, King of East England, and bound him to a tree. Then, they proposed to him that he should change his religion; but he, being a good Christian, steadily refused. Upon that, they beat him, made cowardly jests upon him, all defenceless as he was, shot arrows at him, and, finally, struck off his head. It is impossible to say whose head they might have struck off next, but for the death of KING ETHERED, from a wound he had received in fighting against them, and the succession to his throne of the best and wisest king that ever lived in England.

ALFRED THE GREAT was a young man, three-and-twenty years of age, when he became king. Twice in his childhood, he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going, on journeys which they supposed to be religious; and, once, he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for, then, that at twelve years old, he had not been taught to read; although, of the four sons of KING ETHELWULF, he, the youngest, was the favourite. But, he had, as most men who grow up to be great and good are generally found to have had, an excellent mother; and, one day, this lady, whose name was OSBURGHA, happened, as she was sitting among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long and long after that period, and the book, which was written, was what is called "illuminated," with beautiful bright letters, richly painted. The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you four princes who first learns to read." ALFRED sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it, all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended to consider that they had taken a very solemn oath, in swearing this upon the holy bracelets that they wore, and which were always buried with them when they died; but, they cared little for it, for they thought nothing of breaking

oaths and treaties too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn, as usual. One fatal winter, in the fourth year of KING ALFRED'S reign, they spread themselves in great numbers over the whole of England; and so dispersed and routed the king's soldiers that the king was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds who did not know his face.

Here, KING ALFRED, while the Danes sought him far and wide, was left alone, one day, by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But, being at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come, and thinking deeply of his poor unhappy subjects whom they chased through the land, his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burnt. "What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king, "You will be ready enough to eat them by-and-by, and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog?"

At length, the Devonshire men rose against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast; killed their chief, and captured their flag, on which was represented the likeness of a Raven—a very fit bird for a thievish army like that, I think. The loss of their standard troubled the Danes greatly, for, they believed it to be enchanted; woven by the three daughters of one father in a single afternoon—and had a story among themselves that when they were victorious in battle, the Raven stretched his wings and seemed to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop. He had good reason to droop, now, if he could have done anything half so sensible; for, KING ALFRED joined the Devonshire men, made a camp with them on a piece of firm ground in the midst of a bog in Somersetshire, and prepared to make a great attempt for vengeance on the Danes, and the deliverance of his oppressed people.

But, first, as it was important to know how numerous these pestilent Danes were, and how they were fortified, KING ALFRED, being a good musician, disguised himself as a gleeman or minstrel, and went, with his harp, to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of GUTHRUM the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they caroused. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, everything that he desired to know. And right soon did this great King entertain them to a very different tune; for, summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, where they received him with joyful shouts and tears, as the monarch whom many of them had given up for lost or dead, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes with great slaughter, and besieged them for fourteen days to prevent their escape. But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace; on condition that they should altogether depart from that Western part of England, and settle in the East; and that GUTHRUM should become a Christian, in remembrance of the Divine religion which now taught this conqueror, the noble ALFRED, to forgive the enemy who had so often injured him. This, GUTHRUM did. At his baptism, KING ALFRED was his godfather. And GUTHRUM was an honourable chief who well deserved that clemency; for ever, afterwards, he was loyal and faithful to the King. The Danes under him were faithful too. They plundered and burned no more, but worked like honest men. They ploughed, and sowed, and reaped, and led good, honest, English lives. And I hope the children of those Danes played, many a time, with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and that Danish young men fell in love with Saxon girls, and married them; and that English travellers, benighted at the doors of Danish cottages, often went in for shelter until morning; and that Danes and Saxons sat by the red fire, friends, talking of KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

All the Danes were not like these under GUTHRUM; for, after some years, more of them came over, in the old plundering and burning way—among them a fierce pirate of the name of HASTINGS, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames to Gravesend, with eighty ships. For three years, there was war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, both upon human creatures and beasts. But, KING ALFRED, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships nevertheless, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea; and encouraged his soldiers, by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last, he drove them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace, as he was great and good in war, KING ALFRED never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travellers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him, for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English; and, now, another of his labors was, to translate Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be interested, and improved by their contents. He made just laws, that they might live more happily and freely; he turned away all partial judges, that no wrong might be done them; he was so careful of their property, and punished robbers so severely, that it was a common thing to say that under the great KING ALFRED, garlands of gold chains and jewels might have hung across the streets, and no man would have touched

tice. He founded schools; he patiently heard causes himself in his court of Justice; and the great desires of his heart were, to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, happier in all ways, than he found it. His industry in these efforts was quite astonishing. Every day he divided into certain portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, which were all of the same size, were notched across at regular distances, and were always kept burning. Thus, as the candles burnt down, he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock. But, when the candles were first invented, it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, and through the chinks in the walls, caused them to gutter and burn unequally. To prevent this, the king had them put into cases formed of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanthorns ever made in England.

All this time, he was afflicted with a terrible unknown disease, which caused him violent and frequent pain that nothing could relieve. He bore it, as he had borne all the troubles of his life, like a brave, good man, until he was fifty-three years old; and then, having reigned thirty years, he died. He died in the year nine hundred and one; but, long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

In the next reign, which was the reign of Edward, surnamed The Elder, who was chosen in council to succeed, a nephew of King Alfred troubled the country by trying to obtain the throne. The Danes in the East of England, took part with this usurper (perhaps because they had honored his uncle so much, and honored him for his uncle's sake), and there was hard fighting; but, the king, with the assistance of his sister, gained the day, and reigned in peace for four and twenty years. He gradually extended his power over the whole of England, and so the Seven Kingdoms were united into one.

When England thus became one kingdom, ruled over by one Saxon sovereign, the Saxons had been settled in the country more than four hundred and fifty years. Great changes had taken place in its customs during that time. The Saxons were still greedy eaters and great drinkers, and their feasts were often of a noisy and drunken kind; but, many new comforts and even elegancies of life had become known, and were fast increasing. Hangings for the walls of rooms, where, in these modern days, we paste up paper, are known to have been sometimes made of silk, ornamented with birds and flowers in needlework. Tables and chairs were curiously carved in different woods; were sometimes decorated with gold or silver—sometimes even made of those precious metals. Knives and spoons were used at table; golden ornaments were worn, with silk and cloth, and golden tissues and embroideries; dishes were made of gold and silver, brass and bone. There were varieties of drinking-horns, bedsteads, musical instruments. A harp was passed round, at a feast, like the drinking-bowl, from guest to guest, and each one usually sang or played when his turn came. The weapons of the Saxons were stoutly made, and among them was a terrible iron hammer that gave deadly blows, and was long remembered. The Saxons themselves were a handsome people. The men were proud of their long fair hair, parted on the forehead: their ample beards, their fresh complexions, and clear eyes. The beauty of the Saxon women filled all England with a new delight and grace.

I have more to tell of the Saxons yet, but I stop to say this, now, because, under the Great Alfred, all the best points of the English-Saxon character were first encouraged, and in him first shown. It is the greatest character among the nations of the earth. Wherever the descendants of the Saxon race have gone, have sailed, or otherwise made their way, even to the remotest regions of the world, they have been patient, persevering, never to be broken in spirit, never to be turned aside from enterprises on which they have resolved. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America, the whole world over; in the desert, in the forest, on the sea; scorched by a burning sun, or frozen by ice that never melts; the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wheresoever that race goes, there, law, and industry, and safety for life and property, and all the great results of steady perseverance, are certain to arise.

I pause to think, with admiration of the noble king who, in his single person, possessed all the Saxon virtues. Whom misfortune could not subdue, whom prosperity could not spoil, whose perseverance nothing could shake. Who was hopeful in defeat, and generous in success. Who loved justice, freedom, truth, and knowledge. Who, in his care to instruct his people, probably did more to preserve the beautiful old Saxon language, than I can imagine. Without whom, the English tongue, in which I tell his story, might have wanted half its meaning. As it is said that his spirit still inspires some of our best English laws, so, let you and I pray that it may animate our English hearts, at least to this—to resolve, when we see any of our fellow-creatures left in ignorance, that we will do our best, while life is in us, to have them taught; and to tell those rulers whose duty it is to teach them, and who neglect their duty, that they have profited very little by all the years that have rolled away since the year nine hundred and one, and are far behind the bright example of King Alfred the Great.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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TEN MINUTES WITH HER MAJESTY.

In divulging the details of a highly distinguished honour, we are not, we hope and believe, committing any breach of confidence. A desire to gratify the pardonable curiosity of our readers, in common with all classes of the community, respecting the person of our admired and beloved Sovereign, will not, we feel sure, be construed harshly. We are, indeed, incapable of rudely bursting the golden bonds of Etiquette that doth hedge the throne.

To guard against the imputation of boasting of a higher privilege than that really extended to us, we think it right to mention at once, that the business which took us into the presence of the "Highest personage in the Realm," was not of a private nature.

The memorable morning was a bright one in February—the fourth of the month. The sky was cloudless; a brilliant sun gave to it that cheering character which—from the good fortune Her Majesty experiences whenever she travels, or appears publicly—has passed into a proverb, as "The Queen's Weather." The conveyance in which we were approaching the palace—that of Westminster—was suddenly stopped at Charing Cross. A great crowd had collected between that point and our destination. A long *queue* of carriages—of which our Hansom formed the last joint—had been brought to a stand; and when, after a time, we were permitted to move on, we perceived that not only the streets, but the fronts of the houses, were thickly lined. Individuals of every age, size, and condition, occupied the pavements. The houses were decorated with a bright variegation of lovely faces, prettily framed in bewitching bonnets. Every window was filled; every balcony crowded; even the roofs of the public offices were tenanted. Head over head appeared on the steps of doors; the owners of apple-stalls, fitting them up as temporary standing-places, realised small fortunes; and, on grades of seats protected by crimson awnings, and built over areas, reclined the beauty and chivalry of eighteen hundred and fifty-one; recalling the days of the "Tilt-yard," whose site they actually overlooked. The standing army of spectators gave the docile Life-Guards and patient policemen but little trouble to keep the carriage-road clear; for they passed the time pleasantly in viewing the procession of ladies and great officers of state who were slowly drawn along on the same errand as ourselves.

The stopping of a hackney cabriolet at the entrance of that portion of Her Majesty's Palace of Westminster which is devoted to the deliberations of the second estate of the realm in Parliament assembled, is not calculated to produce such solemn impressions upon the attendant police and marshals' men, as when emblazoned panels are drawn up, under the auspices of a Court-coachman and a full-bottomed wig. On alighting, therefore, the only mark of attention we received, was from an official; who, with the anxious look of one who thinks he has encountered an intruder, demanded a sight of our credentials. One glance at the signature of the Lord High Chamberlain, in the corner of our card sufficed to dispel his anxiety; and, with a bland smile of welcome, he waved his truncheon towards the staircase it was necessary for us to mount—the same which, at no distant period of time, was to be pressed by the feet of Royalty. In expectation of that event, more loyal subjects lined the avenues, and stood on the stairs. In fact, from the drawing-room door of Buckingham Palace, to the foot of the throne in the House of Lords, an unbroken lane of human beings ranged themselves to behold the Queen.

No one who enters the House of Lords for the first time can suppress an emotion. As an assemblage of florid ornament, as a specimen of gorgeous decoration, this chamber is, perhaps, unsurpassed in the world; but whether the emotion be that of sober reverence for the high functions performed in it, or such a flash of mental exhilaration as is called up by the first view of a surprisingly gaudy ball-room, it is not necessary to inquire. It must be owned, however, that a ceiling blazing with gold, a base of burning red, a throne of burnished brass, and galleries enamelled with coloured mastics, can scarcely be consonant with, or expressive of the important interests gravely discussed by the Peers of Great Britain. Yet, at the performance of a state ceremony, when the whole house is surrendered to the Court

and to the fair sex, the scene is not inharmonious.

When we entered, the Peeresses' gallery was untenanted; but a group of privileged ladies, in full dress, had already assembled upon the back benches on each side of the floor. Both groups were fast augmented by fresh arrivals, who were ushered into seats by good natured individuals, in black silks and brass badges. The honest, familiar pleasantry of the most active of these ushers would have astonished those who associate Courts with nothing but stately formality. To one bevy of beauties he smilingly observes, "Ah! you're on the Peers' benches—that will never do. *This* way, if you please!" And the ladies flutter after him to a back seat. "*Will* you sit a little closer, if you please?" he asks of several other ladies, regardless of the amplitude of brocades and the probable crushing of satins. Frigid formality—for which the vulgar invariably give the aristocracy credit—is not to be met with even in the House of Lords, on the opening of Parliament: a buzz of conversation commences, above which rises, now and then, the music of a merry laugh. Presently a few peers, in their red and ermined robes, drop in; then an ambassador or two; and conversation becomes general. As the appointed hour approaches, the House fills;—the Peeresses' gallery is soon fully occupied.

The picture of a peeress, present to the imaginations of the million, is that of a tall lady, with a long train, a diamond stomacher, and jewelled hair glistening under an arch of ostrich feathers. That is an Old School portrait. It is all altered now. Only one arching plume could we espy; not a single train; a display of precious stones far from overwhelming;—an array of costume, in short, of which the hackneyed epithet, "an elegant simplicity," is the true expression. When you look round on an ordinary assemblage of ladies of middle rank at an evening party, you will see the same general appearance as that which is presented in the Peeresses' gallery, and in the body of the House, on the opening of Parliament.

The hands of the clock move on. Bishops, lay Peers, Judges, Ambassadors converse in knots, on the vacant spaces around the throne, the woolsack, and the clerks' table, and the hum of gossip grows louder and louder. "There," to borrow a sentence—not unworthy of a footman—from De Foe, "you see blue and green ribbons sitting [and standing] familiarly, and talking with the same freedom as if they had left their quality and degrees of distance at home." It is a huge *conversazione*. The even tenor of the buzz, reverberating from every corner, is only interrupted by the clanking of the spurs and accoutrements of the military lords and the officers of the guard. The good-tempered little gentleman in black threads his way upon the floor of the House with increased alacrity. More visitors and less room! His intreaties to his fair charges to economise sittings are redoubled. At length, he has found the last visitor a seat, and many eyes are turned towards the clock;—the hands have passed the figure "II."

A slight but sudden lull denotes that experienced ears have heard the booming of distant cannon. Her Majesty has started from Buckingham Palace; and her approach is gradually heralded to us by the deadened sound of successive salutes. Conversation ceases, and a great fluttering ensues. Every peer finds his allotted place. The Lord Chamberlain, the State Officers, the Gentlemen at Arms, and other officials, retire into the Prince's chamber, through doors on each side of the throne, to receive their mistress.

Now, there is not a sound. So sudden and dead a silence in so dense a crowd—nine-tenths of which (may they forgive us for adding!) are women—excites surprise. A pattering noise comes from outside. It can hardly be rain, for the sun floods the chamber with his light through the livid countenances and parti-hued figures of the glass kings and queens. Guess again!—Hail, perhaps? O, no:—so great is the stillness within, that what you hear from without are the wheels of passing vehicles grinding their gritty way on the gravel. The grinding increases, and then suddenly stops. You think you can distinguish a cheer, muffled by the thick walls. The Queen is alighting.

During a very few minutes all eyes are turned towards the little door on the right side of the throne. Silently, without the faintest note of preparation, it opens. Two heralds appear; then two more; then the Lord Chamberlain; and next, the Queen and Prince Albert, attended by the Mistress of the Robes, and the great Officers of State; including the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Wellington.

Every being in the House rises. The Queen—her hand in that of Prince Albert—mounts the steps of the throne, her train borne by two pages, and spread over the back of the state chair by the Duchess of Sutherland. She sits: then rises; and, with graceful gesture, bids the assembly to be seated. The Prince reclines in the arm-chair on the left side of the throne.

The pause which ensues while the Usher of the Black Rod departs to summon the "Faithful Commons," would be painful, were we not occupied in taking a survey of the magnificent spectacle as it is now arranged. The Queen, richly, tastefully, and not gaudily robed—her head-dress a tiara of diamonds, formed like a mural crown—addresses a few pleasant whispers to the attendant Duchess. The Prince is not within speaking distance of his consort, and surveys the House in the glittering uniform and jack-boots of a Field-Marshal. The Duke of Wellington holds erect the sword of state on one side of the Queen; on

the other, the Marquis of Winchester displays the Cap of Maintenance, and beside him, upon the extended arms of the Marquis of Lansdowne, rest the cushion and the crown.

The sensation of beauty communicated through the eye when it drinks in an endless variety and exquisite groupings of colour, is that which predominates, on viewing the scene in the mass, from above. Below, two large patches of spectators, arrayed in every tint and texture of female attire, are fringed by the red robes of the lay peers on the bottom benches, and tapered off on one side by the lawn sleeves of the bishops; while, in the Peeresses' gallery, similar hues are repeated—from the black silk of the mourner to the white satin of the bride. On the right of the throne, in the Ambassadors' box, is a more compact kaleidoscope of colours. The red Fez cap of the Turkish envoy, and the sky-blue uniform of the Foreign Minister of one of the Northern Courts, tell out conspicuously from the rest. Opposite, on the left of the throne, a group of Life-Guards and Gentlemen-at-Arms make a gorgeous display of scarlet and gold. The Judges of the land, packed together on the woolsack under their powdered wigs, look like a blooming bed of cauliflowers.

The almost painful silence of this gorgeous still-life is suddenly and rudely broken by disorderly sounds, like those which follow the opening of the pit door of a theatre, or which precede the battering in of a house at a riot. The Speaker of the House of Commons, answers the summons of his liege lady the Queen, as if he were a schoolmaster with a mob of unmannerly boys at his heels; and is propelled to the bar of the House with the frantic fear of being knocked down and trampled upon by the rush of M. P.'s. A transient cloud passes over the Royal countenance; but it is rapidly succeeded by a prolonged smile at the ludicrous efforts of a couple of hundred of her eager Commons to squeeze themselves into a space only ample enough for a hundred. The account of a sufferer in the scramble is amusing:—"I happened," said Mr. Joseph Hume, in his place in Parliament on the following evening, "to be the twenty-fifth from the Speaker; but both sides of the bar were so filled, that I neither saw the Queen, nor heard her voice. I was knocked against a corner; my head was knocked against a post, and I might have been much injured, if a stout member, to whom I felt much obliged, had not come to my assistance. (Hear, hear, and laughter). It was no laughing matter." Mr. Hume recollected, moreover, that on a similar occasion, the coat of a member of the House who now fills a high office abroad, had been torn, and that his shoulder was dislocated.

Before the hubbub at the bar has quite subsided, the Lord Chancellor, kneeling on a step of the throne, presents to the Queen the manuscript of the speech. Its appearance is that of a piece of music, so unskilfully stitched with ribbon to a cover, that the royal reader is more than once interrupted by a difficulty in turning over the leaves. At the words, "My Lords and Gentlemen," increased efforts are made at the bar towards silence. The Queen pauses for an instant; but when she resumes, not a sound is heard but her voice.

In her clear, fresh, distinct tones, Queen Victoria expresses her satisfaction at again meeting her Parliament. She continues to maintain relations of peace and amity with Foreign Powers. She is much gratified that the German Confederation and the Government of Denmark are putting an end to hostilities which threatened the Peace of Europe, and that the Government of Brazil has taken new and efficient measures, to abolish the "atrocious" traffic in slaves. The "Gentlemen of the House of Commons" are assured, as usual, that the Estimates of the coming year have been framed with a due regard to economy, and to the necessities of the public service. "My Lords and Gentlemen" are again addressed in terms of satisfaction at the prosperity of the country, with the exception of the owners and occupiers of land; but a hope is expressed that the prosperous condition of all other classes will eventually diminish even their difficulties.

Here there is a short pause. And the following sentences are read with a slight elevation of tone:—

"The recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles conferred by a foreign power, has excited strong feelings in this country, and large bodies of my subjects have presented addresses to me, expressing attachment to the Throne, and praying that such assumptions should be resisted. I have assured them of my resolution to maintain the rights of my Crown, and the independence of the nation, against all encroachment, from whatever quarter it may proceed. I have, at the same time, expressed my earnest and firm determination, under God's blessing, to maintain unimpaired, the religious liberty which is so justly prized by the people of this country."

After announcing measures for the better administration of justice, and for the registry of deeds, the peroration closes the political brief. The cover is folded over; and the manuscript handed to the Lord Chancellor.

The elocution of the speech was perfect. Nature has combined in Queen Victoria's voice, sweetness, youthfulness, and fulness; and Art has taught her to deliver it with exceeding purity of tone, and without the smallest effort. Every syllable, therefore, entered every sound pair of ears in the House; except those placed, unhappily like Mr. Joseph Hume, more than twenty-five removes from the Speaker—not of the speech—but of the House of Commons.

The music of the last words has scarcely passed into silence before the Queen rises, and bows to the spectators; who, also, rise in a body. Prince Albert hands her from the throne, and the short procession retires into the Prince's

chamber in the same order as it entered. This ends the ceremony, which has lasted but very little over ten minutes. In five minutes more the House of Lords is left to the sole occupation of the dapper gentlemen in black.

We have heard a great deal of the powers of the Press, and have experienced the wonders of the electric telegraph; but those who had the privilege of spending ten minutes with Her Majesty, in opening Parliament, must have been a little startled on reaching Whitehall, to be offered an evening newspaper containing the Queen's speech; the last sentence of which from the Queen's lips had hardly died on the ear. Wonder, too, would be increased by the recollection that although the Reporters' gallery was filled, not one of the Gentlemen of the Press had taken a note. By what magic then, could the speech have been so quickly printed?

Everybody knows that the "Queen's Speech" does not deserve its name. It is not the Queen's; nor is it a speech;—it is a *document*. The First Minister sketches it, subsequent Cabinet Councils reduce it to shape, and it is then submitted to Her Majesty. When returned with her approval, the speech is divulged (at a ministerial dinner) to the non-cabinet members of the administration. Thus the mere topics of the manifesto ooze out at the Clubs the night before the Speech is spoken. But it is the actual text which the public is eager for; and, that no time may be lost, emissaries from the London evening papers appear at the Treasury about the time Her Majesty is preparing her toilette, at Buckingham Palace, for the ceremony. The moment the first gun announces that the procession is in motion, the evening paper envoys are obliged with copies of the document; and before the Queen has done speaking in the House her words are in type.

Formerly the Gentlemen of the Press were locked in a room in the Treasury till the *cortège* was on its way back. Some years ago an escape was made from this official durance, which caused some amusement. The editor of the Government paper in Dublin was most anxious to start for Liverpool by one o'clock, to catch the packet for Dublin. The Speech was handed some time before that hour, and the key was turned as usual. Presently, however, the clerks and messengers were alarmed by frantic cries of "Fire!" They opened the door—the room was filled with smoke. The editor, in the confusion, made his escape, leaving the frightened clerks to extinguish the harmless sheet of brown paper he had intentionally ignited.

We, of the present day, improve on the Irish Editor's plan. His was a fire escape; ours are lightning conductors. It is at such a time as this, that the wonders of the Electric Telegraph become startlingly apparent. The City of Edinburgh is about four hundred miles from Buckingham Palace. While the State procession is wending its slow way back from Westminster, the wires are charged; and—marvellous fact!—at the same moment that Her Majesty is alighting at the steps of the Marble Hall, several of her lieges in the Scottish capital, are beginning to read her Speech; which has taken no more than fifteen minutes to transmit. She dines at Windsor; and before the banquet is over, the text, *verbatim et literatim*, of what she had uttered at a quarter past two, has reached Dublin. Before the royal family has retired to rest, the Speech is in every principal town in the Kingdom. In these cases there had been no anticipation, for the Speech was read off at the London Telegraph Station from the evening papers.

A DARK SUSPICION.

"Take steam, Capt'en?" cried a clear voice from the hurricane deck of a huge tug-boat, with two funnels; which—with a large ship under each arm, and a brig and a schooner astern—was majestically walking past our little schooner, up the broad current of the Mississippi.

"What 'll you do it for, from here?" returned our old man, poking his head up the companion-way. The hoarse, heavy pantings of the steamer's engines ceased for a moment, as she stopped abreast of us.

"Five and twenty dollars."

"No!"

"Go on ahead!"—and away moved the steamer with her train, looming for a minute through the morning mist like a great castle. We, in the little schooner, were left bumping in the swell she made, against the branches of trees, snags, and drift, that bordered the river's bank, where we were lying with no other mooring than a single rope, fast round the trunk of a tree ashore. We had been a week from the Belize, trying to sail up against the current; and had not yet reached "English Turn," a bend in the river; where, once upon a time, "Britishers" were obliged to turn back about half way to New Orleans. The wind was again unfavourable, so we were eventually compelled to take steam at the price demanded; and, under the auspices of one of the numerous tugs continually panting past, we were soon steadily and rapidly shortening the distance to Orleans. The banks of the river, as we passed, presented nothing very striking in the way of scenery; here and there some pretty houses, in the midst of plantations—nearer the mouth the shore was mere swamp. The tug steam-boats attract most attention. Instead of two steamers to one ship—as you may see almost any day at the Nore, creeping up the river, or clawing round the Foreland—you observe five, six, and even seven vessels to one steamer; and she steaming handsomely against a current seldom flowing less than four miles an hour.

In due time we arrived, and moored the schooner to the Levee, as the artificially-raised quay on the river's bank is called. Here my connection with the little schooner ended; and, taking what dollars were due to me, exchanged her fok'stle for a home at a boarding-house, on the Levée, where they give three meals a day, and a little room, for three dollars a week. New Orleans, at this time—some six years ago—was the scene of as much debauchery and dissipation—to say nothing of worse crimes that are not included in the list these two headings comprise—as any city of its size in the world. My observation was certainly confined to classes not the wealthiest or most respectable; but that they reflected, with increased or diminished vividness, the vices of the higher portion of the community, the history of New Orleans tells plainly.

To see in every house that I entered a pack of cards in use, and a carouse in progress; to hear, every morning, of four, or perhaps five bodies found dead in bye-streets; and to be without a home or a friend, except what my boarding-house afforded, was my lot; as every day I walked from one end of the Levee to another, looking at the ships, and listening to the cheerful songs of the men at work, and longing for a home with them.

I had paid my last week's board, and had just twenty-five cents left in the world, when I turned out after breakfast for my usual walk.—"Shall I have a cigar or no?" I pondered while passing my usual place for that indulgence. "Yes, I will—something will turn up to-day, I feel sure;" so I invested a portion of my last coin; and walked along, puffing with as much satisfaction and complacency as if I had owned a tobacco plantation.

"Hallo! Where *did* you spring from?" roared a voice, suddenly startling my meditations.

I looked up;—before I had time to answer, my hand was seized by a man whose face seemed familiar to me, though I could not, for the life of me, tell where I had seen it.

"Reckon you don't know me—eh?" added the stranger, observing the look of doubtful recognition I glanced at him. "Know *you*, though—you look just the same—may be a little better, in a straw hat and blue frock, than you used in your gold band and buttons, aboard the 'Jumna' Indiaman."

"Why, bless my soul, it's Myers!"

"Guess it is—what's left of him, leastways. And what are you doing here in this rig, if I may make so bold?"

"Why, I'm loooking for a ship, Myers."

"Well, be darned if this don't beat all! Come in here, and have something to drink—yes, you must. Well by gracious!" continued he, lugging me along; "I've seen some queer starts since I was young gentlemen's steward in the old 'Jumna,' but this beats everything by chalks."

We required sundry glasses of bottled beer to wash away enough of my friend Myers' astonishment and delight, to permit him to talk rationally; and then I ascertained that he was captain's steward of a vessel called the "Bohemian," on board of which there was not a soul besides the captain and himself. She was lying at the opposite bank of the river, at "Algiers," preparatory to going into dry dock for repairs.

"He's a first-rate sort of old man," continued Myers; "and there's a capital chance for you if you like; for he's lookin' out for a ship-keeper—so say the word, and I'll be off and speak to him at once."

"I am very much obliged to you, I said."

"Stop here till I come back," cried Myers, running off; and in half an hour in he came again, out of breath. "It's all right—I was just in time; you can come aboard to-day, he says—the regular port wages—and all you've got to do is to order yourself about."

I shook Myers by the hand, and thanked him cordially for what was the greatest service any one could have then done me.

"But I can't understand how it is you're here in this fashion," continued he; "a young gentleman as used to sport gold lace, ain't no business to be rigged out in tarpaulin."

"Why, you see, Myers—to make a long story short—I found that wearing a fine jacket would never teach me to be a good sailor; so I thought I had better begin at the right end of the ship at once; and, after a considerable deal of knocking about, I got into a Yankee craft, and was discharged only the other day."

"Well, I believe you are just about right, sir. Flashing about in them buttons ain't the way to make a navigator; and they pays pretty dear for it, too, I reckon!"

"Now then, Myers, we will go on board the 'Bohemian,' if you are ready."

On our way across the river to Algiers, in the little ferry-steamer that is continually plying, Myers told me the history of his wanderings since we had been shipmates—when I was one of the inmates of the so-called midshipman's berth of the "Jumna" East Indiaman, and he was our steward—but there was nothing in it beyond the usual ups and downs of a sailor's life.

The Algiers side of the river is devoted entirely to yards and workshops, where everything connected with the fitting and repairing of ships and their rigging is carried on. Through this labyrinth of half-made masts, ropes, chains, and old boats, we made our way; and at length arrived opposite an old vessel, with her topmasts struck, that was lying grinding rustily against the quay.

"Here we are," said Myers, stepping across the gangway-board. Following him, I found myself on the deck of the "Bohemian." She was an old craft; the seams of her narrow planks were gaping with age, and the paint on her side was musty and

omitted. The cabins were in the same condition, with the exception of one which the captain had rendered habitable for his occasional use. Shortly after our arrival, he came on board.

"Oh!—You're the man Myers spoke about—the shipkeeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. There isn't much for you to do at present; you'd better make yourself as comfortable as you can."

And away he went below; and down I went too, to examine what sort of a place I had to do so in. On descending the "Bohemian's" fok'stle-ladder, the prospect would not have presented itself to a landsman as auguring much comfort, even had he conceived it habitable. Perhaps the difference of a sailor's habits, or the force of necessity, made me view it more favourably. It was large, and had six bunks on each side, roomy enough to carry double; it was tolerably clean, and did not show any traces of leakage; so, upon the whole, I was tolerably well satisfied. Some of the bunks were filled with blocks, and coils of rope, and gear of all kinds; and, having cleared out one, which seemed, from its position, to receive more light than the others from the little scuttle, I arranged my bed in it as comfortably as I could, and returned on deck.

The "old man" was pacing his quarter-deck, smoking a cigar, and awaiting dinner, which Myers was busy cooking in the caboose on deck; whence, every now and then, he popped his head, glistening with warmth, to exchange a word or a joke with me. One feels a sort of guilty consciousness—at least I always do—when doing nothing in the presence of an employer, even although there is absolutely nothing *to* do. Everything was too far gone to be mended in any way, except by something new: so I sat on the windlass, and stared in desperation at the "old man," every time he turned his back in his walk.

"Here," said he, at last, perhaps divining my thoughts.

"Sir?"

"You may put the signal-flags to rights, if you like; you'll find 'em all in the cabin; and Myers will get you what bunting and thread you want."

I felt really glad to have something to do; so I went about my new task immediately.

"Of course you understand you are always to sleep on board?" added the captain, as I passed with a bundle of flags I had just brought up under my arm.

I replied in the affirmative; and, sitting in a corner, busied myself about my work. Nothing occurred during the day to interfere with my quiet duties; nor did there seem much chance of any interruption to our way of life. Myers and I had our chats, and the captain his dinner, as regularly as possible. Sometimes he would remain all day and all night, and sometimes only one hour out of the twenty-four.

I felt lonely enough my first night in the old barque. I had one short piece of candle for my nightly allowance; and, when Myers had left me for the after-part of the ship, which was under his charge, I trimmed it up, and fixed it firmly in my bottle-candlestick, preparatory to having a read and a smoke; for, in tumbling over the things in the bunks, I had found, among other things, some pages of "Letters of Lord Byron." This was too great a prize in the present state of affairs for me to trouble myself how they got there. At last, after a long read, I fell asleep. Once I woke with the old ship's harsh grating against the quay, as a passing steamer rocked her. Then there were rats rummaging among the blocks and ropes in the bunk above me. One ran across my face. Presently I heard a footstep, I fancied, on the deck, making the empty ship re-echo. I jumped up the ladder, and looked round; but there was nothing visible in the quiet moonlight. Again I turned in and dozed; but a sounding noise, as if some one had fallen in the hold, again startled me. I felt certain some one was moving about in the ship, and was about getting up and rousing Myers, when I heard my shoes dragged across the deck by the rats, and another hullabaloo among the blocks overhead; so I put everything down to them, and fell asleep at last. The next morning I asked Myers if he had heard anything? He said he, too, had fancied he'd heard a noise in the night. However, we both accused the rats, and thought nothing more of it.

The after-part of the ship, which was partitioned off into cabins, and the midship part of the between-decks were divided by a bulkhead, through which there was a communication by means of two doors, now generally left unlocked. This intermediate space between the cabins and the bulkhead, called the steerage, was used as an indiscriminate sort of repository. Here, of an evening, I put my flags away when I had done work.

Day after day passed in the same manner as the first; except that the captain was sometimes not in the best of humours, as I could hear by his rating Myers, though he seldom said anything to me. Myers himself, too, of a morning, was sometimes in a tremendous way, for he discovered the loss of sundry eatables from the galley, which disappeared in a mysterious manner in the night. I heard noises, too, at times in the night; but had become too much accustomed to them to take any more notice; having once with Myers had, as we conceived, a thorough overhaul of the ship in consequence. I became accustomed to my solitary occupation of the fok'stle, and used to lay in daybreak and watch the rats, or listen to the cries of some poor slave being flogged ashore; which latter was not at all an unfrequent occurrence. One day the

"old man" came on board in a worse humour than usual.—Myers had his share of abuse first; and then, to my astonishment, he commenced upon me.

"What! ain't those flags finished yet? If they'd been anything good to eat, they'd have been done long before this, I guess!"

"I've not been hurrying about them, sir," I rejoined, respectfully.

"So it appears;" added he sharply. "Come, now; just bring 'em up here, and let's see what you've done."

I went below to the steerage at once, and brought up the bundle.

"Well! where's the rest of them?" said the captain, after looking through and counting them. "There ought to be four more."

I looked them through, and noticed that some I remembered working on were not there. So down I went again, to see if I had overlooked them. I could see no more below. I came and told the captain. He was striding up and down, and evidently working himself into a passion.

"So, there ain't any more, ain't there? Now I can tell you what it is, young fellow; if you think you've got a fool to deal with, you're most tarnation mistaken. Myers tells me he's missed a lot of things; and it's my belief them flags are gone with the rest. So the sooner you say where they are, the better; or else off you slope to the jail at Orleans slick."

I was, as may be supposed, rather taken by surprise at this.

"I know nothing about the flags," I said.

"Oh! of course not, I dare say you don't. We'll see if we can't make you know, though. Here, Myers"—

"Sir?"

"Get yourself ready to go over with me to the magistrate at Orleans, at once."

"What for, sir?" said Myers, looking from me to the captain with astonishment.

"Why, to put this young blackguard in prison," said the captain, striding up and down furiously.

"What!" shouted Myers. "What! put him in prison? It would be the worst piece of business you ever did in your life. Do you think he'd steal flags, or anything else? I'll go before the magistrate at once; but to swear he hasn't left the ship on any such errand as that, since he and I have been together."

"You're a pair of scoundrels," cried the captain, actually foaming with passion; "come along with you both—now—at once."

Accordingly, Myers and I prepared to cross the river with the captain, who was quite beside himself with rage at first; but soon got a little cooler. Just as we were about to leave the ship, two men came on board. They accosted the captain; "We're on the look-out, sir," said one of them, "for a runaway nigger—answers to the name of 'Tom'—marked B on the left arm—left Mr. Bandon's plantation, five miles up the river, a week ago. May we look through your ship, sir, as we hear he's been seen somewhere hereabouts?"

"Oh! yes, of course," said our captain, stopping his intended journey at once.

Lights were procured, and immediately the men commenced a strict search in every part of the ship. Myers and I remained on deck. At last, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, we heard a great outcry below; and up came our captain, followed by the slave-hunters, dragging an unfortunate runaway they had found concealed behind a water-cask in the after-part of the ship's hold; and, in a corner of the transom that it would not have seemed possible for a human being to squeeze himself. The missing flags were found there. He had taken them for a bed and covering."

"Do not take me back; I shall be flogged again. Dear, good captain, help me!" said the poor wretch, as he sank on his knees on the deck, clasping his arms, and pitifully appealing to our captain.

"I wish I could help you," said our captain; and Myers and I looked on, too, now with intense interest; for, heedless of the poor fellow's prayers, tears, and cries, he was dragged away by the men. He never ceased appealing to us and our captain as he was carried off. Our "old man" wiped a sort of half tear away as he turned to us, and said,

"I beg your pardons, both of you. Will you stop with me after what has occurred? I am ashamed of myself; and if you can forget it, we'll say no more about it."

Myers looked at me, and I looked at Myers. Certainly, ten minutes before, I should have thought any one who had predicted that I should stay that day in the "Bohemian," a false prophet; but we could not refuse, nor had we afterwards any occasion to repent it.

The poor runaway threw himself overboard, and was drowned, on the way to the plantation.

BITS OF LIFE IN MUNICH.

THE FAIR.

I wonder when there is not a fair in Munich. This, however, was *Die Drei-Königs Dult*, or the Fair of the Three Kings. By way of amusement, I thought I would go to it; but as I could not very well go alone, I invited Madame Thekla to accompany me, with which she was very well pleased, as I promised to treat her to the shows. As far as buying and selling, and the crowds of peasants, and townspeople, and students, and soldiers, go, it was like any other fair. At a little distance from the long array of booths, stood the shows—and thither we bent our steps.

The first thing we came upon was a small ladder-wagon, covered with an arched awning; and, bound to one side of the wagon, were tall poles, from which floated a series of ghastly pictures—hideous raw-head-and-bloody-bone

pictures! There were murders, executions, beheadings in German fashion; the criminal extended on a horrid sort of rack, and his head being chopped off by a grim executioner, with a sword, whilst a priest stood by in his long robes; there were houses on fire; drownings, miraculous escapes; there were tall, smirking hussars, and weeping ladies in white—heroes and heroines in these bloody histories!

The subjects, the hideous drawing, the hard outlines, the goggle-eyes, the blood, the knives, the very fire, made you feel sick. A considerable crowd was collected, and listened breathlessly to the sounds of an organ, to which two Tyrolians sang their appalling tragedies. They sang in such clear, sweet, mountain tones, that you were strangely fascinated. Mournfully sang they, in a monotonous chaunt, of blood, and crime, and terror, till you felt your blood creep; and, by a frightful fascination, your eyes gloated on the disgusting pictures.

What a terribly immoral influence must such exhibitions have upon such an uneducated crowd as surrounded these syrens! Why should not a *paternal* government, which guards its people from immoral books and disgusting newspapers, not guard them equally from such a disgusting sight and sound as this Tyrolian exhibition? These Tyrolians sold printed histories of the fearful crimes and calamities which were depicted on their banners. These histories are very exciting and romantic reading, as you may believe when I give some of their titles:—"The History of the Great and Terrible Monster, who cruelly murdered his Beloved, his Child, his Father, his Mother, his two Sisters, and his Brother, on the 8th of July, 1850." "Heroic Self-sacrifice of a Bohemian Hussar Officer, and the Punishment of his Murderers." "A true and dreadful History which occurred on the 14th of March, 1850, in Schopka, near Milineck, in Bohemia." "The Might of Mutual Love: a highly remarkable event, which occurred at Thoulon, in the year 1849." "The Cursed Mill: a Warning from Real Life." "The Temptation; the Deed; the Consequences!"

If you care to know anything of the style of these remarkable productions, I will give you a specimen. One begins thus:—"In Ross-dorf, in Hanover, lived the criminal Peter Natzer. He was by trade a glazier, his father having followed the same calling. Peter was five-and-twenty years old, and was, from his earliest youth, addicted to every species of crime. He had a sweetheart, named Lucie Braun, a poor girl, &c., &c."

Again:—"Silent sat the miller, Leverm, in his garden; thoughtfully gazed he into the distant valley. He was scarcely thirty years of age, but heavy cares had bowed him, and robbed him of his fresh, youthful bloom. Beside him sat his wife, who cast many an anxious but affectionate glance on her husband. How tender and lovely was this young wife! The inhabitants of the neighbourhood called her 'The Rose of the Valley.'" In this way begins a most awful tragedy.

Of course we did not read these things in the fair. It was enough for us, there, to listen to the mournful chaunt of the mountaineers, till our blood was frozen in our veins. I took home with me these horrible printed histories, as many another simple soul did; and now, after I have read them, and been filled with horror and disgust by them, I have put them away from me as unholy things. But think of the effect they will have in many a lonely village, this winter—in many a desolate farmhouse or cottage—on the wide plain, or among the mountains! These papers are productive seeds of murder and crime; of that one may be certain.

The next wonder that stopped us in the fair, was a little fat man, who was shouting away at the top of his voice, whilst he briskly sharpened a knife on a long, rough board, which was smeared over with a black ointment. He was a vender of magical strop-salve! something in the fashion of Mechi. "Ladies and gentlemen;" shouted he, "witness my wonderful invention! The dullest knife, stick-knife, bread-knife, clasp-knife, table-knife, carving-knife, shaving-knife, (*rasier-messer*) pen-knife, pruning-knife, though dull as this knife—*though dull as this knife!*" and here he began hacking away upon the edge of a big knife with a strong piece of broken pitcher. "Yes, though dull, dull, dull as this knife!—when subjected to my wonderful salve," and here he smeared it with his black ointment, "will cut a hair, or the most delicate shaving of paper—as it now does!!" and with that he severed paper shavings as if they had been nothing. If it was really the *same knife*, his was a wonderful invention, and beat Mechi hollow.

Next, I had my fortune told at three different places, for six kreutzers, or two-pence each, and as I was promised pretty much the same fortune by all, I suppose I ought to believe in the truth of it. They foretold me lots of trouble in the way of love-crosses, false friends, and unkind relations, and such small trifles; but were equally liberal of rich lovers, and plenty of them, plenty of money, and a good husband to crown all, and good children to be the *props* of my old age; so I think I had, after all, a good sixpennyworth.

Next we came upon a little caravan, on the steps of which vociferated a most picturesque Tyrolian, in broad-brimmed, sugar-loafed hat, adorned with chamois hair, and eagles' feathers; in broad-ribbed stockings, and with a broad, gaily-embroidered band round his waist, which half covered his chest. He assured the crowd below that there was not in the whole of Bavaria, anything half as interest-

ing, half as extraordinary, half as astounding as the singularly-gifted, singularly beautiful, singularly intellectual being within; a being from another quarter of the globe, a being adapted to an entirely different mode of existence to ours; a being who could see in the dark, a being who only lived upon raw meat! A wonderful Albino who could speak the German tongue!

Of course we must see the Albino; so in we went, and some way or other I felt an unusual shock. There he sat, in a black velvet dress spangled with silver, the light coming in from the top of the caravan, and his transparent complexion, his burning, fiery eyes, like carbuncles, his long waves of white, silky hair, and his long, curling, snow-white, silky beard, gave him the appearance of some enchanted dwarf—some cobold or gnome out of a subterranean palace.

But I had not much time to lose myself in dreams about enchanted dwarfs or gnomes, for there was something else burning in the caravan besides the Albino's eyes, and that was Madame Thekla's grand silk cloak! She had come out with me in all her grandeur; and now, while we stood enchanted before the Albino, her fine silk cloak was singeing at a little iron stove that stood behind the door. Poor Madame Thekla! Out we rushed, and she revenged herself by vociferating to the crowd outside, as the Tyrolian had done just before, and by exhibiting her unlucky cloak in a sort of savage despair.

An hour afterwards, we again passed the caravan, and the Tyrolian in the ribbed stockings was again holding forth on the steps, when, at sight of us, he interrupted his oration, and politely invited us to re-enter, and complete, *free of cost*, our inspection of the Albino. But Madame Thekla, pointing with stern dignity to her cloak, declined, and marched on.

After this we went to the *wäffeln*-booths, were we ate hot-baked *wäffeln*, a kind of gofre cake; and then, resisting a wonderful elephant show, we hastened to the monkey theatre, the poor elephant's rival exhibition; the "Grand Monkey Theatre from Paris," in which forty-two apes and poodles, the property of M. Le Cerf, would exhibit the most wonderful and artistic feats.

We had to wait some time till the four o'clock performance was over, which unfortunately had begun before we arrived; and whilst Madame Thekla and I stood impatiently waiting in the cold, up there came a merry-faced lad of about ten, and began, in great glee, to describe to us the glorious things that were performed by those "dear little monkeys and dogs." He was quite eloquent in his delight; and, "Oh!" said he, "if I had but another *sechser* (twopenny-piece), wouldn't I see it again!" "There is another *sechser*, then!" said I, and put one into his fat little hand. What an astonished, bright, face looked up into mine; and he seized my hand in both his, and shook it almost off. And away he ran up the steps for his ticket, flying down again to us, and keeping close to us as possible, talking all the time, and fairly dancing for joy.

"You've quite bewitched that little fellow," said Madame Thekla; and I seemed to have bewitched all the little lads in the fair, for, by a strangely-mysterious power, they were drawn towards us in crowds, from all hands—little fellows in blouses, little fellows in little green and brown surtouts, little fellows in old-fashioned, and, in England, almost forgotten, buttoned-up suits—and all crept bashfully towards us! Oh, the wonderful magic of a twopenny-piece! Heaven only knows how the news of this munificent gift of a *sechser* had so swiftly spread through the fair! One little lad actually had the bravery to say to me that "children were admitted at half-price!" And was I not a cold-hearted wretch to reply, "Oh, indeed!" just as though it were a matter of perfect indifference to me, though, in truth, it was not; but I felt rather appalled at the sight of such a crowd of little eager heads, well knowing that my purse was not full to overflowing, even with twopenny pieces!

At length we were seated in the little theatre; and, after a fearful charivari from the orchestra, the curtain drew up, and we beheld, seated at a long table, a company of monkeys! It was a *table d'hôte*. A dandified young fellow—perhaps Monsieur Le Cerf himself—in the most elegant of cravats, the most elegant white wristbands, the most elegant ring, and the most elegant moustache, performed the part of host; the waiter and waitress were monkeys. The waiter—a most drunken, good-for-nothing waiter he seemed—a fat, big ape—drank behind the backs of the guests the very wine he was serving them with; he seemed so very tipsy, that he could hardly walk; he staggered backwards and forwards, and leaned against the wall for support, as he emptied the bottle he was bringing for the company. But the little waitress! She was a little darling; the tiniest of little monkeys, and she came skipping on the stage in a little broad-brimmed straw hat, and a bright-coloured little dress, with the daintiest of little white muslin aprons on; she looked just like a little fairy. Everybody was enchanted with her. Even Monsieur Le Cerf himself caressed her, and gave her not only, every now and then, a nut, but a kiss. She behaved beautifully. But as to the guests! They quarrelled, and even fought—Monsieur Le Cerf said it was about paying the bill.

I can't pretend to tell you half the clever things the monkeys did in the way of swinging, dancing, firing off muskets, riding on a pony, &c. Wonderful things, too, were performed by the dogs, splendid spaniels and setters. One large black-and-tan creature walked on his fore-legs, in the style of what

children call "playing at a wheelbarrow," only he himself, poor wretch, had to wheel the barrow. He walked demurely round and round the stage, carrying his two unlucky hind-legs up in the air; then he walked on three legs, and then, the most difficult task of all for a dog, as we were assured, upon two legs on the same side. Another beautiful white spaniel came walking in most grandly on her hind legs, as *Madame de Pompadour*, in a long-trained dress which was borne by a tiny monkey in livery, bearing a little lanthorn in his hand.

The finale was the besieging of a fortress; and to see some twenty milk-white spaniels rushing up and down the stairs of the burning fortress, illumined by brilliant rose-coloured, green, and blue lights, was very curious indeed. If I could have forgotten the terrible training through which these poor creatures must have gone, I should have enjoyed it much more. But I did not wonder, after seeing all their feats, that our little friend had been so enchanted.* He sat behind us in the half-price seats, but for all that we continued to exchange many smiling glances during the performance. I only wished I could have seen a whole row of little fellows all equally delighted and surprised by their good fortune.

A PUBLIC BALL.

I WENT last night to one of the grand public balls; but not to dance, only into the gallery, to look on and enjoy the spectacle without the fatigue—or the pleasure. This ball was in the Odéon, one of the principal public buildings here, and where the Conservatorium is. The room where the ball was held was the same that I described to you once before, when a concert was given by the pupils of the Conservatorium. Myra F. and I mounted some dozen steep flights of stairs, and at length emerged into the gallery. We left a throng of carriages setting down ball-attired ladies and gentlemen at the principal entrance, and a throng of spectators admiring them.

Quite out of breath, from our long ascent, we found ourselves in the gallery which runs round the large hall, at an immense height from the floor. The gallery was crowded with people, all eagerly leaning, in a double row, over the railing; so that, from the ball-room below, the ceiling must have seemed adorned with a cornice of living faces. The gallery-crowd appeared to consist of friends of the ball-room company, who were anxiously watching or waiting the advent of their friends below; and of good citizens, and other people, who, not being themselves of the *haute volée*, had come to criticise and copy their betters—in rank.

It was with considerable difficulty that Myra and I found standing-room where we could see; yet it was only half past six. When we did, we looked down upon numberless chandeliers, which, with their circles of starry lamps, illumined a very gay-looking company indeed. At the further end of the hall was a low platform, approached by a flight of steps covered with carpeting; and here stood a very fine grove of fir-trees, orange-trees, and greenhouse shrubs, behind which were concealed the musicians. The whole platform was in fact an elegant saloon; where stood couches, chairs, and tables, the crimson and richly-coloured coverings of which looked excessively pretty among the green trees and shrubs. Tapers burned in tall, branching candlesticks upon the tables, and groups of young ladies, in clouds of white muslin, or in pink gauze, looking like rose-buds among all the green leaves, stood or moved about; whilst gentlemen in gay uniforms, or in the less attractive civil costume, as it is called—black coat, white waistcoat, and hat in hand—crowded round them. There was no lack of more sober colouring in the dresses of the *chaperones*, in their velvets, silks, and satins. And all these gay people were thickly scattered, not only over the aristocratic platform, but the whole hall, a group of gentlemen clustering together in the very centre of the beautiful, inlaid floor, like a swarm of bees.

Many of the grandees of Munich were either already present, or were expected. King Max himself was looked for: Prince Adelbert had already arrived, and only to be distinguished from the company by wearing a *brown* instead of a *black* coat, such being his privilege as a prince of the blood.

And now, from the concealed orchestra, sounded the first note of the Polonnaise; and the gentlemen hastened towards their partners, and all solemnly paraded, in stately procession, the ball-room; and now burst forth a waltz, and away flew the dancers.—Oh! it really was very tantalising to hear that beautiful music, and to see those dancers; and to be up in that hot and close gallery, in a merino dress and overshoes! There was a painful contrast. For the first few moments I declared to Myra, that, spite of all my philosophy, which had made me decline an invitation to this very ball, I now wished I had been there, and that I *must* and *would* go to the next, if it were only for the sake of old times! But soon after came a *Française*, or, as we call it, a quadrille; and then another waltz, and then a polka, and then a *Française* again; and, by that time, I began to feel that if to look on at a ball was at first tantalising, it became, after a while, very wearisome—"the greatest bore under the sun!" as I remember to have heard certain unhappy victims, who did not dance, declare—but which assertion I, at the time, did not appreciate.

But soon a pleasant excitement arrived for us. Madame F., Myra's mother, and her sister Anna, entered the ball-room. They came aristocratically late. How handsome they looked; Madame F. in black, with scarlet flowers in her hair; and Anna looking a

very Hebe, in simple white muslin, with a scarlet sash and scarlet bows on her sleeves, and nothing whatever in her hair. She was the simplest, and, to my taste, the most elegantly-dressed girl, in the room. Her beautiful head, with its rich, dark hair, looked quite conspicuous, from the entire absence of all artificial ornament. Standing there in the gallery, in my stuff dress and overshoes, I felt really proud of them. They created quite a sensation as they came in; and as Anna stood beside an orange-tree on the platform, with all her simple beauty, in her white dress and scarlet ribbon, and with her beaming, happy face, I did not wonder at the host of gentlemen that made their way to her.

Myra and I, and their servant Elise, who by this time had joined us, grew quite excited. "There," said Myra, "is Count R. I *know* Anna will dance with him. And there is young S.: I think she has promised him a dance! And there is that little lieutenant; and there is the student from N.; but she won't dance with *him*—of that I am sure!"

And so we watched the dumb show of Anna's arrival, and subsided somewhat, when, leaving Madame F. quietly seated upon one of the couches among the orange-trees, we beheld Anna waltz away with a tall officer in blue uniform.

Again I began to grow desperately weary, and looked round with longing eyes for dear old Fraulein Sänchen's old-fashioned face. It seemed to me that she never would come! Fortunately, a little love-making in the foreground of our gallery made me forget my fatigue for the time. There sat just before us a very pretty girl, very young and childish-looking. I caught a glimpse of a sweet, child-like brow, and long, drooping eyelashes, as she sat in the front row with her married sister. Presently, one of the gentlemen from the ball-room below made his appearance. I fancy he was a student; but I did not admire his look at all. He was evidently desperately in love with the pretty girl; he forgot all about the ball, and talked most earnestly to her behind the married sister's back; she smiled, and said very little, but listened, and seemed also to forget the ball. Soon, another gentleman arrived from the ball-room below; and then jealousy was added to love. The first lover turned black as a thunder-cloud, and I thought looked more unpleasant than ever; he did not go away, but stood scowling like a jealous lover in a picture of Stephanoff's; and the girl listened with the same smile and the same innocent brow to the second lover, the married sister all the time looking down into the ball-room.

This amused me for a while, and then another group also amused me. A dowager, in her velvet and grandeur, attended by a queer little old officer, a regular German Major O'Dowd—with spectacles on, and a plumed hat in his hand—brought up a beautiful young lady to speak to some dear friend in the gallery; and lots of other grandees from below found their way into our upper regions, till we also seemed all astir and gorgeous. But, O! joyful sight! amid all the grand arrivals, there was Fraulein Sänchen, with my shawl on her arm.

But the poor, dear old soul was in no hurry to go, now she was once here, and I could not find in my heart to deprive her of a glimpse of the gay world, which was such a novelty to her. Besides, she was very anxious to point out to me two grand gentlemen in whom she takes great interest, a young Herr Baron and the son of a certain Frau Geheimräthinn, who is a great lady. But I was too tired even to care about her favourites, though I have heard so much of them for the last several weeks, without having yet had the pleasure of seeing them. These two young fellows went to one of the court balls the other night; and the next morning I had, however, the pleasure of seeing the mother of one of them hanging out clothes in the garden. That is truly German! So is also the following *Household Festival:*—One evening, Fraulein S. came in to beg us to go down stairs to see something very beautiful, in their room. We of course went; and, in their strange curiosity-shop of a room, among painted saints, and gilt cabinets, and picture-frames, stood a little table, upon which was placed a very gaily-painted transparency, with queer pink angels fluttering about, and scrolls, and various extraordinary arabesques encircling a verse wishing health and happiness to the father: this being his name-day. Candles burned behind the transparency, pots of ivy and flowers were placed on either side, making a pleasant greenness; and in front lay a drawing, in a gilt frame, a very grand chalk head of a boy, with a falcon on his wrist, and in a very grand frame indeed! The transparency, the drawing, and the frame were all the work of little Wilhelm. And there he stood, as proud as could be! his black, sharp little eyes sparkling with delight; and there was his father, a tall and singularly handsome man, to-night with a smile of fatherly pride on his face, which made him look still more handsome; and there was Mrs. S. dressed all in her best and all the little brothers and sisters, and the old grandmother, with the baby in her arms, and several neighbours besides. It certainly was one of the prettiest little household festivals I ever saw.

Sometimes we send for little Wilhelm to play the "zitter" to us. He is about twelve, has a very brown, red face, black eyes, and ear-rings in his ears. He plays very prettily. His fat little hands, call forth such sweet, low music from that little instrument—music, like fairy voices, sounding in solitary green spots among the mountains. There is a peculiar spirit in the zitter, and it is wonderfully adapted for Alpine melodies—

for those tender, simple, peasant airs, through which ever runs such a plaintive sentiment.

THE WASTE OF WAR.

Give me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace-expanding day;
The wasted skill, the labour lost—
The mental treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land;—
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many-peopled cities stand.

I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth,
In needful; nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire.
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight;
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor,
By age or ailment made forlorn;
And none shall thrust them from the door,
Or sting with looks and words of scorn.
I'll link each alien hemisphere;
Help honest men to conquer wrong;
Art, Science, Labour, nerve and cheer;
Reward the Poet for his song.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls Academic, amply graced;—
Where Ignorance may soon be wise,
And Coarseness learn both art and taste.
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few—
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
A vast Walhalla hall shall stand;
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land;
A Pantheon for the *truly* great,
The wise, beneficent, and just;
A place of wide and lofty state
To honour or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise;
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies!

THE CROCODILE BATTERY.

In the summer of 1846, when everybody in England was crazy with railway gambling, I was sojourning on the banks of the Rohan, a small stream in one of the north-western provinces of India. Here I first became acquainted with the Mugger, or Indian crocodile. I had often before leaving England, seen, in museums, stuffed specimens of the animal, and had read in "Voyages and Travels," all sorts of horrible and incredible stories concerning them. I had a lively recollection of Waterton riding close to the water's edge on the back of an American cayman, and I had a confused notion of sacred crocodiles on the banks of the Nile. I always felt more or less inclined to regard the whole race as having affinities with Sinbad's "roc," and the wild men of the woods, who only refrained from speaking for fear of being made to work.

My ideas respecting the natural history of crocodiles were in this stage of development when, one day, while paddling up the Rohan, I saw what appeared to be a half-burned log of wood lying on a sand-bank. I paddled close up to it. To my astonishment, it proved to be a huge reptile. The old stories of dragons, griffins, and monsters, seemed no longer fables; the speculations of geologists concerning *mososaurians*, *hylæsaurians*, and *plesiosaurians*, were no longer dreams. There, in all his scaly magnificence, was a *real* saurian, nearly eighteen feet long. For a while I stood gazing at this, to me, new fellow-citizen of the world, and speculating on his mental constitution. The monster was, or pretended to be, asleep. I wondered if he dreamt, and what his dreams or reveries might be about; possibly he was dreaming of the same old world with which I associated him—possibly of the fish who were swimming in the waters below: or, he might be thinking of the men and women he had swallowed in the course of his existence. There was a snort; perhaps that was occasioned by the bengles and heavy brass ornaments which had adorned the limbs of some Hindoo beauty he had eaten, and which were lying heavy and indigestible on his stomach. But presently the brute lay so still, and seemed so tranquil and placid in his sleep, that it was difficult to imagine him guilty of such atrocities. He did not appear to be disturbed by remorse, or the twitchings of a guilty conscience: it may have been all a slander. I felt so kindly disposed towards him, that I could not imagine it possible that if awake he would feel disposed to eat me. Let us see!—so making a splash with my paddle, I wakened the sleeping beauty. He instantly started up, and opened, what appeared—what indeed proved to be—an enlarged man-trap; disclosing a red, slimy cavern within, fringed with great conical fangs. He closed it with a snap that made me shudder, and then plunged into the water, his eyes glaring with hate and defiance.

Some days after I had made this new acquaintance, I was sitting at home talking with my brother when a native woman came crying and screaming to the bungalow door, tearing her hair out in handfuls; she got down on the veranda floor and struck her head against it, as if she really meant to dash her brains out. A crowd of other women stood at a short distance, crying and lamenting as if they were frantic. What was the matter? Half-a-dozen voices made answer in a discordant chorus, that

while the poor woman was washing her clothes by the river side, her child—an infant about a year old—had been seized and swallowed by a Mugger. Although convinced that aid was now impossible, we took our guns and hastened to the spot where the accident happened; but all was still there, not a wavelet disturbed the surface of the stream. A small speckled kingfisher was hovering overhead, as if balanced in the air, with its beak bent down on its breast, watching the fish beneath; presently it darted like an arrow into the water; returned with an empty bill, and then went off, with its clear, sharp, twittering note, as if to console itself for the failure.

One day I was sitting on the high bank of the river, taking snap shots with my gun at the large fish who were every now and then leaping out of the water. A favourite spaniel was bringing a fish out of the water that I had hit. It had swam already half way across the stream, when the water about six yards below her became suddenly disturbed; and, to my horror, up started the head and open jaws of an enormous crocodile. The dog gave a loud shriek, and sprang half out of the water. The Mugger swam rapidly, and had got within a yard of his intended victim, when I raised my gun, and took aim at the monster's head. A thud, a splash, a bubble, and a dusky red streak in the water, was all that ensued. Presently, however, Juno's glossy black head emerged from the water; and, to my delight, began to make rapid progress towards me, and landed safely. The poor brute, wet and shivering, coiled herself up at my feet, with her bright hazel eyes fixed on mine with ineffable satisfaction. Poor Juno subsequently fell a victim to the Muggers, when her master was not at hand to succour her. I mention these facts, to show that the diabolical revenge with which I afterwards assisted in visiting these monsters, was not groundless. But the strongest occasion of it remains to be told.

Just as the "rains" were beginning, my neighbour, Mr. Hall, sent me word that he intended paying me a short visit, and requested me to send a *syce* (groom), with a saddle-horse, to meet him at a certain place on the road. The syce, Sidhoo, was a smart, open-chested, sinewy-limbed little fellow, a perfect model of a biped racer. He could run —as is the custom in the East—alongside his horse at a pace of seven or eight miles an hour, for a length of time that would astonish the best English pedestrian I ever heard of.

Towards evening, Mr. Hall rode up to the bungalow, dripping with water, and covered with mud. I saw at once that some accident had happened, and hastened to assist him.

As soon as he got inside, he said, in answer to my bantering about his "spill"—

"I am in no humour for jesting. Your syce is lost!"

"Drowned?"

"No; eaten!—by an enormous crocodile!"

He added that, on arriving at a small nulla about two miles off, he found it so much swollen by rain, that he had to swim his horse across it, holding one end of the cord which Sidhoo, in common with most Hindoos, wore coiled round his waist, and which was used in drawing water from the deep wells of the country. Hall got safely across, and then commenced pulling Sidhoo over by means of the cord. The black face, with the white teeth and turban, were bobbing above the muddy water, when all at once the groom threw up his arms, gave a loud shriek, and sank below the surface. Mr. Hall, who had doubled the cord round his hand, was dragged into the water; where he got a momentary glimpse of the long serrated tail of a Mugger, lashing the water a short way ahead of him. In his efforts to save himself, he lost his hold of the string, and with much difficulty clambered up the slippery bank of the nulla. All was now still. Only Sidhoo's turban was to be seen floating loosely, a considerable way down the stream. Hall ran towards it, with the sort of feeling which makes a drowning man catch at a straw; and, by means of a stick he succeeded in fishing it out, and brought it with him, as the only remnant of Sidhoo he could give an account of.

Bad news soon spreads in an Indian village, and Sidhoo's fate was soon made known to his wife; and in a short time she came crying and sobbing to the bungalow, and laid her youngest child at our friend's feet. The tears glistened in the poor fellow's eyes as he tried to sooth and console her; which he did by promising to provide for her and her children.

Although Hall was generally running over with fun, we smoked our cheroots that evening in silence; except when we proposed schemes for the annihilation of the crocodiles. A great many plans were discussed—but none that offered much chance of success. The next day, after breakfast, I was showing my visitor a galvanic blasting apparatus, lately received from England, for blowing up the snags (stumps of trees) which obstruct the navigation of the river. I was explaining its mode of action to him, when he suddenly interrupted me with—

"The very thing! Instead of snags, why not blow up the Muggers?"

I confessed that there could be no reason why we should not blast the Muggers. The difficulty was only how to manage it; yet the more we talked of it, the more feasible did the scheme appear.

The brutes keep pretty constant to the same quarters, when the fish are plentiful; and we soon ascertained that poor Sidhoo's murderer was well known in the neighbourhood of the nulla. He had on several occasions carried off goats, sheep, pigs, and children; and had once attempted to drag a buffalo, whom he had caught drinking, into

the water; but, from all accounts, came off second best in this rencontre. There not being enough of water in the nulla to drown the buffalo, the Mugger soon found he had caught a Tartar; and after being well mauled by the buffalo's horns, he was fain to scuttle off and hide himself among the mud.

I had observed, when blasting the snags, that the concussion produced by the discharge had the effect of killing all the fish within a range of some twenty or thirty yards. After every explosion, they were found in great numbers, flocking on the surface of the water with their bellies uppermost. It now occurred to me, that if we could only get within a moderate distance of the Mugger, if we did not blow him to pieces, we would at all events give him a shock that would rather astonish him. An explosion of gunpowder under water communicates a much severer shock to the objects in its immediate vicinity, than the same quantity of powder exploded in the air; the greater density of the water enabling it, as it were, to give a harder blow.

Having made our arrangements, Mr. Hall, my brother, and myself, got into a small canoe, with the blasting apparatus on board, and dropt down the stream to where the nulla discharged its waters into the Rohan. He then got out and proceeded to a village close by, where we obtained for a few annas, the carcass of a young kid. A flask with about six pounds of gunpowder, and having the conducting wires attached, was then sewn into the kid's belly. Two strong ropes were also tied to this bait; and, to one of these, the conducting wire was firmly bound with small cord. The ropes were about thirty yards long, and had each attached to its extremities one of the inflated goat-skins used by water-carriers. Hall, with his goat-skin under his arm, and a coil of loose rope in his hand, took one side of the nulla, while my brother, similarly provided, took the other. My brother's rope contained the wire; so I walked beside him, while two coolies, with the battery ready charged, and slung to a pole which rested on their shoulders, accompanied me. A small float was also attached by a string to the kid, so as to indicate its position.

These arrangements being made, we commenced walking up the nulla, dragging the carcass of the kid in the stream, and moving it across from side to side so as to leave no part of the bed untried; and as the nulla was only about twelve yards wide, we felt pretty confident that if the Mugger were in it, we could scarcely fail of coming in contact with him. We had proceeded only about a quarter of a mile, when the float suddenly dipt. My brother and Hall threw the loose coil of ropes they carried on the water, along with the inflated skins. These made it soon evident by their motion that the Mugger had seized the kid. He was dashing across in a zig-zag direction down the stream. I ran after him as fast as I could; and paying out the cord from the reel when I found it impossible to keep up with him. On reaching a place where the banks were steeper than usual he came to a stand still. I got on the top of the bank and commenced hauling in the rope. I did not, however, venture to lift the skin out of the water for fear of disturbing him, until the coolies with the battery had time to come up. This was a very anxious time; for, if the Mugger had shifted his quarters before they came up, a fresh run with him would have ensued, with the chance of his breaking the wires with his teeth. After a while I heard the coolies approaching, and my brother scolding them and urging them to hasten on. Just as their heads appeared above the bank the foremost coolie tripped his foot and fell, I groaned with disappointment—presently my brother came along with them and brought the battery to my feet; a good deal of the acid had been spilt, but with the aid of a bottle of fresh acid we had brought along with us, we soon got the battery up to the requisite power. Everything being now in order, I commenced pulling up the rope with the wire. I proceeded as cautiously as possible for fear of disturbing the Mugger; but, in spite of all my efforts, the inflated skin, in coming up the bank, dislodged some loose pieces of earth, and sent them splashing into the water. Fortunately, however, the Mugger had made up his mind to digest the kid where he was. I could not help chuckling when I at length got hold of the end of the wires. While my brother was fastening one of them to the battery, I got the other ready for completing the circuit. The Mugger all the while lying still at the bottom of the nulla with, most likely, a couple of fathoms of water over his head, unconscious of danger, and little dreaming that the two-legged creatures on the bank had got a nerve communicating with his stomach, through which they were going to send a flash of lightning, that would shatter his scaly hulk to pieces.

Everything being now ready, I made fatal contact. Our success was complete! We felt a shock, as if something had fallen down the bank—a mound of muddy water rose, with a muffled, rumbling sound, and then burst out to a column of dark smoke. A splashing and bubbling succeeded, and then a great crimson patch floated on the water, like a variegated carpet pattern. Strange-looking fragments of scaly skin were picked up by the natives from the water's edge, and brought to us amidst a very general rejoicing. The exploded Mugger floated down the stream, and the current soon carried it out of sight. We were not at all sorry, for it looked such a horrible mess that we felt no desire to examine it.

Our sense of triumphant satisfaction was, however, sadly damped, about a week afterwards, when we received the mortifying an-

nouncement, that Sidhoo's Mugger was still alive, and on his old beat, apparently uninjured. It was evident that we had blasted the wrong Mugger! We consoled ourselves with the reflection that if he were not Sidhoo's murderer, it was very likely he was not wholly innocent of other atrocities, and therefore deserved his fate.

Of course it was impossible to rest while Sidhoo's Mugger remained alive, so we were not long in preparing for a second expedition. This time we took the precaution of not charging the battery until we were certain that the bait was swallowed. The acid, diluted to the necessary strength, was, therefore, carried in one of those brown earthenware jars called grey-beards, which had come out to us full of Glenlivet whiskey. We commenced dragging the kid up the stream, as before; but, having walked more than a mile without getting a bite, we were getting rather disheartened, and sat down to rest, struck a light, and smoked a cheroot. Hall laid down, having manufactured an impromptu easy chair out of his coil of rope, with the inflated goat-skin placed above it. My brother was not long in imitating his example, and I laid down under the shade of some reeds, near to the water's edge. The heat was oppressive—and we were discussing the probability of getting a bite that day, and lamenting that we had not brought some pale ale along with us, when, all at once, I got a sharp blow on the leg, while my brother came spinning down the bank like a teetotem; a companion picture to Hall, who was revolving down the opposite bank. The ropes and skins went rushing down the nulla at a tremendous pace. As soon as we recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by this droll contretemps, we set off in pursuit, guided by the track which the inflated skins made in the water. On they went, dashing from side to side, as they had done in our first attempt. On coming to a place where the nulla made a sharp turn, they stood still under the high bank, on the inner curve of the bend. It unfortunately happened that the bank, near to which the skins were floating, was too precipitous for us to get near them, without starting the Mugger from his present position. With much labour, we detached some loose sods from the top of the bank, and sent them with a loud splash into the water, directly over where we imagined him to have taken up his quarters. This had the desired effect, for the skins began to move slowly down the stream as if the Mugger were crawling leisurely along the bottom.

Leaving my brother with the coolies in charge of the battery, I ran on to where the bank was more shelving. By good luck, the stream was rushing up, after its sudden sweep, and sent a strong current against this bank. I had not waited many minutes, before the skins came floating round the corner, to where I was standing. I seized the one to which the wire was attached, desiring my brother to charge the battery, and bring it down. This he did much sooner than I could have expected; for as the battery was now empty, one cooly was able to carry it on his head while my brother took the jar of acid in his hand. It was evident from the motion of the other skin in the water that the Mugger was still moving; so no time was to be lost. I made the connection with the battery with one of the wires. In another instant the circuit was complete, and the Mugger's doom sealed.

There was a momentary pause—owing, I suppose, to some slight loss of insulation in the wires—then came the premonitory shock; then the rumble, the smoke, and the sparks; and a great bloated mass of flesh and blood rose to the surface of the water. Hall called out to us to drag it ashore, and see whether we could get any trace of poor Sidhoo. We tried by means of a bamboo pole to pull it to the bank; but the glimpse we got of it as it neared was so unutterably disgusting, that we pushed it off again, and allowed it to float away down with the current.

That this was Sidhoo's Mugger, there could be no doubt; for he was never seen or heard of in the neighbourhood again.

CHIPS.

A ROYAL SPEECH BY JAMES THE FIRST.

As a strong contrast to the Speech from the Throne, mentioned in the first article of this Number, we are enabled to give—from a pamphlet which has fallen into our hands—a condensed report of a speech made by Her Majesty's pedantic ancestor, James the First, on the 20th of June, 1616. It was delivered in the Star Chamber, on the occasion of the Judges setting out on their several circuits. The report was drawn up by Edward Wakeman from his own notes taken, in the Star Chamber, from the Royal lips. He was the son of John Wakeman, Esq., of Beckford, in the county of Gloucester; and a Barrister of the Inner Temple, of which Society his father was also a member. The original is indorsed in the father's handwriting thus:—"*The Kinges Speech in the Starre Chamber*, 20^h^ *Junij* 1616 *taken by Ned Wakeman.*" It is believed that no report of this curious specimen of Royal eloquence had ever till lately been printed, although the fact of James the First having delivered a charge to the judges in the Court of Star Chamber has not entirely escaped the notice of historians.

The copy now before us was recently printed by Thomas Wakeman, Esquire, of Graig, near Monmouth, a descendant of the reporter.

The minutes commence by stating that the King, "in the beginninge of his Speache he remembred a peece of Davides Psalmes makeinge a briefe discourse concerning the exposition

thereof wth by reason of the noise of the assemblie and the lownes of his voice at the entrance thereunto I could not well heare."

The Divine Right of Kings—a question which was so thoroughly discussed during the reign of the second James—was thus modestly handled by the Scottish Monarch :—

"As towchinge the dignitie of a kinge he seyd that they sitt in the throne of God and therefore are in scripture tearmed Godds and that good kinges are to imitate God in justice and sinceritie of hart but wthout private respect for the advancm^{t} of their owne endes or vaine glorie for otherwise they are but unjust and unrighteous. And that as good Judges they are to imitate Solamon and Davide the one in wisdome the other in holynes. Kinges are properlie Judges and all Judgem^{ts} are theirs how be it they are pronounced by their Judges as their ministers and substitues by authoritie derived from them as from the ymediate liveten^{a}nt of God. And althoughe the manner and formes of governm^{t} doe varie accordinge to the div^{r}sitie of Kingdomes yet the sentences pronounced by the mouthes of the Judges (elected by the Kinge as interpreters of his lawes) are his and he is to answer for them before God soe as there is a neere league and affinitie betweene the Kinge and God uppward so is there as neere betweene the Kinge and the Judge downewards whose office and dutie is to declare and expound lawes not to invent and make lawes."

After explaining why he had not delivered himself unto the Judges in the Star Chamber before (because, "when he came into this kingdome he was an olde Kinge yet was he but a straunger to our lawes and goverm^{t} and therefore like one of Pythagoras schollers he thought good to professe silence duringe the first seaven yeres and to passe a prentishippe in learninge before he beganne to teache thinkinge himselfe oonapt to ascende the seate of Judicature before he had learned howe to judge)," he divided his discourse into three heads :—

"1. First the charge he was to give himselfe for a K. cannot give a good charge to his subjects except he doth first beginne wth himselfe for good waters flowe not but from good springes.

"2. The second was a caveatt to the Judges.

"3. The third an admonition to his subjects."

In the "caveat to the judges," James's reference to the Court of Chancery is interesting. In that year (1616) Sir Thomas Egerton, founder of the Ellesmere family, resigned the seals in favour of the great Francis Bacon. "Then he spake" continues the reporter, "of the Court of Chauncery w^{ch} he sayd was ordayned for the mitigation of the rigor of the comon lawe and that the Chancellor was but the dispencer of his conscience that it was a highe Court, and that *Teste meipso* was most properly written there. That from thence was no appeale to any other Court, and that he was specialie bound to maintayne this Court. But yett this Court must keepe it self wth in his limitts and the Chancellor was not to excede his authoritie as he sayd he had often given him in charge, but to procede accordinge as hath been used in the auncient and best times, and if he transgressed his limitts and bounds the Judges of other courts maie not reform it but complaynt thereof to be made to his ma^{tie}; For the p^{r}sent Chauncellor he sayd at his comeing into the kingdome he found him in that place wherein he had ever sence contynewed him and wished he might longe contynewe therein and he sayd that the attempt to bringe the Chauncellor within the compasse of Premunire was odious and absurde for to indite him sittinge as it were in his owne place were to indite himselfe and to tornne himselfe uppon the point of his owne sword."

The royal picture of the Justice of the Peace of that day, comes in full corroboration of Shakespeare's portraits of the same persons :—

"As towchinge the office of a Justice of Peace he s^{d} that although yt seamed to some fantasticall greene headed gentlemen to be an office of litle reputacion, yet it was in his oppinion both worshippfull and hon^{r}able and of as great necessitie for the well orderinge of the affaires of the countrey as the highest offices and places for managinge of matters of state in the court. But because Justices of the Peace were of two kindes the one good the other badde, his pleasure was that the judges should from time to time adv^{r}tise him of such as did well execute theire offices. . . . Of these badde Justices he s^{d} there were fower sortes. The first were such as were loyteringe Justices and laye at home and did nothinge. The second were busiebodyes, who did to much embraceinge many businesses for the enlargem^{t} of theire private gaigne and profits. The Thirde sorte were factious and contentious justices. The fowerth such as had a puritanicall itchinge to stirre the people against governem^{t} and discipline. All such justices (as unprofitable members and ministers) he would have cashееred."

Papal aggression was dealt with much more summarily than it is in our day. "Then," quoth Mr. Wakeman, "the King declared his mind towchinge priests which he would have by all means possible extirpated" :—

"Yet would he proceed wth greater severitie against some then against other some for he protested he was lothe to hang a priest for sayinge of masse, or for the mere execution of theire office or function. But for such as refused to take the oathe of allegiance (w^{ch} he s^{d} lette the Pope and all the divells of hell say what they will was but a meere temporall oathe) he would have despatched. In the like maner would he have them deale wth such as havcinge binne formerly banished presume to retorne hether againe. He allsoe signified to the Judges that he would have those priests that broke prison taste of the same cuppe for he s^{d} those men w^{ch} could not be kept wthin the walls of a prison, deserved to be helde in the noose of a halter; moreover that they were not like S^{t} Peter who went not owt of prison before an angell of heaven called him whereas these are called forth by an angell of hell. Then he s^{d} he had

given directions for the examination of the priestes remayninge in Wisbitche Castle, towardes whom he would proceede eyther favourablie or severely according as they gave him occasion by theyre answers."

The King's next recommendation to the Judges has been imitated rather extensively in modern times. His suggestion "towchinge" public works has been superseded by the far less agreeable expedient of tolls:—

"Next of all he comanded them to pull downe all howses and poor cottages for s[d] he as woodes and brakes are the dennes and shelters of wilde beastes, soe are these places the receptacles and lurkinge holes of theeves, drunkardes, and pillpheringe vagaboundes. He allsoe willed them to see the lawes and statutes against roagueinge beggers put in due execution. And that howses of correction should for that purpose be erected and mayntayned. And here he toke occasion to commend Justice Popham of whom he had hearde reported, that he was soe sharpe and severe against idle persons, that there was noe like thinge as a begger in all Som'settshire where he dwellt. And because high waies and bridges (amongest other thinges) were of great necessitie and use for his subjects, he gave the Judges a stricte charge that they should earnestly stirre uppe, and compelle the people to the mendinge and maintayninge of them, addinge further that the repayringe of these was none of the meanest workes of charitie and therefore he much merveyled that there havinge binne soe much given towardes the indowm[t] of hospitalls, allmeshowses, and the like (since his first cominge to the crowne) that there hath binne soe litle bestowed to these uses."

At the time King James spoke, London consisted of about sixty thousand houses, and a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, instead of the two millions and a quarter which are herded within its boundaries at present. About that time habitations began to be built of bricks; timber, filled up with plaster, having been the material previously in use. A building mania appears to have taken possession of the Londoners; and King James "didde with great vehemencie and earnestness declare himself concerninge

"the extraordinary buyldinge that hath of late times binne used in the cittie and suburbs of London, w[ch] excessive enlargem[t] of the body of this cittie would (as he saide) in time tende to the utter ruine and undooinge of the countrey and all other citties w[th]in the realme. The cawse of the great repayre and accesse to this towne he ascribed to the pride and vanitie of ladyes and gentlewoemen. The effects whereof (he s[d]) were noe lesse then the beggeringe of there husbandes, the losse of theyre owne creddit (especially in younge woemen who while they come hether to be married forsooth doe but marre their reputacion). And finallye the impov'ishinge and destruction of the poore countrey which by these meanes is forsaken and bereft both of the company and comfort of the better and abler ranke of people, to the utter ov'throwe and decaye of all hospitallitie for w[ch] this kingdome in auncient time hath binne renowned above all the nations of the earth for the prevention of w[ch] great mischeifes and inconveniences he of his pleasure was that if any man went abowt or presumed to builde in or abowt the cittie of London that the builder together w[th] his workemen should be comitted and cast in prison and the buildinge ov'throwne and abated."

Unhappy Cubitts and Petos of the seventeenth century!

King James's peroration is as simple and concise as that of his successor, Victoria:—

"These he s[d] were the sume of those thinges w[ch] he had at this time intended to give them in charge addinge further that allthough he had heretofore binne a straunger to that court and place (meaninge the Starre-chamber) yet should they hereafter enjoye his presence there more often."

NATIONAL-DEBT DOCTORS.

Dr. Price, in the preface to his observations on Reversionary Payments as a means of paying off the National Debt, remarking on the prodigious power of Compound Interest, states, that a penny so improved from our Saviour's birth, as to double itself every fourteen years—or (which is nearly the same) put out to five per cent. compound interest—would in seventeen hundred and seventy-three years, have increased to more money than would be contained in one hundred and fifty millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all solid gold!

Mr. Morgan, a profound arithmetician, in checking this astounding calculation, discovered one of those errors which are meant—while falsifying details—to verify the general principle. A penny so improved at compound interest, as to double itself in fourteen years, would have accumulated *only*, Mr. Morgan declares, to one hundred and seven millions of golden globes; or forty-three millions fewer than Dr. Price computed! However correct these calculations may be, they bring to the mind of those who have no brains for complex masses of figures, the chronological computations quoted by Chevreau in his "Histoire du Monde," a couple of quarto volumes published in 1686. One of them gives as the result of a bewildering complexity of calculations, the precise day and moment at which the world was created. The calculator asserts, "without fear of contradiction," (for who is to check his astro-chronological computation?) that this great globe was created "on Friday afternoon, the 6th of September, at four o'clock precisely."

The Cockers, Walkingames, and De Morgans of Chevreau's time had no practical subject on which to expend their arithmetical fanaticism. They, happy people, had no National Debt. Modern cypherers, on the contrary, need not, like them, wear out their slates and blunt their pencils with calculations of a purely speculative character. His late Majesty King William the Third set them that very large sum, the National Debt,

To do them justice, they have been working at it ever since. The task of finding out a way of clearing off the National Debt by means of the arithmetic laws applicable to compound interest, have fascinated financial enthusiasts, including Dr. Price and Mr. Morgan, from the days of its imposition to that on which we write these lines. The latest is from a correspondent of our own:—

"One pound sterling, per annum, kept at compound interest," says our friend, "at the rate of three per cent. per annum, would give, in fifty-eight years, 157*l.*; in sixty-four years, 195*l.*; in seventy-three years, 265*l.*; in eighty-five years, 394*l.*; in one hundred and seven years, 790*l.*; and in one hundred and twenty-nine years, 1562*l.* The debt at present stands at about 780 millions of pounds sterling; consequently fifty-eight yearly payments of five millions of pounds each, with the interest accruing thereon, at the rate of three per cent. per annum, would, at par, pay it off. Sixty-four payments of four millions each; seventy-three of three millions each; eighty-five of two millions each; one hundred and seven of one million each; or one hundred and twenty-nine of half a million each; would accomplish the same object, in the respective number of years. Taking the interest, as now paid, at twenty-eight millions a year, the aggregate sums required to be paid by the public, in taxes, to cover the charge would be, respectively, *viz*:—

In	58	64	73	85	107 and in	129	years.
	1624	1792	2044	2380	2996	3612	millions.
Add annual payments as above	290	256	219	170	107	64½	
Total	1914	2048	2263	2550	3103	3676½	millions

of pounds sterling; showing a difference between the first and last periods of 1762½ millions; and, if interest were taken into account, the difference would amount to the enormous sum of 98,263 millions.

"Leaving interest, however, out of the calculation, and taking two millions as the sum to be applied annually, for the purpose indicated, it appears that the debt could be totally extinguished in eighty-five years, at a cost to the public of 2550 millions; or 170 millions more than the amount of the interest, which under any circumstances, sort of repudiation or national bankruptcy, must be paid.

"I now mention the proposal made in Parliament last session, that two millions a year should be applied to the reduction of the debt; to contrast the one plan with the other. Two millions a year applied *simply* to the reduction of the debt, would not accomplish its extinction in less than 390 years, at a cost of 7125 millions (exclusive of interest, which I have not been at the trouble of calculating, but which would amount to an "appalling" sum); and in eighty-five years it would only be reduced to the extent of 170 millions (the saving in interest being about 60,000 pounds a year); thus leaving the country, at the end of the period named, 610 millions in debt, and still subject to the annual charge of 22 millions for interest."

A CINNAMON GARDEN.

The Englishman sips his coffee, enjoys sugar in his tea, and spices in his pastry, wondering why such things are not cheaper; and picturing Indian planters as princes, in white calico and straw hats, having little else to do than to smoke hookahs, drink brandy-pawney, and pocket their gains. A trip to some of the coffee, sugar, or cinnamon estates in Ceylon, would at once dispel the imaginary picture; none of the articles we have mentioned grow indigenous and without trouble, as a visit to the Kaderani Cinnamon Gardens would show.

Before, however, we start for them, it may be as well to mention that the aromatic spice called cinnamon, is the inner bark of the *Laurus Cinnamomi*, a beautiful tree, attaining the size, and something the appearance of a moderately large pear-tree. To produce fine bark—such as is required for purposes of commerce—the tree must be felled, and the root forced to grow in shoots, straight and smooth. These being cut when eighteen months or two years old, a fresh supply of young sticks rapidly appear after the first rains. A cinnamon plantation, therefore, is in reality a garden, and not a forest.

The English Government possess five cinnamon plantations in Ceylon, containing in the aggregate about twelve thousand acres. These have nearly all been sold to private individuals, some of whom allow their estates to be very much neglected; others keep them in a state of high cultivation. It is to one of the latter description, managed by the late Colombo Firm, of Ackland, Boyd and Co., that I am about to proceed. They were agents for and part proprietors of, some three thousand acres of cinnamon land, most of which lay at Kaderani, near Negombo, a town about thirty miles distance from Colombo, on the sea-coast.

The whole of the Ceylon coast is low and sandy, and generally favourable for the growth of cinnamon, which flourishes in a hot and damp atmosphere, such as is there found. To get to Negombo, the most pleasant and least fatiguing mode is by a native covered canoe, along the old Dutch canal, a small river which the Dutch deepened, so as to admit of loaded boats passing at all times. A passage canoe is as light as the trunk of a mango-tree can be made by adzing out the interior. Stretched at full length on the matted deck, I watched the two boatmen haul in their little rush bag of tobacco, jaggery, and hoppers (a kind of light cakes), and proceed to hoist the enormous sail, held in its place by huge bam-

boos. No sooner was this done, than the little canoe bounded off as swiftly and noiselessly as a deer; the breeze was fair, and the water smooth as a mirror. If anything can transport one in imagination to fairy land, it is to be wafted along in a Cingalese canoe, with its beautifully-transparent tall sail, floating jauntily amongst groves of wild, strange-looking trees, which nearly always fringe the banks of tropical rivers; and, catch occasionally the gorgeous rays of the sun amidst the dark, clustering foliage. The canal or river is as winding as a serpent, and in many places so narrow, that the bamboo mast gave a passing greeting to clusters of flowering shrubs that blossomed on the cool banks.

The Lake of Negombo, a fine sheet of water, was soon crossed, and landing at a little tope of cocoa-nut trees, I procured one of the common bullock-hackeries of the country, and made the best of my way to the gardens.

A first glance at the cinnamon plantations at Kaderani showed that drainage had been well seen to. This is a very important matter; for, although heat and moisture are both essential to the full development of the spice, stagnant water injures its flavour. The natives pay but little attention to this, nor to removing the *young* sticks before the bark thickens too much; hence the marked inferiority of all native-grown cinnamon.

Arrived at the superintendent's bungalow, a breakfast of fish, eggs, and curry was soon served up, and finished with a bottle of Allsop's Pale Ale; for be it known that the dirty thick liquid served out as coffee by the Cingalese, is not drinkable by one European in a dozen; although it might have been expected that the island which produces the berry in such abundance should also furnish the beverage of fair quality. Breakfast over, I proceeded, with my host, to inspect the "works," or "peeling-houses."

In former days, both under the Dutch and English Governments, the cultivation, as well as the after preparation of the spice, was exclusively carried on by one particular caste of Cingalese, called "Chalias," who had headmen, or petty chiefs, of various grades placed over them, belonging to their own body. This system is now partly changed, and the preparation of the bark is alone carried on by the "Chalias." This being their hereditary occupation, they are, as might be expected, remarkably expert in their operations. Having spent two days amongst these Peelers, I was enabled to watch the whole process of cropping, in the various stages, from the green stick to the beautifully yellow pipe of prepared spice.

The "Chalias" are assembled at break of day in gangs of thirty, with a "Canghan," or native overseer of field work, over each. All are armed with a sharp, light bill-hook, or "cattie," and a stout cord to tie up the sticks when cut. The European superintendent, having seen each gang properly equipped, accompanies them to the spot appointed for the day's cutting, to which they march in good order: each party is then placed, and, at a signal from the superintendent, the men, to the number of perhaps two hundred, rush amongst the bushes, "cattie" in hand, with loud shouts and cheers, and the work of destruction commences in good earnest. The peelers are paid according to the quantity of spice they prepare, and it may, therefore, be imagined how anxious each one is to secure a good bundle of sticks. A stranger seeing this large number of men rushing madly into the plantation, flourishing their sharp, shining weapons above their heads, with their long black hair floating over their shoulders, might easily fancy they were in pursuit of wild animals, or about to attack some hidden enemy. Very soon, however, the shouting ceases; not a sound is heard, save the sharp click of the "catties" against the tender green sticks, which may be seen toppling over in all directions. By ten or eleven o'clock the peelers had cut sufficient cinnamon to occupy them in the barking process for the remainder of the day; and, having collected all their sticks in bundles, they proceeded to the "peeling-house." Arrived there, not a moment was lost:—the heavy bundle is flung upon the floor of the veranda, and the "Chalias," having hastily drank off the milky juice of a cocoa-nut, and wiped the perspiration from their foreheads, seated themselves cross-legged on a rush mat; and, with a curiously-shaped little knife, proceeded to strip the tender bark. It is scarcely to be believed how rapidly barking is performed. The little knife is first run down the stick on two opposite sides, from end to end, and then, by inserting the instrument at the thick part, between the bark and the stick, and running it quickly along, with a twisting motion, the long slip of fine bark falls off, without a slit or blemish, an object very desirable if the quality be in other respects fine. When the sticks are all stripped they are of no further use.

On the morning of the second day the scene was of a more lively character. The wives and children of the peelers again flocked to the peeling-house; and, seated in rows, commenced scraping off the green cuticle from the heaps of bark slips, which are brought to them by the younger children, who also remove the scraped spice to the men. These begin by assorting them into three qualities, according to thinness of bark and brightness of colour; the shorter pieces of each kind are set aside, to be placed in the interior of the pipe, whilst the longest are placed outside. The piping, or quilling, then commences, and by dexterous management, the peeler so selects the bark, that very little cutting at the ends is required to form them into the proper length. The

quills are made into uniform lengths of three feet and a half, and three layers of the bark, or quill, inside each other. The greatest vigilance of the superintendent and his native assistants, is needed in this stage of the process; for much of the value of the spice depends upon the proper division into qualities, and, not less, upon the rejection of all very coarse pieces; for it is to the interest of the peelers—who are paid by the weight—that as much as possible of the thick be placed in the quills; but the master's interest requires that as little as possible should be so hidden. The experiment was once made of paying the "Chalias" by the day, with a view of securing better work, but so little was there done in twelve hours, that it would have been ruinous to have continued the system. An active "Chalia," assisted by his wife and child, will prepare one hundred pounds of spice in a month, which will produce him one pound seventeen and sixpence, or seven pounds for the season, if of four months. Upon this they will idle away the rest of the year, though in some few cases other trifling occupations are followed.

The bark having a natural tendency to curl up, requires but little rolling; and, when made up on the second day, the pipes are laid out singly upon cords stretched across the upper part of the building. There they remain for two days, when they undergo a little more rolling up, or "handling," and are placed on stands outside, exposed to the action of the hot air, but carefully sheltered by cocoa-nut leaves from the rays of the sun.

Three or four days of this open-air drying will generally suffice. The pipes are then piled up on light stands of wood for a week or two, when they are weighed and paid for. Each party of "Chalias" keep their cuttings separate; and a good deal of emulation often arises amongst them as to who shall turn out the greatest quantity of the finest kind, called "*first sort*."

In the peeling-house which I inspected, the utmost order and decorum prevailed; not a word was allowed to be spoken by the work-people. The various headmen, clad in long white robes, and with high combs in their hair, passed on from one peeler to another in silence, pointing with the finger to any defective work. The only drawback to the agreeable features of the scene, was an old, gaunt Malay, with musket on shoulder, who paced the length of the building in grim dignity, to enforce order, if necessary, and to prevent pilfering. Still, altogether it was a pleasing sight; and I could not but contrast the well-ordered, business-like mode of work pursued here, with the uproar and confusion I witnessed the following day in a peeling-house on a native property, where all appeared to be masters.

The after-processes of assortment, packing, and baking, are carried on in the Colombo establishments; as is also the distillation of the essential oil of cinnamon from the cuttings and rejected pieces of bark.

THE STORY OF GIOVANNI BELZONI.

One day in the beginning of the year 1803, Mr. Salt, whose name has since become so celebrated amongst the discoverers of Egyptian antiquities, observed before one of the public rooms of Edinburgh, a great crowd assembled. For almost every one there exists a mysterious attraction in the sight of a number of people, and Mr. Salt, no wiser than his neighbours, pushed his way, when the doors were opened, into the room. There, on a sort of stage, he saw a tall and powerfully-built young man, performing various gymnastic exercises, and feats of strength. While this Hercules in tinsel was lifting enormous weights, and jumping from a table over the heads of twelve men, a pretty, delicate-looking young woman, was arranging some hydraulic machines and musical glasses, with which the entertainment was to terminate. As the price of admission was nominal, she occasionally also handed round a small wooden bowl, in order to collect gratuities from the spectators.

Very few of those who were enjoying the exhibition gave anything; and, when the young woman approached her husband, and showed him the few coins she had received, he hastened to terminate his performance. Mr. Salt pitied the poor fellow, and as the young woman was passing, said to her,

"You forgot to present your bowl for my contribution.—Here it is."

He slipped a silver coin into her hand. Both she and her husband thanked him warmly; the latter in broken English, and with an Italian accent.

Mr. Salt, who had but just returned from Rome, replied in Italian; and, perceiving in the stranger's manner of expressing himself a degree of refinement not to be expected from a mountebank, asked him whence he came, and what was his history?

"Six months ago, sir," replied the man, "if any one had told me that I should be reduced to earn my bread by exhibiting my strength in public, I should have felt greatly inclined to knock him down. I came to England for the purpose of making known some hydraulic machines of my invention; but the spirit of routine, and the love of ignorance, closed every avenue against me. Previously, before losing all my hopes of success, I married this young girl. Had I been alone in the world, I verily believe that the bitter destruction of my expectations would have rendered me careless of supporting life; but how could I leave *her* in misery?"

"But why not try to display your really extraordinary strength and dexterity under

more favourable circumstances? Why do you not offer your services to some theatrical manager?"

"Hungry people, sir, cannot wait. I did not think of resorting to this method of earning a piece of bread, until I saw my wife ready to perish for the want of it."

The kind Mr. Salt not only relieved his immediate wants, but offered to recommend him and his wife to the manager of Astley's Circus, in London. Gratefully and eagerly did the wanderers accept this offer; and while, in company with their benefactor, who paid for their places on the coach, they journeyed towards town, the man related his history. Born at Padua, the son of a poor barber, and one of fourteen children, Giovanni Battista Belzoni felt from his earliest youth a longing desire to visit foreign lands. This "truant disposition" was fostered, if not caused, by the stories of maritime adventures told him by an old sailor; who was strongly suspected of having, during many years, practised the profession of a pirate.

The reading, or rather devouring, of a translated copy of "Robinson Crusoe" (and it is a most remarkable circumstance that the book which has for its avowed purpose the disheartening of restless adventurers, should have made wanderers and voyagers innumerable,) gave form and fixedness to his purpose of rambling; and, in company with his youngest brother, the boy set out one fine morning, without any intention but the somewhat vague one of "travelling to seek their fortune." The young fugitives walked several miles, without knowing, in the least, whither they were going, when a pedlar, who was riding slowly by in a cart, accosted them, and asked if they were going to Ferrara. Belzoni, although he never heard the name before, immediately answered in the affirmative. The good-natured merchant, pleased with the countenances, and pitying the tired looks of the children, not only gave them a place in his vehicle, but shared with them his luncheon of bread, cheese, and fruit. That night they occupied part of their companion's lodging; but next day, as his business required him to stop at the village where they slept, the two boys took leave of him, and pursued their journey. Their next adventure was not so fortunate. Meeting an empty return carriage, they asked the *vetturino* to give them a ride; and he consenting, they joyfully got in. Arrived at Ferrara, the *vetturino* asked them for money. Giovanni, astonished, replied that they had none; and the unfeeling man stripped the poor children of their upper garments, leaving them half naked and penniless in the streets of an unknown city. Giovanni's undaunted spirit would have led him still to persevere in the wild-goose chase which had lured him from his home; but his brother Antonio wept, and complained so loudly, that he was fain to console the child by consenting to retrace their steps to Padua. That night, clasped in each other's arms, they slept beneath a doorway and the next morning set out for their native city, begging their food on the journey.

The severe chastisement which Giovanni, as the instigator of this escapade, received on his return, did not in anywise cure his love of rambling. He submitted, however, to learn his father's trade, and at the age of eighteen, armed with shaving and hair-cutting implements, he set out for Rome, and there exercised the occupation of a barber with success. After some time, he became deeply attached to a girl who, after encouraging his addresses, deserted him and married a wealthy rival. This disappointment preyed so deeply on Belzoni, that, renouncing at the same time love and the razor, the world and the brazen bowl of suds, he entered a convent, and became a Capuchin. The leisure of the cloister was employed by him in the study of hydraulics; and he was busy in constructing an Artesian well within the monastic precincts when the French army under Napoleon took possession of Rome. The monks of every order were expelled and dispersed; and our poor Capuchin, obliged to cut his own beard, purchased once more the implements of his despised calling, and travelled into Holland, the head-quarters of hydraulics, which were still his passion. The Dutch did not encourage him, and he came to this country. Here he met his future wife, and consoled himself for his past misfortunes by marrying one who proved, through weal and woe, a fond and faithful partner. The crude hydraulic inventions of a wandering Italian were as little heeded here, as on the Continent; and we have already seen the expedient to which Belzoni was obliged to have recourse when Mr. Salt met him in Edinburgh.

Having reached London, the kind antiquary introduced his *protégés* to the manager of Astley's. The practised eye of the renowned equestrian immediately appreciated at their value the beauty and athletic vigour of the Paduan Goliath, and he engaged both him and his wife at a liberal salary. He caused a piece entitled "The twelve labours of Hercules" to be arranged expressly for his new performers; and Mr. Salt had soon afterwards the satisfaction of seeing Giovanni Belzoni appear on the stage, carrying twelve men on his arms and shoulders, while Madame, in the costume of Cupid, stood at the top, as the apex of a pyramid, and waved a tiny crimson flag.

After some time, Mr. Salt went to Egypt as consul, and there became acquainted with Signor Drouetti. The two friends, equally enthusiastic on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, set to work to prosecute researches, with an ardour of rivalship which approached somewhat too nearly to jealousy. Each aspired to undertake the boldest expe-

sitions, and to attempt the most hazardous excavations. But the great object of their ambition was an enormous bust of Memnon, in rose-coloured granite, which lay half buried in the sand on the left bank of the Nile.

Signor Drouetti had failed in all his attempts to raise it, nor was Mr. Salt a whit more successful. One day, while the latter was thinking what a pity it was that such a precious monument should be left to perish by decay, a stranger asked to speak with him. Mr. Salt desired him to be admitted; and immediately, despite his visitor's oriental garb and long beard, he recognised the Hercules of Astley's.

"What has brought you to Egypt?" asked the astonished consul.

"You shall hear, sir," replied the Italian. "After having completed my engagement in London, I set out for Lisbon, where I was employed by the manager of the theatre of San Carlo to perform the part of Samson, in a Scriptural piece which had been arranged expressly for me. From thence I went to Madrid, where I appeared with applause in the theatre Della Puerta del Sol. After having collected a tolerable sum of money, I resolved to come here. My first object is to induce the Pasha to adopt an hydraulic machine for raising the waters of the Nile."

Mr. Salt then explained his wishes respecting the antiquities; but Belzoni, could not, he said, enter upon that till he had carried out his scheme of waterworks.

He was accompanied, he said in continuation, by Mrs. Belzoni, and by an Irish lad of the name of James Curtain; and had reached Alexandria just as the plague was beginning to disappear from that city, as it always does on the approach of St. John's day, when, as almost everybody knows, "out of respect for the saint," it entirely ceases. The state of the country was still very alarming, yet Mr. Belzoni and his little party ventured to land, and performed quarantine in the French quarter; where, though really very unwell, they were wise enough to disguise their situation; "for the plague is so dreadful a scourge," he observed, "and operates so powerfully on human fears and human prejudices, that, during its prevalence, if a man be ill, he must be ill of the plague, and if he die, he must have died of the plague."

Belzoni went straight to Cairo, where he was well received by Mr. Baghos, interpreter to Mahommed Ali, to whom Mr. Salt recommended him. Mr. Baghos immediately prepared to introduce him to the Pasha, that he might come to some arrangement respecting the hydraulic machine, which he proposed to construct for watering the gardens of the seraglio. As they were proceeding towards the palace, through one of the principal streets of Cairo, a fanatical Mussulman struck Mr. Belzoni so fiercely on the leg with his staff, that it tore away a large piece of flesh. The blow was severe, and the discharge of blood copious, and he was obliged to be conveyed home, where he remained under cure thirty days before he could support himself on the wounded leg. When able to leave the house, he was presented to the Pasha, who received him very civilly; but on being told of the misfortune which had happened to him, contented himself with coolly observing, "that such accidents could not be avoided where there were troops."

An arrangement was immediately concluded for erecting a machine which was to raise as much water with one ox as the ordinary ones do with four. Mr. Belzoni soon found, however, that he had many prejudices to encounter, and many obstacles to overcome, on the part of those who were employed in the construction of the work, as well as of those who owned the cattle engaged in drawing water for the Pasha's gardens. The fate of a machine which had been sent from England taught him to augur no good for that which he had undertaken to construct. Though of the most costly description, and every way equal to perform what it was calculated to do, it had failed to answer the unreasonable expectations of the Turks,—because "the quantity of water raised by it was not sufficient to inundate the whole country in an hour!—which was their measure of the power of an English water-wheel."

When that of Belzoni was completed, the Pasha proceeded to the gardens of Soubra to witness its effect. The machine was set to work, and, although constructed of bad materials, and of unskilful workmanship, its powers were greater than had been contracted for; yet the Arabs, from interested motives, declared against it. The Pasha, however, though evidently disappointed, admitted that it was equal to four of the ordinary kind, and, consequently, accorded with the agreement. Unluckily, he took it into his head to have the oxen removed, and, "by way of frolic," to see what effect could be produced by putting fifteen men into the wheel. The Irish lad got in with them; but no sooner had the wheel begun to turn than the Arabs jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, relieved from its load, flew back with such velocity, that poor Curtain was flung out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs; and, being entangled in the machinery, would, in all probability, have lost his life, had not Belzoni applied his prodigious strength to the wheel, and stopped it. The accident, however, was fatal to the project and to the future hopes of the projector.

At that time the insolence of the Turkish officers of the Pashalic was at its height, and the very sight of a "dog of a Christian," raised the ire of the more bigoted followers of the Prophet. While at Soubra, which is close to Cairo, Belzoni had a narrow escape

from assassination. He relates the adventure in his work on Egypt:—

"Some particular business calling me to Cairo, I was on my ass in one of the narrow streets, where I met a loaded camel. The space that remained between the camel and the wall was so little, that I could scarcely pass; and at that moment I was met by a Binbashi, a subaltern officer, at the head of his men. For the instant I was the only obstacle that prevented his proceeding on the road; and I could neither retreat nor turn round, to give him room to pass. Seeing it was a Frank who stopped his way, he gave me a violent blow on my stomach. Not being accustomed to put up with such salutations, I returned the compliment with my whip across his naked shoulders. Instantly he took his pistol out of his belt; I jumped off my ass; he retired about two yards, pulled the trigger, fired at my head, singed the hair near my right ear, and killed one of his own soldiers, who, by this time, had come behind me. Finding that he had missed his aim, he took a second pistol; but his own soldiers assailed and disarmed him. A great noise arose in the street, and, as it happened to be close to the seraglio in the Esbakie, some of the guards ran up; but on seeing what the matter was, they interfered and stopped the Binbashi. I thought my company was not wanted, so I mounted my charger, and rode off. I went to Mr. Baghos, and told him what had happened. We repaired immediately to the citadel, saw the Pasha, and related the circumstance to him. He was much concerned, and wished to know where the soldier was, but observed, that it was too late that evening to have him taken up. However, he was apprehended the next day, and I never heard or knew anything more about him. Such a lesson on the subject was not lost upon me; and I took good care, in future, not to give the least opportunity of the kind to men of that description, who can murder an European with as much indifference as they would kill an insect."

Ruined by the loss of all his savings, which he had spent in the construction of his water machines, Belzoni once more applied to Mr. Salt, and undertook the furtherance of his scheme, to convey to England the bust of Memnon. So eager was he, that the same day, the Italian set out for the ruins of Thebes, and hired a hundred natives, whom he made clear away the sand which half covered the stone colossus. With a large staff in his hand, Belzoni commanded his army of Mussulmen, directed their labours, astonished them with displays of his physical strength, learned to speak their language with marvellous facility, and speedily came to be regarded by them as a superior being, endowed with magical power.

One day, however, his money failed; and at the same time the rising of the Nile destroyed, in two hours, the work of three months. The *fellahs* rebelled: one of them rushed towards Belzoni, intending to strike him with his dagger. The Italian coolly waited his approach, disarmed him; and then, seizing him by the feet, lifted him as though he had been a hazel wand, and began to inflict vigorous blows on the other insurgents with this novel and extemporary weapon of defence. The lesson was not thrown away: very speedily the *fellahs* returned to their duty; and after eighteen days' incessant labour, Memnon trembled at his base, and was moved towards the bank of the Nile.

The embarkation of this enormous statue presented difficulties almost as great as those which attended its disinterment and land transport. Nevertheless, the intelligence and perseverance of Belzoni surmounted every obstacle; and he brought his wondrous conquest to London, where its arrival produced a sensation similar to that caused more recently in Paris by the sight of the Obelisk of Luxor. Loaded with praise, and also with more substantial gifts, Belzoni, now became an important personage, returned to Egypt and to his friend Mr. Salt. The latter proposed to him to go up the Nile, and attempt the removal of the sand-hills which covered the principal portion of the magnificent temple of Ebsamboul. Belzoni readily consented, set out for Lower Nubia, ventured boldly amongst the savage tribes who wander through the sandy desert; returning to Thebes, he was rewarded, not only by the success of his special mission, but also by discovering the temple of Luxor.

In all his undertakings, however enterprising, Belzoni was aided and cheered by the presence of his wife. The expedition to Nubia was, however, thought too hazardous for her to undertake. But in the absence of her husband she was not idle; she dug up the statue of Jupiter Ammon, with the ram's head on his knee, which is now in the British Museum.

The temple of Luxor had been so completely, and for so long a period, buried in sand, that even its existence remained unsuspected. It had been dedicated to Isis by the Queen of Rameses the Great; and the descriptions which travellers give of it, resemble those of the palaces in the "Arabian Nights." Four colossal figures, sixty-one feet in height, are seated in front. Eight others, forty-eight in height, and standing up, support the roof of the principal inner hall, in which gigantic bas-reliefs represent the whole history of Rameses. Sixteen other halls, scarcely smaller than the first, display, in all their primitive splendour, many gorgeous paintings, and the mysterious forms of myriads of statues.

After this discovery, Belzoni took up his temporary abode in the valley of *Biban-el-Mouloch* (Tombs of the Kings). He had already remarked there, amongst the rocks, a fissure of a peculiar form, and which was evidently the work of man. He caused this

seeming to be enlarged, and soon discovered the entrance to a long corridor, whose walls were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphical paintings. A deep fosse and a wall barred the farther end of the cave; but he broke a passage through, and found a second vault, in which stood an alabaster sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics. He took possession of this, and sent it safely to Europe. His own account of these difficulties is extremely interesting:—

"Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the walls, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that cannot be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust, which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage inclined downwards, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways—some standing, some lying, and some on their heads."

Afterwards, Belzoni travelled to the shores of the Red Sea, inspected the ruins of Berenice; then returned to Cairo, and directed excavations to be made at the bases of the great pyramids of Ghizeh; penetrated into that of Chephren—which had hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans—and discovered within it the sacred chamber where repose the hallowed bones of the bull Apis. The Valley of Faioum, the Lake Mœris, the ruins of Arsinöe, the sands of Lybia, all yielded up their secrets to his dauntless spirit of research. He visited the oasis of El-Cassar, and the Fountain of the Sun; strangled in his arms two treacherous guides, who tried to assassinate him; and then left Egypt, and returned to Padua with his wife.

The son of the humble barber had now become a rich and celebrated personage. A triumphal entry was prepared for him; and the municipal authorities of his native city met him at the gate, and presented him with an address. Manfredini was commissioned to engrave a medal which should commemorate the history of the illustrious traveller. England, however, soon claimed him; and on his arrival in London, he was received with the same honours as in his own country. Then he published an account of his travels, under the following title: "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries in the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Cities of Egypt and Nubia, &c."

In 1822, Belzoni returned to Africa, with the intention of penetrating to Timbuctoo. Passing in the following year from the Bight of Benin towards Houssa, he was attacked with dysentery; was carried back to Gato, and thence put on board an English vessel lying off the coast. There, with much firmness and resignation, he prepared to meet his end. He entrusted the captain with a large amethyst to be given to his wife, and also with a letter which he wrote to his faithful companion through good and evil days. Soon afterwards, he breathed his last. They buried him at Gato, at the foot of a large tree, and engraved on his tomb the following epitaph in English:—

"*Here lies Belzoni, who died at this place, on his way to Timbuctoo, December 3rd,* 1823."

Belzoni was but forty-five years old when he died. A statue of him was erected at Padua on the 4th of July, 1827. Very recently the Government of Great Britain bestowed on his widow the tardy solace of a small pension.

Giovanni Belzoni, the once starving mountebank, became one of the most illustrious men in Europe!—an encouraging example to all those, who have not only sound heads to project, but stout hearts to execute.

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A MONUMENT OF FRENCH FOLLY.

It was profoundly observed by a witty member of the Court of Common Council, in Council assembled in the City of London, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, that the French are a frog-eating people, who wear wooden shoes.

We are credibly informed, in reference to the nation whom this choice spirit so happily disposed of, that the caricatures and stage representations which were current in England some half a century ago, exactly depict their present condition. For example, we understand that every Frenchman, without exception, wears a pigtail and curl-papers. That he is extremely sallow, thin, long-faced, and lantern-jawed. That the calves of his legs are invariably undeveloped; that his legs fail at the knees, and that his shoulders are always higher than his ears. We are likewise assured that he rarely tastes any food but soup maigre, and an onion; that he always says, "By Gar! Aha! Vat you tell me, Sare?" at the end of every sentence he utters; and that the true generic name of his race is the Mounseers, or the Parly-voos. If he be not a dancing-master, or a barber, he must be a cook; since no other trades but those three are congenial to the tastes of the people, or permitted by the Institutions of the country. He is a slave, of course. The ladies of France (who are also slaves) invariably have their heads tied up in Belcher handkerchiefs, wear long ear-rings, carry tambourines, and beguile the weariness of their yoke by singing in head voices through their noses—principally to barrel-organs.

It may be generally summed up, of this inferior people, that they have no idea of anything.

Of a great Institution like Smithfield, they are unable to form the least conception. A Beast Market in the heart of Paris would be regarded as an impossible nuisance. Nor have they any notion of slaughter-houses in the midst of a city. One of these benighted frog-eaters would scarcely understand your meaning, if you told him of the existence of such a British bulwark.

It is agreeable, and perhaps pardonable, to indulge in a little self-complacency when our right to it is thoroughly established. At the present time, to be rendered memorable by a final attack on that good old market which is the (rotten) apple of the Corporation's eye, let us compare ourselves, to our national delight and pride, as to these two subjects of slaughter-house and beast-market, with the outlandish foreigner.

The blessings of Smithfield are too well understood to need recapitulation; all who run (away from mad bulls and pursuing oxen) may read. Any market-day, they may be beheld in glorious action. Possibly, the merits of our slaughter-houses are not yet quite so generally appreciated.

Slaughter-houses, in the large towns of England, are always (with the exception of one or two enterprising towns) most numerous in the most densely crowded places, where there is the least circulation of air. They are often underground, in cellars; they are sometimes in close back yards; sometimes (as in Spitalfields) in the very shops where the meat is sold. Occasionally, under good private management, they are ventilated and clean. For the most part, they are unventilated and dirty; and, to the reeking walls, putrid fat and other offensive animal matter clings with a tenacious hold. The busiest slaughter-houses in London are in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, in Newgate Market, in Whitechapel, in Newport Market, in Leadenhall Market, in Clare Market. All these places are surrounded by houses of a poor description, swarming with inhabitants. Some of them are close to the worst burial-grounds in London. When the slaughter-house is below the ground, it is a common practice to throw the sheep down areas, neck and crop—which is exciting, but not at all cruel. When it is on the level surface, it is often extremely difficult of approach. Then, the beasts have to be worried, and goaded, and pronged, and tail-twisted, for a long time before they can be got in—which is entirely owing to their natural obstinacy. When it is not difficult of approach, but is in a foul condition, what they see and scent makes them still more reluctant to enter—which is their natural obstinacy again. When they do get in at last, after no trouble and suffering to speak of, (for, there is nothing in the previous journey into the heart of London, the night's endurance in Smithfield, the struggle out again, among the

crowded multitude, the coaches, carts, waggons, omnibuses, gigs, chaises, phaetons, cabs, trucks, dogs, boys, whoopings, roarings, and ten thousand other distractions), they are represented to be in a most unfit state to be killed, according to microscopic examinations made of their fevered blood by one of the most distinguished physiologists in the world, PROFESSOR OWEN—but that 's humbug. When they *are* killed, at last, their reeking carcases are hung in impure air, to become, as the same Professor will explain to you, less nutritious and more unwholesome—but he is only an *un*common counsellor, so don't mind *him*. In half a quarter of a mile's length of Whitechapel, at one time, there shall be six hundred newly slaughtered oxen hanging up, and seven hundred sheep—but, the more the merrier—proof of prosperity. Hard by Snow Hill and Warwick Lane, you shall see the little children, inured to sights of brutality from their birth, trotting along the alleys, mingled with troops of horribly busy pigs, up to their ankles in blood—but it makes the young rascals hardy. Into the imperfect sewers of this overgrown city, you shall have the immense mass of corruption, engendered by these practices, lazily thrown out of sight, to rise, in poisonous gases, into your house at night, when your sleeping children will most readily absorb them, and to find its languid way, at last, into the river that you drink—but, the French are a frog-eating people who wear wooden shoes, and it 's O the roast beef of England, my boy, the jolly old English roast beef!

It is quite a mistake—a new-fangled notion altogether—to suppose that there is any natural antagonism between putrefaction and health. They know better than that, in the Common Council. You may talk about Nature, in her wisdom, always warning man through his sense of smell, when he draws near to something dangerous; but, that won't go down in the city. Nature very often don't mean anything. Mrs. Quickly says that prunes are ill for a green wound; but, whosoever says that putrid animal substances are ill for a green wound, or for robust vigor, or for any thing or for any body, is a humanity-monger and a humbug. Britons never, never, never, &c., therefore. And prosperity to cattle-driving, cattle-slaughtering, bone-crushing, blood-boiling, trotter-scraping, tripe-dressing, paunch-cleaning, gut-spinning, hide-preparing, tallow-melting, and other salubrious proceedings, in the midst of hospitals, churchyards, workhouses, schools, infirmaries, refuges, dwellings, provision-shops, nurseries, sick-beds, every stage and baiting-place in the journey from birth to death!

These *un*common counsellors, your Professor Owens and fellows, will contend that to tolerate these things in a civilised city, is to reduce it to a worse condition than BRUCE found to prevail in ABYSSINIA. For, there (say they) the jackals and wild dogs came at night to devour the offal; whereas here there are no such natural scavengers, and quite as savage customs. Further, they will demonstrate that nothing in Nature is intended to be wasted, and that besides the waste which such abuses occasion in the articles of health and life—main sources of the riches of any community—they lead to a prodigious waste of changing matters, which might, with proper preparation, and under scientific direction, be safely applied to the increase of the fertility of the land. Thus (they argue) does Nature ever avenge infractions of her beneficent laws, and so surely as Man is determined to warp any of her blessings into curses, shall they become curses, and shall he suffer heavily. But, this is cant. Just as it is cant of the worst description to say to the London Corporation, "How can you exhibit to the people so plain a spectacle of dishonest equivocation, as to claim the right of holding a market in the midst of the great city, for one of your vested privileges, when you know that when your last market-holding charter was granted to you by King Charles the First, Smithfield stood IN THE SUBURBS OF LONDON, and is in that very charter so described in those five words?"—which is certainly true, but has nothing to do with the question.

Now to the comparison, in these particulars of civilisation, between the capital of England, and the capital of that frog-eating and wooden-shoe wearing country, which the illustrious Common Councilman so sarcastically settled.

In Paris, there is no Cattle Market. Cows and calves are sold within the city, but, the Cattle Markets are at Poissy, about thirteen miles off, on a line of Railway; and at Sceaux, about five miles off. The Poissy market is held every Thursday; the Sceaux market, every Monday. In Paris, there are no slaughter-houses, in our acceptation of the term. There are five public Abattoirs—within the walls, though in the suburbs—and in these all the slaughtering for the city must be performed. They are managed by a Syndicat or Guild of Butchers, who confer with the Minister of the Interior on all matters affecting the trade, and who are consulted when any new regulations are contemplated for its government. They are, likewise, under the vigilant superintendance of the Police. Every butcher must be licensed: which proves him at once to be a slave, for we don't license butchers in England—we only license apothecaries, attorneys, postmasters, publicans, hawkers, retailers of tobacco, snuff, pepper, and vinegar—and one or two other little trades not worth mentioning. Every arrangement in connexion with the slaughtering and sale of meat, is matter of strict police regulation. (Slavery again, though we certainly have a general sort of a Police Act here.)

But, in order that the reader may understand what a monument of folly these frog-eaters have raised in their abattoirs and cattle-markets, and may compare it with

what common counselling has done for us all these years, and would still do but for the innovating spirit of the times, here follows a short account of a recent visit to these places:—

It was as sharp a February morning as you would desire to feel at your fingers' ends when I turned out—tumbling over a chiffonier with his little basket and rake, who was picking up the bits of colored paper that had been swept out, over-night, from a Bon-Bon shop—to take the Butchers' Train to Poissy. A cold dim light just touched the high roofs of the Tuileries which have seen such changes, such distracted crowds, such riot and bloodshed; and they looked as calm, and as old, all covered with white frost, as the very Pyramids. There was not light enough, yet, to strike upon the towers of Notre Dame across the water; but I thought of the dark pavement of the old Cathedral as just beginning to be streaked with grey; and of the lamps in the "House of God," the Hospital close to it, burning low and being quenched; and of the keeper of the Morgue going about with a fading lantern, busy in the arrangement of his terrible waxwork for another sunny day.

The sun was up, and shining merrily when the butchers and I, announcing our departure with an engine-shriek to sleepy Paris, rattled away for the Cattle Market. Across the country, over the Seine, among a forest of scrubby trees—the hoar frost lying cold in shady places, and glittering in the light—and here we are at Poissy! Out leap the butchers who have been chattering all the way like madmen, and off they straggle for the Cattle Market (still chattering, of course, incessantly), in hats and caps of all shapes, in coats and blouses, in calf-skins, cow-skins, horse-skins, furs, shaggy mantles, hairy coats, sacking, baize, oil-skin, anything you please that will keep a man and a butcher warm, upon a frosty morning.

Many a French town have I seen, between this spot of ground and Strasburgh or Marseilles, that might sit for your picture, little Poissy! Barring the details of your old church, I know you well, albeit we make acquaintance, now, for the first time. I know your narrow, straggling, winding streets, with a kennel in the midst, and lamps slung across. I know your picturesque street-corners, winding up-hill Heaven knows why or where! I know your tradesmen's inscriptions, in letters not quite fat enough; your barber's brazen basins dangling over little shops; your Cafés and Estaminets, with cloudy bottles of stale syrup in the windows, and pictures of crossed billiard-cues outside. I know this very grey horse with his tail rolled up in a knot like the "back-hair" of an untidy woman, who won't be shod, and who makes himself heraldic by clattering across the street on his hind legs, while twenty voices shriek and growl at him as a Brigand, an accursed Robber, and an everlastingly-doomed Pig. I know your sparkling town-fountain too, my Poissy, and am glad to see it near a cattle-market, gushing so freshly, under the auspices of a gallant little sublimated Frenchman wrought in metal, perched upon the top. Through all the land of France I know this unswept room at The Glory, with its peculiar smell of beans and coffee, where the butchers crowd about the stove, drinking the thinnest of wine from the smallest of tumblers; where the thickest of coffee-cups mingle with the longest of loaves, and the weakest of lump sugar; where Madame at the counter easily acknowledges the homage of all entering and departing butchers; where the billiard-table is covered up in the midst like a great bird-cage—but the bird may sing by-and-bye!

A bell! The Calf Market! Polite departure of butchers. Hasty payment and departure on the part of amateur Visitor. Madame reproaches Ma'amselle for too fine a susceptibility in reference to the devotion of a Butcher in a bear-skin. Monsieur, the landlord of The Glory, counts a double handful of sous, without an unobliterated inscription, or an undamaged crowned head, among them.

There is little noise without, abundant space, and no confusion. The open area devoted to the market, is divided into three portions: the Calf Market, the Cattle Market, the Sheep Market. Calves at eight, cattle at ten, sheep at mid-day. All is very clean.

The Calf Market is a raised platform of stone, some three or four feet high, open on all sides, with a lofty over-spreading roof, supported on stone columns, which give it the appearance of a sort of vineyard from Northern Italy. Here, on the raised pavement, lie innumerable calves, all bound hind-legs and fore-legs together, and all trembling violently—perhaps with cold, perhaps with fear, perhaps with pain; for, this mode of tying, which seems to be an absolute superstition with the peasantry, can hardly fail to cause great suffering. Here, they lie, patiently in rows, among the straw, with their stolid faces and inexpressive eyes: superintended by men and women, boys and girls; here, they are inspected by our friends, the butchers, bargained for, and bought. Plenty of time; plenty of room; plenty of good humour. "Monsieur François in the bear-skin, how do you do, my friend? You come from Paris by the train? The fresh air does you good. If you are in want of three or four fine calves this market-morning, my angel, I, Madame Doche, shall be happy to deal with you. Behold these calves, Monsieur François! Great Heaven, you are doubtful! Well, sir, walk round and look about you. If you find better for the money, buy them. If not, come to me!" Monsieur François goes his way leisurely, and keeps a wary eye upon the stock. No other butcher jostles Monsieur

François; Monsieur François jostles no other butcher. Nobody is flustered and aggravated. Nobody is savage. In the midst of the country blue frocks and red handkerchiefs, and the butchers' coats, shaggy, furry, and hairy: of calf-skin, cow-skin, horse-skin, and bear-skin: towers a cocked hat and a blue cloak. Slavery! For *our* Police wear great coats and glazed hats.

But now the bartering is over, and the calves are sold. "Ho! Gregorie, Antoine, Jean, Louis! Bring up the carts, my children! Quick, brave infants! Hola! Hi!"

The carts, well littered with straw, are backed up to the edge of the raised pavement, and various hot infants carry calves upon their heads, and dexterously pitch them in, while other hot infants, standing in the carts, arrange the calves, and pack them carefully in straw. Here is a promising young calf, not sold, whom Madame Doche unbinds. Pardon me, Madame Doche, but I fear this mode of tying the four legs of a quadruped together, though strictly à la mode, is not quite right. You observe, Madame Doche, that the cord leaves deep indentations in the skin, and that the animal is so cramped at first as not to know, or even remotely suspect, that he *is* unbound, until you are so obliging as to kick him, in your delicate little way, and pull his tail like a bell-rope. Then, he staggers to his knees, not being able to stand, and stumbles about like a drunken calf, or the horse at Franconi's, whom you may have seen, Madame Doche, who is supposed to have been mortally wounded in battle. But, what is this rubbing against me, as I apostrophise Madame Doche? It is another heated infant, with a calf upon his head. "Pardon, Monsieur, but will you have the politeness to allow me to pass?" "Ah, Sir, willingly. I am vexed to obstruct the way." On he staggers, calf and all, and makes no allusion whatever either to my eyes or limbs.

Now, the carts are all full. More straw, my Antoine, to shake over these top rows; then, off we will clatter, rumble, jolt, and rattle, a long row of us, out of the first town-gate, and out at the second town-gate, and past the empty sentry-box, and the little thin square bandbox of a guardhouse, where nobody seems to live; and away for Paris, by the paved road, lying, a straight straight line, in the long, long avenue of trees. We can neither choose our road, nor our pace, for that is all prescribed to us. The public convenience demands that our carts should get to Paris by such a route, and no other (Napoleon had leisure to find that out, while he had a little war with the world upon his hands), and woe betide us if we infringe orders.

Droves of oxen stand in the Cattle Market, tied to iron bars fixed into posts of granite. Other droves advance slowly down the long avenue, past the second town-gate, and the first town-gate, and the sentry-box, and the bandbox, thawing the morning with their smoky breath as they come along. Plenty of room; plenty of time. Neither man nor beast is driven out of his wits by coaches, carts, waggons, omnibuses, gigs, chaises, phaetons, cabs, trucks, boys, whoopings, roarings, and multitudes. No tail-twisting is necessary—no iron pronging is necessary. There are no iron prongs here. The market for cattle is held as quietly as the market for calves. In due time, off the cattle go to Paris; the drovers can no more choose their road, nor their time, nor the numbers they shall drive, than they can choose their hour for dying in the course of nature.

Sheep next. The Sheep-pens are up here, past the Branch Bank of Paris established for the convenience of the butchers, and behind the two pretty fountains they are making in the Market. My name is Bull: yet I think I should like to see as good twin fountains—not to say in Smithfield, but in England anywhere. Plenty of room; plenty of time. And here are sheep-dogs, sensible as ever, but with a certain French air about them—not without a suspicion of dominoes—with a kind of flavor of moustache and beard—demonstrative dogs, shaggy and loose where an English dog would be tight and close—not so troubled with business calculations as our English drovers' dogs, who have always got their sheep upon their minds, and think about their work, even resting, as you may see by their faces; but, dashing, showy, rather unreliable dogs: who might worry me instead of their legitimate charges if they saw occasion—and might see it somewhat suddenly. The market for sheep passes off like the other two; and away they go, by *their* allotted road to Paris. My way being the Railway, I make the best of it at twenty miles an hour; whirling through the now high-lighted landscape; thinking that the inexperienced green buds will be wishing before long, they had not been tempted to come out so soon; and wondering who lives in this or that château, all window and lattice, and what the family may have for breakfast this sharp morning.

After the Market comes the Abattoir. What abattoir shall I visit first? Montmartre is the largest. So, I will go there.

The abattoirs are all within the walls of Paris, with an eye to the receipt of the octroi duty; but, they stand in open places in the suburbs, removed from the press and bustle of the city. They are managed by the Syndicat or Guild of Butchers under the inspection of the Police. Certain smaller items of the revenue derived from them are in part retained by the Guild for the payment of their expenses, and in part devoted by it to charitable purposes in connexion with the trade. They cost six hundred and eighty thousand pounds; and they return to the City of Paris an interest on that outlay, amounting to nearly six and a half per cent.

Here, in a sufficiently dismantled space is the Abattoir of Montmartre, covering nearly nine

acres of ground, surrounded by a high wall, and looking from the outside like a cavalry barrack. At the iron gates is a small functionary in a large cocked hat. "Monsieur desires to see the abattoir? Most certainly." State being inconvenient in private transactions, and Monsieur being already aware of the cocked hat, the functionary puts it into a little official bureau which it almost fills, and accompanies me in the modest attire—as to his head—of ordinary life.

Many of the animals from Poissy have come here. On the arrival of each drove, it was turned into yonder ample space, where each butcher who had bought, selected his own purchases. Some, we see now, in these long perspectives of stalls with a high overhanging roof of wood and open tiles rising above the walls. While they rest here, before being slaughtered, they are required to be fed and watered, and the stalls must be kept clean. A stated amount of fodder must always be ready in the loft above; and the supervision is of the strictest kind. The same régulations apply to sheep and calves; for which, portions of these perspectives are strongly railed off. All the buildings are of the strongest and most solid description.

After traversing these lairs, through which, besides the upper provision for ventilation just mentioned, there may be a thorough current of air from opposite windows in the side walls, and from doors at either end, we traverse the broad, paved, court-yard until we come to the slaughter-houses. They are all exactly alike, and adjoin each other, to the number of eight or nine together, in blocks of solid building. Let us walk into the first.

It is firmly built and paved with stone. It is well lighted, thoroughly aired, and lavishly provided with fresh water. It has two doors opposite each other; the first, the door by which I entered from the main yard; the second, which is opposite, opening on another smaller yard, where the sheep and calves are killed on benches. The pavement of that yard, I see, slopes downward to a gutter, for its being more easily cleansed. The slaughter-house is fifteen feet high, sixteen feet and a half wide, and thirty-three feet long. It is fitted with a powerful windlass, by which one man at the handle can bring the head of an ox down to the ground to receive the blow from the pole-axe that is to fell him—with the means of raising the carcase and keeping it suspended during the after-operation of dressing—and with hooks on which carcases can hang, when completely prepared, without touching the walls. Upon the pavement of this first stone chamber, lies an ox scarcely dead. If I except the blood draining from him, into a little stone well in a corner of the pavement, the place is as free from offence as the Place de la Concorde. It is infinitely purer and cleaner, I know, my friend the functionary, than the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Ha, ha! Monsieur is pleasant, but, truly, there is reason, too, in what he says.

I look into another of these slaughter-houses. "Pray enter," says a gentleman in bloody boots. "This is a calf I have killed this morning. Having a little time upon my hands, I have cut and punctured this lace pattern in the coats of his stomach. It is pretty enough. I did it to divert myself."—"It is beautiful, Monsieur, the slaughterer!" He tells me I have the gentility to say so.

I look into rows of slaughter-houses. In many, retail dealers, who have come here for the purpose, are making bargains for meat. There is killing enough, certainly, to satiate an unused eye; and there are steaming carcases enough, to suggest the expediency of a fowl and salad for dinner; but, everywhere, there is an orderly, clean, well-systematised routine of work in progress—horrible work at the best, if you please; but, so much the greater reason why it should be made the best of. I don't know (I think I have observed, my name is Bull) that a Parisian of the lowest order is particularly delicate, or that his nature is remarkable for an infinitesimal infusion of ferocity; but, I do know, my potent, grave, and common counselling Signors, that he is forced, when at this work, to submit himself to a thoroughly good system, and to make an Englishman very heartily ashamed of you.

Here, within the walls of the same abattoir, in other roomy and commodious buildings, are a place for converting the fat into tallow and packing it for market—a place for cleansing and scalding calves' heads and sheeps' feet—a place for preparing tripe—stables and coach-houses for the butchers—innumerable conveniences, aiding in the diminution of offensiveness to its lowest possible point, and the raising of cleanliness and supervision to their highest. Hence, all the meat that goes out of the gate is sent away in clean covered carts. And if every trade connected with the slaughtering of animals were obliged by law to be carried on in the same place, I doubt, my friend, now reinstated in the cocked hat (whose civility these two francs imperfectly acknowledge, but appear munificently to repay) whether there could be better regulations than those which are carried out at the Abattoir of Montmartre. Adieu, my friend, for I am away to the other side of Paris, to the Abattoir of Grenelle! And there, I find exactly the same thing on a smaller scale, with the addition of a magnificent Artesian well, and a different sort of conductor, in the person of a neat little woman with neat little eyes, and a neat little voice, who picks her neat little way among the bullocks in a very neat little pair of shoes and stockings.

Such is the Monument of French Folly which a foreigneering people have erected, in a national hatred and antipathy for common counselling wisdom. That wisdom, assembled

that the City of London, having distinctly refused, after a debate three days long, and by a majority of nearly seven to one, to associate itself with any Metropolitan Cattle-Market unless it be held in the midst of the City, it follows that we shall lose the inestimable advantages of common counselling protection, and be thrown, for a market, on our own wretched resources. In all human probability we shall thus come, at last, to erect a monument of folly very like this French monument. If that be done, the consequences are obvious. The leather trade will be ruined, by the introduction of American timber, to be manufactured into shoes for the fallen English; the Lord Mayor will be required, by the popular voice, to live entirely on frogs; and both these changes will (how, is not at present quite clear, but certainly somehow or other) fall on that unhappy landed interest which is always being killed, yet is always found to be alive—and kicking.

MY MAHOGANY FRIEND.

I FANCY the habit I have contracted of conversing with what we commonly call inanimate objects, or, at least, of listening to their long stories and unlimited confidences, (which they are much given to repose in me), arises, in some measure, from the solitary life I lead. I cannot indeed affirm, with truth, that I am altogether a solitary old fellow, seeing I am such a near neighbour to the Chase; neither can I pretend that I am the confidant of inanimate objects alone. You must know, by the way, that the Chase is the old house—*the* house in point of fact—of my neighbourhood.

How well I remember the time, now about seventeen years ago, when I first arrived to take possession of the "Den" as I, somewhat misanthropically, christened my new abode. I calmed myself with the reflection that, although Olivia (which I still think a pretty name) had turned out a flirt, and tried (but unsuccessfully) to break my heart, there was "balm in Gilead." The flutter and flurry of Life were over; no more long expectations, and slow disappointments; all "that sort of thing" was at an end; and, if I were occasionally dull, at least, I should be quiet.

But, talk of single blessedness, talk of having "no encumbrances," as our country-people say, I do not see that my old bachelorship has saved me from any of the anxieties to which fathers, with a whole house full of children, are subject! I am sure I might have had five sons, and a profession apiece to provide for them, and they need not have given me half the trouble or the heartache that that one little black-eyed gipsy at the Chase has occasioned me—not to mention Harry! Ah, I have had a pretty time of it at the Den, altogether! I have been a sort of barometer, entirely at the mercy of the changes of atmosphere at the Chase! I believe a slight tendency to a pulmonary complaint has saved my life, or my reason, before now. I often think I should have been worried to death if I had remained at home without intermission. The Physician who recommended a southern climate, occasionally, did not know half the good he was doing me.

But, I am always running on in this way. I forget where I was.—No I don't! I remember. I began by alluding to inanimate objects. Well! I remember, distinctly enough, the day when, having taken possession of my Den, I went, for the first time, bemoaning my sad fate as the victim of social civility, up and down those tortuous paths that form the short cut from the Den to the Chase—dwarf avenues of stunted underwood, with here and there a large tree, ivy-clasped; but, the fern itself is as high, in some parts, as small trees, and quite thick enough to hide in: as the children at the Chase soon discovered, when they wished to waylay me. Of one thing I am quite sure; the birds sing nowhere so sweetly, or so late, or so early in the day, or in the season, as along that path; and the wild flowers are so bright and so luxuriant that the garden at the Chase looked dull to me after them; but, then, I always have loved wild flowers best.

I am wandering again. It's my way to lose my way. I proceeded to the Chase, for the purpose of returning the visit which the master of the Chase had made to me; and I was left in the hall, while the servant, with those troublesome scruples regarding the exact truth of "not at home" which I suppose are peculiar to country servants, hunted his unfortunate master and mistress into every possible nook and corner of house, pleasure-ground, and garden.

I spent the interim, patiently and pleasantly enough, in the hall. It was a picturesque old hall. Not on a large scale; not a fine hall; but, well fitted up, with a billiard-table in the middle, that had more of a social than a gambling aspect: with plenty of cricket-bats, and fishing-rods, and whips, and gardening utensils, and some out-of-door children's toys, pleasantly scattered about.

"Something straightforward and honest, in a hall of this kind," thought I. "It gives you an insight into the character of the people you are going to meet." As I thought this, my eye fell on an old Hat-stand, whom I immediately took to my bosom as, and have ever since considered and called, my Mahogany Friend.

It was not a very old Hat-stand, then, I suppose; but, old or young, we made friends that minute.

I began our acquaintance by scrutinising the "tree," or, in other words, the arms of my mahogany friend, very narrowly. On the topmost branch, hung the master's hat—rather lower in the crown than the generality of hats, but, quite conventional enough to pass

muster. I thought it had rather a stern look as it inclined downwards; but, it was neat and well-brushed, and had a very respectable appearance altogether. On the left side, far lower down, hung a straw cottage bonnet crossed with a simple pale blue ribbon, round which clustered innumerable little caps, and hats, and bonnets, of different dimensions. I fitted a face into that bonnet as I stood there, and the event did honour to my powers of divination. A fair meek Madonna face, I made it, with eyes all love, and a mouth all gentleness. Too much love, and too little power, in that whole countenance, to fit it for this work-o'-day world.

The master and mistress coming in to receive me, I found my Mahogany friend quite right in these suggestions. I made a pleasant visit, and I thanked him with a courteous look as I went out. We understood each other. I did not frequent the Chase much in those days, comparatively speaking; but, before the year was out, there was a blank on the topmost branch of the tree that looked sad, even to me.

"Bad news!" said my Mahogany Friend, "you see!" And bad, indeed, it was. The small close crape bonnet of the widow which replaced the Cottage for a time, had mounted a degree higher; but, it seemed now as if it only peeped out of a little nest of mourning head-gear.

That was the winter I fell ill, and was ordered to a southern climate. I remained away, several years—a sufficiently long time, in fact, to lay in a good stock of health, so that I was better able, on my return, to encounter the damp air and clayey soil round my old Den.

Nothing could exceed the loquacity of my Mahogany Friend, when I went up to the Chase, on my return. Instead of allowing me to draw my own conclusions from what he showed me, he began to talk in a most unreserved manner.

"Look here!" says he, "don't you think the Cottage appears gayer than it ever did before, with dear old William's hat hanging close to it? That is William's, old William, or Sweet William, as we call him; see how manly it looks. Some people say it has grown very like the one I used to carry on my head some years ago; but, I know better. The quality is quite different, Sir. That cap very near the Cottage, that 's young George's. George mounted that sort of cap because all the other Eton fellows do; an argument which black-eyed sister Katie does not admit. See that little tarpaulin hat just underneath the Cottage; that 's Tom's. Tom, sir, is gone raving mad about sailoring. I see the poor Cottage sometimes, peeping down so anxiously over that little hat! But, it 's of no use, Mr. Mum; the boy's mind 's made up. I suppose I need not tell you who owns this black hat and feathers, eh? Has it not just such a pretty, jaunty, wayward, high-spirited warm-hearted look, as Katie herself? It 's the hat I love to carry, best of all! Though I have no objection to the broad straw hat with its fluttering ribbons, that sits like a thatched roof on the golden locks of little Minnie. Bless you, Mr. Mum, I have seen the people stoop down (and it 's worth their while too) to look at the little fairy underneath! This is Harry's hat next to Katie's. Oh, you may be sure that, while they can, that brother and sister will be side by side! This brown wide-awake is Harry's too—madcap, we call him—and this green Tyrolese hat, with the peacock's feathers, is Harry's, too; and this Glengarry bonnet—all Harry's, Mr. Mum! Harry has no end of friends, and they all send him presents; and, as he spends almost all his time out of doors, what can be a more appropriate present than a covering for that wild head of his, eh, sir? These two neatly trimmed, ladylike bonnets, with a coarser one in the centre," continued my friend, nearly out of his mahogany breath, "these, Mr. Mum, belong to our twins and their governess. Katie, you see, has emancipated herself from that yoke, and Minnie has not put it on yet; but dear me, how I do chatter!"

"Not at all, my Mahogany Friend," I politely replied. His remark was strictly true, but I wished to encourage him; because, like many chatterers, he seemed instinctively to avoid the very point on which I felt some curiosity.

On one side of the stand, but much nearer the top than any of the others, was perched a large, determined, grim-looking Bonnet. It was very plain that Katie's Spaniard and Harry's Tyrolese tossed their feathers at it; that Minnie's ribbons trembled under it; that the twin bonnets, though too well disciplined and ladylike to be demonstrative, inclined nearer to each other, as if they shrunk from it; that William's hat seemed looking away; that George's was running away, and that Tom's was sailing away, from it.

The Cottage had a peculiar expression, or else I am much mistaken; it had a sort of upward look in the direction of the solitary bonnet, and its hung closer than ever to William's hat.

"That grim-looking bonnet is something new, my Mahogany Friend," I observed with some hesitation; for I felt it was rather a breach of taste to allude to the one only subject on which my friend had been silent.

"It may be new to you, Mr. Mum," was the reply, in a decidedly peevish tone, "who have been amusing yourself in Italy all these years; but, it is not new enough to have any charms for me. It is a beaver bonnet, you see. Maybe that is the reason it is so heavy. I know that side of me often aches with the weight of it."

"Why, how can that be?" I asked, determined to sift the matter, now that I had once begun, "almost all your weight is on the other side."

"So *you* think," grumbled my friend. "If you were but to know the relief it is to me, when the Beaver is taken down for its daily 'Constitutional,' you would think differently. Why, if I did not miss it, bodily, I should know it was gone, by the way the children come bounding and springing into the hall, and darting up to me; or by seeing old Nelson scamper across into the drawing-room with his muddy paws."

"But, to whom does it belong?" I insisted.

"Why, I tell you," answered the old Stand, gruffly, "it belongs to 'Aunt.'" (I positively affirm that he had never told me anything of the kind: but let that pass.)

"What do you think Harry did one day?" pursued my friend. "He stuck it up at the top of all (where, between ourselves, I have no doubt it will establish itself some day) and then he called Katie and Minnie to come and bow down before Gesler's hat. Minnie looked terrified, and kept watching 'Aunt's' door—it opens on the staircase, that she may come out at odd times and glare at us, to see what we are all about. Katie tossed her black locks, and said she did not care who came out, for she supposed Harry might put the things where he pleased, in his own mother's hall. There they stood, such a pretty group of rebels on a small scale, looking up at me! And do you know what those good-for-nothing little conspirators planned next day? Harry had a scarlet fez among his hoards, and they pinched it into a Cap of Liberty, and perched it up here immediately, over the Beaver. But William chanced to come down first to breakfast that morning, and he looked grave, and took it off, and said, '*that* wasn't the way to go to work.' Harry and Katie, who had been dodging about, watching for some one else, looked rather disconcerted, but by no means cross, for they always listen to William; and dear old William is sure to be right."

For some time after this, I detected no great change in the expression of my Mahogany Friend, and he volunteered no new confidences. Sometimes, best hats went away; but, then, the nome hats that still lingered gave a promise of return. The grim Beaver went on towering; the Cottage went on nestling; the two sets of feathers went on waving about, all much as usual, until William's hat went away, and staid away longer than usual. When it returned, it had rather a different look about it; and, not long after its return, came a strange straw hat, a Swiss hat, such as ladies (not peasants) wear in their excursions through Switzerland. It was a good hat, I dare say; indeed I know it was, because William said it was; but, to me, it looked strange at the Chase, and I am an old man and do not like what is strange. It always hung next to William's—very close indeed—and the two hats always went out and came in at the same time. At last, the Swiss hat flapped away, and, what was worse for all of us, William's soon followed it, and since that day that corner of the old Hat-stand has had rather a desolate look, and the poor Cottage has never been the same; no, nor the Chase; no, nor the country round about. George's Eton cap, indeed, hung manfully by the Cottage in the holidays, but holidays do not last all the year; and Tom's little tarpaulin was soon on blue water, as my Mahogany Friend (grown taciturn) informed me in expressive pantomime, by holding out his bare arm.

I went away too, much about the same time—not that I was much loss, though Katie *did* cry when I told her I was going. A threatening of my old complaint drove me across the Alps; no unpleasant drive either!

On my return, I found great changes in my Mahogany Friend. The Beaver had established itself much higher, immediately over the Cottage. My old friend informed me that, during my absence, Katie's and Harry's hat would sometimes approach it, or little Minnie's straw creep coaxingly up to it; but, that the moment the Beaver took this stride, all the smaller tribe flew off at a tangent, and there the Beaver remained in triumph, towering over its poor meek neighbour, the Cottage, whose blue ribbon was all faded and discoloured. The other side of the Stand was changed too, and I felt rather perplexed and uneasy at the species of confusion I saw there. The neutralising influence of the twins, and their inseparable companion, was removed to some school in France, I believe. As to Harry, he must have been a real Hydra, if he could wear all those hats and caps. Besides my old friends, there was an Oxford boating hat, and a velvet hunting cap, and a steeple-chase jockey cap, and a German travelling cap, and goodness knows how many more. Round about, like satellites, hung all manner of bad imitations, in the shape of visiting hats and caps, with all the reckless look and none of the genuine air of Harry's head-gear. In the midst of these, I searched anxiously for the girls', my girls' hats; Minnie's, I saw, had betaken itself into a little shy corner, and remained aloof with a sort of scared look. But, Katie's, of course that was there, in the very midst of the throng—not quite so close to Harry's as usual, because it hung on the same branch with a dark blue foraging cap.

Now, when this cap caught my eye, I understood a good deal, because I am in the habit of understanding what I see; but, certainly, I never anticipated all the trouble that foraging cap was destined to give me. The lectures I should have to throw away, the confessions I should be doomed to listen to, the tears and prayers I should have to withstand—or to fancy I withstood; the early and late walks with Kate it would cost me, when it would have been much more comfortable and respectable, at my time of life, to have been, either in bed, or sitting over the fire in my own chimney corner.

I confessed before, that I have no affection for what is strange; but, somehow, by degrees the cap in question grew more familiar to me than I thought likely at first. It began to have a good, honest, dashing, soldier-like expression about it; still I did not think it worth the coil my silly Katie made. Perhaps if the poor Cottage had had more influence than could be expected from a sick room, or if the Beaver had not made itself more than usually grim on the occasion, or if Harry's conduct had been a little more uniform towards the foraging cap (I mean no pun, for I hope I am incapable of such a thing), and had not shown quite such lofty irritation when it took to hanging about Katie's black feathers, with which nothing in Harry's sight could compare; above all, perhaps, if dear old William, with his clear sight, his gentle heart, and persuasive firmness, had been at hand, Katie might have been inclined to listen to reason. However, as it was, the oftener the foraging cap was ordered off the branch, the nearer Katie's black plume waved menacingly by it, looking as ferocious, on a small scale, as the famous plume of feathers on the helmet that came plump into the famous Castle of Otranto. There did come a day, however, when I missed the cap, and in its stead hung a beautiful little riding whip, with a motto in gold letters round the handle—old English letters. I believe I rose greatly in the estimation of my old friend, for reading the motto off so easily; he knew it by heart, he said, and so did Katie; she always repeated it aloud to him, when she took it down every day, and sometimes twice a day.

"No force can move
Affixed Love"

As to Beaver, she had puzzled over it for ever, and could not make it out. The whip was seldom out of Katie's hand; but, pretty as it was, the wilful child actually preferred the cap. There was a great deal of wet weather about that time, which I suppose caused my favourite's feathers to droop like weeping willows, so that I could scarcely bear to see them. But, I was obliged to bear it often enough, I can tell you; they would come nodding into my very study, in the middle of a quiet morning; they would come to luncheon, and to walk, without the slightest encouragement on my part; and actually one wild autumn night, when the curtains were drawn, and the fire made up, and I was sitting in false security with my glass of negus, and a new periodical; what should come dripping in, but that everlasting plume! Much ado I had to get rid of it at all, or to induce it to hang itself up on its own legitimate Hat-stand, that night; for, it had half a mind to spread its wild feathers and fly. Ah, Katie, Katie, the dark rainy walk, too, we had of it! You so provokingly holding out your ungloved hand to see if it rained, in answer to my lamentations, and both of us wet to the skin! I spoke out to you, Katie; but, what was the use? The only answers you gave me, were "But I don't care for what they say, dear Growler," (that was my name at the Chase, and Katie was my godmother), "and I can't help it if people will be ill-natured, and I am much too unhappy to care about that sort of thing; and I love him." But the darling did care too. She did care very much when words passed between her and Harry for the first time in their lives. She did care when the Beaver went into the sick room to make grim mischief; and she did care when Growler, the present writer, looked really grave at last, and showed he plainly did not approve!

Just about this time, there arrived, and hooked itself on to an arm of my Mahogany Friend, at first so low that it used to get dusty, and then, by degrees, creeping nearer to the Beaver than any living hat (so to speak) had ever dared approach before, a species of sleek, damp, broad-brimmed nondescript. It had a sort of shy, squinting way of looking downwards, and yet, at the same time, inclining upwards in the direction of the Beaver. At last, oh joyful day, in our calendar at the Chase! it walked off with the Beaver, and never came back!

I shall never forget the long breath my Mahogany Friend drew, on that delicious occasion. "I feel as young and as buoyant, Mr. Mum," said he, "as on the day I was first put up. One wink, sir, from the old stick and fishing-rod, standing yonder, would send me whirling round the hall in a polka. What do you think the housekeeper said to Katie, in my hearing?—'Well, to be sure, Miss, here's a pretty business, for to think as your aunt should have been and gone and got married to Sly-boots, and we who put up with her so long, for her money, to be cheated after all!' 'I would never have put up with her,' said Katie, with a cheek like those mountain-ash berries over the old fire-place. 'I don't want her money. I hate the very sound of money. I never knew a person who was worth caring for, that had any money!' And up she bounces to my side, Mr. Mum, and tears off her hat, with very little respect for my feelings, I can tell you."

Little traitress, thought I to myself, when the Stand had done talking, I have half a mind to rush home and write a codicil! But, on the whole, I didn't. And not long after Beaver's departure (Katie always *would* say Aunt's elopement) what should hang itself in that very place, for weeks together, but Growler's identical hat—mine—Mr. Mum's! I can see Katie now, on tip-toe, with her arm embracing my Mahogany Friend, spinning and twisting my hat round and round, till I verily thought the brim and crown would part company. But, even if they had, it would have been good repayment to hear the child's merry laugh again, which had been hushed so long; and, after all, she gave me

a new hat herself, the day I went to church with her to give *her* away; for she said she was determined that her dear old growling father should look respectable. The truth is, after I had been domiciled at the Chase, by the express wish of the poor Cottage upstairs, the foraging cap came back, and Harry's hat (which had been away too long) came back also, and Katie's feathers moved and shook, and drooped and fluttered, and tossed and trembled; and—well! and I suppose it was all right! I only know I brought it about; it was a real feast, as the Italians say, that wedding with a pretty, pretty, bride; but I hate weddings, and will never go to another—no, not even to Minnie's. The foraging cap, you may suppose, did not go to church, but a bran new hat did (I hate bran new hats—mine was bran new too—they shine so) and the cap drove off afterwards, with as many bright hopes in it as ever filled a cap of any description, old, middle-aged, or new; before or since.

I went home again, to the Den, that very day. Home, did I say? Well; Katie allowed me to live there, and did not ask much rent, and I don't know who would be more likely to watch over the little wife's interests than her agent, Growler, while she was marching over the country from quarter to quarter.

A year and a half has passed since then, and times have changed with my Mahogany Friend, who was obstinately silent, and looked very blank, through all that term. William's hat has come back—not the old hat, but one of foreign manufacture—and Mrs. William's hat, (made for more sun than she will get here), has come along with it, and three or four little, outlandish, far-away, over-the-sea sort of head-dresses, for which I, who have never crossed the Line, or been farther south than Palermo, can find no name, cluster around them; and, better than all, for all would be incomplete without them, my Katie's black plume and the foraging cap have come back, and hang up with the rest—as the country-people say, "quite natural." What the puffy little cream-coloured hood, (much too small I should have thought for anything living), that hangs there too, may mean, or what tiny animal may be in the habit of wearing it, I don't know—but, I have no doubt Katie knows—and indeed she says I 'm its godfather. The faded Cottage is bleached, and has a new ribbon, and comes out quite fresh; and there's a dreadfully suspicious young hat near Minnie's bonnet. In a word, my Mahogany Friend is perfectly radiant, and stood, but yesterday, with all his five-and-twenty arms a-kimbo, and all his hats cocked, looking at me with the jolliest aspect I ever observed in him.

"You consider," I began, addressing him familiarly, and presuming on our friendship—

"To make short work with you, Mr. Mum," he replied, "I consider my history finished, and I never mean to say any more."

My opinion is, that he never will, and that he ought to blush French polish for having said so much, about so little.

A SUBURBAN CONNEMARA.

I was born and bred in Manchester. My earliest impression—which has hardly left me yet—that all rich men are mill-owners, and all poor men and women merely spinners. I am proud of being a Manchester man; for there is not a town more orderly or better lighted and paved, or (till lately) better swept, in England. Till I was four-and-twenty I had never been out of my native town. Early and late I toiled in my father's counting-house, without ever thinking of stirring out of it, or taking a holiday; for my father used to say, that God gave man one day out of every seven for rest, and He knew what was enough for him. I used to hear of London at that time, and to fancy that Watling Street was a kind of High Street to the Metropolis; for all our correspondents dated from Watling Street. When the railway opened, there came a great change in this respect. I made my first journey to London; and finding that I knocked off a good deal of business by the transaction, I began to run up to town nearly every week, which I have continued to do ever since.

Thus, though I am a Manchester man, I know the City as well as any Londoner. I know every court and alley of it, and can make short cuts, and find the nearest way from any one part of that great labyrinth to another. I confess I am not so well acquainted with the suburbs. I had always a favourable impression of the northern side of London, from the pretty villas and cottages which I had remarked on each side of the line, on coming up by the North-Western Railway. Therefore, having lately found it advisable to transfer my business altogether to Watling Street, City, I resolved to seek in that quarter for a residence for myself and family. Another reason induced me to select that spot. My goods are coming up continually by the North Western Railway; and having some commissions in the West Riding, who send up parcels by the Great Northern line, I wished to be somewhere between Battle Bridge and Euston Square: in order, occasionally, to give an eye to my consignments at both stations. With this purpose I procured a new map, on a large scale, in order to see all the Victoria Crescents and Albert Terraces thereabouts.

I drew out my pocket-compasses, measured the line, reduced it one half; and, on finding the unknown locality, brought one point of the dividor's plumb upon a spot which I at once read off from the map as "Agar Town." Looking more minutely, I observed that the particular point of the district indicated, was "Salisbury Crescent." I could not repress an exclamation of satisfaction, as Oxford and

Cambridge Crescents also met my eye. Without further delay, I struck a half-mile circle; and as I observed therein several streets and terraces bearing the names, Canterbury, Winchester, Durham, Salisbury, &c., I concluded that this was (as it eventually turned out to be) Church property; and, as a lover of order and decency, I congratulated myself on the felicitous idea that had suggested to me that neighbourhood; for I felt this circumstance to be a guarantee of an orderly and well-regulated estate.

From these high-sounding names, however, I had some misgivings that the houses in that neighbourhood might be of too expensive a class for a man of moderate means. Still, I resolved to proceed there, and reconnoitre, in the hope of finding a decent little place, at a moderate figure. So, with my map in my hand, I rode down to King's Cross, and proceeding along the old Pancras Road, entered the King's Road, which is the boundary of the property I was seeking. I had not gone far beyond a large building, which I found was the St. Pancras Workhouse, when I observed a woman and a number of ragged children drawing a truck. The truck contained a table, two or three old chairs, and some kitchen utensils, with a large bundle of bed-clothes tied up in a patchwork quilt. The entire strength of the company was exerted to draw the truck up the steep pathway of a turning on the right-hand side of the road, in which they succeeded at length; and the woman, struggling, with her hair about her face, and her bonnet hanging round her neck, the truck moved on, aided by the vigorous pushing of her young family behind. The pathway was some feet above the road, which was a complete bog of mud and filth, with deep cart-ruts; the truck, oscillating and bounding over the inequalities of the narrow pathway, threatened every moment to overturn with the woman, her family, and all her worldly goods.

There was something so painfully picturesque in the little group, and so exciting in the constant apprehension of an accident, that I could not help following. For a time, however, a special Providence seemed to watch over the party. I began to give up all fear of a mishap; when, suddenly, the inner wheel encountered a small hillock of dust and vegetable refuse at the door of a cottage, and finally shot its contents into the deep slough of the roadway. The woman turned back; and, having well thumped the heads of her family, seated herself upon the heap of ashes which had been the cause of her misfortune, to vent the rest of her rage in abuse of a miscellaneous character.

A dustman happening to pass at the time, helped the children to restore the chattels to the righted truck.

"How fur have you to go?" he asked.

"Oh! not fur," said she, "only to one of them cottages yonder. It's very aggravatin," arter draggin' them goods all the way from Smithses Rents, and all along that there nasty road, all right; just to upset when one's got here! This ain't no woman's work, this ain't; only my husband 's got a job this mornin', and we was obliged to move out afore twelve; which is the law, they says."

"What is the name of this place?" I asked.

"This here, sir?" replied the woman; "why, Hagar Town."

"Agar Town?" I exclaimed, with astonishment, remembering how clean and promising it had appeared upon the map. "Do you mean to say that I am really in Agar Town?"

The dustman, who by this time had finished his job, and who sat upon the pathway smoking a short black pipe, with his legs dangling over the road, like a patient angler by a very turbid stream, ventured to join the conversation, by answering my question.

"You 're as nigh," said he, "to the middle o' Hagar Town as you vell can be."

"And where," said I, "is Salisbury Crescent?"

"There 's Salisbury Crescent!"

I looked up, and saw several wretched hovels, ranged in a slight curve, that formed some excuse for the name. The doors were blocked up with mud, heaps of ashes, oyster-shells, and decayed vegetables.

"It 's a rum place, ain't it?" remarked the dustman. "I am forced to come through it twice every day, for my work lays that way; but I wouldn't, if I could help it. It don't much matter in my business, a little dirt, but Hagar Town is worse nor I can abear."

"Are there no sewers?"

"Sooers? Why, the stench of a rainy morning is enough fur to knock down a bullock. It 's all very well for them as is lucky enough to have a ditch afore their doors; but, in gen'ral, everybody chucks everythink out in front and there it stays. There used to be an inspector of noosances, when the choleray was about; but, as soon as the choleray went away, people said *they* didn't want no more of that suit till such times as the choleray should break out agen."

"Is the whole of Agar Town in such a deplorable state as this?" I asked.

"All on it! Some places, wuss. You can't think what rookeries there is in some parts. As to the roads, they ain't never been done nothink to. *They* ain't roads. I recollect when this place was all gardeners' ground; it was a nice pooty place enough then. That ain't above ten or twelve year ago. When people began to build on it, they run up a couple o' rows o' houses oppersite one another, and then the road was left fur to make itself. Then the rain come down, and people chucked their rubbidge out; and the ground bein' nat'rally soft, the carts from the brick-fields worked it all up into paste."

"How far does Agar Town extend?" I asked.

"Do you see them cinder heaps out a yonder?"

I looked down in the distance, and beheld a lofty chain of dark mountains.

"Well," said the Dustman, "that 's where Hagar Town ends—close upon Battle Bridge. Them heaps is made o' breeze; breeze is the siftins of the dust what has been put there by the conteractor's men, arter takin' away all the wallyables as has been found."

At this point, the woman, who had been combing her hair, arose, and, the truck resumed its perilous journey. The dustman waited, and saw it arrive at its destination, in safety; whereupon the dustman having smoked his pipe, departed. As I had, by this time, given up all intention of seeking a residence in that neighbourhood, I continued my researches, like Dr. Syntax, simply in search of the picturesque.

Crossing another bridge—for the canal takes a winding course through the midst of this Eden—I stood beside the Good Samaritan public-house, to observe the houses which the dustman had pointed out, with the water "a flowin' in at the back doors." Along the canal side, the huts of the settlers, of many shapes and sizes, were closely ranged. Every tenant, having, as I was informed, his own lease of the ground, appeared to have disdained to imitate his neighbour, and to have constructed his abode according to his own ideas of beauty or convenience. There were the dog-kennel, the cow-shed, the shanty, and the elongated watch-box, styles, of architecture. To another, the ingenious residence of Robinson Crusoe seemed to have given his idea. Through an opening was to be seen another layer of dwellings, at the back: one, looking like a dismantled windmill; and another, perched upon a wall, like a guard's look-out on the top of a railway carriage. The love of variety was, everywhere, carried to the utmost pitch of extravagance. Every garden had its nuisance—so far the inhabitants were agreed—but, every nuisance was of a distinct and peculiar character. In the one, was a dung-heap; in the next, a cinder-heap; in a third, which belonged to the cottage of a costermonger, were a pile of whelk and periwinkle shells, some rotten cabbages, and a donkey; and the garden of another, exhibiting a board inscribed with the words "Ladies' School," had become a pond of thick green water, which was carefully dammed up, and prevented from flowing over upon the canal towing-path, by a brick parapet.

I remember to have seen, in a book written some time since, a chapter devoted to the *beau idéal* of an English villa and estate. The village church was, at that period, considered of some importance, and an approach thereto by a good road was treated as an element in securing the comfort and well-being of the villagers. I looked for the "heaven-directing spire," and thought of the bogs, sloughs, and quagmires that must, necessarily, be struggled through by a pious parishioner; and I wondered whether it was possible for any amount of courage and patience to prevail over the difficulties. The English Captain, who attended church at San Francisco, in fisherman's mud-jacks, with trowsers close reefed up each leg, felt all his misgivings at his grotesque appearance vanish when he saw other men dressed like himself, and observed that the prevailing costume for ladies was Wellington boots; but, I should like to know what sympathy an inhabitant of Agar Town would get, if, on a Sunday morning, he presented himself before the parish beadle thus attired! The Rector of St. Pancras has endeavoured to meet his parishioners in this district, halfway; for, finding the difficulty of moving Agar Town to church, he moved the church to Agar Town; and a neat little structure, or temporary church, is now conveniently planted in the dirtiest part of the district.

The inhabitants themselves exhibit a genuine Irish apathy. Here and there, a barrow or two of oyster shells, broken bricks, and other dry materials, have been thrown into the mud. In Cambridge Row, I observed that some effort had been made to get a crossing; but, a sign-board indicated that it was to facilitate the approach to "The back door of the Good Samaritan."

Continuing my way until I came within the shadow of the great cinder-heaps of Mr. Darke, the contractor, I turned off at Cambridge Crescent, to make the hazardous attempt of discovering a passage back into the Pancras Road. At the corner of Cambridge Crescent are the Talbot Arms Tea Gardens, boasting a dry skittle-ground, which, if it be not an empty boast, must be an Agar Town island. The settlers of Cambridge Crescent are almost all shopkeepers—the poorest exhibiting in their rag-patched windows a few apples and red-herrings, with the rhyming announcement, "Table-beer, Sold here." I suspect a system of barter prevails—the articles sold there comprehending, no doubt, the whole of the simple wants of the inhabitants; a system, perhaps, suggested by the difficulty of communication with the civilised world.

A stranger in these parts immediately attracts the attention of the neighbourhood; and if he be not recognised for an Agarite, is at once set down for a "special commissioner," about to report to some newspaper upon the condition of the inhabitants. I met no one having the air of a stranger, except an unlucky gentleman, attempting to make a short cut to the London and York Railway station; and a postman, vainly inquiring for Aurora Cottage. There were Bath, and Gloucester, Roscommon, Tralee, and Shamrock Cottages; but Aurora Cottage, being probably in some adjoining street, was entirely unknown to the mud-bound inhabitants. The economy of space which I had observed from the bridge,

was also apparent here. Every corner of a garden contained its hut, well stocked with dirty children. The house of one family was a large yellow van upon wheels, thus raised above high mud-mark. This was the neatest dwelling I had observed. It had two red painted street-doors, with bright brass knockers, out of a tall man's reach, and evidently never intended for knocking—the entrance being by steps at the head of the van; indeed, I suspect that these doors were what the stage managers call "impracticable." The interior appeared to be well furnished; and divided into bed-room and sitting-room. Altogether, it had a comfortable look, with its chimney-pipe smoking on the top; and if I were doomed to live in Agar Town, I should certainly like lodgings in the yellow van.

As I proceeded, my way became more perilous. The footpath, gradually narrowing, merged at length in the bog of the road. I hesitated; but, to turn back was almost as dangerous as to go on. I thought, too, of the possibility of my wandering through the labyrinth of rows and crescents until I should be benighted; and the idea of a night in Agar Town, without a single lamp to guide my footsteps, emboldened me to proceed. Plunging at once into the mud, and hopping in the manner of a kangaroo—so as not to allow myself time to sink and disappear altogether—I found myself, at length, once more in the King's Road.

It is not my wish to inquire into the affairs of the ground landlords, or to attempt to guess at their reasons for allowing such a miserable state of things to exist upon their property. I have understood that the fee of the estate is in the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and that the present owners hold it only for a term of three lives; with a power of leasing for periods not longer than twenty-one years each. If this be the case, perhaps no respectable tenant could be induced to take the land for so short a term upon a building lease. Yet, when it is considered how much it would have been for the benefit of all parties that decent and comfortable dwellings should have occupied the ground, instead of the wretched huts to be found there, it is much to be regretted that some arrangement was not entered into for that purpose. The place, in its present state, is a disgrace to the metropolis. It has sprung up in about ten years. Old haunts of dirt and misery, suffered to exist in times when the public paid no attention to such matters, are difficult to deal with; but this is a new evil, which only began to come into existence about the time when Mr. Chadwick's Report first brought before the public a picture of the filthy homes and habits of the labouring classes, and of the frightful amount of crime and misery resulting therefrom.

In Agar Town we have, within a short walk of the City—not a gas-light panorama of Irish misery, "almost as good as being there," but a perfect reproduction of one of the worst towns in Ireland. The land is well situated—being high for the most part—and therefore capable of good drainage; and, although too great a proximity to the cinder-heaps might make it an objectionable site for a superior class of dwellings, no spot could be better adapted for the erection of small tenements for labouring men and mechanics. It is close to the terminus of one of the great trunk railways, where a large number of men—officers of the company and labourers—are employed. There are, also, many large manufactories in the neighbourhood. The men employed in these places must reside near their work, and are consequently compelled to take any accommodation, however miserable, which the neighbourhood may afford, and at whatever cost. A respectable mechanic told me that he paid for his hut a rent of six shillings per week. This contained two rooms only—upon the ground, for there was no upper story. It appeared to have hardly any foundation, the boards of the floor being laid upon the earth, without a brick between, to prevent the dampness oozing through; a manner of building which has been repeatedly pointed out, by the Sanitary Commissioners, as productive of disease. The place was altogether of the rudest and most comfortless description, and could not, I was assured, have cost more in the erection—built as it was of old fragments of brick and plaster—than forty pounds.

It was not by choice, but by necessity, that this man lived in such a place. In various parts, a certain air of cleanliness in a dwelling, here and there, contrasting with the filthy state of the street, gave evidence of other inhabitants who had not been led by a mere taste for filth and wretchedness to take up their abode in Agar Town. These poor people cannot help themselves; toiling early and late, the struggle to provide for the ever-renewing wants of the day, exacts all their time and energies. Who will help them?

A WORLD AT PEACE.

Shaping the shadows of dim times to come,
 The thoughtful mind forecasts a scene of glory;
Blessings for all, no longer heap'd on some,
 Brighten the chapters of man's future story.

The fiercer passions of the human breast
 Melt into love, and swell the tide of kindness;
Mercy descends, a warmly welcomed guest,
 To those who once had spurn'd her in their
  blindness.

War is the fashion of a former age,
 Of which the scholar reads with solemn wonder;
And mutely pities, as he turns the page,
 The madness that kept man and man asunder.

The weak dwell safely; right prevails o'er might;
 Law binds its subjects with a moral fetter;
All for some end of general good unite,
 And strive to make the world they live in,
  better.

Is this the phantom of a poet's dream,
That mocks him with a fleeting thrill of pleasure?
Or does the future with such glories teem,
And even now give earnest of its treasure?

Heaven only knows!—Meanwhile, let 's do our best
To leave this heir-loom when in dust we moulder;
Man may enjoy unbroken peace and rest,
'Ere this fair globe has grown a century older.

DREAMS.

When we picture to ourselves a person lying in a state of profound sleep—the body slightly curved upon itself; the limbs relaxed; the head reclining on its pillow; and eyelids closed;—it is wonderful to think what strange and startling imagery may be passing through the brain of that apparently unconscious being. The events of his whole life may hurry past him in dim obscurity; he may be revisited by the dead; he may be transported into regions he never before beheld; and his ideas, visibly assuming phantasmal shapes, may hover round him like shadows reflected from another and more spiritual state of existence.

Let us draw the curtains gently aside, and study the physiognomy of sleep.

The countenance may, occasionally, be observed lighted up, as it were, from within by a passing dream—its expression is frequently one of peculiar mildness and benignity; the breathing may be slow, but it is calm and uniform; the pulse not so rapid as in the waking state, but soft and regular; the composure of the whole body may continue trance-like and perfect. There is, indeed, no sign of innocence more touching than the smile of a sleeping infant. But, suddenly, this state of tranquillity may be disturbed; the dreamer changes his position and becomes restless; he moans grievously—perhaps sobs—and tears may be observed glimmering underneath his eyelids; his whole body now seems to be shaken by some inward convulsion; but, presently, the strife abates; the storm-cloud gradually passes; he stretches his limbs, opens his eyes, and, as he awakes, daylight, in an instant, dispels the vision, perhaps leaving not behind the faintest trace or recollection of a single incident which occurred in this mysterious state.

But what are dreams? Whence come they? What do they portend? Not man only, but all animals, it is presumed, dream, more or less, when they are asleep. Horses neigh, and sometimes kick violently; cows, when suckling their young calves, often utter piteous lowings; dogs bark in suppressed tones, and, from the motions of their paws, appear to fancy themselves in the field of the chase; even frogs, particularly during summer, croak loudly and discordantly until midnight, and then retire, and become silent. Birds also dream; and will sometimes, when frightened, fall from their roosting perch, or flutter about their cage, in evident alarm. A bullfinch, says Bechstein, belonging to a lady, was subject to very frightful dreams, which made it drop off its perch; but no sooner did it hear the voice of its affectionate mistress than it became immediately tranquil and reascended its perch to sleep again. It is pretty certain that parrots dream. It is, indeed, a curious circumstance that the best way of teaching this bird to talk is to cover the cage over so as to darken it, and while he is going to sleep pronounce, audibly and slowly, the word he is to learn; if the winged pupil be a clever one, he will, upon the repetition of the lesson, in a morning or two, begin to repeat it.

Upon the same principle, school-boys commit their tasks to memory by reading them over the last thing before they go to bed. It is to be remembered that during sleep the mind may not be wholly under eclipse; for, although some of its faculties—such as perception, comparison, judgment, and especially the will, may be suspended—others, (for example, Memory and Imagination), are often more active than in the waking state. But some persons, it is said, never dream. We are assured by Locke that he knew a gentleman who had an excellent memory, yet could not recollect ever having dreamed until his twenty-sixth year. Dr. Reid, for many years before his death, had no recollection of having ever dreamed. Dr. Elliotson also relates, apparently upon good authority, the case of a man who never dreamed until after he had a fever, in his fortieth year; and we ourselves know several persons who are not conscious of ever dreaming. Nevertheless, many contend that in all such cases dreams really occur, but that they escape the recollection; for they contend that it is impossible that the mind cannot, being an independent principle, ever be in a state of absolute rest. This is arguing within a very narrow circle. We must not forget that the intimate alliance of the mind with the body, subjects it to its general laws; the "heat-oppressed brain" requires rest to renew its energies, and the mind, of which it is the organ, in the meantime, may, as in profound sleep, remain perfectly quiescent. The lids of the outward senses are closed; a veil is drawn over the immaterial principle of our nature; and mind and body alike, for a period, lie in a state of utter unconsciousness.

Here, however, it may fairly be asked, how happens it that the same persons will at one time remember, and, at another, forget his dreams? This circumstance may, we conceive, thus be explained:—

Those dreams which occur in very deep sleep, and in the early part of the night, are not so likely to be remembered as those which happen towards morning, when the sleep is less profound; hence the popular notion that our morning dreams—which are always best remembered—are likely to prove true. Then, again, the imagery of some

dreams is more striking, and actually makes a deeper impression than the incidents of other dreams. We are told by Sir Humphrey Davy, that, on one occasion, a dream was so strongly impressed upon his eye, that even after he had risen and walked out, he could not be persuaded of its unreal nature, until his friends convinced him of its impossibility. The effect of some dreams upon children is very remarkable; they are, it is believed, more liable to dreams of terror than grown persons, which may be accounted for by their being more subject to a variety of internal complaints, such as teething, convulsions, derangement of the bowels, &c.; added to which, their reasoning faculties are not as yet sufficiently developed to correct such erroneous impressions. Hence, sometimes, children appear, when they awake, bewildered and distressed, and remain for a considerable period in a state of agitation almost resembling delirium. The incidents which are conceived in dreams are indeed not unfrequently confounded by adults with real events; hence, we often hear people, in alluding to some doubtful circumstance, exclaim, "Well! if it be not true, I certainly must have dreamed it." We confess we have ourselves been puzzled in this way; the spell may be broken; but the impression made by the delusion still clings to us; its shadow is still thrown across our path.

The question therefore recurs, what are Dreams? Whence do they arise? We believe that the ideas and emotions which take place in the dreaming state may be ascribed to a twofold origin. They may arise from certain bodily sensations, which may suggest particular trains of thought and feeling; or they may be derived from the operations or activity of the thinking principle itself; in which case they are purely mental. The celebrated Dr. James Gregory—whose premature death was a great loss to science—states, that having gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamt of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and felt the ground warm under him. He likewise, on another occasion, dreamt of spending a winter at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering much distress from intense frost; and found, when he awoke, that he had thrown off the bedclothes in his sleep, and exposed himself to cold. He had been reading, a few days before, a very particular account of this colony. The eminent metaphysician, Dr. Reid, relates of himself that the dressing of a blister, which he had applied to his head, becoming ruffled, so as to produce pain, he dreamt that he had fallen into the hands of a party of North American Indians, who were scalping him. These were dreams suggested by sensations which were conveyed from the surface of the body, through the nerves, until a correspond ing impression was produced on the mind. Upon the same principle, very strong impressions received during the day may modify and very materially influence the character of our dreams at night. Dr. Beattie states that once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, he passed a night of dreams which were so terrible, that he found it expedient to keep himself awake, that he might no longer be tormented with them. "Had I been superstitious," he observes, "I should have thought that some disaster was impending; but it occurred to me that the tempestuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the cause of all these horrors." Other and less obvious causes are in constant operation. A change in the weather—in the electrical state of the atmosphere—and its barometrical pressure—the temperature of the bed-room—arrangements of the bed-furniture—the adjustment of the bed-clothes—nay, the position of the sleeper, particularly if he cramp a foot or benumb an arm, will at once affect the entire concatenation and issue of his dreams.

Furthermore. Impressions may be made on the mind during sleep, by speaking gently to a person, or even whispering in the ear. We ourselves, when in Italy, could on one occasion trace the origin of a very remarkable dream to our having heard, in an obscure and half-conscious manner, during sleep, the noise of people in the streets, on All Souls'-night, invoking alms for the dead. Dr. Beattie knew a man in whom any kind of dream could be produced if his friends, gently addressing him, afforded the subject-matter for his ideas. Equally curious is the circumstance that dreams may be produced by whispering in the ear. A case of this description is recorded by Dr. Abercrombie:—

"An officer, whose susceptibility of having his dreams thus conjured before him, was so remarkable, that his friends could produce any kind of dream they pleased, by softly whispering in his ear, especially if this were done by one with whose voice he was familiar. His companions were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. On one occasion they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to meet, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired off in his sleep, and was awakened by the report. On another, they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when, by whispering, they made him believe he had fallen overboard; and they then exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated the motions of swimming. They then suggested to him that he was being pursued by a shark, and entreated him to dive for his life. This he did, or rather attempted, with so much violence, that he threw himself off the locker, by which he was bruised, and, of course, awakened." Dr. Abercrombie adds, that the most remarkable circumstance connected with this case was, that after these and a variety of other pranks had been played upon him,

"He had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some tricks upon him."

It appears, also—and the fact is very remarkable—that a similar kind of sensation will produce the same description of dream in a number of individuals at the same time. Hence different people will sometimes have the same dream. We read of a whole regiment starting up in alarm, declaring they were dreaming that a black dog had jumped upon their breasts and disappeared, which curious circumstance was explained by the discovery, that they had all been exposed to the influence of a deleterious gas, which was generated in the monastery. The effect of music, also, in exciting delightful dreams, has often been attested. A French philosopher whose experiments are reported by Magendie, according to the airs which he had arranged should be played while he was asleep, could have the character of his dreams directed at pleasure. "There is an art," says Sir Thomas Browne —in his usual quaint style—"to make dreams as well as their interpretations; and physicians will tell us that some food makes turbulent, some gives quiet dreams. Cato, who doated upon cabbage, might find the crude effects thereof; and Pythagoras might have had calmer sleeps if he had totally abstained from beans."

The influence of the day's occurrences, and the thoughts which have occupied the mind during the day, have been said to give a corresponding tone and colouring to our dreams at night. Thus the lover dreams of his mistress; the miser of his gold; the merchant of his speculations; the man of science of his discoveries. The poets of all ages and nations adopt this view. Virgil describes Dido forsaken by Æneas, wandering alone on a desert shore in pursuit of the Tyrians. Milton represents Eve relating to Adam the dreams which were very naturally the repetition of her waking thoughts. Petrarch invokes the beauty of Laura. Eloisa, separated from Abelard, is again happy in his company, even amidst "dreary wastes" and "low-browed rocks."

There can be no doubt that the dreams of many persons are very greatly influenced by the reflections and emotions they have experienced the preceding day; but this is by no means invariably the case. We have known persons whose dreams refer habitually to events which occurred to them, perhaps, twenty years ago, and upon whom recent events seem to possess no such influence. We have often been told by ladies happily and affectionately married, that while they were engaged, although their thoughts were naturally much set on their engagement, they never dreamt of their lovers. So, also, the father of a family, habitually impressed with a sense of his responsibility and affection towards his offspring, will sometimes dream often enough of his neighbour's children, but seldom, or, perhaps, never, of his own. Try to dream on a given subject—resolve and fix the attention upon it—going to sleep, and no sooner are our eyelids closed, than fantastic fancy will conjure up the most opposite and incongruous imagery. We have heard this dream-problem explained by referring it to a principle of *antagonism*, which, waking or sleeping, may be observed in the animal economy. If a limb become fatigued by remaining too long in one position, it will be relieved by being thrown into the very opposite condition; if the eye fatigue itself by gazing intently on the disc of any bright colour, and the eyelids close, the very opposite, or antagonistic colour will be depicted upon the retina; in like manner, when our waking thoughts—in connection with the nerve matter, which is their material instrument—have exhausted their energy, we can easily conceive how the very opposite condition will be produced. Hence the most unconnected and preposterous train of imagery may arise from the very earnestness with which we desire a contrary effect. We dream of events which do not concern us, instead of those in which we are most deeply interested; we dream of persons to whom we are indifferent, instead of those to whom we are attached. But, in the midst of all this curious and perplexing contrariety, it is remarkable—and may be esteemed a proof of the immateriality of the mind—that we always preserve the consciousness of our own identity. No man dreams that he is woman, or any other person than himself;—we have heard of persons who have dreamt they were dead, and in a spiritual state; but the spirit was still their own—they maintained their identity. Sir Thomas Lawrence once made an interesting observation on this subject to Mrs. Butler—then Miss Fanny Kemble: he pointed out, in conversation, that he never heard of any lady who ever dreamed that she was younger than she really was. We retain in our dreams even the identity of our age. It has been said—we think by Sir Thomas Browne—that some persons of virtuous and honourable principles will commit, as they fancy, actions in their dreams which they would shudder at in their waking moments; but we cannot believe that the identity of moral goodness can be so perverted in the dreaming state. We can, however, readily conceive that, when the mind is oppressed, or disturbed by the recollection of some event it dreads to dwell upon, it may be disturbed by the most terrific and ghastly images. A guilty conscience, too, will unquestionably produce restlessness, agitation, and awe-inspiring dreams. Hence Manfred, in pacing restlessly his lonely Gothic gallery at midnight, pictures to himself the terrors of Sleep:—

"The lamp must be replenished; even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch.

My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not. In my heart
There is a vigil; and these eyes
But close to look within."

Contrition and remorse oppose his rest. If we remember right, it was Bishop Newton, who remarked that the sleep of innocence differed essentially from the sleep of guilt.

The assistance supposed to be sometimes furnished in sleep towards the solution of problems which puzzled the waking sense, opens up a curious subject of investigation. Cases of the kind have been recorded upon undoubted authority. Hence some philosophers, like Sir Thomas Browne and Addison, have been induced to suppose that the soul in this state is partially disengaged from the encumbrance of the body, and therefore more intelligent, which is a mere fancy—a poetical fiction. Surely it is absurd to suppose that the soul, which we invest with such high and perfect attributes, should commit such frivolous and irrational acts as those which take place so constantly in our dreams. "Methinks," observed Locke, "every drowsy nod shakes this doctrine." All we remark, is, that some of the ordinary mental faculties act in such cases with increased energy. But beyond this we cannot go. We are informed by Cabains, that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him that he had been assisted in his dreams on the issue of many affairs in which he was engaged. So, also, Condillac, while writing his "Cours d'Etudes" states that he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete, and retire to bed: and that on waking, he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head. Condorcet upon leaving his deep and complicated calculations unfinished, after having retired to rest, often found their results unfolded to him in his dreams. Voltaire assures us that he, like La Fontaine, composed verses frequently in his sleep, which he remembered on awaking. Doctor Johnson states that he once in a dream had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. Coleridge, in a dream, composed the wild and beautiful poem of "Kubla Khan," which was suggested to him by a passage he was reading in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" when he fell asleep. On awaking he had a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines which have been so much admired.

One of the most striking circumstances connected with the human mind is the extreme lightning-like rapidity of its thoughts, even in our waking hours; but the transactions which appear to take place in our dreams are accomplished with still more incalculable rapidity; the relations of space, the duration of time, appear to be alike annihilated; we are transported in an instant to the most distant regions of the earth, and the events of ages are condensed into the span of a few seconds. The accidental jarring of a door, or any noise, will, at the same moment it awakens a person, suggest the incidents of an entire dream. Hence some persons—Lord Brougham in particular—have supposed that all our dreams take place in the transition or interval between sleep and waking. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had, in the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. The same want of any notion of the duration of time occurs, more or less, in all dreams; hence our ignorance when we awake of the length of the night. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening with the fright, discovered he had not been ten minutes asleep. "I lately dreamed," says Dr. Macnish, "that I made a voyage—remained some days in Calcutta—returned home—then took ship for Egypt, where I visited the cataracts of the Nile, Grand Cairo, and the Pyramids; and, to crown the whole, had the honour of an interview with Mahomet Ali, Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great." All this was the work of a single hour, or even a few minutes. In one of the dreams which Mr. De Quincey describes—when under the influence of opium —"the sense of Space and in the end of Time were," he states, "both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to a sense of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of Time. I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millenium, passed in that time; or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience." One of the miracles of Mahomet appears to be illustrative of the same phenomenon. We read, in the Koran, that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet, one morning, out of his bed to give him a sight of all things in the Seven Heavens and in Paradise; and, after holding ninety thousand spiritual conferences, he was brought back again to his bed; all which was transacted in so small a space of time that Mahomet, upon his return, found his bed still warm.

Are dreams so much varied as is generally supposed? Or, taking into consideration our different mental and physical constitutions, is there not rather a remarkable sameness in them? It is certainly a very unusual circumstance to hear of any dream that does

violence to the common experience of mankind. One class of dreams, which may be termed RETROSPECTIVE, is of frequent occurrence. These are characterised by the revival of associations long since forgotten. The faculty of Memory appears to be preternaturally exalted; the veil is withdrawn which obscured the vista of our past life; and the minutest events of childhood pass in vivid review before us. There can be no doubt that something analogous to this occurs in drowning; when, after the alarm and struggle for life has subsided, sensations and visions supervene with indescribable rapidity. The same, very remarkable phenomenon takes place also sometimes in hanging; but is by no means uniformly produced. "Of all whom I have seen restored from drowning," observes Dr. Lettsom, "I never found one who had the smallest recollection of any thing that passed under water until the time they were restored." Persons must not, therefore, be deceived by imagining that an Elysium is to be found at the bottom of a garden well, or a canal, or a river.

But to return;—it is not only the very early incidents of childhood which may thus be recalled by our dreams, but recent events, which in our waking hours had escaped the memory, are sometimes suddenly recalled. In his "Notes to Waverley," Sir Walter Scott relates the following anecdote:—"A gentleman connected with a Bank in Glasgow, while employed in the occupation of cashier, was annoyed by a person, out of his turn, demanding the payment of a check for six pounds. Having paid him, but with reluctance, out of his turn, he thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, a difficulty was experienced in making the books balance, in consequence of a deficiency of six pounds. Several days and nights were exhausted in endeavours to discover the source of the error, but without success; and the discomfited and chagrined cashier retired one night to his bed, disappointed and fatigued. He fell asleep and dreamed he was at his Bank, and once again the whole scene of the annoying man and his six pound check arose before him; and, on examination, it was discovered that the sum paid to this person had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance." We read of another gentleman, a solicitor, who, on one occasion, lost a very important document connected with the conveyance of some property; the most anxious search was made for it in vain; and the night preceding the day on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement the son of this gentleman then went to bed, under much anxiety and disappointment, and dreamt that, at the time when the missing paper was delivered to his father, his table was covered with papers connected with the affairs of a particular client and there found the paper they had been in search of, which had been tied up in a parcel to which it was in no way related.

There is another class of dreams which would appear to be much more extraordinary than these—of a RETROSPECTIVE CHARACTER, viz: those in which the dreamer appears to take cognizance of incidents which are occurring at a distance, which may be designated Dreams of COINCIDENCE. In the "Memoirs of Margaret de Valois" we read, that her mother, Catherine de Medicis, when ill of the plague at Metz, saw her son, the Duc d'Anjou, at the victory of Jarnac thrown from his horse, and the Prince de Condè dead—events which happened exactly at that moment. Dr. Macnish relates, as the most striking example he ever met with of the co-existence between a dream and a passing event, the following melancholy story:—Miss M., a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular War. The constant danger to which he was exposed had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that, when she last parted from her lover, she had parted with him for ever. In a surprisingly short period her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness, and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and, with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her at the same time to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the poor girl died a few days afterwards, but, not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would not be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly afterwards received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day of the night of which his betrothed had beheld the vision. It is certainly very natural to suppose that there must be some mysterious connection between such a dream and the event which appears to have simultaneously taken place—but, upon reflecting farther upon the subject, we shall find that the co-existence is purely accidental. If, as Sir Walter Scott observed, any event, such as the death of the person dreamt of, chance to take place, so as to correspond with the nature and time of the appari-

tion, the circumstance is conceived to be supernatural, although the coincidence is one which must frequently occur, since our dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which haunts our minds when awake, and often presage the most probable events. Such a concatenation, therefore, must often take place when it is considered "of what stuff dreams are made," and how naturally they turn upon those who occupy our mind when awake. When a soldier is exposed to death in battle; when a sailor is incurring the dangers of the sea; when a beloved wife or relative is attacked by disease, how readily our sleeping imagination rushes to the very point of alarm which, when waking, it had shuddered to anticipate. Considering the many thousands of dreams which must, night after night, pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chance would warrant us to expect.

In addition to these, we sometimes hear of dreams which appear to reveal the secrets of futurity; and which may be designated Prophetic Dreams—unveiling, as they are supposed to do, the destiny which awaits particular individuals. The prophetic dream of Cromwell, that he should live to be the greatest man in England, has often been referred to as an example of special revelation; but surely there can be nothing very wonderful in the occurrence—for, after all, if we could only penetrate into the thoughts, hopes, and designs which inflamed the ambition of such men as Ireton, Lambert, and the like, we should find both their waking and sleeping visions equally suggestive of self-aggrandisement. The Protector himself was not the only usurper, in these troubled times, who dreamed of being "every inch a king;" but we want the data to compute the probabilities which the laws of chance would give in favour of such a prophecy or dream being fulfilled. The prophetic dream refers generally to some event which, in the course of nature, is likely to happen: is it, then, wonderful that it should occur? It would be curious to know how often Napoleon dreamed that he was the Emperor of the civilised world, or confined as a prisoner of war; how many thrones he imagined himself to have ascended or abdicated; how often he accomplished the rebuilding of Jerusalem. A few years ago, some very cruel murders were perpetrated in Edinburgh, by men named Burke and Hare, who sold the bodies of their victims to the Anatomical Schools. We had ourselves an interview with Burke, after his condemnation, when he told us that many months before he was apprehended and convicted, he used to dream that the murders he committed had been discovered; then he imagined himself going to be executed, and his chief anxiety was how he should comport himself on the scaffold before the assembled multitude, whose faces he beheld gazing up and fixed upon him. His dream was, in every respect, verified; but who, for an instant, would suppose there could have been anything preternatural, or prophetic, in such a vision? For the most part, dreams of this description are supposed to portend the illness, or the time of the death, of particular individuals; and these, too, upon the simple doctrine of chance, turn out, perhaps, to be as often wrong as right. It may be true, that Lord Lyttelton died at the exact hour which he said had been predicted to him in a dream; but Voltaire outlived a similar prophecy for many years. It must, however, be conceded, that persons in ill-health may have their death expedited by believing in such fatal predictions. Tell a timorous man that he will die; and the sentence, if pronounced with sufficient solemnity, and the semblance of its foreknowledge, will, under certain circumstances, execute itself. But, on the other hand, the self-sustaining power of the will, with a corresponding concentration of nervous energy, will sometimes triumph over the presence of disease, and for awhile ward off even the hand of death. The anecdote is told of Muley Moloch, who, being informed that his army was likely to be defeated, sprang from his sick bed in great excitement, led his men on to victory, and, on returning to his tent, lay down and almost instantly expired.

But again it may be asked—what then do dreams portend? Do they admit of any rational interpretation? This branch of the art of divination, which was called formerly by the name of "Oneiromancy," has been practised in all ages; and there is, perhaps, not a village in Great Britain, or on the great continent of Europe, India, or America, in which some fortune-telling old woman will not be found who professes to be an oracle in propounding their mystical signification. The magicians of old were supposed to be skilful interpreters of dreams, which, like the wiseacres of Christendom, they viewed under very contradictory aspects.

From one of the most ancient Arabic manuscripts on the subject, we learn that if you see an angel, it is a good sign; but if you dream that you converse with one, it forebodes evil—to dream you bathe in a clear fountain denotes joy—but if it be muddy, an enemy will bring against you some false accusation. To dream of carrying any weight upon the back denotes servitude, if you are rich—honour if you are poor. There is not an object in nature—not an event that can occur in life—that our modern fortune-tellers have not converted, when seen in a dream, into some sign ominous of good or of evil; and many even well-educated persons are in the habit of fostering their credulity by attaching an undue importance to their dreams. It is a curious circumstance, however, which militates against this mystic art, that the same sign in different countries carries with it a very contrary signification. The peasant girl in England thinks,

if she dream of a rose, that it is a sure sign of happiness; but the *paysanne* in Normandy believes that it portends vexation and disappointment. The Englishman conceives that to dream of an oak-tree is a sign of prosperity; but in Switzerland, the same vision is thought to be a forewarning of some dreadful calamity.

The domestic superstitions which are connected with dreams, are sometimes favoured by, and perhaps dependent upon, a certain morbid condition or irritability of the nervous system, which suggests the dread of some impending calamity, a painful and indefinite sense of apprehension for which no ostensible reason can be assigned. Strange as it might appear, the influence of our dreams upon our waking state is very remarkable; we may awaken refreshed from a dream which has made us, in our sleep, superlatively happy; or we may rise with melancholic feelings after suffering intense affliction in some dream, and the details of both dreams may alike be forgotten. We cannot, after being so much disturbed, at once regain our composure; the billows continue heaving after the tempest has subsided; the troubled nerves continue to vibrate after the causes that disturbed them have ceased to act; the impression still remains, and chequers the happiness of the future day. Even men of strong mind, who do not believe in the interpretation of dreams, may be so affected. When Henry the Fourth of France was once told by an astrologer that he would be assassinated, he smiled at the prediction, and did not believe it, but he confessed that it often haunted him afterwards, and although he placed no faith in it, still it sometimes depressed his spirits, and he often expressed a wish that he had never heard it. In like manner, dreams, which persons do not believe in, will unconsciously affect the tenour of their thoughts and feelings.

There are many persons who appear to have habitually the most extraordinary dreams, and there is scarcely a family circle that assemble round the domestic hearth, in which some one or other of the party is not able to relate some very wonderful story. We have, ourselves, a *répertoire*, from which we could select a host of such narrations; but we have preferred, at the risk of being thought recapitulative, to dwell upon those which have been recorded upon unimpeachable authority. The dreams which men like Locke, Reid, Gregory, Abercrombie, Macnish, &c., have attested, come with a weight of evidence before us which the dreams of persons unknown in the scientific or literary world would not possess. The impressions produced by dreams are so fugitive—so easy is it for persons unintentionally to deceive themselves in recalling their dreams' experience—that Epictetus, long ago, advised young men not to entertain any company by relating their dreams, as they could only, he affirmed, be interesting to themselves, and perhaps would, after all their pains, be disbelieved by their auditors. Nevertheless, it would be well for all persons to study, whether waking or dreaming, the phenomena of their own minds. The ingenious naturalist, Dr. Fleming, suggests that persons should, in contra-distinction to a "Diary," keep a "Nocturnal," in which they should register their dreams. Doubtless such a journal might turn out to be a very amusing Psychological record.

THE CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

A MIGHTY dome is rear'd in solemn state,
To hold the produce of the World's invention;
The spacious palace of the labouring Great,
Whose bloodless triumphs history loves to mention.

From every land which Man has made his home,
Where arts and science with due culture flourish,
O'er trackless wastes and billows crown'd with foam,
They come, the ardent Mind with food to nourish.

The trophies of the Past fade into gloom,
Which conquerors planted on the field of battle;
Where breathing armies sink before their doom,
And shouts of glory drown'd the low death-rattle.

These things were once, while yet the World was young,
Ere it drank wisdom from the fount of reason:
Now, let a curtain o'er such scenes be hung—
War's winter fled, we hail a softer season.

The sunder'd children of the human race,
Crossing their bounds to mingle with each other,
In foreign nations kindred features trace,
And learn that every mortal is their brother.

The love of Art engenders love to Man,
And this in turn, the love of his Creator;
'Tis Ignorance that mars Heaven's gracious plan,
And rears in blood the murderer and man hater.

A glorious epoch brightens history's page,
Shedding upon the Future dazzling lustre;
How proud the thought that England is the stage,
Which shall re-echo with the Nations' muster!

CHIPS.

THE SMITHFIELD MODEL OF THE MODEL SMITHFIELD.

"SIR, I will premise by stating that I have not the smallest sympathy with Smithfield, the less so, that one fine morning, in the city, a bullock took such a fancy to pin me to a wall with his horns, that had I not, providentially, happened to have my great coat in my hand, instead of upon my back, (and was thus enabled to throw it over his horns,) I should have been in my grave ere now.

"I visited the free exhibition of the Smithfield Model in Cheapside, City, and beheld a crowd of persons, surrounding the Model; behind which, in addition to a few vendors of penny 'Conclusive Arguments in favour,

&c., and some persons obtaining signatures to a petition, was a red-faced gentleman, who was continually calling upon the spectators to 'put any questions,' or to 'state any objections,' and he would immediately answer them, and he would convince all present, *he* was sure, before they left the building, that the present market was the only one that could possibly supply London with meat. Well, sir, at length a quiet, respectable looking mechanic, mildly observed, that he thought the present system led to a greater desecration of the Sabbath than an improved system would do. 'Oh!' exclaimed the red-faced man, 'you object upon religious grounds, do you!' 'Principally,' replied the mechanic, 'but upon many other grounds besides.' 'Ah! well,' said the ruddy one, 'if you go upon religion, all I can say is, that I know nothing about that! But I think I can convince you this way: most people have a joint of meat on Sunday, the remains of which are hashed up on Monday. Well; on Tuesday they want a fresh joint, which at present, you *can* get; but if you remove Smithfield, the butcher will not care to go to market more than once a week, and so, when you go on Tuesday for your usual joint, you will find the butcher with his clean apron on, smoking his pipe, and no meat to be had!'

"I was leaving the building, when I observed two young men signing the petition. I enquired of one, *why* he signed it, and he replied, 'because my friend has done so;' and upon making the same enquiry of his friend, *he* replied that 'you can't well come inside without signing.' "I am, O. M."

A PLEA FOR BRITISH REPTILES.

What the flourishing tradesman writes with pride over his shop, we might in most cases write over our storehouse of antipathies, —established in 1720, or 1751. For what good reason we, in 1851, should shudder at the contact of a spider, or loathe toads, it would be hard to say. Our forefathers in their ignorance did certainly traduce the characters of many innocent and interesting animals, and many of us now believe some portions of their scandal. To be a reptile, for example, is perhaps the greatest disgrace that can attach to any animal in our eyes. Reptile passes for about the worst name you can call a man. This is unjust—at any rate, in England. We have no thought of patting crocodiles under the chin, or of embracing boa constrictors; but, for our English reptiles we claim good words and good will. We beg to introduce here, formally, our unappreciated friends to any of our human friends who may not yet have cultivated their acquaintance.

The Common Lizard,—surely you know the Common Lizard, if not by his name of state *Zootoca vivipara*. He wears a brilliant jacket, and you have made friends with him, as a nimble, graceful fellow; as a bit of midsummer. His very name reminds you of a warm bank in the country, and a sunny day. Is he a reptile? Certainly; suppose we stop two minutes to remember what a reptile is.

The heart of a reptile has three cavities; that is to say, it is not completely double, like our own. It sends only a small part of the blood which comes into it, for renovation into the air-chambers—the lungs;—while the remainder circulates again unpurified. That change made in the blood by contact with the oxygen of air, is chiefly the cause of heat in animals. Aëration, therefore, being in reptiles very partial, the amount of heat evolved is small; reptiles are therefore called cold-blooded. They are unable to raise their heat above the temperature of the surrounding air. Fishes are cold-blooded, through deficient aëration in another way; in them, all the blood passes from the heart into the place where air shall come in contact with it; but, then there is a limitation to the store of air supplied, which can be no more than the quantity extracted from the water. The temperature of water is maintained below the surface, and we know how that of the air varies, since a certain quantity of heat is necessary to the vital processes; reptiles, depending upon air for heat, hybernate or become torpid when the temperature falls below a certain point. The rapidity of all their vital actions will depend upon the state of the thermometer; they digest faster in the heat of summer than in the milder warmth of spring. Their secretions (as the poison of the adder) are in hot weather more copious, and in winter are not formed at all. The reptiles breathe, in all cases, by lungs: but, we must except, here, those called *Batrachians*, as frogs or newts, which breathe, in the first stage, by gills, and afterwards by gills and lungs, or by lungs only. The *Batrachians*, again, are the only exception to another great characteristic of the reptile class, the hard, dry covering of plates or scales. The reptiles all produce their young from eggs, or are "oviparous"—some hatch their eggs within the body, and produce their young alive, or are "ovo-viviparous." Those are the characters belonging to all members of the reptile class. The class is subdivided into orders, somewhat thus:—1. The *Testudinate* (tortoises and turtles). 2. *Enaliosaurian* (all fossil, the *Ichthyosaurus* and his like). 3. *Loricate* (crocodiles and alligators). 4. *Saurian* (lizards). 5. *Ophidian* (serpents); and the last order *Batrachian* (frogs, toads, &c.); which is, by some, parted from the reptiles, and established as another class.

Now, we have in England no tortoises or turtles, and no crocodiles: and the fossil order is, in all places, extinct; so our reptiles can belong only to the three last-named orders, Lizards, Serpents, and Batrachians.

Thus we come back, then, to our Lizards, of which we have among us but two genera, a

single species of each. These are the Common Lizard, well known to us all, and the Sand Lizard, known only to some of us who happen to live upon the southern coast. The species of lizard so extremely common in this country, has not been found in countries farther south, and is, in fact, peculiar to our latitude. We, therefore, may love him as a sympathetic friend. The sand lizard (*Lacerta agilis*) is found as far north as the country of Linnæus, and as far south as the northern part of France; in England, however, it seems to be rare, and has been detected only in Dorsetshire—chiefly near Poole, or in some other southern counties. It frequents sandy heaths, and is of a brown sandy colour, marked and dotted; but, there is a green variety, said to be found among the verdure of marshy places. It is larger than our common lizard, averaging seven inches long, is very timid, and when made a prisoner, pines and dies. Its female lays eggs, like a turtle, in the sand, covers them over, and leaves them to be hatched by the summer sun. This kind of lizard, therefore, is oviparous. The eggs of our common lizard are hatched also by the sun; for, reptiles having no heat of their own, cannot provide that which is necessary to the development of an embryo; but, in this case, the sun hatches them within the parent's body. The female of this lizard stretches herself out upon a sunny bank, and lets the bright rays fall upon her body while she lies inactive. At this period, she will not move for anything less than a real cause of alarm. She is not sunning herself lazily, however, but fulfilling an ordinance of God. The eggs break as the young lizards—three to six—are born. This lizard is, therefore, ovo-viviparous. The little ones begin at once to run about, and soon dart after insects, their proper food; but, they accompany the mother with some instinct of affection for a little time. These lizards are very various in size and colour; difference in these respects does not denote difference in kind. The little scales which cover them are arranged in a peculiar manner on the head, under the neck, &c.; and some differences of arrangement, in such respects, are characteristic. The best distinction between the only two species of lizard known in this country has been pointed out by Mr. Bell. In the hind legs, under each thigh, there is a row of openings, each opening upon a single scale. In sand lizards, the opening is obviously smaller than the scale; in our common lizards, the opening is so comparatively large, that the scale seems to be the mere edge of a tube around it.

These are our lizards, then, our Saurian reptiles; and they do not merit any hate. Suffer an introduction now to English Snakes.

The first snake, the Blindworm, is not a snake, nor yet a worm. It is a half-way animal—between a lizard and a snake. The lizards shade off so insensibly into the snakes, even the boa preserving rudimentary hind legs, that some naturalists counsel their union into a single class of squamate, or scaled reptiles. By a milder process of arrangement, all those animals which dwell upon the frontier ground between Lizards or Saurians, and Ophidians or Snakes, are to be called Saurophidian. The blindworm, then, is Saurophidian; it is quite as much a lizard as a snake. Snakes have the bones of their head all moveable, so that their jaws can be dilated, until, like carpet-bags, they swallow anything. The lizard has its jaws fixed; so has the blindworm. Snakes have a long tongue, split for some distance, and made double-forked; the blindworm's tongue has nothing but a little notch upon the tip. It has a smooth round muzzle, with which it can easily wind its way under dry soil to hybernate; or else it takes a winter nap in any large heap of dead leaves. It comes out early in the spring; for, it can bear more cold than reptiles generally like, and it is found all over Europe, from Sweden to the South of Italy. It feeds upon worms, slugs, and insects. Like the snakes, it gets a new coat as it grows, and takes the old one off, by hooking it to some fixed point, and crawling from it; so that the cast skin is dragged backwards, and turned inside out. The slow-worm is of a dark grey colour, silvery, and about a foot long on the average. It is ovo-viviparous. It is extremely gentle; very rarely thinks of biting those who handle it, and, when it does bite, inflicts no wound with its little teeth. Of course it has no fangs, and is not poisonous. Shrinking with fear when taken, it contracts its body, and so stiffens it, that it will break if we strike or bend it. Therefore it bears the name Linnæus gave it—*Anguis fragilis*.

We have found nothing yet, to shudder at, among our reptiles. "O! but," you say perhaps, "that was not a real snake." Well, here is our real snake. *Natrix torquata*—our common Ringed Snake; he is very common. He may be three or four feet long, and brownish-grey above, with a green tinge, yellow marks upon the neck, and rows of black spots down the back and sides, alternating, like London lamp-posts, with each other. You will find him anywhere in England, almost anywhere in Europe, below the latitude of Scotland. You will find him most frequently in a moist place, or near water, for he is rather proud of himself as a swimmer. He has a handsome coat, and gets a new one, two, three, four or five times in a season, if his growth require it. When the new coat is quite hard and fit for use under the old, he strips his old one off among the thorn-bushes. He and his lady hybernate. The lady leaves her sixteen or twenty eggs, all glued together, for the sun to vivify. The snake's tongue, as we have said, is forked, the jaws dilatable; he prefers frogs for his dinner, but is satisfied with mice, or little birds, or lizards. He swallows

his prey whole. Catching it first, as Mrs. Glasse would say, between his teeth, which are in double rows upon each jaw, and directed backwards that they may act more effectually, he first brings the victim to a suitable position—head first, he prefers. Then, leaving one set of teeth, say the lower, fixed, he advances the upper jaw, fixes its teeth into the skin, and leaves them there while he moves forward the lower jaw, and so continues till the bird or frog is worked into his throat; it is then swallowed by the agency of other muscles. This power of moving each jaw freely and in independence of the other, is peculiar to Ophidian reptiles. The frog may reach the stomach both alive and active, so that if, afterwards, the snake gapes, as he is apt to do, a frog has been seen to leap out again. The processes of life are so slow in reptiles, that one meal will not be digested by the snake for many days. He is unable to digest vegetable matter. Our snake is very harmless, and if kept and fed, will quickly learn to recognise its patron, will feed out of his hand, and nestle up his sleeve; but he shows a dread of strangers.

We have Adders? Yes, we have a Viper,—*Pelias Berus* is the name he goes by, and his fangs are undeniable. This is the only native reptile that can, in any degree whatever, hurt a man. It is common in England, and, unlike the snake, prefers a dry place to a moist one. "Adder" and "viper" are two words applied to the same thing—adder being derived from the Saxon word for "nether," and viper from viviper; because this reptile, like our common lizard, hatches her eggs within the body, or is viviparous. Our viper is found all over Europe; not in Ireland. As for Ireland, it is an old boast with the Irish that Saint Patrick banned away all reptiles. The paucity of reptiles in Ireland is remarkable, but they are not altogether absent. Our common lizard has a large Irish connexion, and frogs were introduced into Ireland years ago. Their spawn was taken over, put into water, throve, and thereafter frogs have multiplied. An attempt was also made to introduce our common snake, but the country-people, with great horror, killed the interlopers; a reward even was offered for one that was known to remain uncaptured. Ireland is free from adders.

The most ready distinction between a common snake and an adder, to unfamiliar eyes, is founded on the difference of marking. While the snake has separate alternate spots, the adder has, down its back, a chain of dark spots, irregularly square, and joined to one another. Adders are generally brown, but differ very much in colour. They have on their upper jaw, instead of their lower, a row of teeth, the well-known fangs. These are long, curved teeth, fixed into a moveable piece of bone, and hollow. The hollow is not made out of the substance of the tooth; it is as if a broad flat tooth had been bent round upon itself to form a tube. The tube is open below and behind, in the curve, by a little slit. Above, it is open, and rests upon a tiny bag connected with a gland that corresponds to a gland in man for the secretion of saliva; but which, in the present case, secretes a poison. The fang, when out of use, is bent and hidden in a fleshy case; in feeding, it is rarely used. The viper catches for himself his birds or mice, after the manner of a harmless serpent. But, when hurt or angered, he throws back his neck, drops his fang ready for service, bites, and withdraws his head immediately. The fang in penetrating, of necessity, was pressed upon the little bag of poison at its root, and forced a drop along the tube into the wound. After a few bites, the bag becomes exhausted, and the adder must wait for a fresh secretion. The poison has no taste or smell, and may be swallowed with impunity, if there be no raw surface in the mouth, or sore upon the throat, or in the stomach. It is only through a wound that it can act like poison. The bite of an adder in this country never yet proved fatal; but, according to the health of the person bitten, and according to the greater or less heat of the weather (for in very hot weather a more active poison is secreted), the wound made will be more or less severe. It is advisable to get out of an adder's way.

All the remaining reptiles in this country are two species of Frog, two species of Toad, and four Newts. They are not only most absolutely harmless, but, the frogs, at any rate, and toads, are ministers to man; and they belong to a class of animals more interesting than any other, perhaps, in the whole range of natural history. We are all well acquainted with the common frog, whose grander name is *Rana temporaria*. We see it—and it is to be feared some of us kill it—in our gardens, among strawberry beds and damp vegetation. But, whereas frogs feed upon those slugs and insects which are in the habit of pasturing upon our plants, and are themselves indebted to us for not a grain of vegetable matter, we ought by all means to be grateful to them. So industrious are frogs in slug-hunting, that it would be quite worth while to introduce them as sub-gardeners upon our flower-beds. In catching insects, the frog suddenly darts out his tongue, which, at the hinder part, is loose, and covered with a gummy matter. The insect is caught, and the tongue returned with wonderful rapidity. The frog, when it is first hatched, has the constitution of a fish: it is purely aquatic; has a fish's heart, a fish's circulation, and a fish's gills. The tadpole swims as a fish does—by the movement, sideways, of its tail. For the unassisted eye, and still more for the microscope, what spectacle can be more marvellous than the gradual process of change by which this tiny fish becomes a reptile? Legs bud; the fish-like gills dwindle by a vital process of absorption; the fish-like air-bladder becomes transmuted,

as by a miracle, into the celled structure of lungs; the tail grows daily shorter, not broken off but absorbed; the heart adds to its cells; the fish becomes a reptile as the tadpole changes to a frog. The same process we observe in toads; and it is also the same in our newts, excepting that in newts the tail remains. There is no parallel in nature to this marvellous and instructive metamorphosis.

The perfectly-formed frog does not live of necessity in water, or near it, but requires damp air occasionally. It breathes by lungs, as we have said; but, as it has no ribs, there is no chest to heave mechanically. The frog's air has to be swallowed, to be gulped down into the lungs. That is not possible unless the mouth is shut; and, therefore, as we might suffocate a man by keeping his mouth shut, so we should suffocate a frog by keeping his mouth open. Yet we should not suffocate him instantly; we should disable the lungs; but, in this class of animals the whole skin is a breathing surface. A frog has lived a month after his lungs had been extracted. All respiratory surfaces, like the inside of our own lungs, can act only when they are relaxed and moist. That is the reason why a frog's skin is always moist, and why a frog requires moist air. It does not need this constantly, because, when moisture is abundant, there is a bag in which it stores up superfluity of water, to be used in any day of need. It is this water—pure and clear—which frogs or toads expel when they are alarmed by being handled. Is not enough said, here, to rescue frogs from our contempt? We may add, that they are capable of understanding kindness—can be tamed. Frogs hybernate under the mud of ponds, where they lie close together, in a stratum, till the spring awakens them to a renewal of their lives and loves. They lay a vast number of eggs at the bottom of the water; and the multitudes of young frogs that swarm upon the shore when their transformation is complete, has given rise to many legends of a shower of frogs. These multitudes provide food for many animals, serpents, as we have seen, birds, fish. And the survivors are our friends.

The other species of frog found in this country is the Edible Frog (*Rana esculenta*). It has for a long time had a colony in Foulmire Fen, in Cambridgeshire, although properly belonging to a continental race. It differs from our common frog in wanting a dark mark that runs from eye to shoulder, and in having, instead of it, a light mark—a streak—from head to tail along the centre of the back. The male is a more portentous croaker than our own familiar musicians, by virtue of an air-bladder on each cheek, into which air is forced, and in which it vibrates powerfully during the act of croaking. This kind of frog is always in or near the water, and being very timid, plunges out of sight if any one approaches.

These are our frogs; as for our two Toads, they are by no means less innocent. They are the Common Toad, by style and title *Bufo vulgaris*, and a variety of the Natter Jack Toad, to be found on Blackheath, and in many places about London, and elsewhere. The toad undergoes transformations like the frog. It is slower in its movements, and less handsome in appearance: similar in structure. There is a somewhat unpleasant secretion from its skin, a product of respiration. There is nothing about it in the faintest degree poisonous. It is remarkably sensible of kindness; more so than the frog. Examples of tame toads are not uncommon. Stories are told of the discovery of toads alive, in blocks of marble, where no air could be; but, there has been difficulty, hitherto, in finding one such example free from the possibility of error. It may be found, however, that toads can remain for a series of years torpid. It has been proved that snails, after apparent death of fifteen years, have become active on applying moisture. A proof equally distinct is at present wanting in the case of toads. The toad, like other reptiles, will occasionally cast its skin. The old skin splits along the back, and gradually parts, until it comes off on each side, with a little muscular exertion on the toad's part. Then, having rolled his jacket up into a ball, he eats it!

No reptiles remain now to be mentioned, but four species of Newt. These little creatures are abundant in our ponds and ditches, and some are most falsely accused of being poisonous. They are utterly harmless. Their transformations, their habits, their changes of skin, their laying of eggs, can easily be watched by any who will keep them in a miniature pond. A large pan of water, with sand and stones at the bottom, decayed vegetable matter for food, and a few living water-plants, extracted from their native place, will keep a dozen newts in comfort. The water-plants are needed, because a newt prefers to lay her egg upon a leaf. She stands upon it, curls it up with her hind legs, and puts an egg between the fold, where it remains glued. These being our reptiles, are they proper objects of abhorrence? At this season they are all finishing their winter nap. In a few weeks they will come among us, and then, when

———" the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry through the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair"—

may we not permit our hearts to be admonished by the reptiles also?

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THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF DESIGN

IN THE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

MR. JOHN MOTLEY is an extensive manufacturer of woollen shawls and table-covers. All British manufacturers of similar articles are not like Mr. John Motley, we are extremely happy to say; but both history and justice compel us to state, that the family of the Motleys is a very large one, comprising many members and branches, all following the same trade, and including the Patchmans and the Stairings, great manufacturers of chintzes and printed cottons; and the Squabtons, who monopolise half the trade in crockery and hardware.

Mr. John Motley has gone on pretty much in the same way all his life, *i. e.*, in the same way as his father before him, who also followed in the steps of his father and grandfather. The necessities of change of some kind, which he called fashion, compelled him to adopt corresponding changes, which he called patterns, and sometimes, by way of irony, *designs*. Very frequently he adopted novelties from the continental manufacturers, but always altered them to his own taste—the regular old family taste of the Motleys; so that, in truth, there was no real adoption of a continental design, but merely a fresh impulse and enlivenment given to the native stock. Mr. John Motley, like all the rest of his family, considered that he thoroughly understood the English taste; that his own taste was the model and criterion of public taste—in fact, that the two things were identical. He had been successful—had raised a fortune, and was still accumulating; and what better proof could anybody have of the correctness of his judgment and method of conducting business. Besides, he used to add, with a knowing wink, they *must* buy our goods, because they can't get any others—the duty on foreign articles giving us a monopoly of the home market. Very proper it should. It protects our property, and the family taste.

Year after year, the successful John Motley sent forth his countless bales of shawls and table-covers, with great vulgar patterns, dabbed, sprawling, or conglomerating, over a gaudy ground—the colours of which were not only inharmonious with those of the patterns, but a violent outrage to all harmony. If he is ever reproached with a want of novelty, or a want of beauty in his patterns, by some strange and particular fellow among his wholesale customers—a thing that does now and then reach his ears—he merely replies, with dogged indifference, "You see, there's a want of invention in the country—we have no designers; so, we do the best we can. Take 'em or leave 'em."

In a similar course, and with like success, have the various branches of the Motley family proceeded. The Patchmans, and the Stairings have all most rigorously followed in the old system of eschewing all real novelties of any beauty and elegance, and insisting upon their own taste as the taste of the public; till at length the public, by the force of long habit has, in the mass, come to believe them, and adopted most of the new patterns—whether of gaudiness, dulness, heaviness, meanness, vulgarity, or confusion—which they have sent forth to the world. The Squabtons, with all their vast producing power in the shape of hardware articles of domestic use and necessity, have sedulously adhered to the family maxim of "stick to the old models" as long as possible, and by way of novelties "ring the changes" upon them only. Hence our dummy jugs, and mugs, and jars, and candlesticks, and vases, and other articles of the home produce. If you see among them any one shape of an elegance that instantly attracts the eye, you find it is double the price, even when of the same material, and not needing more labour in the workmanship than a dummy article—*provided* there has not been a resistance, or a wilful stupidity in opposition to any real improvement in taste—for this article is from a foreign model. Had it been actually a foreign article for which a duty had been paid, there would be some reason for the double price; but this is simply a copy and adoption, and the high price is therefore of no necessity, but simply in order to hold in check all taste for articles of similar elegance or grace. Mr. Squabton does not approve of them. He only admits them into his show-rooms, because it looks well to have all sorts. But they do not please the habitual Squabton eye. He therefore assumes that they would not meet the public taste; or, if they did, the

public, ought not to be encouraged to buy such things—and shall not, as long as *he* can prevent it.

I have said that all manufacturers were not alike, and that there were honourable exceptions who looked on the existing state of things with very different eyes from those just mentioned. Though comparatively a young man—in fact a junior partner—I trust I may be allowed to include myself among the exceptions. I really do wish to see an improvement in the taste of all designs for the useful arts; and I believe the time is not far distant when manufacturers will more generally perceive the importance of encouraging such designs by all the means in their power. If nothing else will teach them, the results of the forthcoming Great Exposition will do so, as it will make them alive to their own interests by demonstrations of the most effectual kind. The public taste is likely to undergo a rapid revolution in many articles combining beauty of design with domestic utility, that's my opinion; and then where are the producers? and what will become of all the bales, and piles, and stacks of the perverse old stock?

I heard a great Manchester manufacturer lamenting, only a few days ago, the want of new and good designers in our own country. I told him I had been informed that there were two Schools of Design in London—a male school, and a female school—where the students continually produced first-rate designs. He said he had never been there, nor seen any of their designs, that he knew of; and again lamented the want of new patterns. Another, a great ribbon manufacturer of my acquaintance—in fact, he married my aunt—expends at least a thousand a year in getting foreign designs, and he has never once taken a design from any of these Schools. When I told him I had seen good things that came from them, he looked incredulous and vacant, and said that I was young in the business. Not a word about going to see them, or sending up for a few specimens. Another great manufacturer, with whom our firm often has large dealings, dined with us last week. He knew of these Schools, and showed us a beautiful design for a carpet which he had obtained from one of them, in which the colours were all finely harmonised. "It will sell very well," said he, "after I have altered it a little to my own taste." "Why, what will you do to it?" I inquired. "I must *vulgarise* it," said he, touching my elbow; "where they have put grey, I shall put scarlet; and where you see purple here, I shall put green and yellow, or such like." Another manufacturer, whose warehouse I was visiting only the other day, showed me a table cover of a most chaste and handsome design—a broad, rich, gothic border, with a dark centre quite plain, which of course made the deep border look all the richer. "This is very good," said he, "but we always like something catching in the centre. I shall have a good bunch of peony roses and tulips, or something of that sort, for the middle."

These rebuffs, however, added to the excellence of several designs I had seen, which had come both from the male and female schools, determined me to go to London forthwith and visit them. It is only justice to say that I did this with the full approval and, indeed, the wish, of my senior partners.

During the journey by rail, I thought very much about these Schools—and especially the Female School, as it seemed to me to include many questions of social interest, which one now so often sees discussed in periodicals, and even in newspapers. Many of these young persons, thought I, are, no doubt, of highly respectable families, well educated, and who once had very different expectations; though now, for the purpose of making designs, they are learning drawing, perhaps, to sell them—perhaps that they may become teachers—but in all cases to help some scanty income at home. Perhaps, also some of them are orphans. But the Government takes charge of them. As the manufacturers have not yet learnt the importance of supporting these Schools, by employing some of the students, or making selections from their designs, a paternal Government has kindly and wisely taken charge of these industrious and praiseworthy young women.

I therefore determined to make my first visit to the Female School, and accordingly betook myself straight to Somerset House. I should premise that I have, myself, a good general knowledge of drawing, and though unfortunately, I have no original genius for designing patterns for my own business, I once had considerable practise in copying both from prints and casts—the "flat," and the "round," as artists call it.

Arrived at Somerset House, I was informed that the Female School of Design was no longer there. "Gone!" said I.

"Aye—removed to over the way."

I was staggered for a moment at this. I feared that a paternal Government had withdrawn the shadow of its fostering wings from those most needing protection.

"But is it not still," said I, "a Government Institution—is it not still under the protection——"

"Yes—yes—all right—over the way;" and the porter closed the door.

I breathed again; my fears for the poor girls were allayed. and I accordingly began to look up and down at the fronts of the houses over the way—that is, opposite to Somerset House. I thought I knew the "Strand" pretty well; but I could not recollect any house over the way of a kind, at all resembling the house of a Government Institution. Nor, strange to say, did looking up and down, at all help me. The more I looked, the less I could discover of any such house—or one likely to be it. In fact, I

speedily came to the conviction that "over the way" meant a considerable way up or down the Strand, on the opposite side; and accordingly I crossed over, and began to walk along, staring up at every house I passed. No external signs assisted me in the least, and I arrived at the crossing leading to Holywell Street. I then turned back, and proceeded, staring up in the same way, till again I found myself at the crossing of Catherine Street. Being now fairly at fault, I went into a shop and inquired. They knew nothing about it. Then into another—and luckily they did seem to know of such a place, and informed me that "it was at one of the soap and sponge-shops" they did 'nt know which.

I was a little surprised at this, but attributed it to the ignorance of the speaker, and was glad at last to have got a clue. Thus directed, I singled out a shop of this kind, and on the left hand side of a door-way leading up a very narrow passage, I saw written up "Female Classes of the Government School of Design," rather small, on a convex board, and half slipping round a corner as if ashamed of itself. No wonder I had not observed it in passing. If I had seen the board, I should have taken it for one of the cheap dentist and cuppers' boards.

Up this narrow passage I walked. It was scarcely four feet wide, and very dark. I admit that the day was extremely bad and foggy. At any rate, it was so dark, and with so little indication of an entrance to a "School,"—unless, indeed, to some poor "Evening School" in the country, or a "Ragged School" in London, that I walked right out at the other end, and found myself in a strange-looking court, which proved to be the entrance to a soap-manufactory. Here I was again obliged to inquire, and was directed back again into the narrow passage; and here I came to a perfectly dark side-door, which I had passed on my way, and now by straining my eyes, I contrived to read the word "School;" for the rest, if anything, I positively could not distinguish; and I will defy you, reader, to see much clearer, even after all the directions I have given, if you go on any day at all foggy or dusky, many of which I believe you Londoners are quite accustomed to. "Queer place enough," thought I, "for a paternal Government to establish a number of young ladies in." The knocker refusing to move, I fumbled out a bell-handle—pulled—and was admitted.

Having made known to Mrs. Mc Ian—the lady superintending the school—that I was a manufacturer, and a partner in an influential firm, I received a polite attention, and was conducted into the largest of the rooms appropriated to the students.

This room was the first-floor front, exactly over the shop below. It could not have been above eleven or twelve feet high. I do not know how many students were there; but the room was full to crowding. They were packed close together on forms, just like children at a Sunday School, in our manufacturing towns. The elbows, and, in some cases, the shoulders of one student touching those of her next door neighbours, on each side. The drawing desks, or stands, with the forms, were arranged in rows across the room, and so closely that to pass along between was not possible without frequently scraping oneself against the desk behind, or causing the student in front to bend and pack herself forward against her own drawing-board. This was the junior class. They were copying from the "flat" and the "round," (prints or drawings, and bas-reliefs); but, though it was only two o'clock, the light was so bad, owing to the fog, and the dusty, uncleaned windows, that to distinguish anything accurately was out of the question. I asked a student why they did not have drawing-lamps, but was informed that none were allowed. By bending down, with a close scrutiny, to the drawings of two or three of those nearest the windows, I could see that they were very well done; and the copies of several of the casts of scroll-work, flowers, and fruit, in high relief, were excellent. In the imperfect light, the drawings really looked almost as tangible and round as the casts themselves. Some drew in chalk, and some painted in oil, some in water-colour; but the majority painted in what is called *tempera*, or body colour, and of the same kind in which Cartoons are painted. Though the fire was small, the room was very hot and close, and there was no sort of provision for ventilation.

In the back room, on the second floor, which was much smaller, there was similar crowding, and with greater injury, as the higher class of students were here; and these, frequently having large designs, were continually in each other's way. For a young lady to have a blow on the cheek, or the side of her head, from the corner of a wooden-frame—an easel to be upset—a cast knocked down—a freshly-painted design smeared across, or a hole knocked in a canvas, were things of almost every-day occurrence. One of these rents in a design for a carpet, and half finished, I myself saw. The hole was so large I could have crept through it; and on this very day of my visit, a valuable porcelain vase has been knocked down and broken, sheerly from the impossibility of any one being able to move without jostling somebody or something. Here also, the room was very hot and close—nothing in the shape of ventilation.

Impossible as it was, from the state of the atmosphere, added to the extreme dirtiness of the windows, all crusted over, as they were, with London dust and smuts, to judge well of colours, in themselves, I could yet see that the best had been selected, and the best harmonies employed. I here saw designs for table-covers, chintz, ladies' muslin, or other figured dresses, groups of flowers, fruit, carpets, paper-hangings, models in clay and wax, &c.

The designs were handsome, beautiful, chaste, and original, and would do any English manufacturer's heart good to see them, if he only had the good sense to set a just value on the advantage of finding such things close to hand in his own country.

The two attics above are arranged in the same way as the rooms on the second floor, the senior students being packed in the little back room, while the junior are in the larger room in front. These rooms are only eight feet high. In the front attic there are twenty students. The oppressive atmosphere was scarcely endurable on first entering. No ventilation whatever had been provided. It reminded me of what we read of the "sweating system" among the poor journeymen tailors.

The principal designs in the attics were similar to those below, viz., for carpets, rugs, skreens, ladies' dresses, table covers, lace handkerchiefs, ribbons, shawls, &c., and I am quite sure, from the excellence displayed in many of them, that the instructions and assiduity of Mrs. M'Ian must be of the highest order. The day being so very dark, I took my leave, proposing to make another visit when the light should be favourable.

This School has now been established eight years, and comprises seventy students. Considering that the majority of them on first entering the School could not draw at all, and had to be instructed in the first rudiments, the progress displayed by so many confers the greatest credit upon their instructor. The merits of this institution ought to be much better known than they are, and the example should be followed in the provinces. It is surprising how few such Schools exist in England, or in any other country. There has been one only in Paris during these many years (I mean, a Female School) but this is not properly a School of Design, and is simply a drawing-school, where they chiefly copy prints, and seldom draw from the "round." A similar school, however, to the present, has been established by a lady in Philadelphia, who wrote to Mrs. M'Ian for information as to the methods and general routine adopted. Besides the advantages of such a school to the manufacturer, it is evidently an excellent thing to society to provide such a means for rendering young women able to obtain an honourable independence, and it also supersedes the necessity for engaging male teachers of drawing in ladies' schools, which has often been found very objectionable, if not injurious.

A bright sunny morning happening to favour the Metropolis a day or two after, I renewed my visit to the Government School, over the sponge and soap shop. I made no doubt but I should now see all the drawings and designs to the greatest advantage, at least, so far as light was concerned. The fostering shop—itself a very good one, and perfectly respectable, though a strange place for a Government Institute—looked bright and well-to-do, and the side passage was several shades less dark, though still very gloomy, and exactly like the entrance to a wine merchant's office and cellarage.

In my anticipations I was not deceived. Though there was no room to see any large designs to advantage—the eye being within a foot or two of the specimens, and to step back a pace or two from them being impossible in the room of the senior students—the grade and variety of the designs, and the beauty of the colouring, were on this occasion very apparent. But how was it that the two front rooms—the largest by far—had been appropriated to the beginners and junior classes, while the senior students were thus packed in pens and cribs—back second-floors of only nine-and-a-half feet high, and back attics of only eight feet high by eleven feet in width? The elucidation of this, I regret to say, does not place the wisdom and care of a paternal Government in the highest light, even so far as a knowledge of drawing is concerned.

When there happens to be a bright morning, the very strength of the light in the larger rooms, renders them the more unsuitable for students in drawing—the windows being precisely in the wrong aspect. When the sun shines in these front rooms, the shadow from one student's head darkens fitfully, or in moving shades, the drawing-board of the student next on the other side—and so on, all down the rows across the room. The process of making a copy from a cast, or other model, throwing its own variable shadow, is also rendered most painful and perplexing to a young student,—because a drawing that is correct in light and shade at one period, becomes incorrect in the next quarter of an hour—the cast or model, in the advance of the light, having undergone a corresponding change in its shadows. Hence, all young students who are copying intricate and difficult reliefs, continually find themselves hopelessly thrown out, and reduced to despair.

Now, this is very surprising—inexplicable to any plain man like myself. For are there not two or three Royal Academicians connected with the Board of Trade, and do they never remonstrate with the honourable and learned Board? Moreover, there is a lady, as Directress of the School, who is an accomplished artist. Why does not Mrs. M'Ian complain loudly of all this to the Board of Trade, or to somebody high in office? Is Mrs. M'Ian afraid a paternal Government will "bite her head off," if she dares to open her mouth?

The fires in the rooms are all kept low, yet to-day being a bright day, the heat and oppressiveness of the atmosphere is scarcely to be endured. In the back pens, where the senior students are packed together, the air is half suffocating—and see! there is poor Miss * * * carried out fainting.

This, the students inform me, is not at all an uncommon occurrence. The chimney, too, is smoking! This, they tell me is also common, and invariable whenever coals are put on; so that they are either obliged to open a window, and risk a bad cold after being in a vapour bath, or else sit in the midst of the cloud to the injury of their eyes, their breathing, and often to the destruction of any delicate tints they are laying in upon their painting. Many of them suffer headache, pains across the eyes, in the throat, sickness and dizziness. One student told me she never was free from headache during the whole six hours she was daily at work. They would account a ventilator as a great blessing, so much do they need a breath of fresh air. Surely a paternal Government might spare (out of a Surplus) two-and-sixpence, to set a whirligig ventilator to spin a little vital air through a hole in the wall at the top of each of these rooms, where industrious young women are seeking to acquire the means of assisting their families, and of gaining an honourable and useful independence for themselves in future life.

This Female School of Design which had originally been established in Somerset House, was removed from those quarters by a petition, which set forth the want of adequate room.

"Very well;" said the courteous Board of Trade, "Oh, certainly! We'll attend to your wish."

The School was accordingly removed to "over the way!" This looks very like saying inwardly, "I'll give you enough of petitioning for a move."

Without doubt the students are right in saying that the old room in Somerset House was far better. It was large—though not large enough—and they had a proper aspect as to the light. These present rooms are said to be only temporary; but as "temporary" so often means, with the Government, a very long and a very indefinite period, it has been suggested that the School should be moved back to Somerset House meanwhile. But the distressed Board of Trade says there's no room there, now. They can't find four or five spare rooms in *all* Somerset House—the great building is so full! How very much I should like to see a statement of how all the innumerable rooms in this great quadrangle of great houses are filled. I wonder whether anybody lives there!

Can nobody suggest to the Board of Trade, some place with a proper light, where there is at least one good large room for these female students? The importance of a large room, besides the advantage of light and air, is very great. A number of students can stand round and see the instructor paint, or give a special lesson to a pupil, from which others may equally benefit. Besides this, there is a great advantage in students seeing each other work; they learn from each other, and it also excites emulation. Can no such room be found in all this vast metropolis, where so many splendid public and private edifices and buildings exist? If Mr. Labouchere would but intercede in a high quarter, so that this most praiseworthy School of Design might be located in one of the light, airy, and beautiful stables now building for the Prince of Wales, that would be just the thing, both in itself, and in the quiet refinement of its locality.

But, as for the present rooms, I need not state—as the fact must be obvious to all—that if a paternal Government had studied to select one of the worst possible places for such a school, they could not have more completely succeeded. In points of art, and as a place of study, I have described what it is, without exaggeration; and as to the suitability of its locality for respectable young females, I may also venture to state—with no power to use any exaggeration that can surpass the fact—that it is in the close vicinity of several gin-shops, pawn-shops, old rag and rascality shops, in some of the worst courts and alleys of London, and in a direct line with two narrow streets, which, as disgraces, cannot be surpassed by the worst quarter of any metropolis in the world.

I leave London to-night by the express train, and shall present myself before my partners tomorrow morning in the warehouse, with uplifted hands and eyes; but I'm quite sure our firm will speedily avail itself of some of the designs of those industrious young ladies.

DARLING DOREL.

Dorothea Sibylla, Duchess of Brieg, was born at Cöln, on the River Spree, in Prussia, on the 19th of October, 1590. She was the daughter of Elizabeth of Anhalt, and of John George, Margrave and Elector of Brandenburg, of the old princely Ascanian race. At the death of her husband in 1598, the widowed margravine retired to Crossen to superintend her daughter's education. In due time suitors were not wanting for the hand of young Dorothea Sibylla: among others, the King of Denmark; but he sued in vain. Dorothea at length fixed her affections on John Christian, Duke of Liegnitz and Brieg, who enjoyed a great reputation for virtue, ability, and integrity. To him after a short courtship, Dorothea was married on the 12th of December, 1610, at Crossen; and reached Brieg—the small capital of her future dominions—on the first of January in the following year.

Such is the dry sum of a charming Court biography, which first appeared in a periodical published in 1829, in Silesia, and which has been twice republished in a separate form—once (in 1838) at Brieg, under the title of "Passages from the Life of Dorothea Sybylla, Duchess of Liegnitz and Brieg." It purports

to consist of extracts from the journal of a certain tanner and furrier of Brieg, named Valentinus Gierth, an occasional guest at the ducal castle, and ardent admirer of the duchess. As a simple, and—if internal evidence be worth anything—truthful picture of German Court life during the early part of the seventeenth century, it is not to be gainsaid; although suspicions of its authenticity have been cast upon it, similar to those which damaged the charms of the "Diary of Lady Willoughby," by eventually proving it to be a fiction.

Dorothea is described as a pattern of goodness, common sense, virtue, and piety. In domestic management, she was pre-eminent. For her own immediate attendance she appointed fourteen maids of honour; and the first families of the land looked upon it as an inestimable privilege to place their daughters at the ducal Court; which was a high school of all noble virtues and accomplishments, "whereof the duchess herself was the chief teacher and most perfect model."

Nothing could be more primitive than the duchess's intercourse with the townspeople. Occasionally she walked in the streets of Brieg, accompanied by her maids of honour, and chatted with such of the townspeople as were sitting on the benches outside their doors. The little children looked forward with the greatest delight to these town walks of the duchess; for, the ladies-in-waiting invariably carried about with them in their pockets all sorts of sweetmeats, which the duchess distributed among the little claimants. For this reason, the little children stood peeping round the corners of the streets, when it got wind that the duchess was about to walk out; more especially when it was surmised that the duke would not be with her. So soon, therefore, as Dorothea Sibylla left the castle gate, the little urchins would run through the town like wildfire, crying out, "The darling Dorel is coming! The darling Dorel is coming!"

The manner in which this endearing designation first came to her ears is related with affecting simplicity. "It happened," says Master Gierth, with true German particularity, "on the 10th of September (old style) in the year of our Lord 1613;" that being the Feast of St. Sibylla—one of the duchess's name-saints—and also the second birthday of her son George. There was a great feast at the castle; to which the towns-folks and the children of the High and Guild Schools were invited.

"From the terrace," quoth the chronicler, "the whole procession moved along a wide smooth walk before the orangery; where the quality, as well as the children, were richly treated with strong spiced wine, orange water, and confectionary. Her ladyship did likewise lay certain presents before the young lord her son; she did likewise examine the children's school-books and the master's report, wherein the conduct of the children was noted, and did put apposite questions to them touching their Christian belief, and the like; and on receiving right proper answers, her face did shine like an angel's.

"One little maiden, however, which was weak and ignorant, was not able to answer the questions aright; whereupon her ladyship did ask.

"'My child, what is your name?' Whereunto she did answer, 'Anna Pohlin!'

"'Well,' asked her ladyship, 'and what is my name?'

"Straightway the little maiden did answer, 'Darling Dorel!'

"Hereupon Master Valentinus Gierth was somewhat affrighted, but did quickly recover himself, and stepping up to her ladyship did say:

"'Most gracious lady! I trust your ladyship will pardon these words, and not take them amiss; inasmuch, as it is true that the women of this town, as well as of the neighbouring villages, when they do speak of your ladyship, do commonly call your ladyship the Darling Dorel.'

"Then did the duchess fold her hands, and raising them to heaven, did say:

"'God be praised for such a precious title; the which, as long as I am in my senses, I would not exchange against 'Your Majesty!'

"The duke did thereupon embrace her ladyship, saying,

"'Away with the title 'princely consort;' I will ever henceforth call thee by none other save 'Darling Dorel!'"

We by no means intend to follow the good Tanner through his minute records; but merely write thus much as necessary preface to a quaint little love story. Premising that the duchess had sent, after her usual fashion, a marriage present to a certain lady, by two of her maids of honour, (by name Agnes and Mary) we shall transfer the narrative to our pages in Master Gierth's own manner.

After the presentation of the gifts, and when the marriage ceremony was concluded, the two maids of honour were preparing to return to Brieg, when the bride's father stopped them, saying:

"'How? Shall I suffer two such angels of joy to depart, without tasting of my food and my drink? Nay, noble damsels, ye must abide here awhile beyond the marriage festivities, and be of good cheer! I will immediately despatch a trusty messenger on horse to her most gracious ladyship, the duchess, and obtain leave for your sojourn here.'

"The two damsels did therefore abide there the space of three days, and became acquainted with two gallants of the place; with whom they did exchange love-tokens and rings. But when the two damsels returned to Brieg to render an account of their mission, the duchess did note the rings on the fingers

of the two damsels, and questioned them how they came thereby. So soon, therefore, as the two damsels did confess the truth, their mistress, half jestingly, and half in earnest, said unto them :

"'How now, ye gad-abouts! ye have scarce chipped the egg-shell, and have, as yet, no means to make the pot boil, seeing that ye are poor orphans and under age; and ye yet dare to listen to the nonsense of strange gallants, unbeknown to your foster mother! Tell me, foolish young things, ought I not to take the rod to you? Take off the rings from your fingers and give them to me. I will send them back; seeing that the betrothal is null and void, and mere child's play?'

"The young damsels did then obey her ladyship, but wept apace the while. This caused her ladyship to have compassion upon them, and she did minister comfort to them thus.

"'Ah! beloved daughters! ye shed bitter, hot tears that ye do not already wear the curch [the German head-dress of married women]. But if ye did but know the heaviness of being wedded wives, even when the cares are lightest, ye would rejoice! Meanwhile, the matter hath been carried on against all Christian order. I have always heard that the lover first maketh his suit known to the parents or the guardians, and that then the betrothal taketh place. Your suitors must needs be in great haste. Why stand they in such great necessity of pushing their suit?'

"Hereupon the damsel Agnes plucked up an heart, and said quickly,

"'Most gracious lady! the gentlemen did come with us; and have already the consent of their own parents to make their suit if they be but encouraged by a sign of approval.'

"'Ah! Heaven have mercy!' cried the duchess, joining her hands. 'Have ye, scape-graces indeed, brought your gallants hither? I dare not inquire further. May be ye have hidden them in your chambers? Meggy, (the duchess's nurse,) beg his lordship to come hither; I must talk the matter over with him.'

"After the duke had come and heard that which had befallen, he straightways asked the names of the gallants; and when the damsels had informed his grace thereof, his lordship did turn unto his consort, saying:

"'Listen, Darling Dorel: the parents, on both sides, are most worthy persons, and of unblemished birth. I advise that thou shouldst give thy consent thereunto! Remember, dearest, that we twain were of one mind long before I made known my suit unto thy mother.'

"Whereupon her ladyship did strike her lord upon the mouth with her kerchief, and said,

"'Well!—well!—but we must first look at these youths, and learn what they are like. Tell us now, young damsels, where are your lovers hidden, and what is the signal ye have agreed upon?'

"Agnes did immediately tell her ladyship that the gallants were housed at the Golden Pitcher; and, whereas the Lion's Tower, in the palace, could thence be plainly discerned, they had agreed to tie a white kerchief round the neck of one of the lions as a signal that there was hope for them! The gallants had agreed to abide at the hostel the space of eight days. Should the matter, however, turn out ill, the kerchief displayed was to be black.

"'Well done,' said the duchess to her husband; 'they wish to take two fortresses at once; and would have the white flag wave, without firing a shot, and without attempting a storm.'

"Hereupon the Duke Christian did take the hand of his beloved wife, and spoke, somewhat in an under tone:

"'Darling wife!—was not the green branch so often stuck in your window at Crossen; also a white flag? Moreover, thou knowest little of a siege; preparations for storming a citadel are not made during the daylight; but secretly, in the night season, in order that the garrison perceive them not. Shots may already have been fired. Tell me, young girls, have ye already kissed the gallants? Mary, do you speak; ye have not yet opened your mouth: make a clean breast.'

"'Ah! most gracious liege,' answered Mary, 'the gentlemen have, indeed, squeezed our hands in secret, while we sat at table; and during the marriage dance, and at sundry other dances, we kissed each other—seeing that others did the like. But we could not be alone with them at any other time; for the bride's mother was always about us, and we lay in her room. Neither, on the way home, had we much liberty; seeing that the old secretary, whom her ladyship did send with us, did observe us most narrowly. But, when the old man did look out of the window of the carriage, then did the gallants look tenderly upon us, and did kiss their hands to us.'

"'There now,' said his lordship, turning to his wife, 'you see that the siege was conducted with vigour. The squeezing of hands was the parley; the kisses the cannon-balls, sent so freely; and the tender looks the shells. Depend upon it the storm cannot long be delayed. Listen, darling wife, my heart melts when I bethink me that we also, in our youth, could not brook a long delay.'

"'Let the drums beat the chamade [parley], and let us show our colours!' said the duchess; while she threw her arms round her husband's neck, and stopped his mouth with a kiss. The duke did then ask her, jestingly, 'But which flag shall it be?'

"Hereupon the two young damsels did cry aloud, as with one voice:

"'The white!—most gracious liege!—the white!'

"The duchess could not choose but laugh heartily, and his lordship did immediately order a servant to mount the tower, and to tie a white kerchief round one of the lion's necks. His lordship did then sing an old song the children are wont to sing on May-day:

"'A stately house my lord doth keep;
Two maidens from the windows peep;
A kerchief white the one doth wave:
Because they fain would husbands have.'—

and did then depart to put on better apparel, wherein to await the coming of the wooers. He did also command that all the court ladies and the courtiers should be present at the wooing. Meanwhile, 'Darling Dorel' did ask the damsels where they had gotten the rings which they had presented to their gallants in return for theirs? Thereupon Agnes did reply unto her ladyship:

"'Most gracious lady! we are but poor orphans, and possess nought save poor little gold rings belonging to our departed mothers, and these we could not bear to part with. We have therefore promised to buy rings with our [illegible] and deliver them to our gallants on [illegible]ng opportunity.'

"'[illegible] case,' said her ladyship, 'ye are but [illegible]trothed, and there is yet time to think twice of the matter;' nevertheless, her ladyship did praise the young damsels, inasmuch as they did not part lightly and rashly with their mothers' trinkets. She advised them, moreover, to tarry; as they or their gallants, might change their minds.

"This speech did much alarm the damsels, who did then believe the whole matter to be postponed; and they did forthwith begin to weep, and to beseech her ladyship, not for this account, to cause their lovers to alter their mind, seeing that they, the damsels, were poor and were not likely soon to get other suitors.

"The duchess did then say unto them:—'The misfortune would not be so great! I would find husbands for you soon enough.' Hereupon, she turned to old Meggy and said,

"'Ah! most worthy nurse, what a life does a wretched princess lead! Had I but married an honest burgher, then should I have had nothing but my household duties and my children to attend to; I could have gone quietly to bed, slept without care, and waked with pleasure; but in my position everything is otherwise. Alack, when my other damsels come hither, and learn that these silly girls are already betrothed, they will all run mad, and I shall have to send them to all the marriage feasts throughout the duchy to pick up husbands.'

"Hereupon, she sent the nurse Meggy for her jewel box, opened it, and gave to each of the two damsels a handsome ring, the which they might present to their lovers, and thus return their pledge; but under this condition, that they were not to deliver their rings until the duchess gave them a sign thereunto with her kerchief.

"While all this was going on, the duke on his part had entered the duchess's apartment, accompanied by the chamberlain, all the gentlemen of his court, and the maids of honour. The lovers, meanwhile, were on the look out, and were not aware that matters had gone to such a length touching their love affairs. They had joyfully obeyed the white signal, and stood near unto the gates of the castle waiting for some opportunity of seeing their betrothed. The duke perceived this, and hereupon opened the window and called unto the soldiers on guard, 'Arrest me those two fellows and conduct them to the guard-house, until further orders!'

"Hereupon the damsels, Agnes and Mary, were exceedingly afraid. The duke, however, did comfort them with the following words:

"'This is on your account; hasten and put on proper attire; ye still have got on your old clothes, and must adorn yourselves.'

"The damsels ran gleefully and quickly into their rooms; whither the duchess sent after them two other damsels to aid them in plaiting their hair. They soon returned; and each of the damsels about to be betrothed had put on the bridal wreath belonging to her mother.

"The duke now ordered the lovers to be summoned from the guard-house. They were sore abashed when they entered the room; especially when his gracious lordship addressed the following questions to them:

"'What are your names? Have you passports? and what is your will?'

"The young men twirled their caps in their hands; stared first at their loves, and then at their gracious lieges; but could not utter a word, and stood looking very sheepish.

"'Ah!' said his lordship, 'never in my life did I meet with two such dumb fellows. My dominions will soon touch those of Oppeln, and you serve excellent well as landmarks!—can neither of ye say 'yea or nay'? Answer me straight!—Have ye got the consent of your parents to propose for those two chits; and are ye ready to affirm the same on your word of honour, as gentlemen?'

"Then did the young men recover their speech, and they both answered, 'Yea.'

"'Well,' said the duke, 'I will now believe ye, and keep you at my court some few days; but as ye may be rogues and vagabonds for all that I know, I will therefore send a messenger on horseback to your parents to get further intelligence, and ye must have patience the while.'

"Hereupon the damsel, Mary, turned to the duchess, and said to her with great simplicity,

"'Most gracious lady, the gentlemen have spoken truth! Their parents have given them permission to woo us. We have concealed nothing from them, but confessed in the presence of the old lady Wentzkin, that we were poor orphan girls, and have no dower. But the mothers of our two lovers

said that all was well; if only we brought a blessing from Darling Dorel, they should value it more than an earldom!' This Agnes and I can affirm on oath.'

"On hearing this, the duchess folded her hands in prayer, looked towards heaven with tears in her eyes, and still praying, and gave the signal with her kerchief. Immediately the damsels placed the rings on the fingers of their lovers, knelt down before the duchess, and besought her blessing. The duchess laid her hands upon the heads of the young girls and said,

"'God alone, who is in heaven, knows whether this will prove a blessing or a curse; but, if God hear the prayer of a weak woman, it will prove a blessing! Bethink ye of your deceased parents; and may their blessing evermore accompany ye! And therefore, let us most fervently utter the Lord's Prayer.'

"Hereupon all present fell upon their knees, and prayed in a low voice; but her most gracious ladyship did say the Lord's Prayer aloud.

"After the prayer was finished, the duchess made a sign to the chief lady about the court, who did thereupon bring, on a silver salver, two half wreaths, which were twined in the hair of the two damsels, Agnes and Mary, after they had taken off their own wreaths; for it was the custom, in Brieg, for betrothed maidens to wear only half wreaths until their wedding-day, when they wore whole ones. The chamberlain did hereupon display from the window a red flag; upon which signal the ducal band did strike up a merry tune with trumpets and kettle-drums from the castle tower; whereupon a crowd gathered in the town to know the cause of such rejoicing at the palace.

"So soon, therefore, as the betrothed couples had duly thanked his grace and the duchess by kissing the hems of their garments, her gracious ladyship did announce to the betrothed damsels, that they should tarry with her for the space of one year, in order more fully to learn their household duties, and to strengthen them in the practice of the Christian virtues; seeing that they were still, as the duchess said, as ignorant as callow geese! Moreover, their clothes and furniture had to be provided, and the like. But to the gentlemen, she said:

"'Mind, gentlemen, ye must also make the best of it! Ye are scarce out of leading-strings, and must go through some sort of ordeal. I would advise you to travel, if so be your parents can afford it.'

"'By all means,' added the duke; 'my Darling Dorel is perfectly right: you must travel; and, if ye know not whither, go to Jericho, and get ye some beards to your faces.'

"As it was yet early in the day, his gracious lordship did order dinner to be prepared; to which, besides the Town Council, and their wives and children, Master Valentinus Gierth and his wife Susanna, were invited.

"His gracious lordship was exceeding merry, and the duchess was most kind in her manner; nevertheless, the guests did not fail to mark that her gracious ladyship did oftentimes look towards the new brides, and that big tears did sometimes roll down her cheek the while."

THE COCOA-NUT PALM.

To a town-bred Englishman, the sight of the *cocus nucifera* growing in its native luxuriance, would suggest little more than untidy orange shops, in which the nut is dealt out to retailers; apple-stalls upon which the kernel is displayed, to tempt amateurs, at a penny a slice; coir-matting woven from the fibre of the shell, and patent candles made from the oil expressed from the nut. He might also, possibly, suppose that to be the same tree he is indebted to for an excellent breakfast beverage: but in that he would be mistaken; for the cocoa, of which chocolate is manufactured, is the seed of the *Theobroma cacao.*

To a native of Ceylon, the cocoa-nut palm calls up a far wider range of ideas; it associates itself with nearly every want and convenience of his life. It might tempt him to assert that if he were placed upon the earth with nothing else whatever to minister to his necessities than the cocoa-nut tree, he could pass his existence in happiness and content.

When the Cingalese villager has felled one of these trees after it has ceased bearing (say in its seventieth year) with its trunk he builds his hut, and his bullock-stall, which he thatches with its leaves. His bolts and bars are slips of the bark; by which he also suspends the small shelf which holds his stock of home-made utensils and vessels. He fences his little plot of chillies, tobacco, and fine grain, with the leaf-stalks. The infant is swung to sleep in a rude net of coir-string made from the husk of the fruit; its meal of rice and scraped cocoa-nut is boiled over a fire of cocoa-nut shells and husks, and is eaten off a dish formed of the plaited green leaves of the tree, with a spoon cut out of the nut-shell. When he goes a-fishing by torch-light his net is of cocoa-nut fibre; the torch, or *chule,* is a bundle of dried cocoa-nut leaves and flower-stalks: the little canoe is a trunk of the cocoa palm-tree, hollowed by his own hands. He carries home his net and his string of fish on a yoke, or *pingo,* formed of a cocoa-nut stalk. When he is thirsty, he drinks of the fresh juice of the young nut; when he is hungry, he eats its soft kernel. If he has a mind to be merry, he sips a glass of arrack, distilled from the fermented juice of the palm, and dances to the music of rude cocoa-nut castanets; if he be weary, he quaffs "toddy," or the unfermented juice, and he flavours his curry with vinegar made from this toddy. Should he be sick, his body will be rubbed with cocoa-nut oil; he sweetens his coffee with *jaggery,* or cocoa-nut sugar, and

softens it with cocoa-nut milk; it is sipped by the light of a lamp, constructed from a cocoa-nut shell, and fed by cocoa-nut oil. His doors, his windows, his shelves, his chairs, the water-gutter under the eaves, all are made from the wood of the tree. His spoons, his forks, his basins, his mugs, his salt-cellars, his jars, his child's money-box, are all constructed from the shell of the nut. Over his couch when born, and over his grave when buried, a bunch of cocoa-nut blossoms is hung, to charm away evil spirits.

This palm is assiduously cultivated in Ceylon, in *topes*, or gardens; and it was long believed that the rude native system of culture was the best; but experience has shown the fallacy of this opinion. Hence, the Cingalese continue to find the manual labour, but the Englishman provides skill and implements.

There is a good road to within a couple of miles of the plantation I am about to describe; so that the visitor has little difficulty in performing this much of the journey. The remaining two miles lies through a sandy tract of very flat and rather uninteresting country. Here and there, amidst a maze of paddy fields, areca-nut topes, and patches of low thorny jungle, are dotted little white-walled huts. They are much cleaner than any such near the towns of Ceylon; attached to each is a small slip of ground, rudely fenced, and half-cultivated, with a few sweet potatoes, some chillies, and a little tobacco and fine grain. It was midday when I started, on foot, to this estate. The sun was blazing above in unclouded glory. Under the shade of a bread-fruit tree the owner of the first hut I got to, was dozing and chewing betel-nut, evidently tasting, in anticipation, the bliss of Buddha's paradise. The wife was pounding up something for curry; the children were by her side—the boys smoking tiny cheroots, the girls twisting mats. It was fortunate for me that the sandy path was overshadowed by jungle-trees, or my progress would have been impossible. Not a breath of air was stirring amidst that dense mass of vegetation; not a twig or a leaf could be persuaded to move; the long paddy (young rice) stalks glittered and sparkled in their watery resting-places, as though they were made of the purest burnished silver. The buffaloes had taken to their noon-day watering-places. The birds were evidently done up, and were nowhere to be seen; the beetles crawled feebly over the cooler shrubs, but they could not get up a single hum or a buzz amongst them all; even the busy little ants perspired, and dropped their lilliputian loads. Well, the dry ditch and thorny fence that form the boundary and protection of the estate were at last reached, and the little gate and watch-hut were passed. The watcher, or *watcoryn*, was a Malay, moustachioed and fierce; for the natives of the country can rarely be depended on as protectors of property against their fellow-villagers. A narrow belt of jungle, trees, and shrubs had been left quite round the plantation, to assist in keeping out cattle and wild animals, which are frequently very destructive to a young cocoa-nut estate, in spite of armed watchers, ditches, and fences. Passing through this belt, I found on entering an entirely new scene: before and around me waved, gracefully, the long shining leaves of three hundred acres of cocoa-nut palms, each acre containing, on an average, eighty trees. It was, indeed, a beautiful and interesting sight. Two-thirds of these trees were yielding ample crops, though only in their ninth year; in two years more they will, generally, be in full bearing. Unlike the rudely planted native garden, this estate had been most carefully laid down; the young plants had all been placed out at regular intervals and in perfectly straight lines, so that, looking over the estate in either direction, the long avenues presented one unbroken figure, at once pleasing to the eye, and easy of access. But, if these interminable masses of palms appeared a lovely picture, when regarded at some little distance, how much was their beauty heightened on a nearer inspection! Walking close under the shadow of their long and ribbon-like leaves, I could see how thickly they were studded with golden-green fruit, in every stage of growth. The sight was absolutely marvellous: were such trees, so laden, painted by an artist, his production would, in all probability, be pronounced unnatural. They appeared more like some fairy creations, got up for my especial amusement; resembling nearly those gorgeous trees which, in my youth, I delighted to read about in the "Arabian Nights," growing in subterranean gardens, and yielding precious stones. They hung in grape-like clusters around the crest of the tree; the large golden ripe nuts below, smaller and greener fruit just above them, followed by scores of others in all stages, from the blossom-seed to the half-grown; it was impossible to catch a glimpse of the stem, so thickly did the fruit hang on all sides. I made an attempt to count them:—"thirty—fifty—eighty—one hundred"—I could go no further; those little fellows near the top, peeping up like so many tiny dolls' heads, defied my most careful numerations; but, I feel confident, there must have been quite two hundred nuts on that one palm. Above the clusters of rich fruit were two feather-like flowers, white as snow, and smooth and glossy as polished marble; they had just burst from their sheaths; and a more delicate, lovely picture could scarcely be imagined.

A cocoa-nut tree, in a native Cingalese *tope*, will sometimes yield fifty nuts in twelve months; but the average of them seldom give more than twenty-five in the year. It is, therefore, very evident that European skill may be employed beneficially on this cultivation, as well as on any other.

I was at first rather startled at perceiving a tall, half-naked Cingalese away in the distance, with a gun at least half as long again as himself, long black hair over his shoulders, and bunches of something hanging at his girdle. He was watching some game amongst the trees; at last he fired, ran, picked up something, and stuck it in his girdle. What could it be? Parrot, pigeon, or jungle-fowl? It was only a poor little squirrel; and there were at least two scores of these pretty creatures hanging at the waist of the mighty hunter! Fortunately I could speak the native language, and was not long in learning the cause of this slaughter. It appeared that in addition to their pretty bushy tails, glossy coats, and playful gambols, the squirrels have very sharp and active teeth, and an uncommon relish for the sweet tender buds of the cocoa-nut flower, which they nip off and destroy by scores, and of course lessen by so much the future crop of fruit. Handsful of the buds, lay half-eaten around each tree, and I no longer felt astonished at this species of sporting.

The ground had evidently been well cleared from jungle plants, not one of which was to be seen in all this tract: a stout and healthy-looking grass was springing up along the avenues; whilst, at certain intervals, patches of Indian corn, sweet potatoes, guinea-grass, and other products—intended for cattle-fodder during dry weather when the wild grasses fail—gave tints of varied luxuriance to the scene.

The ground at this part of the estate sloped a little, and I came to an open space, somewhat marshy in appearance. A number of cattle, young and old, were browsing about on the long grass, or sipping a draught from the clear stream which ran through the low ground. They were confined within a rude but stout fence, and on one side was a range of low sheds for their shelter. The cattle appeared in good condition; they were purchased, when very young, from the drovers who bring them in hundreds from the Malabar Coast; and many were then fit for the cart, the carriage, or the knife. At the end was a manure shed, and outside stood a keeper's hut, with a store attached, in which were piled up dried guinea-grass, maize, &c.

The manure-pit was deep and large, and in it lay the true secret of the magical productiveness of the trees I had just seen. Good seed planted in light free soil, well cleared and drained, will produce a fine healthy tree in a few years; and, if to this be added occasional supplies of manure and a few waterings during the dry season, an abundant yield of fruit will most assuredly reward the toil and outlay of the cocoa-nut cultivator.

Leaving this spot, I strolled through the next field, to see what a number of little boys were so busy about. There were a dozen black urchins, running about from tree to tree; sometimes they stopped, clambered up, and appeared to have very particular business to transact at the stems of the leaves; but oftener they passed on contented with a mere glance upwards at the fruit. They had a sharp-pointed instrument in the hand: whilst at the wrist of each was hung a cocoa-nut shell. I paused to see what one of these children was searching for, half hid as the little fellow was amongst the gigantic leaves. Intently scrutinising his motions, I observed that he forced the little sharp instrument into the very body of the tree: down it went to the inmost core of the giant stem: all his strength was employed; he strained and struggled amongst the huge leaves, as though he were engaged in deadly strife with some terrible boa or chutah. At last he secured his antagonist, and descended with something alive, small and black, and impaled on the barbed point of his little weapon. A few questions elicited the whole secret. The cocoa-nut tree, it seems, has many enemies besides squirrels: the elephant, the wild hog, the rat, the white ant, the porcupine, the monkey, and a large white worm, either attack it when young, or rob it of its fruit when mature. But the most numerous and persevering enemy which it has to encounter from the age of three years until long after it produces fruit, is the *cooroominya*, or cocoa-nut beetle; a black hard-coated creature, with beautiful wings, and a most powerful little tusk, which it employs with fatal activity to open a way into the trunks of the palms. Its labours commence in the evening, and by early morning it will be buried half-a-dozen inches deep, in the very centre of the tree; where, if not detected, and removed, it feeds on the soft pithy fibres, deposits its eggs, and does not depart in less than two or three days. These holes are always made in the softest and sweetest part of the tree, near the crown; and, in young plants, they prove seriously hurtful; checking the growth, and impairing the health of the future tree. In a morning's walk an active lad will frequently secure as many as a score of these *cooroominyas;* which after being killed, are strung up on lilliputian gibbets about the estate, as a warning to their live friends.

Farther on I perceived, gathered in anxious consultation, three of the lads around a tree that was loaded with fruit; they looked up at the leaves; then at the root; then at the trunk. At last, one little fellow started off, swift-footed as a hare, and was soon out of sight. The others began scraping the earth from the root as fast as possible; and all the information they would impart was "*leydie gaha*," or sick tree; so that there was nothing for it but to imagine that the little messenger had been despatched for the doctor. He soon came back, not with the medicine-man, but a *mamootie*, or Dutch hoe, and a *cattie*, or sharp bill-hook. And then the busy work went on again. In little more time than I take to tell the story, the soil was removed from

about the root, a hole was discovered in the trunk, and its course upwards ascertained by means of a cane probe. With the cattie, one of the boys commenced cutting an opening midway in the trunk of the tree. On looking up, I perceived that the patient gave unmistakeable symptoms of ill-health. The long leaves were drooping at the end, and tinged with a sickly yellow; many of the nuts had fallen off, and others had evidently half a mind to follow the example. The flower, which had just burst above, hung down its sickly head, weeping away the germs of what had else been nuts. The hole was now complete; it was large enough for the smallest boy to force his hand in; and it soon brought away a basket full of pith and powdered wood from the body of the tree. There, amidst the ruin, was the enemy that had caused so much mischief and labour. It was an unsightly worm, about four inches in length, and as thick as one's small finger, having a dull white body and black head. I then began to wonder what had next to be done, whether the tree would die after all this hacking and maiming. Would the medicine-man now be sent for? No. The interior of the wounded tree, as well as the aperture, was thoroughly freed from dirt and decomposed fibre—which might have aided in hatching any eggs left by the worm—and, finally, the root was covered up, and the opening and inside of the palm tightly filled with clay. I was assured that not more than one of ten trees, thus treated, ever fails to recover its health.

The nocturnal attacks of elephants are checked by means of lighted fires, and an occasional shot or two during the night. Wild hogs and porcupines are caught in traps, and hunted by dogs. The monkeys are shot down like the squirrels, and the white ants are poisoned. In spite of all these measures, however, an estate often suffers very severely, and its productiveness is much interfered with, by these many depredators.

The soil over which I had as yet passed had been of one uniform description—a light sandy earth, containing a little vegetable matter, and but a little. Afterwards, I arrived at a tract of planted land, quite different in its nature and mode of cultivation. It was of a far stiffer character, deeper in colour, and more weedy. This portion of the estate was in former days a swamp, in which the porcupine, the wild-hog, and the jackal, delighted to dwell, sheltered from the encroachments of man by a dense mass of low jungle, thorns, and reeds. To drive away these destructive creatures from the vicinity of the young palms, the jungle was fired during the dry weather. It was then perceived that the soil of this morass, although wet and rank from its position, was of a most luxuriant character; a few deep drains were opened through the centre, cross drains were cut, and after the season's exposure to the purifying action of the atmosphere and rain, the whole of it was planted, and it now gives fair promise of being, one day, the finest field in the plantation.

From this low ground I strolled through some long avenues of trees on the right; their long leaves protected me from the heat of the afternoon sun, which was still considerable. The trees on this side were evidently older; they had a greater number of ripe fruit; and farther away in the distance might be seen a multitude of men and boys busily engaged in bearing away the huge nuts in pairs, to a path or rude cart track, where a *cangany*, or native overseer, was occupied in counting them as they were tossed into the bullock cart. The expertness of the boys in climbing these smooth, broken, and branchless trees, by the aid of a small band formed by twisting a portion of a cocoa-nut leaf, was truly astonishing. In a moment their small feet grasped the trunk, aided by the twisted leaf, whilst their hands were employed above; they glided upwards, and with a quick eye detected the riper fruit which, rapidly twisted from their stalks, were flung to the ground. Their companions below were busy in removing the nuts; which for young children is no easy task; the nuts frequently weighing fifteen or twenty pounds each nut, with the husk or outer skin on them. The natives have a simple but ingenious method of tying them together in pairs, by which means the boys can carry two of them with ease, when otherwise one would be a task of difficulty. The nuts have little, if any, stalk: the practice, therefore, is to slit up a portion of the husk, (which is the coir fibre in its natural state), pull out a sufficient length without breaking it, and thus tie two together; in this way the little urchins scamper along with the nuts slung across their shoulders, scarcely feeling the weight.

I followed the loaded carts. They were halted at a large enclosure, inside of which were huge pens formed of jungle sticks, about ten feet in height; into these the nuts were stored and re-counted; a certain number only being kept in each, as the pens are all of the same dimensions. Adjoining, was another and still larger space lying lower, with some deep ditches and pits in the midst. Here the outer husk is stripped off, preparatory to breaking the nut itself in order to obtain the kernel; which has to be dried before the oil can be expressed. Into the pits or ditches the husk is flung, and left in water for ten or fourteen days; when it is removed and beaten out on stones, to free the woody elastic fibre from dirt and useless vegetable matter. This is a most disagreeable operation, for the stench from the half-putrid husks is very strong. The fibre, after being well dried on the sandy ground, undergoes a rude assortment into three qualities, in reference chiefly to colour, and is then delivered over to the rope-maker, who works it up into yarn, rope, or junk, as required. Freed from their outer covering,

the nuts are either sold for making curries, in which they form a prominent feature; or they are kept for drying ready for the oil-mill.

Having learned this much, I strolled through the neat small field, and along a patch of guinea-grass, to see what was going on in that direction. The neat-looking building adjoining was the superintendent's bungalow; and the long sheds and open spaces in their front and rear were for drying the nuts, into what is termed *copperah*, in which state they are ground up for pressure. It was a busy scene, indeed, and the operations require constant vigilance on the part of the manager: yet all the work is carried on in the rudest [illegible] most simple implements. Half-a-dozen stout lads were seated, cross-legged, on the ground, each with a heap of nuts by his side. The rapidity with which they seized these, and with one sharp blow of a heavy knife, split them precisely in half, and flung them away into other heaps, was remarkable. It seemed to be done with scarcely an effort; yet on handling the broken nut, one cannot help being struck with its thickness and strength. Smaller boys were busily employed in removing these heaps of split fruit to the large open spaces; where others, assisted by a few women, were occupied in placing them in rows close together with the open part upwards, so that the kernels may be fully exposed to the direct rays of the sun. In this way they remain for two days, when the fruit, partly dried, shrinks from the shell, and is removed. Two more days' exposure to the sun in fine weather will generally complete the drying process. The kernels are then called *copperah*, and are brittle and unctuous in the hand.

To convert this material into oil, the natives employ a very primitive mill, worked by bullocks, and called a *checkoo*; this process is very slow, and the oil never clean. Europeans have, however, obviated these objections, and manufacture the cocoa-nut oil by means of granite crushers and hydraulic presses, worked by steam-power. This is only done in Colombo, to which place, of course, the *copperah* has to be conveyed. The refuse of the oil-presses—the dry cake or *poonac*—is very useful as food for cattle and poultry, and not less so as a manure for the palm-trees, when moistened, and applied in a partially decomposed state.

Not a particle of this valuable tree is lost. The fresh juice of the blossom which is broken off to allow it to flow freely, is termed, as we have said, toddy; and is drunk, when quite new, as a cool and pleasantly refreshing beverage; when fermented, it is distilled, and yields the less harmless liquor known as arrack.

All these operations are not carried on with ease and regularity. The Cingalese are an idle race; like many better men, their chief pleasure is to perform as little work as possible. This necessitates a never-ending round of inspection by the European manager; who, mounted on a small pony, paper umbrella in hand, visits every corner of the property at least once in the day, often twice. Neither is it unusual for him to make "a round" during the night. On the whole, therefore, he enjoys no sinecure.

The manufacture of arrack is entirely in the hands of the natives, who employ stills of the rudest construction; the permission to retail arrack and toddy is annually farmed out by the Ceylon Government; the renters are natives, who frequently pay as much as sixty thousand pounds annually for the monopoly; about one-eighth part of the entire revenue of the island.

If we consider the very light and poor nature of the soil in which cocoa-nut cultivation is carried on, it cannot but be matter for wonder that those trees attain so large a size, and yield such bulky and continuous crops during so many years. Not unfrequently they reach a height of sixty feet, and yield fully fifty nuts each tree per annum, gathered in alternate months, and continue in bearing for seventy, and sometimes for ninety years. A calculation, based on these data, shows that one acre of yellow sandy soil will produce, without the aid of manure, a weight of fourteen and a quarter tons in green fruit, and seven tons of leaves annually. To yield this once or twice may not seem deserving of much wonder; but that this production should continue for half a century, without any renovation of soil, and only accidental supplies of manure, cannot but be considered a remarkable instance of the unaided fertilising powers of nature.

THE SMITHFIELD BULL TO HIS COUSIN OF NINEVEH.

Cousin, the distance of the seas
Destroys no good beast's sympathies;
And whether you be there, or here,
Or on your travels, ancient seer,
Thy veins of royal blood are full—
I feel you are a brother Bull.
Therefore, I now take up my hoof
To write these lines by way of proof;
And if gall-bladders for my ink
I use, it is to make men think.

I reverence your patriarch age,
Your knowledge of the historic page;
And when I learn the mutilations
You've suffered—less from time than nations—
It makes my horns turn cold and pale,
While wrath uplifts my stiffening tail.
Nor, do I think, you will refuse
This tribute from the Bovian Muse,
When I confide to your safe ear,
A portion of my sufferings here;
But rather, that your mighty ire
Would spurn the rocks and sands to fire,
And roast your heart, stuff'd high with pride
Until it burst your marble side.

I cannot write in hieroglyphics;
But now, a bright eye o'er the cliff fix,
To watch your coming to our shores,
Saluting you with bellowing roars;
Sounds that comprise the highest greeting,
And tell of wrongs far worse than eating.
To die is natural—to be eaten,
Earth's law; but to be basely beaten—
Forming no part of Nature's rules—
Shows that some men are brutes and fools.

Now, Royal Cousin, would'st thou know
Why thus my nostrils sniff and blow;
'Tis wrath, and scorn, and smell of blood—
Smithfield blaspheming in its mud—
Drovers, with tuck'd-up sleeves, and faces
Like devils, who wager at grimaces:
The hail of blows—the torches' glare;
The rushing madness, foulness, flare;
While civic magnates sit and dine
On beef—*our* beef! and o'er their wine,
Declare this murderous market-place
An honour to the human race.

Some sons of Adam—worthy men,—
Have sought to purify this den;
Select a spot beyond the walls,
Where every Bull that bows and falls,
May, with becoming dignity,
Adjust his mantle ere he die.
Well, if 'twere so; and since by fate
And metaphysical aid, his date
Is ever shorten'd; in his end
Remember this—he dies a *friend*.

But men who eat us, boiled and roast,
Too oft forget their Bovian host;
Nay more, forget their fellow-creatures
In praising Smithfield's murderous features,
With all the vices, fevers, groans,
That breed a curse beneath its stones.
Wherefore, before 'tis swept away,
On liveried marrow-bones they pray
That the Most Gracious Queen alive
Would only take a morning drive,
And be convinced at once—smell, see,
The market's rare salubrity;
And grant her sanction to a scheme
Worthy of wisdom's brightest beam,
If any change be on the cards—
To move it just a hundred yards.

But, Royal Cousin, your high mission,
To Fifty One's Great Exhibition,
Is not to show your ancient learning,
But into practice knowledge turning;
And therefore you will see us righted,
Although the "City" be benighted.
I, full of hope, to this great end,
A Cattle-market Model send—
Projected by one Thomas Dunhill—
Where pumps for ever may the tun fill;
Where spaces, and allotments, large,
Shall sink with shame the City burge;
Where screens shall rise up, broad and high,
For safety, care, and decency;
With houses, board-rooms, office, hall—
For governors, sellers, buyers—all;
No longer London's hideous fair,
But built in suburbs, and fresh air.

INDIAN RAILROADS AND BRITISH COMMERCE.

Nearly two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since a small band of English merchant adventurers went out, urged by a spirit of enterprise almost heroic in those days of dark and difficult navigation, and established themselves under the protection of native princes, at Surat, then one of the principal, now a decayed town and port on the eastern coast of the Indian Peninsula. A few years later Bombay, the germ of our Indian empire, fell to us as part of the marriage portion which Catherine of Braganza brought to our own Charles the Second.

In those days the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the French, had triumphantly established many and rich colonies and dependencies, in seas where the British flag was scarcely known, unless when borne by pirates and buccaneers. Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the humble merchant who then represented the struggling fortunes of the East India Company in Bengal, having negotiated the purchase of a small tract of land for a factory on the banks of the Ganges, selected the site for the future Calcutta, the city of Palaces, round the spot where he was accustomed to smoke his hookah under the shade of a wide-spreading tree.

The rising wealth, power, and influence, of the British Merchant Company excited the suspicions of their neighbours; the native Indian princes, urged by the jealousy and the intrigues of the French and Portuguese, who had preceded us in forming settlements, commenced a series of wars. More than once the fate of our future empire hung upon a thread; the fate of the officers and ladies thrust into the Black Hole of Calcutta, when that city was besieged and taken by Surajah Dowlah, was a favourite tale of horror among our grandmothers.

It happened, however, that among the clerks sent out to keep the accounts of the Company, at seventy pounds a year, was one Robert Clive, the unruly son of a poor Shropshire clergyman. He, finding himself abandoned in a besieged fort, by cowardly incompetent officers, threw down the pen, took up the sword, and commenced a career of conquest, second only in marvellous success to that of Napoleon, during which he laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the empire which now extends from Cape Comorin to the boundaries of the Chinese and Burmese empires.

It was in 1757, at the battle of Plassey, Clive—commanding a little army of English and seapoys, first disciplined by himself—defeated Surajah Dowlah at the head of seventy thousand native troops, and conquered the whole of Bengal at a blow. What Clive commenced, Warren Hastings, and a constant succession of men eminent for military and administrative skill, completed. Cornwallis

and Elphinstone, Wellesley, Wellington, Malcolm and Munro, are a few among a host of great men bred in our Indian school. Thus, from the day of the battle of Plassey, in spite of foreign intrigue and native jealousy, internal insurrections and external wars, often by means most unscrupulous and unjustifiable, oftener by the irresistible force of circumstances, almost always against the will of the Merchant Directory sitting at home, anxious for peace and profit, British power, in constantly widening circles, has extended from the more ancient settlements of Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, until it has enclosed the whole Indian Peninsula, with the exception of a few kingdoms and principalities, nominally independent, but, in reality, existing only by sufferance; and certain, at no distant time, to be absorbed in *British* India.

At this moment less than ten thousand European military and civil officers rule and tax seventy millions of Mahomedans and Hindoos; fifty millions more are surrounded by our dominions, open to our commerce, and ready to submit to our rule, whenever we choose to accept their homage.

India is at peace: no longer removed from us by the uncertain length of a sailing voyage, thanks to the enterprise of Waghorn, the steam-engine of Watt, and the locomotive of George Stephenson, we have recovered—shortened to thirty days—the ancient overland route between Europe and Hindostan; at no distant date we may expect to see the Isthmus of Suez give way before the pressure of advancing commerce, capital, and science, and to have cargoes forwarded from the Thames, the Mersey, and the Clyde, by the direct route of the Red Sea without transshipment.

In the midst of the feelings of national pride and self-gratulation, which such a retrospect cannot fail to inspire, conscience, or common sense, or both, ask a plain, practical question, which we shall have some difficulty in answering satisfactorily:—Have we done all we could for the welfare of the native population under our charge?—have we used the best means in our power to discover the wealth, develope the resources, and profitably occupy the industry of the inhabitants of these vast and fertile dominions? It is true that the Indian husbandman can now pursue his occupations without fear of seeing his fields laid waste, his children carried into captivity, by the invasion of hordes of Mahrattas or Pindarries, or by accidents of foreign or domestic warfare. Organised robber bands, which, under the dominion of the most powerful Indian princes, levied black mail, have been put down; and even the secret association of Thugs has been unable to resist our intelligence and power. Life and property are secure; and, in spite of occasional mistakes of the Local Government, there is every reason to believe, from the comparison of the taxes levied, and the prices of corn and of wages, in the reign of the Emperor Akbar, in the sixteenth century, (the Emperor whose wisdom, justice, and charity are to this day the theme of Hindoo and Arab minstrels,) with those obtaining under the British rule, the condition of the Indian peasant has in no case deteriorated, and in many instances improved.

But this is not enough. We still find large populations, in the midst of vast parts of fertile, uncultivated land, naked and all but starving; we find famine decimating the inhabitants of one district, while in another, distant but two or three hundred miles, grain rots in the field for want of a market. We find the consumption of British manufactures, compared with the population open to us, insignificant and scarcely increasing; the supply of those articles of raw material most needed, and for the growth of which the soil, and the climate, and the habits of the people are well fitted—such as wheat, sugar, hemp, and cotton—so far stationary, and with respect to cotton actually receding. To amend this deplorable state of affairs is not less our interest than our duty.

The great mass of the Indian population are poor; but intelligent, willing to labour, and anxious to purchase British manufactures, if they had the means. Our only hope of extending our exports to India rests upon being able to increase our purchase of their agricultural produce.

When the once great Indian merchant house of Palmer and Co. entered into commercial operations among the Goands, wild tribes on the banks of the Pranheeta, a branch of the Godavery (in longitude eighty degrees East), their speculations threw a circulation of about ten thousand pounds a year into the country. "The effect upon the condition of the people was seen within the first year, and continued to improve; those that had scarcely a covering for their nakedness were hardly to be recognised in their gay attire. Chintz, handkerchiefs, penknives, and scissors, found a ready sale; the men led the way, but the women soon acquired a taste for dress."

Changes for the purposes of improving the Government and lightening the taxation of the native inhabitants of British India must be slow in their operation and uncertain in their effect. We, in England, in discussing such questions, reason in the dark; for we are not dealing with the destinies of an Anglo-Saxon race, but with one which, as Sir Thomas Munro observed, had scarcely changed in character since India was first visited by Vasco de Gama. But, if we can afford them profitable employment, in cultivating cotton, hemp, sugar, and wheat, we increase the comforts of the peasantry, and the consumption of our manufactures, and add to the gross amount, while diminishing the individual pressure of taxation. This, then, would be a certain good; and our zeal to effect it cannot fail to be quickened when we remember the

urgent necessity, in this country, of finding a supply of cotton which shall render us independent of the blights and frosts of America.

"India is the only country in a position, from soil, climate, and population, to supply the quantity and quality we need, within any reasonable period. It is shown, very clearly, in a work laboriously and intelligently compiled by Mr. John Chapman, late Manager of the Great Indian Peninsular Railroad,* that we have it in our power to increase, almost indefinitely, the sale of our manufactures in India, by the simple process of affording a market for the produce of the soil. This market can only be provided by increasing the road accommodation between the interior and the coast.

At present, the consumption of British manufactures in the whole of India amounts to about elevenpence farthing per head. The inhabitants of the valley of the Ganges, who have advantage of water communication, consume about one shilling and three half-pence per head, while, in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, it varies from sevenpence, in the one case, to sixpence per head in the other. The double consumption in the district in which the inhabitants have cheaper means of sending their produce to market, and obtaining return cargoes, speaks volumes.

On the present occasion, we shall confine our attention to the Bombay district, because that is, as Mr. Chapman very clearly shows, the port from which we ought to derive an ample supply of the cotton we so urgently need; that we do not receive it, is owing to the utter absence of roads throughout the district.

It appears that at a distance of about one hundred and forty miles from Bombay, separated by a lofty range of mountains or Ghauts, there lies a country about four hundred and fifty miles from north to south, with an average breadth of three hundred miles from west to east, the gross surface being, therefore, one hundred and thirty-five thousand square miles; deducting half as occupied by mountains, rivers, barren soil, &c., the other half will contain forty-three millions two hundred thousand acres applicable to the growth of cotton fit for English use; for it is very clearly made out that while scarcely any cotton fit for our manufacturers can be grown in Bengal, (from the unsuitability of the climate) and but a limited quantity in the Madras Presidency and other districts—in the area above described, the cotton grown is fit for seventy-five per cent. of our consumption.

"That consumption amounts to four hundred and eighty million pounds per annum; seventy-five per cent. would be three hundred and sixty million pounds; now, if one fourth of forty-three million two hundred thousand acres were cropped every year, and produced the average weight of a hundred pounds per acre, the whole crop would be one thousand and eighty million pounds weight per annum, or three times as much as we could take at the existing rate of consumption by our manufacturers."

We have not space to enter into the details necessary for showing (as Mr. Chapman does most satisfactorily) the existence of this large cotton-growing area, and its capability of growing cotton suited for the British market; because it is necessary to explain how it is that, in the face of a constant demand in the British market for the staple, which so far as soil, climate, and ample supply of skilled husbandmen at moderate wages are concerned, can be raised in unlimited quantities, the export of cotton from Bombay to Liverpool has actually fallen off within the last ten years.

The cotton in question is all brought down to Bombay on the backs of bullocks: for want of roads no other mode of conveyance is practicable. The expense, the loss of time, the damage by accidents of weather, and loss in bad packing, are enormous under the most favourable circumstances; but in some seasons, no sufficient number of bullocks are to be had; those employed are decimated by disease and drought. The merchants frequently find themselves compelled either to break their contracts, or to see their profits consumed in the cost of carriage. If the discouraged merchant discontinues for a year his purchases, the natives in the interior find themselves saddled with crops of cotton which they cannot sell at any price: they cannot even consume it themselves, or feed cattle on it, as if it were grain. Hence, they abandon the growth of a crop which is not sure of a market; and, when a failure of our usual supply from America compels our manufacturers to turn to India, they find that, even for money, the staple is not to be had. Thus, in 1836—twelve years after the pacification of the intervening country had established the trade in cotton between the interior district of Berar and Bombay—the import reached thirty-one millions of pounds. Nine years later, in 1845, it had fallen to twenty-three millions of pounds.

This diminution in supply has not been caused by diminution in the price paid to the cultivator; which has been, for the last sixty years, between one penny farthing and twopence halfpenny per pound, according to the quality, but simply from the want of certain steady means of conveyance which prevented the purchaser—even if a large quantity of cotton were grown and stacked—from conveying it to the coast. It has been proved that, in 1843, a gentleman, who had contracted to deliver five thousand bullock loads of cotton at Bombay, was prevented from performing his contract by want of cattle; and again, that, in 1846, vessels lay in the harbour waiting in vain, on heavy expenses, for cotton purchased in the interior, which the drought prevented from being sent forward, because it was necessary to limit the number of

* "The Commerce and Cotton of India," by John Chapman.

bullocks by the quantity of water available for their consumption on the road.

We, in England, can scarcely conceive such a state of internal commerce, accustomed, as we have so long been, to excellent roads, canals, and railroads. Let us imagine all the railroads, all the canals, and all the turnpike-roads, with the exception of about twenty miles out of London, destroyed; that between London and the present manufacturing districts, lay a stupendous range of mountains, only to be passed at all at one or two narrow defiles; add a tropical climate, burning droughts at one period of the year, at the other deluges of rain, turning the dry watercourses of the hot season into impassable torrents; and we have a country somewhat resembling that between the port of Bombay and the cotton-growing district. If, then, over such a country, all produce for shipment at the port of London had to be conveyed on the backs of animals, horses or bullocks, it is quite evident that the present enormous traffic would dwindle away to such a minimum, that in a very few years the records of the former enormous influx of goods would become quite incredible. Towns and villages, now carrying on a brisk exchange with London, would be compelled to resign foreign luxuries, to consume their own produce, and be as much as possible self-supporting. To take a simple case, it is quite certain that scarcely any number of horses could be arranged so as to carry the number of passengers who are now daily carried through England by railway, because with animals, as you increase the number, you increase the difficulty of feeding them.

At present it is calculated, by Mr. Chapman, that one million eight hundred thousand bullocks traverse the few routes practicable across the Ghauts, in carrying the traffic between the interior and Bombay, of which one hundred and eighty thousand convey cotton. These animals travel in single file, at the rate of three miles an hour, over tracks worn by the feet of their predecessors, depending for food and water on what can be picked up on the way, sometimes delayed by torrents swelled with the melting of the mountain snow, sometimes struggling through morasses, sometimes driven mad by heat and drought, sometimes struck down in thousands by an epidemic, and left to rot on the roadside, polluting the air and poisoning the water, to the grievous damage of the droves that follow in their track.

Under such opposing circumstances, it is not extraordinary that our commerce with India makes slow progress. Reforms of laws and of rules, improvements of docks and piers on the coast, will do little towards establishing a steady commercial barter of raw material for manufactured goods between England and India, until we have *tapped* the interior where the great agricultural districts lie.

The Indian village system, which presents the most ancient municipal system in the world, is especially calculated to encourage isolation, and foster self-supporting communities, after the fashion, although not with the results, communistic writers would desire to see established in Europe. Each village is a sort of republic, ruled by the *Patel* or headman, the *Chougula* his assistant, and the *Koolkurnee*, or accountant, with some others. Besides these, the village maintains, *as public officers*, a band of artisans; these, where the village can afford it, number twenty-four. The carpenter stands at the head, next comes the blacksmith, the goldsmith and assayer of coins, the shoemaker, the potter, the barber, the leather ropemaker, the butcher, the washerman, astrologer, bard, dancing-girl, water-carrier, &c. The remuneration, beside a piece of land, is by a stipend in grain from each cultivator, in return for which, customary services are performed. The carpenter and blacksmith are required to repair and construct implements, wells, and other matters connected with cultivation. This system, as is well expressed by the author, from whom we have abridged these details—*stereotyped the India of the day*—to lead the Indian people, bound hand and foot, by custom and precedent, on the path of material improvement. Precept is insufficient, they must be taught by example. They are more ready to copy what they see to be useful, than is usually imagined, but books will not teach them. Let them see how well an improved plough works, and they may be led to try it, and to imitate it.

The grand instrument for effecting a peaceful, profitable, social, commercial and agricultural revolution in India, will be the railroad—that divining rod of the nineteenth century—which not only discovers treasures, but creates them.

In this country we have seen the railroad stimulating conveyance and interchange, opening mines and creating ports, but the effects were not startling, because we already lived in the atmosphere of commercial bustle created by the most perfect system of turnpike roads and canals in the world. In the United States of America, the railroad has performed an additional task: piercing primeval forests, and passing over deserts and morasses, to reach fertile land for agriculture, and favourable sites for ports, carrying with it the population to till the soil, and build the city created by the power of steam. It is as a coloniser that the railroad has played the greatest part in America; receiving and distributing the overflowing emigrant millions of Europe. In India there is, as in America, an ample supply of fertile waste land; there is an even greater degree of isolation than existed in the United States, between the sea-ports and the interior, before the introduction of the steam-horse, and colonists are not needed to execute the works or cultivate the land, because millions of the

native inhabitants would only be too happy to find constant work for little wages.

If these railroads could be constructed between the cotton-producing districts in the interior and the port of Bombay, the present minimum cost of conveying cotton by bullocks, (with all the risk and uncertainty,) of fourpence per ton per mile, would be exchanged for a fixed charge of twopence three farthings per mile, with security, certainty, and capability of delivering any quantity. As the Hindoo peasantry can afford to sell cotton of a quality equal to that which forms seventy-five per cent. of the English consumption, at from one penny farthing, to one penny three farthings per pound; as land and labour are both plentiful in that district; a large increase of cotton cultivation would be certain, thousands would be able to live well and clothe well, who are now half-naked and half-starved. The chief tax in India is the land-tax, the rent, in fact, paid to the Government. Wild land, cultivated, would become subject to tax, and thus, without an increase in the expenses of Government, Indian revenues would increase. But, not only revenues, imports would increase, too; out of every ninepence of British manufactures consumed in India, fourpence consists of cotton goods. Thus then we arrive by railroad at a perpetual circle of prosperity. Commencing with a large growth of cotton, which affords the British manufacturer a constant ample supply of the staple on which the livelihood of some million and a half of our population depends, comes employment for shipping; while, buying what we so much need, we create in the cotton cultivators new customers for the goods, of which they supply the raw materials, as well as for the mixed goods of Yorkshire, and the hardwares of Sheffield and Birmingham. But it is not only cotton cultivators that will benefit from the construction of railroads in India; sugar, rice, indigo and grain, would all find employment for labour and a market; and salt, so much needed by the vegetarian Hindoos, would be distributed in the interior, much to the benefit of the Government revenues.

At present, every ten or fifteen years, some district of India is ruined by famine; grain rises to such a price, that, while many die of hunger, those who survive have transferred all their substance to a few rich grain-merchants and money-lenders, and have to begin the world afresh. Yet the same want of roads, that destroys one district in a failing, ruins another by an abundant harvest, for then grain sinks to so low a price, that the wretched cultivators are obliged to fly to the usurers for assistance to pay their land-tax.

During the last famine at Agra, the Government was obliged to employ and feed sixty thousand persons in the city, and thirty-seven thousand in the district; the demand for grain to feed these paupers, in Agra alone, was about thirty tons per diem. The cattle by which the grain was to be brought, were incapable of travelling, and dying for want of forage. At this fearful period, at Goodwana, a distance of about four hundred miles from Agra, as much of the finest grain was to be bought for two shillings as would have cost, even if of the coarsest kind, sixteen shillings in the latter city. Thus, from the want of other than back bullock conveyance, a price affording room for cost of carriage, at the rate of from ninepence to tenpence per mile, was insufficient to procure grain to stay the horrors of famine; as, owing to drought, there was no forage on the road to sustain them, the mere feeding of the bullocks consumed half the grain *en route*.

More evidence might be accumulated, but the corn, salt, and cotton cases are alone sufficient to prove the absolute necessity of improving the means of conveyance in India. To do this, the railroad would be at once the cheapest and most effective.

Two railroads are now in progress on opposite sides of the Peninsula—one from a point near Calcutta, for a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, to certain coal-mines; the other from Bombay, for about thirty-five miles, toward a place called Callien. Both are being constructed under a guarantee of five per cent. from the East India Company. Neither can be considered of much importance in their present dimensions, except as model lines for the instruction of native labourers and engine-drivers; as instruments for the development of the resources of India, they are quite insignificant. That which should be, if we were wise, an extension of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, a great cotton line, stops short of the Passes of the Ghauts, at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the cotton country. This thirty-five miles will cost half a million sterling; to complete the scheme of two hundred miles, would cost about two millions; to unite Bombay with the Bay of Bengal, traversing the principal intervening cities, would cost seven millions. In the work to which we have so often alluded in the course of this article, a mass of evidence seems to prove that what we call the cotton line from Bombay, constructed according to Mr. Robert Stephenson's estimate at fifteen thousand pounds a mile, would pay private speculators a high rate of interest, if the present goods traffic were merely doubled, without taking the passenger traffic into consideration at all. It is to be hoped that private enterprise, which has done such glorious things on land and sea for England, will not again commence sowing accumulations of capital broadcast in Spanish Bonds, South American Mines, and Mississippi Loans, without first investigating the resources of our vast Indian empire, where millions of peaceful, docile, intelligent husbandmen are willing and able to become our customers, if we will only enable them to carry to market the staples of indigo, sugar, and cotton, of

which we stand in as much need as they do of our raiment and hardware.

The East India Company, powerful as a conqueror and arbitrator, like all other governments, is the worst possible at the retail departments of administration. The ancient deeply-rooted superstitions of Suttee, Thuggee, and human sacrifices, it has suppressed in less time than it took to open the East to steamers. It can annex a quarrelsome kingdom in three months; but it takes three years to consider a crane or jetty; six years to think of a common road; and a generation, if let alone, to consent to a railway. Now, Manchester is celebrated for money-making; great in agitation; not unsuccessful in politics, and holds a deep stake in cotton. Let Manchester, which showed London the way to make railroads, unite profits and patriotism, by risking something to open the unknown oases of Central India to British Commerce.

CHIPS.

THE SPADE.

The winnings of our "Ace of Spades"* have been doubted by several correspondents in the agricultural districts. They deny it to be the trump card John Sillet made out. We shall best answer their doubts by referring them to John Sillet's own work, which is entitled, "A New Practical System of Fork and Spade Husbandry." It is published in London by Simpkin and Marshall. We may, however, meantime observe, that our correspondents betake themselves, in criticising John's estimate of produce for 1847, to the favourite parliamentary refuge of calling that an "exceptional year," which they appear to regard as destroying the whole value of the facts. On referring to honest John's pamphlet, we find that it was indeed an exceptional year to him, but in the reverse sense to that signified by our correspondents. "I must beg my readers to bear in mind," observes he, "that the past year (1847) though very favourable for grained crops, was a very trying one for roots. In consequence my root crops were very much below the average of other years. I lost nearly the whole of my spring crop of cabbage plants of fifteen thousand." The introduction to the last edition of his work is dated 1850, and so far from making any complaints of altered prices or condition, he continues: "I have for these last seven years been enabled to support myself and family in a comfortable and respectable manner." Even the exceptors to his statements do not agree in their own account of prices—one dating from Birmingham (who, by the way, makes the trifling omission from John Sillet's account of £8 for potatoes) states the price of onions at sevenpence per peck, and allows only eightpence per pound for butter; while he reckons sixpence per pound to be the price of pigs. Another from Harwich states butter at tenpence, and allows only fourpence halfpenny for pigs. Even the former admits (adding the omission for potatoes) that thirty-six pounds six shillings and eightpence may be the nett proceeds of two acres after supplying the family; and the latter concedes that a return of forty-eight pounds six shillings and fourpence may be practicable—admissions ample for the purpose of proving the general case of which John Sillet is the practical exponent.

Having disposed of the specific objections of our friends (for whose letters we may take this opportunity of saying we feel much obliged; for it is only by temperate and earnest discussion that truth can be elicited and understood), we shall pass on to the generalities of the spade question, saying a word or two in favour of that primitive implement of husbandry.

"In early ages of society," says Sir John Sinclair, the founder of the Board of Agriculture, "when oxen and horses were cheap, when they were fed at little or no expense, when their stables were little better than miserable hovels, when the wages of ploughmen were low, and when labourers were not sufficiently numerous for carrying on extensive cultivation by manual labour, it is not to be wondered at that the invention of the plough should be accounted a valuable discovery. But now horses are dear, their accommodation and food expensive, the implements of husbandry are costly, while labourers are abundant and their wages low. For porous soils, which have been so highly cultivated by the small farmers of Flanders, manual labour is sufficient for the production of abundant crops, and turns up the manure which falls below the depth of the plough." —"Spade husbandry," observes Dr. Yelloly, "is not a system of expense or risk. Less capital is necessary for it than ordinary husbandry, from the smaller number of horses and implements required, while the advantages are speedily exhibited. Its tendency is to diminish the poor-rates, while it raises the amount of the labourer's remuneration, and makes it dependent on steady habits of industry. By turning up or loosening the ground five or six inches deeper than the plough goes, there is an opportunity afforded for the descent and diffusion of the roots, which are often interrupted in their progress by a hard and impervious subsoil; and with regard to wheat, I have observed that the number and length of the roots are much more considerable in forked than in ploughed land; and the continual addition of decomposed matter afforded by a succession of rooty fibres, must effect a great and permanent improvement in its productive powers."—"By the spade," says another authority, "the

* See p. 477.

ground is better levelled, the seed more evenly covered, and therefore more early ripened; and is not disturbed by horses' feet; weeds are better extirpated by being effectually buried or pulled up; and for thorough pulverisation, 'what is equal to a slap with the back of a spade?'"

Experience, however, teaches better than theory; and we learn, from various agricultural reports, and from the parliamentary evidence on the Allotment System, enough to show the value of spade husbandry, and its superiority over the plough, for, of course, small holdings.

"Mr. Falla, of Gateshead, obtained, by the plough, thirty-eight bushels of wheat per acre; by the spade, sixty-eight bushels and a half. At Sherborne, in Warwickshire, Frederick Harris, a farm labourer, produced, by the spade, sixteen bushels and a half of wheat, in 1834, on one quarter of an acre, being at the rate of sixty-six bushels per acre. Mr. Gedney, of Redenhall, near Harleston, holder of three hundred acres, beginning with eighteen acres, increased his spade cultivation to fifty acres, encouraged by the luxuriant crops of all kinds of which it is the result; at a cost, for thorough digging, twelve inches deep, and pulverising the subsoil, and ridging it, of only two pounds per acre."

These authorities show that John Sillets are by no means agricultural phenomena. Sir Henry Vavasour instances a cottier tenant of his who rented three acres of land; his stock consisted of two cows and two pigs; he cultivated his land with the assistance of his wife and daughter, twelve years old, at their over hours. They subsisted on their daily wages at other labour; paid their rent by the sale of their butter only; and were in the habit of saving thirty pounds a year out of the produce of the sale of their crops. Mr. Eoward, of Melbourne Farm, had a tenant, who, at his over hours, aided by his family, cultivated one acre and a quarter, including the site of his cottage and fences. The land was at first so poor that it was not considered worth five shillings an acre rent; in a few years, however, care and industry had improved it so much that it yielded a crop worth ten pounds seventeen shillings. This poor man, before he had any land, had the greatest difficulty in maintaining his wife and three children. His family now increased to seven children, and even his health became indifferent; yet with his acre and a quarter of, originally, the poorest land, a cow, and a pig—and a spade—he maintained and brought up his increased family in comfort, without requiring parish relief.

The evidence of Mr. John Way of Hasketon, Suffolk, introduces a female farmer—a vigorous spade's-woman:—"In 1793, a tenant of mine died, leaving a widow and fourteen children, the eldest a girl under fourteen. He had held under me fourteen acres of pasture land at thirteen pounds a year, and had kept two cows, which, with a very little furniture and clothing, was all the property. The directors of the house of industry immediately agreed to take her seven youngest children into the house. She said she would rather die in working to maintain them; and that if I, her landlord, would continue her in the farm, as she called it, she would undertake to maintain and bring up all her fourteen children without any parochial assistance. She persisted in her resolution; and being a strong woman about forty-five years old, I told her she should continue tenant, and hold it the first year rent-free. At the same time, though without her knowledge, I directed my receiver not to call upon her at all for her rent, conceiving that it would be a great thing if she could support so large a family, even with that indulgence." Mr. John Way was as wise as good; fifteen of a family, perennially in the workhouse, at three shillings a head, per week, is one hundred and seventeen pounds per annum, and your share would probably come to something over the rent. "The result, however, was, that with the benefit of her two cows, and of the land, she exerted herself so as to bring up all her children, twelve of whom she placed out to service, continuing to pay her rent regularly of her own accord. She carried part of the milk of her two cows, together with the cream and butter, every day to sell at Woodbridge, two miles off, and with her skim and butter-milk, &c., supported her family. The eldest girls took care of the rest; and, by degrees, as they grew up, the children went into the service of the neighbouring farmers."

The moral and social elevation of the poor, to be accomplished by the spade when employed on allotments, has resulted in every instance in which it has been diligently and industriously tried. Mr. Blacker, the Irish agent for the Earl of Gosford, a strong advocate for the spade and for small holdings, draws the following graphic picture:—"I have gone," he says, "to see a poor man, the tenant of less than four acres of land, whose name and residence I can give, if required, who was threatened with an ejectment, being, as well as I recollect, two and a half years in arrear. I found him sitting with his feet in the ashes of a half-extinguished fire, his wife and five children nearly naked; want and misery surrounding him on every side—his house and farm neglected—the fear of expulsion, preying upon his mind and spirits, having destroyed his health; and there he was awaiting the beggary and starvation impending over himself and family, in a kind of listless insensibility—in short, the whole scene was one of actual despair, and the man was evidently in such a state, that he was incapable of any exertion whatever. As I explained to him the plan I had in view for his benefit, it was easy to see the feelings with which he was agitated; with tears in his eyes he promised to do everything I required, and I left

him to send the agriculturist to point out to him what was first to be set about. "He faithfully made good his engagement, and did everything as he was directed; and when turnips were ripe, I lent him, out of the sum placed at my disposal for that purpose, some money to buy a cow—the family had previously lived on potatoes and salt, and for even this he was in debt. This was his commencement; and in the short space of about eighteen months afterwards, I found his house clean and comfortable looking, and the place about equally so; in fact, I could not put my foot upon a spot that was not either in crop, or in preparation for one; and he himself, with his health restored, actively employed in wheeling up earth in a wheelbarrow from the bottom to the top of a hill in his land, where the soil was shallow, in which his daughter, a fine stout little girl, was helping him, pulling by a rope in front; and the whole was a picture of activity and successful exertion. He has continued to pay up all his arrears; and although his diet and that of his family is of necessity at present confined almost exclusively to potatoes and milk, they are all healthy, happy, and contented. His rent is four pounds eight shillings and threepence, which the butter from his cow will generally pay, leaving him his pig and his crop, and the produce of his loom to himself. And yet this is the man who, upon the same piece of land, and subject to the same rent, was so lately upon the verge of beggary and starvation."

Those of our readers who desire to pursue this subject, not merely to prove a theory, or to defend a grievance from refutation, will find a mass of information gathered from all available sources in the small work entitled "The Mother Country; or, the Spade, the Wastes, and the Eldest Sow," by Sidney Smith. The authorities there quoted are not amateur philanthropists, or theoretical political economists, but landowners, land stewards, rural clergymen, bishops, farmers, and peasants, who give chapter and verse for all their facts, and narrate facts which not only match, but go beyond, the achievements of our "Ace of Spades."

At this crisis of agricultural transition, with fifteen millions of acres of waste lands in these islands capable of improvement; during, moreover, the operation of the Encumbered Estates Bill in Ireland, under such a governor as the Earl of Clarendon, the subject cannot be too copiously illustrated, or too generally investigated.

THE SHORT CUT TO CALIFORNIA.

More red tape! It has been an established notion, ever since the days of Cortez, that a communication between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans would be of great benefit to the whole world. Since the discovery of the treasures of California, the necessity for a ship canal (as we pointed out in an early number of this journal) has increased a hundredfold. The mere engineering of the project has been proved practicable, nay, easy. Cash is ready to leap from the purses of capitalists in both hemispheres; and nothing whatever stands in the way but—red tape.

The construction of the canal, we may remind our readers, is in the hands of the "Atlantic and Pacific Ship Canal Company," of New York. This company, in August, 1849, purchased of the Nicaraguan Government exclusive rights, but is ready to bind itself that the canal, on completion, shall be thrown open, on equal terms, to all the world. The English Government claims, in the name of the King of Mosquito, a part of the river San Juan, claimed by Nicaragua, together with the port of San Juan, at the Atlantic end of the proposed canal. This claim has been a source of chronic irritation. When we last spoke about Central America, there arrived, in the same week, intelligence from that quarter of unusual interest. Of course, according to the local correspondence, "things were fast coming to a crisis." The English were blockading San Salvador to enforce a claim. As retaliation for the blockade, San Salvador and Honduras, under Vasconcelos, President of San Salvador, were preparing to attack Guatemala with an army of seven thousand men, Guatemala being a head quarter for "the English interest." It was thought "that this time Canera could not escape." A new National Convention was assembling in Chinendega, but "cannot accomplish much, having no faith in America." Mr. Chatfield, the English consul, was recalled, and all were triumphing at that. Lord Palmerston wanted to annex San Juan to Costa Rica. The Ship Canal Company were only playing at surveys; but they were clearing some rapids in the River San Juan, and getting a vessel up into the Lake of Nicaragua. Then, by the last advice before the starting of that mail came positive intelligence, that the engineers of the Canal Company had only seemed to be idle; that under Mr. Oscar W. Child, their chief, who left New York in July last, the corps of engineers had actually completed four surveys; that an entirely new route from Lake Nicaragua to the Pacific had been discovered, and selected as superior even to the route which would have had its terminus at Realejo; that this route was better, easier, and cheaper than all others; and that the digging would commence directly, if not already begun.

Our eyes and ears were quickened by these tidings, and we looked with interest for the arrival of more special information by another mail. The next mail comes, and tells us that Guatemala was not to be aggressed upon, but was itself a conspirator, with a great deal more of a like incomprehensible nature. Mr. Chatfield, seemingly not recalled at all, had written a long letter about the King of Mosquito's boundary, and a claim on Nicaragua for damage done to somebody, concluding

with a warning to the Nicaraguan Government, that "while the claims of the British remain unsettled, there is no hope of a ship canal." And that is every syllable we find. Not a word more is said of surveys or diggings. The whole of the great undertaking is settled down to negotiation and letter-writing; and is, in short, hopelessly tied up in red tape.

A SPECIMEN OF RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

Amongst the French prisoners taken at the battle of Vitebsk, during Napoleon's disastrous retreat in Russia, was a French general, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter. Being badly wounded, he was removed to the military hospital; but the ladies were received into the private house of Madame Strognof, whose husband held at that time, a subordinate appointment under the Russian Government.

A certain Botwinko was then Procureur at Vitebsk. Without the Procureur's sanction nothing can be done in his department; for he represents the Emperor himself, and is usually called "the eye of His Majesty." His salary is only about twenty-five pounds a year; but he makes, usually, a good income by receiving bribes. Amongst other duties, he had to visit the hospitals daily, and to report upon the condition of the prisoner patients. He paid great attention to the unhappy General, who required every consolation; for, despite his own deplorable condition, it was decreed that he should outlive his wife. That lady caught a contagious fever, which was raging at that time at Vitebsk, and died in a few hours. This event so distressed the General that he soon departed this world, with the only consolation, that Procureur Botwinko, a married but childless man, would adopt his daughter. This promise was actually fulfilled, and the little orphan was taken from Madame Strognof, and established under the Procureur's roof. Her parents' property—consisting of a carriage, horses, jewellery, and no small sum of ready money—was also taken possession of by Botwinko in quality of guardian to the little orphan.

As the girl—whom they called "Sophie"—grew up, she became very engaging, and was kindly treated by Mr. and Madame Botwinko. She never lost an opportunity, when any visitors were in the Procureur's house, of praising her protectors for their kindness to her; and this, connected with other circumstances, contributed to the promotion of Mr. Botwinko; who obtained the more profitable situation of Procureur-General at Vilna, the capital of Lithuania.

Removal from their old connections, and from those who knew all the circumstances of little Sophie's history, produced a change in the treatment of the new Procureur-General and his wife towards the child. Their kindness rapidly diminished. Sophie was not allowed to appear in the drawing-rooms, in their new residence at Vilna. They incessantly found fault with her; and, ultimately, she was not only sent to the kitchen under the control of the cook; but, on the census of the population being taken, in 1816, her name was inscribed on the books as that of a serf.

As the poor girl grew up she became used to the duties imposed upon her. Associating constantly with the servants, they considered her their equal, and taunted her when—relying on her infantine recollections, she laid claim to noble descent—by calling her in derision "Mademoiselle French General." She knew full well that she was entitled to better treatment; and, that in the absence of paternal authority, she had the right of disposing of herself according to her own will. A strong inducement to alter her condition was presented in the person of a young clerk in a government office, whose duty sometimes brought him with papers to the Procureur for signature. Whilst Botwinko was engaged with his breakfast and the perusal of the papers, this clerk was sometimes kept dangling for hours in the antechamber. After a time, these hours were agreeably spent in the society of Sophie; to whom he eventually made a proposal of marriage. She consented; but, unwilling to leave her guardian like a fugitive, she apprised him of her determination, and humbly requested an account of the property which she had been informed he had taken charge of at her parents' death.

The Procureur-General at first excused himself from giving her an immediate answer. The next day he presented himself at the police office, the whole of whose functionaries were under his control. What he said or did is not known; but the result was that Sophie was taken into custody by the police, and committed to gaol.

Many months elapsed before her fate was known at home. It was stated that she absconded. The clerk, banished the Procureur's house, could not discover the cause of the girl's disappearance; and as all Russian criminal proceedings are conducted with great secrecy, he only ascertained by a mere accident that the girl had been sentenced, by a superior court, to receive a certain number of lashes by the knout, and to be sent to Siberia. The crime of which they accused her was that of attempting to poison her master and mistress.

Alarmed at this information, the young man, without waiting for more particulars, addressed a petition to the war governor of Vilna, the old General Korsakof; whose power in that province was almost omnipotent, and, if not misdirected, was very often beneficial to the inhabitants. The petitioner requested the General's interference and an investigation of the case; assuring him that the girl was innocent, and that the legal authorities who condemned her had been corrupted.

The General was accustomed to decide every case *en militaire*. He had received from the police court an unfavourable opinion of the petitioner's character, which was described as "restless;" and was, moreover, rather offended at his authority having been appealed to by a subordinate. He therefore settled the business summarily, by sending the young petitioner to the military service for life, in virtue of the vagrant act.

Still the young man's petition produced a good effect: the poor girl was not flogged, lest that might have provoked some disturbance in the town. She was merely dressed in convict's apparel and sent off to Siberia.

The transport of Russian convicts costs the government but very little. They go on foot, sleep in *étapes* or barracks; and the daily allowance for their subsistence amounts only to five kopecks, equal to a halfpenny in English money. This they, as well as the poor old soldiers who escort them, have to eke out by charity. For that purpose, the most attractive person amongst each party of exiles is delegated—box in hand, but with an armed soldier behind—to beg alms of the benevolent; and Sophie was appointed to be the suppliant for the rest of her wretched companions.

The road from Vilna to Siberia passes through Vitebsk. The convicts had not been long in the town before Sophie encountered Madame Strognof, who recognised the girl from her very great likeness to her mother, who had died in that lady's house. When she learned that Sophie had been living with the Potwinkos, she had no longer a doubt.

The girl asserted her innocence of the pretended crime for which she was on her way to Siberia, with tearful energy, and the good Madame S. believed her; but her husband, who was at that time the Vice-Governor of Vitebsk, to disabuse his wife's romantic dreams, as he called them, sent for the officer escorting the prisoners; and showed her the list of prisoners, which contained a full record, not only of the crime imputed to the orphan girl, but also of the punishment to which she had been condemned.

In the face of an official document which appeared to be regular, and which detailed the girl's presumed offence with circumstantial consistency, Madame Strognof began to waver in her belief of Sophie's protestations; but the unfortunate girl asserted her innocence so strongly and incessantly, that the Vice-Governor himself was at length induced to look into the facts. The first suspicion that entered his mind was derived from the circumstance of the document stating that the culprit had been punished with the knout; whilst it was evident from her appearance, that that dreadful torture had not been inflicted. He caused a medical man to examine her, who testified that not a scar appeared; yet the knout always leaves ineffaceable traces for life.

In consequence of this discrepancy, Sophie was allowed to remain for some time at Vitebsk under the plea of illness; which, at the request of the Vice-Governor, was readily certified by an official surgeon. After some delay, a memorial was forwarded by the unfortunate sufferer to the late Emperor Alexander, in consequence of which a court-messenger was sent immediately to Vilna. This gentleman brought back to St. Petersburgh an enormous volume, containing the so-called depositions taken at the pseudo trial. After careful inspection of them, the Emperor decided that they proved the legality of the proceedings. So artfully were these infamous depositions framed; that, among them, appeared the formula of a chemical analysis of the poison which the girl was accused of administering, and a full confession; to which the culprit's signature was forged.

The answer, therefore, from the throne was not only unfavourable; but the authorities of Vitebsk were reprimanded for allowing the girl to importune his Majesty without sufficient grounds.

Notwithstanding, Madame Strognof was not discouraged; and, to the great alarm of her husband, had another petition drawn up and forwarded with a suitable memorial to the Princess Maria Fedorowna, the Emperor's mother, who was known to all the country as a pious and charitable lady. This petition, presented to his Majesty by his own mother, had so great an influence over him, that he ordered the girl to be brought to St. Petersburgh. He felt convinced that some unaccountable mystery was involved in the case.

In due time Sophie arrived at St. Petersburgh, and underwent a rigid examination. She asseverated with the most earnest truthfulness, that all the depositions were fictitious; that the chemical analysis was a wicked invention; and that the signature to her fabricated confession was a forgery. She also denied that any trial had taken place, or that she had been examined in any court whatever. Upon this, the Emperor appointed Mr. Getzewicz, the Governor of Minsk—who was known as a most trustworthy man—to go personally to Vilna; to investigate the case; and to report the result. For this purpose the papers and the girl were forwarded back to Vilna.

The mission of Mr. Getzewicz was by no means an easy or a pleasant one: he had to contend with a swarm of official insects; which, like Canadian mosquitoes when disturbed, attack the new comer from every side. However, Mr. Getzewicz stood his ground firmly. He soon discovered that the secretary of the police court who had drawn up the depositions was a convict, sentenced for life to Siberia for having been associated with highway robbers. He had escaped and was retained in his situation by merely changing his christian name, and by being reported

"dead" by Mr. Botwinko. The components of the rest of the court were no less suspicious. In Russia, the police and sheriff's courts, and even the provincial senate itself, are the asylums for military veterans; who, during their long service, had never been trained up to the law. The secretaries draw documents for them, which they sign—very often without reading; that task being tiresome, and often incomprehensible to them.

The court which had promoted and confirmed Sophie's prosecution, consisted of illiterate, worn-out officers, who had no scruple in committing the Procureur-General's victim for trial to the First Criminal Court (Sond Grodoski).

But how was the deception carried on before the higher tribunals? This would puzzle the most ingenious rascality to guess. But Botwinko was a genius in his way:—he actually brought before that court, as well as before the highest criminal tribunal, another young woman; who represented herself to be the girl in question, and confessed her supposed guilt with all the desired particulars. The extraordinary intrigue was the more easily accomplished from the secrecy with which criminal investigations in Russia are conducted. Whenever the culprit acknowledges his crime, the sentence follows without farther inquiry; and, the gaol being under the control of the police office, and the judges of the criminal courts not knowing the prisoners personally, they were obliged to receive in this instance the confessions of any girl whom the police thought proper to send to them.

When the trial was over, the Procureur paid his hireling well, dismissed her, and drew forth his victim from her cell; substituted her for the wretch who had stood at the bar, and sent her to Siberia. Villainy, however, be it ever so cunning, seldom half does its work of deception. If Botwinko had had the whole sentence carried into effect, and poor Sophie knouted, he would not, perhaps, have been discovered by his colleague at Vitebsk; and he might have lived a respected public officer to this day; for of such characters does the Russian system admit the prosperous existence. As it was, however, on the report of Mr. Getzewicz, Botwinko, the secretary of police, and many of his superiors, were thrown into prison.

The end of this dreadful story is melancholy; for in the end guilt triumphed. The Procureur-General, having several partners in his guilty practices, had, if one may so abuse the expression, many friends. At first they tried most ingeniously to bribe Mr. Getzewicz, and to induce him to give up further proceedings; but, finding him inflexible, they put a stop to all that business by administering poison to the unfortunate Sophie. They even threatened the Governor of Minsk himself, in an anonymous letter, to do the same for him.

That threat, it seems, produced the desired effect on the honest but weak-minded man. Seeing with what desperate people he had to contend—so much so, that his own life was in danger—he sent his final report to the (at that time) lingering Emperor Alexander, with request for further instructions. In the meantime he retired to his own residence at Minsk, leaving the illustrious Vilna officials in their own prison.

Shortly afterwards, the Emperor died at Taganrog. His second brother, the present Emperor, Nicholas I.—greeted, on his accession to the throne, with a formidable insurrection at St. Petersburgh, and with alarming conspiracies and political intrigues in the army—had no time to direct his attention to so trifling an affair as that of our heroine. Political prisoners were to be punished first, in order to spread terror among those who were not discovered as yet. The stability of the throne would not allow him to alarm the administrative servants and other criminals who never thought of subverting Romanoff's dynasty. Hence, with the exception of the political offenders, all others, whose actions were pending in different courts of justice, but not yet adjudicated, were amnestied by the Emperor, on the occasion of his coronation, in 1826, at Moscow.

Thus, the Procureur and his associates were released from prison, losing nothing but their former situations. The Procureur, having scraped together a fortune by his bribes and graspings, did not care much at becoming an independent gentleman.

What became of Sophie's lover—the unfortunate clerk, who was sent to the army, for his honest but untimely application—could not be learnt. He may now think that his punishment was deserved, and that the girl was really guilty; but it is more than probable that he will never again interfere to restrain the grossest injustice.

And here ends our melancholy tale, which the censorship of the press in Russia prevented from ever before being publicly related. Corroboration can, however, be derived from the inhabitants of Vilna, who lived there from 1816 to 1826; from the archives of criminal courts of that place, where M. Getzewicz's correspondence is preserved; from the list of all the Crown servants of Russia, sent every year to the State Secretary of the Home Department at St. Petersburgh; in which, for 1825 and 1826, Procureur Botwinko was reported to be imprisoned at Vilna for the above case, and that the Strapchy of Oszmiana was acting in his stead as Procureur *pro tem.*

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"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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BILL-STICKING.

If I had an enemy whom I hated—which Heaven forbid!—and if I knew of something that sat heavy on his conscience, I think I would introduce that something into a Posting-Bill, and place a large impression in the hands of an active sticker. I can scarcely imagine a more terrible revenge. I should haunt him, by this means, night and day. I do not mean to say that I would publish his secret, in red letters two feet high, for all the town to read: I would darkly refer to it. It should be between him, and me, and the Posting-Bill. Say, for example, that, at a certain period of his life, my enemy had surreptitiously possessed himself of a key. I would then embark my capital in the lock business, and conduct that business on the advertising principle. In all my placards and advertisements, I would throw up the line Secret Keys. Thus, if my enemy passed an uninhabited house, he would see his conscience glaring down on him from the parapets, and peeping up at him from the cellars. If he took a dead wall in his walk, it would be alive with reproaches. If he sought refuge in an omnibus, the panels thereof would become Belshazzar's palace to him. If he took boat, in a wild endeavour to escape, he would see the fatal words lurking under the arches of the bridges over the Thames. If he walked the streets with downcast eyes, he would recoil from the very stones of the pavement, made eloquent by lamp-black lithograph. If he drove or rode, his way would be blocked up, by enormous vans, each proclaiming the same words over and over again from its whole extent of surface. Until, having gradually grown thinner and paler, and having at last totally rejected food, he would miserably perish, and I should be revenged. This conclusion I should, no doubt, celebrate by laughing a hoarse laugh in three syllables, and folding my arms tight upon my chest agreeably to most of the examples of glutted animosity that I have had an opportunity of observing in connexion with the Drama—which, by the bye, as involving a good deal of noise, appears to me to be occasionally confounded with the Drummer.

The foregoing reflections presented themselves to my mind, the other day, as I contemplated (being newly come to London from the East Riding of Yorkshire, on a house-hunting expedition for next May), an old warehouse which rotting paste and rotting paper had brought down to the condition of an old cheese. It would have been impossible to say, on the most conscientious survey, how much of its front was brick and mortar, and how much decaying and decayed plaster. It was so thickly encrusted with fragments of bills, that no ship's keel after a long voyage could be half so foul. All traces of the broken windows were billed out, the doors were billed across, the water-spout was billed over. The building was shored up to prevent its tumbling into the street; and the very beams erected against it, were less wood than paste and paper, they had been so continually posted and reposted. The forlorn dregs of old posters so encumbered this wreck, that there was no hold for new posters, and the stickers had abandoned the place in despair, except one enterprising man who had hoisted the last masquerade to a clear spot near the level of the stack of chimnies where it waved and drooped like a shattered flag. Below the rusty cellar-grating, crumpled remnants of old bills torn down, rotted away in wasting heaps of fallen leaves. Here and there, some of the thick rind of the house had peeled off in strips, and fluttered heavily down, littering the street; but, still, below these rents and gashes, layers of decomposing posters showed themselves, as if they were interminable. I thought the building could never even be pulled down, but in one adhesive heap of rottenness and poster. As to getting in—I don't believe that if the Sleeping Beauty and her Court had been so billed up, the young Prince could have done it.

Knowing all the posters that were yet legible, intimately, and pondering on their ubiquitous nature, I was led into the reflections with which I began this paper, by considering what an awful thing it would be, ever to have wronged—say M. Jullien for example—and to have his avenging name in characters of fire incessantly before my eyes. Or to have injured Madame Tussaud, and undergo a similar retribution. Has any man a self-reproachful thought associated with pills, or ointment? What an avenging spirit to that man is Professor Holloway! Have I

sinned in oil? CABBURN pursues me. Have I a dark remembrance associated with any gentlemanly garments, bespoke or ready made? MOSES AND SON are on my track. Did I ever aim a blow at a defenceless fellow-creature's head? That head eternally being measured for a wig, or that worse head which was bald before it used the balsam, and hirsute afterwards—enforcing the benevolent moral, "Better to be bald as a Dutch-cheese than come to this,"—undoes me. Have I no sore places in my mind which MECHI touches—which NICOLL probes—which no registered article whatever lacerates? Does no discordant note within me thrill responsive to mysterious watchwords, as "Revalenta Arabica," or "Number One St. Paul's Churchyard"? Then may I enjoy life, and be happy.

Lifting up my eyes, as I was musing to this effect, I beheld advancing towards me (I was then on Cornhill near to the Royal Exchange), a solemn procession of three advertising vans, of first-class dimensions, each drawn by a very little horse. As the cavalcade approached, I was at a loss to reconcile the careless deportment of the drivers of these vehicles, with the terrific announcements they conducted through the city, which, being a summary of the contents of a Sunday newspaper, were of the most thrilling kind. Robbery, fire, murder, and the ruin of the united kingdom—each discharged in a line by itself, like a separate broadside of red-hot shot—were among the least of the warnings addressed to an unthinking people. Yet, the Ministers of Fate who drove the awful cars, leaned forward with their arms upon their knees in a state of extreme lassitude, for want of any subject of interest. The first man, whose hair I might naturally have expected to see standing on end, scratched his head—one of the smoothest I ever beheld—with profound indifference. The second whistled. The third yawned.

Pausing to dwell upon this apathy, it appeared to me, as the fatal cars came by me, that I descried in the second car, through the portal in which the charioteer was seated, a figure stretched upon the floor. At the same time, I thought I smelt tobacco. The latter impression passed quickly from me; the former remained. Curious to know whether this prostrate figure was the one impressible man of the whole capital who had been stricken insensible by the terrors revealed to him, and whose form had been placed in the car by the charioteer, from motives of humanity, I followed the procession. It turned into Leadenhall-market, and halted at a public-house. Each driver dismounted. I then distinctly heard, proceeding from the second car, where I had dimly seen the prostrate form, the words:

"And a pipe!"

The driver entering the public-house with his fellows, apparently for purposes of refreshment, I could not refrain from mounting on the shaft of the second vehicle, and looking in at the portal. I then beheld, reclining on his back upon the floor, on a kind of mattress or divan, a little man in a shooting-coat. The exclamation "Dear me!" which irresistibly escaped my lips, caused him to sit upright, and survey me. I found him to be a good-looking little man of about fifty, with a shining face, a tight head, a bright eye, a moist wink, a quick speech, and a ready air. He had something of a sporting way with him.

He looked at me, and I looked at him, until the driver displaced me by handing in a pint of beer, a pipe, and what I understand is called "a screw" of tobacco—an object which has the appearance of a curl-paper taken off the barmaid's head, with the curl in it.

"I beg your pardon," said I, when the removed person of the driver again admitted of my presenting my face at the portal. "But—excuse my curiosity, which I inherit from my mother—do you live here?"

"That's good, too!" returned the little man, composedly laying aside a pipe he had smoked out, and filling the pipe just brought to him.

"Oh, you *don't* live here then?" said I.

He shook his head, as he calmly lighted his pipe by means of a German tinder-box, and replied, "This is my carriage. When things are flat, I take a ride sometimes, and enjoy myself. I am the inventor of these wans."

His pipe was now alight. He drank his beer all at once, and he smoked and he smiled at me.

"It was a great idea!" said I.

"Not so bad," returned the little man, with the modesty of merit.

"Might I be permitted to inscribe your name upon the tablets of my memory?" I asked.

"There's not much odds in the name," returned the little man, "—no name particular—I am the King of the Bill-Stickers."

"Good gracious!" said I.

The monarch informed me, with a smile, that he had never been crowned or installed with any public ceremonies, but, that he was peaceably acknowledged as King of the Bill-Stickers in right of being the oldest and most respected member of "the old school of bill-sticking." He likewise gave me to understand that there was a Lord Mayor of the Bill-Stickers, whose genius was chiefly exercised within the limits of the city. He made some allusion, also, to an inferior potentate, called "Turkey-legs;" but, I did not understand that this gentleman was invested with much power. I rather inferred that he derived his title from some peculiarity of gait, and that it was of an honorary character.

"My father," pursued the King of the Bill-Stickers, "was Engineer, Beadle, and Bill-Sticker to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. My father stuck bills at the time of the riots of London."

"You must be acquainted with the whole

subject of bill-sticking, from that time to the present!" said I.

"Pretty well so," was the answer.

"Excuse me," said I; "but I am a sort of collector ——"

"Not Income-tax?" cried His Majesty, hastily removing his pipe from his lips.

"No, no," said I.

"Water-rate?" said His Majesty.

"No, no," I returned.

"Gas? Assessed? Sewers?" said His Majesty.

"You misunderstand me," I replied soothingly. "Not that sort of collector at all: a collector of facts."

"Oh! if it's only facts," cried the King of the Bill-Stickers, recovering his good-humour, and banishing the great mistrust that had suddenly fallen upon him, "come in and welcome! If it had been income, or winders, I think I should have pitched you out of the wan, upon my soul!"

Readily complying with the invitation, I squeezed myself in at the small aperture. His Majesty, graciously handing me a little three-legged stool on which I took my seat in a corner, inquired if I smoked?

"I do;—that is, I can," I answered.

"Pipe and a screw!" said His Majesty to the attendant charioteer. "Do you prefer a dry smoke, or do you moisten it?"

As unmitigated tobacco produces most disturbing effects upon my system (indeed, if I had perfect moral courage, I doubt if I should smoke at all, under any circumstances), I advocated moisture, and begged the Sovereign of the Bill-Stickers to name his usual liquor, and to concede to me the privilege of paying for it. After some delicate reluctance on his part, we were provided, through the instrumentality of the attendant charioteer, with a can of cold rum-and-water, flavoured with sugar and lemon. We were also furnished with a tumbler, and I was provided with a pipe. His Majesty, then, observing that we might combine business with conversation, gave the word for the car to proceed; and, to my great delight, we jogged away at a foot pace.

I say to my great delight, because I am very fond of novelty, and it was a new sensation to be jolting through the tumult of the city in that secluded Temple, partly open to the sky, surrounded by the roar without, and seeing nothing but the clouds. Occasionally, blows from whips fell heavily on the Temple's walls, when by stopping up the road longer than usual, we irritated carters and coachmen to madness; but, they fell harmless upon us within and disturbed not the serenity of our peaceful retreat. As I looked upward, I felt, I should imagine, like the Astronomer Royal. I was enchanted by the contrast between the freezing nature of our external mission on the blood of the populace, and the perfect composure reigning within these sacred precincts: where His Majesty, reclining easily on his left arm, smoked his pipe and drank his rum-and-water from his own side of the tumbler, which stood impartially between us. As I looked down from the clouds and caught his royal eye, he understood my reflections. "I have an idea," he observed, with an upward glance, "of training scarlet runners across in the season,—making a arbor of it,—and sometimes taking tea in the same, according to the song."

I nodded approval.

"And here you repose and think?" said I.

"And think," said he; "of posters—walls—and hoardings."

We were both silent, contemplating the vastness of the subject. I remembered a surprising fancy of dear Thomas Hood's, and wondered whether this monarch ever sighed to repair to the great wall of China, and stick bills all over it.

"And so," said he, rousing himself, "it's facts as you collect?"

"Facts," said I.

"The facts of bill-sticking," pursued His Majesty, in a benignant manner, "as known to myself, air as following. When my father was Engineer, Beadle, and Bill-Sticker to the parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn, he employed women to post bills for him. He employed women to post bills at the time of the riots of London. He died at the age of seventy-five year, and was buried by the murdered Eliza Grimwood, over in the Waterloo-road."

As this was somewhat in the nature of a royal speech, I listened with deference and silently. His Majesty, taking a scroll from his pocket, proceeded, with great distinctness, to pour out the following flood of information:—

"'The bills being at that period mostly proclamations and declarations, and which were only a demy size, the manner of posting the bills (as they did not use brushes) was by means of a piece of wood which they called a 'dabber.' Thus things continued till such time as the State Lottery was passed, and then the printers began to print larger bills, and men were employed instead of women, as the State Lottery Commissioners then began to send men all over England to post bills, and would keep them out for six or eight months at a time, and they were called by the London bill-stickers '*trampers*,' their wages at the time being ten shillings per day, besides expenses. They used sometimes to be stationed in large towns for five or six months together, distributing the schemes to all the houses in the town. And then there were more caricature wood-block engravings for posting-bills than there are at the present time, the principal printers, at that time, of posting-bills being Messrs. Evans and Ruffy, of Budge-row; Thoroughgood and Whiting, of the present day; and Messrs. Gye and Balne, Gracechurch Street, City. The largest bills printed at that period were a two-sheet double crown; and when they commenced

printing four-sheet bills, two bill-stickers would work together. They had no settled wages per week, but had a fixed price for their work, and the London bill-stickers, during a lottery week, have been known to earn, each eight or nine pounds per week, till the day of drawing; likewise the men who carried boards in the street used to have one pound per week, and the bill-stickers at that time would not allow any one to wilfully cover or destroy their bills, as they had a society amongst themselves, and very frequently dined together at some public-house where they used to go of an evening to have their work delivered out untoe 'em.'"

All this His Majesty delivered in a gallant manner; posting it, as it were, before me, in a great proclamation. I took advantage of the pause he now made, to inquire what a "two-sheet double crown" might express?

"A two sheet double crown," replied the King, "is a bill thirty-nine inches wide by thirty inches high."

"Is it possible," said I, my mind reverting to the gigantic admonitions we were then displaying to the multitude—which were as infants to some of the posting-bills on the rotten old warehouse—"that some few years ago the largest bill was no larger than that?"

"The fact," returned the King, "is undoubtedly so." Here he instantly rushed again into the scroll.

"'Since the abolishing of the State Lottery all that good feeling has gone, and nothing but jealousy exists, through the rivalry of each other. Several bill-sticking companies have started, but have failed. The first party that started a company was twelve year ago; but what was left of the old school and their dependents joined together and opposed them. And for some time we were quiet again, till a printer of Hatton Garden formed a company by hiring the sides of houses; but he was not supported by the public, and he left his wooden frames fixed up for rent. The last company that started, took advantage of the New Police Act, and hired of Messrs. Grisell and Peto the hoarding of Trafalgar Square, and established a bill-sticking office in Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, and engaged some of the new bill-stickers to do their work, and for a time got the half of all our work, and with such spirit did they carry on their opposition towards us, that they used to give us in charge before the magistrate, and get us fined; but they found it so expensive, that they could not keep it up, for they were always employing a lot of ruffians from the Seven Dials to come and fight us; and on one occasion the old bill-stickers went to Trafalgar Square to attempt to post bills, when they were given in custody by the watchman in their employ, and fined at Queen Square five pounds, as they would not allow any of us to speak in the office; but when they were gone, we had an interview with the magistrate, who mitigated the fine to fifteen shillings. During the time the men were waiting for the fine, this company started off to a public-house that we were in the habit of using, and waited for us coming back, where a fighting scene took place that beggars description. Shortly after this, the principal one day came and shook hands with us, and acknowledged that he had broken up the company, and that he himself had lost five hundred pound in trying to overthrow us. We then took possession of the hoarding in Trafalgar Square; but Messrs. Grisell and Peto would not allow us to post our bills on the said hoarding without paying them—and from first to last we paid upwards of two hundred pounds for that hoarding, and likewise the hoarding of the Reform Clubhouse, Pall Mall.'"

His Majesty, being now completely out of breath, laid down his scroll (which he appeared to have finished), puffed at his pipe, and took some rum-and-water. I embraced the opportunity of asking how many divisions the art and mystery of bill-sticking comprised? He replied, three—auctioneers' bill-sticking, theatrical bill-sticking, general bill-sticking.

"The auctioneers' porters," said the King, "who do their bill-sticking, are mostly respectable and intelligent, and generally well paid for their work, whether in town or country. The price paid by the principal auctioneers for country work, is nine shillings per day; that is, seven shillings for day's work, one shilling for lodging, and one for paste. Town work is five shillings a day, including paste."

"Town work must be rather hot-work," said I, "if there be many of those fighting scenes that beggar description, among the bill-stickers?"

"Well," replied the King, "I an't a stranger, I assure you, to black eyes; a bill-sticker ought to know how to handle his fists a bit. As to that row I have mentioned, that grew out of competition, conducted in an uncompromising spirit. Besides a man in a horse-and-shay continually following us about, the company had a watchman on duty, night and day, to prevent us sticking bills upon the hoarding in Trafalgar Square. We went there, early one morning, to stick bills and to black-wash their bills if we were interfered with. We *were* interfered with, and I gave the word for laying on the wash. It *was* laid on—pretty brisk—and we were all taken to Queen Square: but they couldn't fine *me*. *I* knew that,"—with a bright smile—"I 'd only given directions—I was only the General."

Charmed with this monarch's affability, I inquired if he had ever hired a hoarding himself.

"Hired a large one," he replied, "opposite the Lyceum Theatre, when the buildings was there. Paid thirty pound for it; let out places on it, and called it 'The External Paper-Hanging Station.' But it didn't answer. Ah!" said His Majesty thoughtfully, as he filled the glass, "Bill-stickers have a deal to con-

tend with. The bill-sticking clause was got into the Police Act by a member of parliament that employed me at his election. The clause is pretty stiff respecting where bills go; but *he* didn't mind where *his* bills went. It was all right enough, so long as they was *his* bills!"

Fearful that I observed a shadow of misanthropy on the King's cheerful face, I asked whose ingenious invention that was, which I greatly admired, of sticking bills under the arches of the bridges.

"Mine!" said His Majesty, "I was the first that ever stuck a bill under a bridge! Imitators soon rose up, of course.—When don't they? But they stuck 'em at low-water, and the tide came and swept the bills clean away. *I* knew that!" The King laughed.

"What may be the name of that instrument, like an immense fishing-rod," I inquired, "with which bills are posted on high places?"

"The joints," returned His Majesty. "Now, we use the joints where formerly we used ladders—as they do still in country places. Once, when Madame" (Vestris, understood) "was playing in Liverpool, another bill-sticker and me were at it together on the wall outside the Clarence Dock—me with the joints—him on a ladder. Lord! I had my bill up, right over his head, yards above him, ladder and all, while he was crawling to his work. The people going in and out of the docks, stood and laughed!—It 's about thirty years since the joints come in."

"Are there any bill-stickers who can't read?" I took the liberty of inquiring.

"Some," said the King. "But they know which is the right side up'ards of their work. They keep it as it 's given out to 'em. I have seen a bill or so stuck wrong side up'ards. But it 's very rare."

Our discourse sustained some interruption at this point, by the procession of cars occasioning a stoppage of about three quarters of a mile in length, as nearly as I could judge. His Majesty, however, entreating me not to be discomposed by the contingent uproar, smoked with great placidity, and surveyed the firmament.

When we were again in motion, I begged to be informed what was the largest poster His Majesty had ever seen. The King replied, "A thirty-six sheet poster." I gathered, also, that there were about a hundred and fifty bill-stickers in London, and that His Majesty considered an average hand equal to the posting of one hundred bills (single sheets) in a day. The King was of opinion, that, although posters had much increased in size, they had not increased in number; as the abolition of the State Lotteries had occasioned a great falling off, especially in the country. Over and above which change, I bethought myself that the custom of advertising in newspapers had greatly increased. The completion of many London improvements, as Trafalgar-square (I particularly observed the singularity of His Majesty's calling *that* an improvement), the Royal Exchange, &c., had of late years reduced the number of advantageous posting-places. Bill-stickers at present rather confined themselves to districts, than to particular descriptions of work. One man would strike over Whitechapel; another would take round Houndsditch, Shoreditch, and the City Road; one (the King said) would stick to the Surrey side; another would make a beat of the West-end.

His Majesty remarked, with some approach to severity, on the neglect of delicacy and taste, gradually introduced into the trade by the new school: a profligate and inferior race of impostors who took jobs at almost any price, to the detriment of the old school, and the confusion of their own misguided employers. He considered that the trade was overdone with competition, and observed, speaking of his subjects, "There are too many of 'em." He believed, still, that things were a little better than they had been; adducing, as a proof, the fact that particular posting places were now reserved, by common consent, for particular posters; those places, however, must be regularly occupied by those posters, or, they lapsed and fell into other hands. It was of no use giving a man a Drury Lane bill this week and not next. Where was it to go? He was of opinion that going to the expense of putting up your own board on which your sticker could display your own bills, was the only complete way of posting yourself at the present time; but, even to effect this, on payment of a shilling a week to the keepers of steamboat piers and other such places, you must be able, besides, to give orders for theatres and public exhibitions, or you would be sure to be cut out by somebody. His Majesty regarded the passion for orders, as one of the most inappeaseable appetites of human nature. If there were a building, or if there were repairs, going on, anywhere, you could generally stand something and make it right with the foreman of the works; but, orders would be expected from you, and the man who could give the most orders was the man who would come off best. There was this other objectionable point, in orders, that workmen sold them for drink, and often sold them to persons who were likewise troubled with the weakness of thirst: which led (His Majesty said) to the presentation of your orders at Theatre doors, by individuals who were "too shakery" to derive intellectual profit from the entertainments, and who brought a scandal on you. Finally, His Majesty said that you could hardly put too little in a poster; what you wanted, was, two or three good catch-lines for the eye to rest on—then, leave it alone—and there you were!

These are the minutes of my conversation with His Majesty, as I noted them down shortly afterwards. I am not aware that I have been

betrayed into any alteration or suppression. The manner of the King was frank in the extreme; and he seemed to me to avoid, at once that slight tendency to repetition which may have been observed in the conversation of His Majesty King George the Third, and that slight under-current of egotism which the curious observer may perhaps detect in the conversation of Napoleon Buonaparte.

I must do the King the justice to say that it was I, and not he, who closed the dialogue. At this juncture, I became the subject of a remarkable optical delusion; the legs of my stool appeared to me to double up; the car to spin round and round with great violence; and a mist to arise between myself and His Majesty. In addition to these sensations, I felt extremely unwell. I refer these unpleasant effects, either to the paste with which the posters were affixed to the van: which may have contained some small portion of arsenic; or, to the printer's ink, which may have contained some equally deleterious ingredient. Of this, I cannot be sure. I am only sure that I was not affected, either by the smoke, or the rum-and-water. I was assisted out of the vehicle, in a state of mind which I have only experienced in two other places—I allude to the Pier at Dover, and to the corresponding portion of the town of Calais—and sat upon a door-step until I recovered. The procession had then disappeared. I have since looked anxiously for the King in several other cars, but I have not yet had the happiness of seeing His Majesty.

"TO CLERGYMEN IN DIFFICULTIES."

The family of the Reverend Carmichael Crample, perpetual curate of Crookenden, Hunts, is seated at breakfast. Mrs. Crample is blandly declining the request of Master Shirley Crample for more sugar to his milk-and-water; Miss Cramplc is reading the day-old copy of the "Times," which the vicar is so good as to send regularly; and Miss Emilia Crample is spreading butter over Master Charles James Crample's bread, with fairy-like thinness; the reverend head of the family notices through the glass door leading upon the lawn, the approach of a figure, which gives him sore disquietude.

"It is only poor Mr. Slicer, my dear," says Mrs. Crample. "He is very civil and patient; for his is only a balance since last Christmas—it is a call from Mr. Plumley which I dread most; for *he* has had no money from us since this time twelvemonth."

Mr. Slicer is shown into the study; to which the reverend gentleman, humbled and abashed, creeps unwillingly from the parlour. The butcher, equally embarrassed, stammers out something about having a large bill to meet on Thursday; and, if quite convenient—well, he hopes, Mr. Crample *will* oblige him with at least something on account. The clergyman pleads poverty, and begs a little time. Slicer has not the heart to say more; but, brushing his hat very vigorously with his sleeve, trusts Mr. Crample won't forget him as soon as ——

"Mr. Plumley, sir!" says the servant, announcing the grocer; of whose visitation Mrs. Crample had expressed her apprehensions. Meanwhile the butcher, having brought his hat up to a brilliant polish, proceeds to put it to its proper use, and returns towards his shop.

"It's o' no use, sir," exclaims Plumley, after Mr. Crample has swiftly, but noiselessly shut the study door. "It's o' no use a talking any more about it. I owe a duty to my wife and family, and I owe a sum of money to Gampling and Co., my wholesale house. Their traveller worrits my life out. I'm a poor man—I am an uncommon poor man, with a large family."

"So am I," falters Mr. Crample. timidly.

"Well," rejoins Mr. Plumley, "if I had tithes a coming in, sir, besides a stipend, I should say I was *not* a poor man. That's what I should say, and bless myself. Why they tell me the tithes of this parish is worth seven—teen hundred a year."

"The *great* tithes," replies Mr. Crample, with eagerness; "but, they are the dues of my principal, the Reverend Dr. Recumber. Mine are only the small tithes, and I assure you they do not amount to one hundred a year. The additional complement I receive from the vicar is very small."

These mild statements have the effect of diverting Mr. Plumley's wrath from the curate to the vicar; of whom, oddly enough, he, a parochial man (Mr. Plumley is "sidesman" for this year), has scarcely before heard. Presently he breaks out into a strong expression of the "shame" it is that the man who does all the work should have so little of the pay.

"I beg you will not imagine that the doctor is unkind or unmindful of us," says the timid curate: "for instance, he sends us the 'Times' newspaper every day gratis—and that, merely on condition of our forwarding it by every mail to his cousin in India."

"Kind you call it! It don't help you to pay your butcher, or," adds the shopkeeper with emphasis, "or your grocer?"

"Why no," continues the clergyman. "I am indeed most grieved that I am unable to meet your demand; but, Emilia's long illness, and a disappointment Jane has had in getting a situation as governess, have thrown me back; still I"— here the poor curate stops. He is about to add a hope; but, his conscience tells him that he ought not to lead his creditor astray.

The despondent manner in which he drops his voice, touches Plumley's heart. Plumley feels he has been blunt, and repents. He, too, lowers his voice; he hopes he hasn't said anything hurtful to Mr. C.'s feelings; but Gampling and Co.'s. traveller worrits men out o' their lives! "I *know*," he adds a little

louder, "that if you had it you 'd pay it; but, what I say, is this;—it's a burning shame that you haven't got it!"

Mr. Plumley entered the house with the firm determination that not another ounce of tea should be supplied to the family, on credit, until his bill was paid. But as he passes the kitchen door to go out, he cannot look the servant in the face without saying, "Well, Mary Anne; any orders this morning?"

Before Mary Anne can inquire of her mistress, her master has returned to the parlour. He is the picture of despair. Mrs. Crample has much ado to keep up sufficient spirit to cheer him. The younger children retire, and a consultation begins as to what can be done to obtain some respite from their difficulties, and pay bills off by instalments. "If," says the head of the house, "I could only borrow a sufficient sum from my stipend, it would relieve these poor, patient tradesmen!"

Jane, who has read every advertisement for governesses in the "Times" twice over, here ventures to suggest that nothing could be easier. "Look here, papa," she remarks, pointing to the front page of the Supplement. "A gentleman named N. G., who dates from Cecil Street, Strand, London, addresses himself particularly to clergymen; for the advertisement is headed, 'To CLERGYMEN (AND OTHERS) IN DIFFICULTIES.' He says he is prepared to advance, by way of loan, any sum of money, from ten, to ten thousand pounds, on personal security."

The curate takes the newspaper from his daughter, and scans the notification carefully, over and over again. He cannot exactly make out the signification of "personal security." Mr. Carmichael Crample is a profound Greek scholar. In mathematics and theology he brought away high honours from college. He can dissect a Pindaric ode, or construe a crabbed passage from any of the Latin Fathers, better than his bishop. But, of the ordinary transactions of life he is as innocent as his own baby. He does not know the meaning of "personal security"; but in order to learn, there will be no harm in inquiring. Mr. Crample is sure, from the very end and purpose of the advertisement, that N. G. must be a benevolent rich man, and will give a prompt and clear answer.

Mr. Crample immediately indited an epistle to Cecil Street, Strand, London, to go by the next post. It gave a candid statement of his wants and wishes (viz., fifty pounds immediately). It also set forth his income, to show that he would be able to repay the loan punctually by the instalments he proposed. He concluded with a request that N. G. would be kind enough to explain the exact nature of the security required.

By the very next return of post there came a letter, which the curate opened with a trembling hand; and, having first glanced it over silently, repeated it aloud to his anxious wife, in a voice faltering with joy. It ran thus:

"REV. SIR,

"Yours of yesterday came duly to hand. Though we seldom negociate with parties for small transactions; yet, under the particular circumstances of your case, are not averse.

"Our system of doing business is always to ascertain the perfect respectability of parties before we undertake commissions, &c., and are happy to state that (as a matter of business), we have made the necessary searches at Somerset House, and find your living to be as you state.

"Time being, no doubt, an object, we enclose a Bill of Exchange for amount required, viz:—fifty pounds, at two months; renewable, if not quite convenient for you to meet, in whole or part. You have merely to sign your name under the word 'accepted' written across thereof, and remit to us; with post-office order for our charge for searches (as per account below), stamp, &c., and we will forward you the amount, less discount and commission, immediately.

"We are,

"ST. JOHN CLARE, THOMPSON, AND CO.

	£.	s.	d.
"Mem. No. 985423. Stamp,	0	3	6
Drawing Bill,	0	6	8
Searches at Somerset House,	2	2	0
	2	12	2"

For two pounds twelve shillings and twopence, the Crample family, it seemed, could be released from their embarrassments; but, two pounds odd were, just then, as much at their command, as two thousand pounds. There was a family council for some hours as to how the little sum could be raised. Could anything be disposed of? Alas! the inventory of their entire possessions was called up, without much effort of memory, in Mrs. Crample's mind; and object by object was discussed, and truly pronounced indispensable. At last, Jane suggested that her father should write again, to propose that, in addition to "commission and discount," the ready-money charges should be deducted from the sum to be lent. On this advice Mr. Crample immediately acted.

On the second morning, came another letter from Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company. "Nothing," said Mr. Crample, with a smile, "could be kinder than these gentlemen; and I really marvel how, being utter strangers, they can be so considerate. They cheerfully agree to my last proposal. All I have to do, is, to put my signature to the document, and return it by post."

The villagers of Crookenden had, of late, seen almost as little of their perpetual curate as of their vicar; and when he did go abroad, he appeared dejected and unhappy. The very day, however, on which he sent off the accepted bill, a change came over him. He went out. He patted all the children on the head; he looked in at the school; he promised a little girl who read the list of hard names in the Genealogical Chapter of Numbers with-

out a mistake, that he would very soon present her with a sixpence. He even called upon Plumley, and had a chat with Mrs. P.; in the course of which, he expressed his regret that "Jane had not been so generous a godmother to *her* Jane as he could have wished, but soon, he hoped—"

Mrs. Plumley interrupted him by begging he wouldn't mention that.

"And not only that," Mr. Crample continued, looking pointedly towards the grocer, "but other obligations we are under to our kind neighbours, we hope in a short period to—liquidate."

The butcher was not at home when Mr. Crample called; but, Mr. Crample left an ambiguous message, implying that his next interview with Mr. Slicer should be more agreeable than the last.

Mrs. Crample employed herself in making out a list of the household liabilities, and apportioning the expected cash in various sums to each creditor. In fact, every possible preparation was made; and, on the morning when it was expected, nothing was wanted to the renovated prosperity of the Crample establishment—but the money.

The next morning, alas, the postman passed the window! Shirley was sent after him. Was he *sure* there was no letter for papa?

"None!"

The morning after, and the next, it was the same. Could the bill have miscarried?

On the fifth day, Mr. Crample wrote again, inquiring if his last letter had reached Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company. With hungry patience, he paused for a reply during another week. Poor Mrs. Crample was, meantime, obliged to turn the screw of economy tighter and tighter, until the pinch reached even the younger branches. Shirley had to drink his milk-and-water without any sugar whatever; and Charles James was reduced to dry bread. Their dress, too, was so shabby they could hardly appear at church.

Innumerable were the excuses for Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company, with which Crample amused himself. Perhaps the entire firm had gone out of town, and would send the money when they returned; possibly, their capital had suddenly got "locked up"—(he derived the expression from an indigo broker, to whose son he had been tutor, but had not the remotest idea of its meaning), and somebody had lost the key. Suddenly it struck him that he might not have addressed his letters legibly enough for post-office deciphering—a very common fault of college-bred men. He therefore wrote once more; and, in a clear round text that might have served for a sign, directed his letter to "Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company, Cecil Street, Strand, London."

In a few days the letter was returned to the writer, with the following inscription, "Gone away; not known where."

"Ah," said the reverend victim, when he showed this to his wife; "I now feel sure that the whole matter is a hoax. Peradventure, Messrs. Thompson and Co. are a fiction—some young college bloods, perhaps, who just put these advertisements into the papers for fun!"

Two months have passed. Breakfast, such as it is, has been removed. Plumley and Slicer both appear; they know that yesterday their pastor received his quarter's stipend. They have dropped in, to ascertain to what extent he is prepared to liquidate the balances upon their once little, now large accounts. They have scarcely opened the glass door to go away, when the postman appears. The parson seizes a letter eagerly; it is directed in a strange, stiff, business hand. Would his visitors wait till he reads the first line? He breaks the seal, and the words "St. John Clare, Thompson, and Co." gladden his eyes. He turns to his creditors. He hints that Plumley's patience and the butcher's long-sufferance will now be rewarded. He turns the leaf with the greatest care, fearing that the bank note, or cheque on the neighbouring bank, may be blown away. Pleased with a confused and nervously-murmured promise of speedy payment, coupled with the word "remittance," the creditors retire joyfully. Crample has now time and composure to examine the letter carefully.

Not the vestige of a bank note or bank paper of any kind can he discern! He feels that he is not strong enough to peruse the epistle by himself, and desires the presence of his wife and eldest daughter. Thus reinforced, he reads; and the following words grow dim before his eyes:

"The Rev. Carmichael Crample,
"Crookenden Vicarage,
"Hunts.

"Sir, "*Clifford's Inn.*

"Unless the amount of the dishonoured bill (fifty pounds), drawn by Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Co., and accepted by you, be paid forthwith (together with interest and costs), I am instructed by the present holder thereof, Oloman l'Evy, Esq., to inform you that legal proceedings will be commenced against you without further notice.

"We are, sir, your obedient servants,
"WRINKLE AND CLIP."

The trio are silent. Each looks at the other for an explanation of the meaning of the extraordinary application. The reverend gentleman, having earnestly applied this dumb catechism first to his wife and then to his daughter, turns his abstracted look upon the backs of his books; and, staring intently at his St. Ignatius, asks it aloud "how he could be expected to pay a debt he has never incurred, while a great many which, alas, he honestly owes, he is unable to liquidate?" St. Ignatius is, of course, not communicative; but, by this time, the full scope and effect of the villany has revealed itself to Jane.

"It is all my doing!" she exclaims, weeping, "All my doing!"

"Your doing?" repeat Mr. and Mrs. Cramplo both at once.

"Yes! It was I who suggested that papa should write to those wicked men; and now ruin has come of it!"

The kind old man takes his daughter's hand, and says all he can think of to soothe her. He assures her, in his simplicity, that there is, without any manner of doubt, some mistake. He will write to Mr. Wrinkle, or, better perhaps, to Mr. l'Evy—probably a French gentleman—and explain to him that, from some oversight on the part of Messrs. Thompson and Co., he never was favoured with a shilling of the money; and that, consequently, they will at once perceive he is not their debtor. Mrs. Cramplo proposes that, to make assurance doubly sure, an additional letter be forwarded to Messrs. Thompson and Co., to their old address in Cecil Street, Strand, London, with a memorandum requesting the postman to inquire whither they have removed; and then to be good enough to take it without delay to their new residence.

Jane, after re-perusing Wrinkle and Clip's letter, and considering awhile, weeps afresh, despite every effort to repress her grief. Without being able to disentangle the affair, she feels a distinct conviction that her father has been caught in meshes, spread in the newspapers, by a gang of swindlers. Her advice is, that her father lose no time in laying the whole case, in person, before his patron.

Poor Mr. Cramplo recoils at the thought. He will never have sufficient courage. Besides, the Reverend Dr. Recumber, vicar of Crookenden, and rector of No Souls, City, lives in London; and how is the expense of a journey thither to be borne?

"And then the exposure!" hinted Mrs. Cramplo.

"Exposure, anything, is better than ruin!" urged Jane, turning to her mother; "I feel convinced that the wretches will put papa in prison, unless he gets proper advice how to act. Dr. Recumber will, perhaps, know some solicitor who will tell him how to defend himself from these bad people. Besides, being chaplain to the Duke of Lummersley, he will have great influence in London."

"But who is to do duty in my absence?" asks the curate, rubbing his eyes like a man awakening out of one dream to be drawn into another.

"Doubtless the Doctor will recommend some friend of his!"

The next morning, the Reverend Carmichael Cramplo was seen in a second-class carriage, duly booked for London; paying the expenses of his journey out of the quarter's scanty stipend, which his careful wife had been, for previous days and weeks, calculating and contriving, to spread over the largest possible surface of debt.

With trembling knees and a palsied knock at the great Belgravian door, Mr. Cramplo announced his advent to the portentous pluralist. The Honourable Mrs. Recumber (daughter of the Earl of Pompton) passed him on the stairs on her way to the Opera; and he was ushered into the drawing-room by a powdered footman. The splendour to which Mr. Cramplo was here suddenly introduced, at first bewildered him. Scarcely an article upon which his wondering eyes fell, but would pay the whole of his Crookenden creditors, and leave a handsome surplus to liquidate the dreadful acceptance. The vicar—a large, pompous man—received his curate with bland surprise. He inquired after each member of his family, seriatim, with an appearance of interest in their welfare, which quite touched the husband and father. When Mr. Cramplo explained the object of his visit, the Doctor first appeared extremely shocked, and then said he was "deeply grieved." He assured his curate that he was in the hands of swindlers: he advised him by all means to pay the money; and thus save himself endless vexation and certain exposure. It was much better to put up with the first loss. Going to law with such scoundrels was not only unsatisfactory, but, in the end, decidedly expensive.

Poor Mr. Cramplo felt precisely like the sick pauper, when a fashionable physician prescribed him chicken broth and carriage exercise. He stuttered out something about not having the ability to pay, and expressed—more audibly—a wish that Dr. Recumber would recommend him to a respectable solicitor.

"Well, my dear sir, if you *will* be rash, nothing," said the Doctor, "would give me greater pleasure."

The bell was rung; another floury footman brought in a silver standish and a mother-'o-pearl writing-case: the letter was penned; and the curate, with a profusion of thanks, backed himself out of the apartment.—The next morning at the earliest business hour, he presented it.

Mr. Blindle, of the firm of Blindle and Blob, received Dr. Recumber's epistle with reverential awe. (The agency for the Doctor's property was worth five hundred a year to the "office.") Mr. Blindle produced a pair of scissors; and, instead of profanely tearing open the letter, carefully cut away the coat-of-arms, not to disfigure it with the slightest crack. Had he lived in Pekin, and not in Furnival's Inn, he would have burnt incense before the revered document.

The nature of Mr. Cramplo's business, however, produced a considerable change in Mr. Blindle's mind.

"This," said Mr. Blindle, "is a case rather for the Police than for Common-Law practice. You are at the mercy of a gang of bill-stealers. I presume the transaction began by your answering an advertisement in the 'Times' newspaper, headed, 'To Clergymen (and others) in Difficulties?'"

Mr. Cramplo breathed forth "Yes!" with

the wonderment of a mystified peasant replying to a conjuror.

"Exactly; and no doubt they have already proceeded against you; for Wrinkle and Clip are what we call in the profession, 'no-quarter men.' However, if you will leave the papers with me, I will send one of our clerks to Clifford's Inn, to see what can be done. Good morning, Mr. Crample."

Mr. Blindle's time was worth about sixty shillings an hour, and he could not afford to waste many minutes on a clergyman in difficulties. Having bowed Mr. Crample out, he thrust half his head into the clerk's office, and exclaimed, "Peggs!—look over this gentleman's papers, and try whether you can do anything with Wrinkle and Clip!" He then shut himself in again.

Mr. Peggs turned over the letters (Mr. Crample had carefully folded and docketed them); and, having without much ado, recapitulated everything that had happened to Mr. Crample, concluded with the query, "Ain't I right, sir?"

"Wonderfully correct!" said Mr. Crample, holding up his hands in amazement. He had made up his mind that the fatal bill transaction was one of a most extraordinary and unheard-of character; the like of which had never happened before. By what divination had the wonderful attorney and his more wonderful clerk come to a knowledge of the minutest circumstances?

The interview in Clifford's Inn is short and decisive. Mr. Peggs went in alone. He pushed open a faded green-baize door, which shut upon him like a rat-trap; and addressed himself to a dirty man, behind a row of rails, who answered to the name of Clip. A dirtier individual, at a side-desk, took a slip of parchment from a pigeon-hole, and began to rub a dirty roll of cloth over it.

Mr. Peggs stated his business:—

"Come to pay?" asked Clip.

"Oh, no; merely to see about an arrangement!" said Peggs.

"Debt and costs in full im-*me*diately are the only terms," rejoined Clip.

"It's a clear case of bill-stealing," insinuated Peggs.

"My client is an innocent holder," replied Clip.

"Very!" said Peggs.

"You accept service for defendant?" inquired Clip.

"We do," responded Peggs.

"Now then, Smudge, go it!" said Clip to his clerk; and, before Mr. Peggs was out of the trap, Mr. Smudge had made him the bearer of a parchment command to Carmichael Crample, clerk, to appear before our Lady the Queen, at Westminster, to answer Oloman l'Evy, upon promises, &c.

Meantime, the clergyman had paced the flags of Clifford's Inn Passage, his mind oscillating between anxiety and hope. Despite all that had been told him, he flattered himself that Messrs. Wrinkle and Clip would rectify the "mistake," when they were fully convinced that he had not received the money they had applied to him for. When Mr. Peggs appeared, he hastily joined him, with the sanguine inquiry,

"Are they convinced of the error? Will they forego"—

"Nothing."

"Peradventure they will wait?"

"Not five minutes," replied Peggs. "They have commenced their action already. Here is a copy of the writ! When they declare, we shall plead—our defence is, no consideration, and fraud, eh?"

Mr. Crample gave a stupefied assent. Peggs walked to the end of Fetter Lane, with the bewildered defendant, and then, wishing him good day, cast him adrift on the ocean of London, without rudder or compass.

The next morning, when Mr. Crample had slept upon his misfortunes, Hope, as was her wont in his case, returned to him with undiminished brightness. All would be right. Messrs. Blindle and Blob would, doubtless, do all that was necessary; and he would return to Crookenden to await the result.

The curate dreams on; and the creditors wait with exemplary patience. Sugar and butter are banned the parsonage; domestic prayers, read by Jane, have been established on Sundays, for the benefit of the younger branches, and for the want of Sunday attire fit for exhibition at church. At length the day of trial approaches; and, when it arrives, the defendant takes another expensive journey to London. He smilingly paces Westminster Hall; for he feels confident of a verdict in the cause of l'Evy *v.* Crample, clerk. He knows that great efforts have been made by Blindle and Blob to secure that issue; for, on making a modest application to Dr. Recumber to guarantee their costs, the Doctor declined; and, as Oloman l'Evy was reputed to be wealthy, a verdict for the defendant was a matter of moment to "the office." One favourable circumstance had occurred: Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company, had been tried at the Central Criminal Court, in the name of Higgs (with an appendix of six aliases) in respect of another bill of exchange; across which, he (Higgs) had—quite accidentally, as he averred—written a wrong name. The finding of the jury implied forgery, and the sentence of the judge was transportation.

The matter of l'Evy *v.* Crample, clerk, did not occupy her Majesty, sitting by proxy in her Court of Common Pleas, much time.

The plaintiff's counsel, in opening the case, made a playful allusion to the misfortune of Messrs. St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company (*alias* Higgs); but, indignantly repudiated any connexion, on the part of his unimpeachable client, with that atrocious convict. The acceptance had, he asserted, passed through several hands; and plaintiff—who was a highly

respectable wine and cigar merchant at the West-end—had, in an evil hour, discounted it.

The only witness called to support these statements was the plaintiff's clerk. That young gentleman simply swore that he saw the money paid to the "party" whose name appeared as the last of the indorsers. In his cross-examination, he said yes, he *was* Mr. Oloman l'Evy's nephew. His duties as clerk were very light, for the plaintiff had no regular office nor wine-cellar, and bought his cigars, like any other gentleman—when he wanted to smoke. The "party" for whom the bill was discounted was his (witness's) father, who was Mrs. l'Evy's brother. Knew Higgs (St. John Clare, Thompson, and Company). Was no relation whatever to Higgs—at least would not have been, if plaintiff had not married his (witness's) aunt; and if Higgs had not been Mrs. l'Evy's son by a former husband—which he was. But what had that to do with it?

As the counsel for the defence could not prove the negative that the defendant never had received a farthing of consideration for his bill, he relied upon his eloquence in denouncing the transaction as a wicked fraud, and on the facts elicited in the cross-examination of the plaintiff's witness.—The judge, however, summed up with the simple remark that, although the evidence in support of the plaintiff's case was of an extremely suspicious character; yet, no direct evidence had been adduced on behalf of the defendant to rebut it —and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

That day week was passed by the Rev. Carmichael Cramplе in the receiving ward of Whitecross Street prison! The hope which had buoyed him up, even to the last, had now fled. Thoughts of his parish, his home, and the dear ones there lamenting, overcame him. He sat in the darkest corner of the dismal apartment, and wept.

The condition of affairs at Crookenden will be best understood from the following letter, written by the Honourable Kenrick Speckle, B.A. (youngest son of the Earl of Pompton), whom Dr. Recumber had sent down to do duty while Cramplе was going through the Insolvent Court. The letter was addressed to Sir Richard Rumble, Bart., Baliol College, Oxford.

"*Parsonage, Crookenden, Hunts.*

"My dear Dick,

"Here's a go!—Old Drizzle, who is keeping the best living in our family warm for me till I can complete my title for orders, is at death's door; and I shall not become due for full orders for another twelvemonth. Even if he hold out three months longer (and I'm game to lay a thousand to twenty he doesn't) I shall be bowled out.

"I was packed off from Town by my antique brother-in-law, Recumber, under the plea that I can read for my title, down here, as well as anywhere else; and do him a service at the same time. The fact is, the regular Crookenden Curate has gone up for a six weeks' whitewash. Our old friend l'Evy is the executioner.

"Instead of a parsonage, this is more like the Valley of the Shadow. The weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, are indescribable. The hostess—a limp lady, with a faded face—cries all breakfast-time; and, when I ask the second daughter for an egg, she bursts into tears. The two little boys cry over their milk-and-water, and Molly, the servant, never comes into one's presence without similar demonstrations. The very tradesmen are melancholy. I ordered, and *paid for*—(what d'ye think of that?)—a quarter of a hundredweight of the best almond hard-bake, for distribution amongst the parochial juveniles, yesterday. They sucked every ounce of it; in the dumps.

"I don't think there is a smile to be had, for love or money, in the whole parish; and, if I did not contrive a chat, now and then, with the eldest daughter of the house of Cramplе, I should abscond. It is martyrdom to be here! She (Jane Cramplе I mean) has wonderful sense—and only rising nineteen; she sings much better than Miss Huskle, our Oxford *prima donna*. Indeed, all the sense and talent of the family seem centred in her. Five feet five and a half, I should say—splendidly proportioned—and a wonderful complexion. She puts the best face on things, and keeps her spirits up, like a little heroine. I had a gossip with her last night, alone, and she spoke so sensibly of her father's affairs that—but I'm boreing you, Dick.

"I will tell you what I wish you would do! Just ride over to the governor, and hint that, if old Drizzle should pop off, a month or two too soon, Jane's father would be a capital warming-pan for me. The living is worth eight hundred a year, and would be a lift for him, and save the dear old boy from the Insolvent Court.

"Yours ever,

"Ken. Speckle."

Not only did Sir Richard ride over to the Earl of Pompton and make the suggestion; but, it actually had to be put into force in less than a week; for, as Dr. Drizzle died next day no time was to be lost.

When Mr. Oloman l'Evy saw the appointment of Cramplе to the new living, in the newspapers, he instantly posted off to Whitecross Street. He expressed intense commiseration for the curate's sufferings, and told Mr. Cramplе he was willing to release him on his own personal security. Another bill at two months, for nearly double the amount of debt and costs. Peggs nipped the transaction in the bud. He happened to come down at the same time, paid the money by his master's orders (B. and B. took only ten per cent. upon such transactions); and the clergyman, no longer in difficulties, went down by express train to lighten the hearts and dry the eyes, not only of his dearest and nearest, but of the whole parish. Slicer and Plumley had not to wait long for the amounts of their respective bills; and the charity-girl not only got her sixpence, but as many other sixpences for distribution among her schoolfellows, as made capitalists, for one whole evening, of the entire multitude.

At the end of the year, it turned out that

Mr. Crample had not been a mere warming-pan for his new patron's son. A conviction had slowly crept over that young gentleman that the Church was not exactly his calling, and he had gone into the Army—(and a very good fellow he proved at heart. Mr. Crample, therefore, got the living.

The latest intelligence of the Crample family reports Miss Crample to be a guest at Pompton Castle. Captain Speckle is in India with his regiment. It is said that he and Jane correspond.

"To Clergymen (and others) in Difficulties" still heads an advertisement frequently inserted in various newspapers; and, as Mr. Oloman l'Evy has lately set up his carriage, there is little doubt that "our system of doing business" flourishes, in spite of exposure.

Now, my lords and gentlemen, is there anything wrong about this Mr. Oloman l'Evy and his business; and, if we tried hard, don't you think we might preserve our clergymen and others, as well as our—come!—say as well as our Game!

THE MOTHER'S TEST.

This incident is related of Mary, Countess of Orkney, born deaf and dumb, who, in the year 1753, was married by signs, to her cousin, the Marquis of Thomond.

Our nurse, our dear, old, faithful Joan, what pleasant tales she told,
Adventures that herself had known, or legends quaint and old;
Unceasing marvel each excites; untired, her stores we claim,
Close seated round o' winter nights, beside the fagot's flame.

Once lived she in a moated Hall, an ancient, lonesome place,
Enclosing in its flanking wall a Plaisaunce and a Chace;
And there she came to tend a dame of high degree and fair,
And her young son, a little one, the first born and the heir.
The Countess look'd into its eyes with bright and searching glance,
Whate'er she felt, her fate denies her tongue the utterance;
Hearing and speech to her are lost; in silence, day by day,—
The nurse's time of servitude wore wearily away.

One night the lordling soundly slept within its cradle bed,
A silence perfect and profound throughout the room was spread;
When mark'd the nurse the lady rise, with strange and earnest air,
Back looping from her beaming eyes her long luxuriant hair;
Nurse watch'd her for a little space, as o'er the child she bent,
And strove to read upon her face her thought or her intent.

Alarm'd, she saw her raise on high a missile she had brought;
Ah! what avail'd the warning cry that sudden fears extort.
Far flew the fragments of the vase, when dash'd upon the ground;
The startled child by cries hath shown, he heard the sudden sound.
Ah! who that mother's dread could doubt, who saw the wild caress,
The burst of joy sincere, devout, that greeted her success?
With him she sought her couch again, nought then could them divide,
And morning's dawn beheld the twain fast sleeping side by side.

The Earl came at the morning's dawn, but started at the door,
To see the wrecks, not yet withdrawn, lie shatter'd on the floor.
But she with fond and loving signs, kissing her boy, explain'd
How now her heart was set at rest, how she that rest attain'd;
That he her doubt and fear had shared, her happy lord confess'd:
Means to remove it, she, alone, found in her loving breast.

THE SAILORS' HOME.

I was thinking occasionally of Gray's "Bard," and then of old Lord Lovat and the heroes of "the forty-five," and of Horace Walpole's account of their execution, and how Lady Townsend was afraid to go anywhere to dinner for fear of "a rebel pie," as I crossed Tower Hill the other morning in my way to visit a peculiar institution in the neighbourhood of the London Docks; I mean the "Sailors' Home" in Well Street. I had learned that such an Institution did exist, some time before, from my young friend and old messmate, Mr. Pipp, late midshipman of H.M.S. "Troubadour." Pipp, who, when I was with him in the "Rattler" (sixteen gun-brig), was one of the idlest men in the profession—who used to smoke cigars out on the bowsprit, when the foresail hid him from the First Lieutenant—who cut down the hammock of the respectable Greek pilot whom we employed in the Archipelago.—Pipp, I say, has now become quite a sensible fellow. He scrutinises our naval expenditure (I wish him joy of the job), talks about "the lines" of the "Inconstant," and bids fair to be the most unpopular member of the next dandy mess he joins. We had often talked over the character of seamen; and had agreed that it was barbarous that these poor fellows should be turned adrift when they landed, at the mercy of the abominable scoundrels who look out for them in sea-ports to plunder them—treating each, as he lands, like a stranded whale, to be cut up for the sake of the blubber, and picked clean as unscrupulously as possible.

Now, the "Sailors' Home," in question, was established in 1835, to give sailors a fair chance of snug quarters when on shore—decent, orderly life—and practical assistance in the management of their business affairs. "For, it is to be observed," said Pipp, with

the air of a man, conscious of his power of instructing you, "that when a fellow lives the greater part of his life afloat, all land is to him, more or less, fairy land. You see? A certain halo, you observe, surrounds the meanest land, 'long heath, brown furze, anything,' as what 's his name says in the Tempest. He feels when he gets on shore, as a respectable man would, who had been miraculously detained a year or so in a balloon. Hence, he can scarcely be called *compos*, but wanders like an Eastern in an enchanted valley, and requires protection!"

Pipp's period, though a long one, stuck to me; and I found myself a few days afterwards crossing Tower Hill as above mentioned.

Even as certain carved floating pieces of wood informed Columbus that he must be drawing near land, so changing aspects informed me that I was arriving at nautical regions. Marine stores tempted, instead of shawls. The Eastward Jews, happily adapting themselves as ever, sold pea-jackets and straw hats, as those of the West sell flash waistcoats. Some young sailor apprentices were playing at leap-frog. Here and there, a corner shop was presided over by a naval officer with a quadrant, who would infallibly be removed by night as a libel on "the profession," by some friends of Pipp's and mine, if he dared to show himself at Plymouth or Malta. There, you saw extracts from acts of Parliament about merchant seamen, stuck inside the windows, with rope, hour-glasses, Gunter's scales, and dog biscuits. And along the narrowing streets, tumbling round corners with a peculiar jerk—half suggestive of the shooting of the Irishman's gun—and walking along (one foot on the pavement, one on the street) came seamen of every age and clime. A merchant seaman in a red shirt: a sailor boy "done brown" while still "tender;" being, as it were, spitted on top-gallant yards, and cooked before tropical suns: a black negro cook, greasy and grinning, with little ear-rings as ornamental as a ring in a pig's snout. These were the most notable specimens.

I was amused with an ingenious puff of some certain "patent sails" in one window. An engraving represented a tremendous gale of wind, with two frigates on a lee-shore. The prudent frigate, which had supplied itself with "our patent sails," was thrashing away to windward, very prosperously; while the sails of its neighbour were blown from the bolt-ropes!

A fine air of free-and-easiness, indeed, prevails everywhere as you travel eastward, after passing the Tower. The rag-seller, standing under a black ruin of rags, beside his wretched window—where the mouldy fragments look like bits of a disinterred shroud, and the bottles seem only fit to keep vipers in spirits in—looks fiercely at you through a blood-shot eye. Even the policeman is not the stern composed guardian of the constitution familiar to Regent Street; he is too often an easy *dégagé* man, with loose belt and wildish air. Nay, I am not sure that a certain division is not highly convivial;—did my eyes deceive me when I saw a pewter pot or two, wearing an aureole of froth round their heads, go into a station-house?

Every now and then the Blackwall Railway seems to cross you, as you turn from street to street, and is highly puzzling. Once it will lie like a huge box, or the side-wind of a caravan, just before you; in a few minutes it seems breaking like a thunder-cloud over your head; and again, perhaps, turns up across a street with a fine airy look, while an engine flies through it like a "resonant steam-eagle," as Mrs. Browning calls it.

The "Sailors' Home" has quite a dignified look as you reach Well Street, with tall columns and steps that lead up to the porch. There is a buzz of sailors generally about the door; you pass through swinging portals, and find yourself in a large airy room, with a fire at each end. Up and down this the inmates are walking two and two, as if they were pacing the deck; or are sitting smoking by the fire. One is, perhaps, a nautical dandy, with wet curls and little ear-rings. These ear-rings always amuse me,—and there is ground, too, for philosophical speculation in considering them. Among the ancients they were badges of servitude. Plutarch gives us a very good joke of Cicero's *àpropos* of that; a noisy lawyer, of servile origin, complained petulantly that he "could not hear" something or other. "That is strange," said Cicero; "for you are not without a hole in your ear!" Now-a-days, we see, they are worn in the States—by the freest part of a free people.

Soon after my arrival the sailors went to dinner. Rows of tables in symmetrical order were spread over the floor; and seated at these, I saw my old unmistakeable friends, the "blue jackets," discussing their beef; generally, what a naval man would call a good set of men—strong, quiet, self-reliant-looking men. One feels as if one was an intruder, and comforts oneself with thinking of one's good intentions—but don't be alarmed, visitor! That is all your conceit. Jack is nowise disturbed by *your* presence. He cuts his beef, looks at you casually as you pass in your inspection, and puts you quite at *your* ease! I really think that a sailor has as good manners as you ever see any body with. There is such a calm good-natured independence about him; a Neptunian politeness, which carries you along like a fine rolling wave. "Manners" being, however, the characteristic of a man "who feels the dignity of man, and is conscious of his own"—as Carlyle has described it, and as Brummell never knew it to be!

The fact is, that a sailor is generally in a true, real position—has certain work to do—certain people to obey. There are no false struggles, no sham pretensions, afloat. Every thing is determined by book and order. Jack will love a ruffian if he is an honest ruffian, and

a barbarian if he is a well-meaning barbarian. It is the continual value set on reality at sea, that gives him independence and self-possession. The ocean knocks him about till he is rounded like a pebble. Salt water keeps character wholesome, as it preserves beef.

I did not enter much into conversation with our friends this time. The Mercantile Marine Act has so frightened them, that they are half-inclined, I really believe, to think that every civilian is in league with the Board of Trade—an imputation to which I, for one, don't desire to expose myself. I went up to one man, and asked him where he'd been cruising lately? Oh, he had been to Buenos Ayres; he'd been to Chili. Chili was a fine place to be ashore at. The man with him informed me very curtly that "he knew a great deal too well to go into the Queen's service."

At one side of the room was a beautiful model of a man-of-war—quite a mammoth in miniature—with fairy tackle, and airy cordage—

"The top-mast halyards, of long spinners' legs;
The royals, like the wings of grasshoppers—"

such a ship as that notable sailor, Captain Lemuel Gulliver, may possibly have dragged from its moorings off Blefuscu. In a corner is an elegant bust of the late Captain Robert James Elliot, R.N. This gallant and good gentleman founded the institution, and is held in honourable remembrance by all connected with it.

Above stairs are the "Dormitories," where each resident has his "crib," using that word not in its slang, but in its primary sense. All the little doors are duly numbered in rows, and the whole bears a very snug, cleanly, "ship-shape" appearance. There is a Rhadamanthine law against "smoking in the Dormitories" written up here and there, with Spartan precision—an amusing evidence of the popular love of tobacco on the high seas. There is a lecture-room, where lectures are given to the men, and spacious maps hung up for their use. There is, besides, a lending library at their service; various models, also, of English and foreign ships.

When I descended again to the dining-room, I found that a snug party had assembled round the fire with their pipes—among whom a Malay sailor seemed conspicuous as a conversationist—and a couple of big swarthy men were criticising the rig of the model man-of-war with a professional look; as they puffed their clouds amongst the rigging. Smoking is not forbidden in the dining-room. To deny a sailor tobacco altogether would be equivalent to damming up water from a duck, or fencing off thistles from a donkey.

The "Home" has its own little bank, with red ledgers all complete; and a "cashier" and "accountant," just like Coutts's! I apprehend many a sailor finds himself a capitalist, and enjoys the luxury of a capitalist in putting in and drawing out his cash at pleasure for the first time in his life, when he takes up his residence here. It must be quite a new sensation to Jack to draw a check in payment of a new tobacco-box, or a few pounds' worth of slops. Now that he has got old he finds this banking system far preferable to the plan in vogue in his youth, of eating bank-note sandwiches, and converting Mr. Henry Hase's promises to pay into pipe-lights.

There is a pretty little Church, "St. Paul's Church, for Seamen," close by, where the Chaplain, the Reverend Mr. Gribble, officiates. This church has eight hundred free seats, and is very well attended by the seamen; who have bibles and prayer-books supplied to them gratis.

To this enumeration of the comforts and advantages of the institution, I must now add something respecting its business affairs. It was first started, and has always been mainly supported, on moral as well as social grounds. What villanous cruelty, complicated with lamentable sin, sailors just turned adrift from their ships, with their pay in hand, are exposed to—is almost beyond belief. A class of men exists—forming a distinct body—and organised and recognised as such by the name of "Crimps" (a class *per se*, like "Thugs"), who look out for sailors as their destined and natural prey. I should not wonder if they defend their villanies on the same grounds as an Animal-food-man defends his steak when assailed by an argumentative Vegetarian. The "Crimp" swindles the sailor out of his money, and encourages him in vice, while representing himself as his friend—just as you may observe a shark turns when about to bite, and shows the *whitest* part of himself in the act. This "Home" was started mainly to save seamen from these "crimps," and furnish them not only with a place to reside in, in decency and comfort, but with moral improvement and religious instruction. Perhaps, it would interest some readers to see the charge made to the men, which we extract from one of the Institution's documents. The following is a brief summary of what it proposes to do:—

"The seamen will have to pay two shillings a-day, or fourteen shillings a-week, for living at the institution; each man has a sleeping cabin to himself; four meals a-day are provided for the boarders; and a fair allowance of washing is included in the weekly charge.

"Lads, twelve shillings a-week, washing included.

"Apprentices will have to pay one shilling and sixpence a-day, or ten shillings and sixpence a-week, upon the same terms.

"The blessing of religious instruction, the opportunity of living a sober and decent life, a just account of wages entrusted to the care of the institution, security of property, and assistance afforded in getting men shipped again, are the advantages that the Sailors' Home holds out to the seamen.

"Writing, Arithmetic, *Navigation*, &c., are taught, *without charge*, in the evening, to the

Seamen and Apprentices boarding at the Sailors' Home, by the schoolmaster of the institution."

Seaman find, therefore, in this institution, a lodging-house, club, school, and church in one. That it has already done much direct good in the neighbourhood, we learn on the testimony of Dr. Stephen Ward, a resident in the district, who gives gratuitously his medical assistance to the "Home," and is well qualified to judge on the subject, from a prolonged professional experience of sailors.

Of course there are factions about this matter, as about every other; and I learned in my inquiry that "Sailors' Homes" have their opponents. These, however, consist mainly of sailors' lodging-house keepers, nautical tavern-keepers, and a curious brood of amphibious lawyers who undertake nautical litigation. The lodging-house keepers' opposition is natural;—they seem to consider that the superiority of *their* establishments consists in the absence of religious elements! We must be allowed to deny any superiority in this peculiarity of their houses. Who would judge of the institutions of Lycurgus by the censures of the Helots?

The charge of too great constraint is disproved by examining the regulations; and another charge which I heard made (that a preference is given to "Sailors' Home" men over others at the "Shipping Office" there) is disproved by the statistics of the establishment.

The average number of seamen resident at the "Home," I understood to be one hundred and sixty. From its opening, in 1835, up to April of last year, forty-four thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight boarders were received, of whom twelve thousand six hundred and fifty-six were old boarders. One fact is decisive in proof of the superiority of the sanitary arrangements of this establishment;—during the cholera one fatal case only occurred, the disease having been fatal to many seamen in the neighbourhood, who were less salubriously lodged.

I was told that the great mass of the boarders are generally merchants' seamen, rather than men-of-war's men; which seems attributable to the fact, that men-of-war being paid off at Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Plymouth, their crews do not so naturally drop in, as it were, to such a place, as the crews of ships coming up the river. Then, of course, these seaports have their "Crimps" as well as London; and there is nobody to act wisely towards the sailor; and I have no doubt, from my knowledge of the service, that there are plenty of Old School British officers who pooh-pooh such institutions altogether. These gentlemen have a vague notion that blackguardism and efficiency go together, and that all contrary effort is "cant." You 'll curb their spirit, Sir, and take the 'dash' out of 'em; besides, you 'll never do it, Sir, believe me!" Now, all this is very melancholy and absurd, and must be got rid of before the condition of English seamen can be improved.

There is a "Destitute Sailors' Asylum," another institution in the same street, where shelter and food are given to seamen, "who are in distress from any cause." In many cases the distress arises from the recklessness of the seaman himself, which such institutions as the "Home" are intended to strive against.

Mr. Green, the ship-owner, has a special "Home" for his own seamen, which is highly prized for its excellent arrangements. Its rules and regulations were adopted from the Well Street one, of which I have been writing. The average number of men in Mr. Green's, during the year 1849, was four hundred and eighty-seven; that in Well Street, for the same year, four thousand six hundred and thirty-three.

The "Sailors' Home" numbers many naval officers of rank among its directors; and many individuals have, from time to time, supported it with donations and subscriptions, though, perhaps, it has attracted as little aid and attention for an institution with objects altogether so honourable and important, as any we know.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

Different periods of the world have been signalised by different struggles of art or science, or other intellectual endeavour, in which the greatest nations, or those possessing most mental energy, were constantly engaged. Thus, we find the early Egyptians devoted themselves to astronomy, architecture, and mythological sculpture,—and produced wonders. War, as an art, was not cultivated; they thought only of vast armies swarming like clouds of locusts, to devastate an enemy's country. The early Greeks brought the art of sculpture to perfection; accomplished master-pieces in philosophy, and in the tragic drama, and greatly advanced the art of war. The early Romans brought the art of war to a higher state, and devoted themselves to it more than to any other study. Long periods of barbarism and feudal battles succeeded, until the revival of letters in Italy; and then we find the greatest intellects devoting themselves sedulously to all the chief branches of learning, science, and the fine arts. Astronomy was greatly advanced; chemistry, also, in many respects, by means of the passion for alchemy that so long prevailed; but painting was only brought to perfection in the time of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Titian. It was the most highly patronised of all things—kings, nobles, and the clergy, leading the way. The history of the world shows no patronage equal to it. Though adverse circumstances, by exciting the will of genius, have often proved advantageous to the ultimate development of greatness, it is yet well worth noticing what great and rapid results may be produced by the most favourable circumstances.

A period has been seen, when voyages of discovery amounted almost to a passion, with some nations. A period has likewise been witnessed, when philosophy and theology have been the leading subjects that occupied the minds of the first intellects in a given country; nor must we forget that a rage for destroying all old systems, both of theology and philosophy, without setting up, or even searching for new systems, was displayed in France to an extraordinary degree, before the first great revolution. In modern Germany, the efforts of the profoundest minds have been devoted to philosophy, literature, science, and the fine arts, pretty generally, in all their numerous branches, and without any special or exclusive devotion.

In America, the great national efforts in commerce, navigation, and the resolution to become a great maritime power, has hitherto nearly absorbed most other considerations, though men of intellectual energy have not been wanting in several departments of literature and learning. With America, however, steam and steam-boats have, for some time, been the predominating science; just as, in modern Italy, the science of music and the art of singing, have received an almost exclusive attention.

In England we have seen many changes of general study and devotion of public interest. We have been great voyagers, travellers, and discoverers; and, without being in any real danger in modern times from the attack of foreign foes, we have been much too fond of meddling in wars of almost incalculable expense, and taking the debt upon ourselves. During fifty or sixty years the British army and navy were the "rage" among all classes, and the arts of war by land and sea were our most popular subjects of admiration. Other studies were, comparatively, of small importance with us. Since then we have absolutely had, though it is very difficult to believe it at the present time, a rage for poetry (originating with Byron), rapidly followed by a rage for novels (originating with Scott), and we have also had something very like a rage for political economy (originating with Malthus), and something nearly approaching a rage for travels and voyages of discovery (dating from Bruce, Belzoni, and Parry), which has almost extended down to the present time, in consequence of the prolonged doubt as to the fate of Sir John Franklin.

But have we not done great things in learning, science, and the fine arts? We have but to point to the works of Bacon, Newton, Shakespeare, and Milton, to answer this question. But to speak of the present time. We have several fine historians, and they are extensively read; we have astronomers, though they are not duly regarded; and we have some great physiologists, but they also, (except from their regular classes) receive little or no public attention. To speak generally, geology and botany are studied at the present day, and natural history is neglected—always excepting the actual exhibition of zoological specimens. In general prose literature much is constantly doing, and with extensive success; while for periodical literature, of a cheap kind, yet containing varied knowledge and information for the people, there is at present an unexampled craving. In learning, though we have many learned men, little is done beyond compilation, the age being much too "fast" to admit of a man, who has not an independent fortune, devoting half his life to a single great work of profound research.

In the fine arts, painting has been cultivated very successfully, but it seldom meets with any special patronage from the highest quarters, though sculpture has fared better, on account of its monumental character.

As for poetry, it is a curious, and indeed an almost anomalous fact, that England, whose people are fond of substantialities and realities, and are, apparently, not at all disposed to idealisms, has produced more really fine poets than all the rest of the world put together; and though living poets, with two or three exceptions, are little read at the present time, there are, even now, more real poets in England than all other countries combined can produce.

In music, there is little to be said for us, as composers; but some fine singers, and instrumentalists, we certainly have possessed. Of all native arts, however, those which at present must be pronounced as receiving the greatest amount of attention and encouragement, are the industrial arts; and, with respect to science, all those sciences which can be applied to the immediate efforts, designs, and necessities of the present day. Among these latter, the most prominent are evidently those of engineering and chemistry.

For the study of military engineering, there exist first-rate institutions; but for civil engineering, there is, we believe, only one college or public institution. Chemistry is taught in a great number of public and private institutes, but merely as a branch of knowledge included in a course of general studies. We have, however, only a very few good laboratories, where studies and experiments in chemistry are practically conducted.

Of the extraordinary and highly valuable services rendered to chemistry in Germany, by the indefatigable labours of Müller, Liebig, and others;—as in Stockholm, by Berzelius; in France, by Orfila, Lavoisier, &c. &c.—we need not offer any comment, as they deservedly possess a European fame. And in our own country, since the time of Davy and Priestley, down to our present most eminent chemists—Faraday, Graham, Kane, Ure, Brande, Cooper, &c.—we have not been far behind our friends on the Continent. But eminent as are our men, so few have been our regular chemical schools, and special means of communicating instruction in this department of science, that our manufacturers in various branches of the useful arts have

been beaten, and are beaten, to this day, in many of the most important of these branches, by the French, German, and Belgian manufacturers, as the Great Exhibition of 1851 will, in all probability, most fully demonstrate.

In the sciences of chemistry and engineering, however, we are rich in great names, and in other names of well-deserved eminence. With respect to chemistry, if we except Faraday and Graham, our own country may be somewhat outshone by the extraordinary labours and discoveries of Liebig and Orfila; nevertheless, as we have already shown, we possess many professors of first-rate excellence; and although the metropolis may lay claim to by far the greater number, we must not forget our provincial celebrities, whose energetic efforts have done much to promote the study. Foremost among these we should mention Mr. Herapath of Bristol, Dr. Musprat of Liverpool, and Mr. Daniel Stone of Manchester. In the engineering sciences, we are fully entitled to take the highest place among all nations; and though we are well aware of the great things done in Germany and France, and (in steam science) in America, we may still assert with safety, that the great works of a Brunel, a Babbage, and a Stephenson (we are only mentioning the living) justly place England at the head of all those, of whatever country, who have contributed to the engineering works of this most engineering age.

To sum up the gist of this concise, but comprehensive view, of the top favourites of the present time—for though there is "A time for all things," the world never takes to them all at once, but in succession—we should say that Periodical Literature, Foreign Music, and the sciences of Chemistry and Engineering, were the chief objects of practical study, and extensive patronage by the public at large, in our own country.

Having placed our great civil engineers at the head of all others, in this most extensively employed department of science, a few words should be added concerning the most important works, which the combined powers of the country have been long called upon, both by the people and by parliament, to perform. Need we say that we allude to the Sanitary regulations, affecting the interment of the dead, the removal of fever-breeding nuisances from crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, the provision of a constant supply of pure water for every house, and a new and efficient system of drainage for London, and its environs.

Why have none of these things been done? A Tunnel under the Thames is called for—and it is accomplished. A stupendous iron Tubular Bridge is called for—and it is accomplished. An enormous Exhibition Palace for the Industry of all Nations is called for—and it is accomplished. But there, lie, our over-crowded burial-grounds, generating a poisonous atmosphere in the thick of the living and loathing people! There, runs the polluted Thames, of which we are compelled to drink! There, stands Smithfield and other nuisances! And there, sit the Corporation of London, and the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers! Why are none of these evils removed? Why do these great and universally-demanded national works stick fast in the mud of obstinacy and imbecility, and leave us all in the "Slough of Despond." We will answer why, in few words. Dr. Southwood Smith may work early and late, and devise, and exhort; Mr. Chadwick may issue report upon report; the best science may be employed; the best surveys, and the clearest statements, made and proved: the Press may denounce the Board of Health; the country may shout and wonder; Lord Ashley may uplift his hands and smite his forehead;—but so long as men so incapable of all great action as the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers (whose deepest anxiety, for a long time past, has been to escape out of office by a quiet back door, without even attempting to commence, or even lay down definitely, any really comprehensive system of drainage) are allowed to twaddle away so much money and time; so long as any nobleman, or gentleman, holds an authority for running wild in "woods and forests" to qualify himself for controlling the Board of Health, precisely because it is known that he will do nothing efficient himself, nor permit anybody else under his authority; so long as the Treasury is allowed to adopt every subterfuge for delay and evasion; and finally, so long as the people of England will endure all this, no one of these most desirable and universally demanded works will ever be accomplished. There is a time for all things; the time for these has absolutely come; but if the country has not strength and perseverance to insist upon them, we shall never obtain them, nor shall we really deserve them.

THE MODERN HAROUN-AL-RASCHID.

In the district of Ferdj' Onah, Algeria, (which signifies *Fine Country*) lives a Scheik named Bou-Akas-ben-Achour. He is also distinguished by the surname of *Bou-Djenoni* (the Man of the Knife), and may be regarded as a type of the eastern Arab. His ancestors conquered Ferdj' Onah, but he has been forced to acknowledge the supremacy of France, by paying a yearly tribute of 80,000 francs. His dominion extends from Milah to Rabouah, and from the southern point of Babour to within two leagues of Gigelli. He is forty-nine years old, and wears the Rahyle costume; that is to say, a woollen *gandoura*, confined by a leathern belt. He carries a pair of pistols in his girdle, by his side the Rahyle *flissa*, and suspended from his neck a small black knife.

Before him walks a negro carrying his gun, and a huge greyhound bounds along by his side. He holds despotic sway over twelve tribes; and should any neighbouring people

venture to make an incursion on his territory, Bou-Akas seldom condescends to march against them in person, but sends his negro into the principal village. This envoy just displays the gun of Bou-Akas, and the injury is instantly repaired.

He keeps in pay two or three hundred Tolbas to read the Koran to the people: every pilgrim going to Mecca, and passing through Ferdj' Onah, receives three francs, and may remain as long as he pleases to enjoy the hospitality of Bou-Akas. But whenever the Scheik discovers that he has been deceived by a pretended pilgrim, he immediately despatches emissaries after the impostor; who, wherever he is, find him, throw him down, and give him fifty blows on the soles of his feet.

Bou-Akas sometimes entertains three hundred persons at dinner; but instead of sharing their repast, he walks round the tables with a baton in his hand, seeing that the servants attend properly to his guests. Afterwards, if any thing is left, he eats; but not until the others have finished.

When the governor of Constantinople, the only man whose power he recognises, sends him a traveller; according to the rank of the latter, or the nature of the recommendation, Bou-Akas gives him his gun, his dog, or his knife. If the gun, the traveller takes it on his shoulder; if the dog, he leads it in a leash; or if the knife, he hangs it round his neck: and with any one of these potent talismans, of which each bears its own degree of honour, the stranger passes through the region of the twelve tribes, not only unscathed, but, as the guest of Bou-Akas, treated with the utmost hospitality. When the traveller is about to leave Ferdj' Onah, he consigns the knife, the dog, or the gun to the care of the first Arab he meets. If the Arab is hunting, he leaves the chase; if labouring in the field, he leaves his plough; and, taking the precious deposit, hastens to restore it to Bou-Akas.

The black-handled knife is so well known, that it has given the surname of "Bou-Djenoni, *the mun of the knife*," to its owner. With this implement he is accustomed to cut off heads, whenever he takes a fancy to perform that agreeable office with his own hand.

When first Bou-Akas assumed the government, the country was infested with robbers, but he speedily found means to extirpate them. He disguised himself as a poor merchant; walked out, and dropped a *douro* (a gold coin) on the ground, taking care not to lose sight of it. If the person who happened to pick up the *douro*, put it into his pocket and passed on, Bou-Akas made a sign to his *chinaux* (who followed him, also in disguise, and knew the Scheik's will) rushed forward immediately, and decapitated the offender.

In consequence of this summary method of administering justice, it is a saying amongst the Arabs, that a child might traverse the regions which own Bou-Akas's sway, wearing a golden crown on his head, without a single hand being stretched out to take it.

The Scheik has great respect for women, and has ordered that when the females of Ferdj' Onah go out to draw water, every man who meets them shall turn away his head.

Wishing one day to ascertain whether his commands were attended to, he went out in disguise; and, meeting a beautiful Arab maiden on her way to the well, approached and saluted her.

The girl looked at him with amazement, and said,

"Pass on, stranger; thou knowest not the risk thou hast run."

And when Bou-Akas persisted in speaking to her, she added:—

"Foolish man, and reckless of thy life; knowest thou not that we are in the country of Bou-Djenoni, who causes all women to be held in respect?"

Bou-Akas is very strict in his religious observances; he never omits his prayers and ablutions, and has four wives, the number permitted by the Koran. Having heard that the Cadi of one of his twelve tribes administered justice in an admirable manner, and pronounced decisions in a style worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas, like a second Haroun-Al-Raschid, determined to judge for himself as to the truth of the report.

Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the Cadi's town, mounted on a docile Arabian steed.

He arrived there, and was just entering the gate, when a cripple seizing the border of his burnous, asked him for alms in the name of the prophet. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold.

"What dost thou want?" asked the Scheik—"I have already given thee alms."

"Yes," replied the beggar, "but the law says, not only—'Thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but also, 'Thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

"Well! and what can I do for thee?"

"Thou canst save me,—poor crawling creature that I am!—from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now going on."

"And how can I save thee?"

"By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business."

"Be it so," replied Bou-Akas. And stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him; a business which was not accomplished without much difficulty.

The strangely assorted riders attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets; and at length they reached the market-place.

"Is this where you wish to stop?" asked Bou-Akas.

"Yes."

"Then get down."

"Get down yourself."

"What for?"

"To leave me the horse."

"To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?"

"I mean that he belongs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just Cadi, and that if we bring the case before him, he will certainly decide in my favour?"

"Why should he do so, when the animal belongs to me?"

"Don't you think that when he sees us two,—you with your strong straight limbs, which Allah has given you for the purpose of walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted feet,—he will decree that the horse shall belong to him who has most need of him?"

"Should he do so, he would not be the *just* Cadi," said Bou-Akas.

"Oh! as to that," replied the cripple, laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."

"So!" thought the Scheik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." He said aloud, "I am content—we will go before the Cadi."

Arrived at the tribunal, where the judge, according to the eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would of course take precedence of theirs.

The first was between a *taleb* or learned man, and a peasant. The point in dispute was the *taleb's* wife, whom the peasant had carried off, and whom he asserted to be his own better half, in the face of the philosopher, who demanded her restoration.

The woman, strange circumstance! remained obstinately silent, and would not declare for either; a feature in the case which rendered its decision excessively difficult. The judge heard both sides attentively, reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the woman here, and return to-morrow."

The *savant* and the labourer each bowed and retired; and the next cause was called.

This was a difference between a butcher and an oil-seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood.

The butcher spoke first:—

"I went to buy some oil from this man, and in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come before your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist. Now, I swear by the Prophet, that this man is a liar, when he says that I stole his money, for the money is truly mine own."

Then spoke the oil-merchant:—

"This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you change for a piece of gold?' I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking off with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried out 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money, so I brought him here, that your worship might decide the case. Now, I swear by the Prophet that this man is a liar, when he says that I want to steal his money, for it is truly mine own."

The Cadi caused each plaintiff to repeat his story, but neither varied one jot from his original statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-morrow."

The butcher placed the coins, which he had never let go, on the edge of the Cadi's mantle. After which he and his opponent bowed to the tribunal, and departed.

It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple.

"My lord Cadi," said the former, "I came hither from a distant country, with the intention of purchasing merchandise. At the city gate I met this cripple, who first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented, but when we reached the market-place, he refused to get down, asserting that my horse belonged to him, and that your worship would surely adjudge it to him, who wanted it most. That, my lord Cadi, is precisely the state of the case—I swear it by Mahomet!"

"My lord," said the cripple, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belongs to me, I saw this man seated by the road-side, apparently half dead from fatigue. I good-naturedly offered to take him on the crupper, and let him ride as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me. But what was my astonishment, when, on our arrival, he refused to get down, and said that my horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us. That is the true state of the case—I swear it by Mahomet!"

Having made each repeat his deposition, and having reflected for a moment, the Cadi said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-morrow."

It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in different directions. On the morrow, a number of persons, besides those immediately interested in the trials, assembled to hear the judge's decisions.

The *taleb* and the peasant were called first.

"Take away thy wife," said the Cadi to the former, "and keep her, I advise thee, in good order."

Then turning towards his *chinaux*, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows."

He was instantly obeyed, and the taleb carried off his wife.

Then came forward the oil-merchant and the butcher.

"Here," said the Cadi to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his." Then pointing to the oil-merchant, he said to his *chinaux*, "Give this man fifty blows."

It was done; and the butcher went away in triumph with his money.

The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward.

"Would'st thou recognise thy horse amongst twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas.

"Yes, my lord."

"And thou?"

"Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple.

"Follow me," said the Cadi to Bou-Akas.

They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse amongst twenty which were standing side by side.

"'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary hither."

The disguised Scheik obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable, as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He possessed quick eyes and a good memory, so that he was able, without the slightest hesitation, to place his hand on the right animal.

"'Tis well," said the Cadi; "return to the tribunal."

His worship resumed his place, and when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced.

"The horse is thine;" said the Cadi to Bou-Akas. "Go to the stable, and take him." Then to the *chinaux*, "Give this cripple fifty blows."

It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

When the Cadi, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him.

"Art thou discontented with my award?" asked the judge.

"No, quite the contrary," replied the Scheik. But I want to ask by what inspiration thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two cases were decided as equitably as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, Scheik of Ferdj' Onah, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

The Cadi bowed to the ground, and kissed his master's hand.

"I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions."

"Nothing, my lord, can be more simple. Your highness saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?"

"I did."

"Well, early in the morning I caused the woman to be called, and I said to her suddenly—'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them both, put in the cotton again, and poured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatness and dexterity. So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands—she must belong to the *taleb*.'"

"Good," said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money?"

"Did your highness remark that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?"

"Certainly, I did."

"Well; I took the money, and placed it in a vessel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belonged to the oil-merchant it would be greasy, from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's story must be true.'"

Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval.

"Good," said he. "And my horse?"

"Ah! that was a different business; and, until this morning, I was greatly puzzled."

"The cripple, I suppose, did not recognise the animal?"

"On the contrary, he pointed him out immediately."

"How then did you discover that he was not the owner?"

"My object in bringing you separately to the stable, was not to see whether you would know the horse, but whether the horse would acknowledge you. Now, when you approached him, the creature turned towards you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the cripple touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said:—

"Allah has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. And yet, I know not; thou art certainly worthy to be Scheik, but I fear that I should but badly fill thy place as Cadi!"

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.

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THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

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THE THREE KINGDOMS.

HIS Excellency Baron Haynau's appearance in London at a season when [illegible] to Horace Walpole absolutely nothing abides in London but fleas, mackerel and wooden [illegible] will probably be thought by devout believers in "newspaper dispensations" attributable to nothing so much as that fact, and the news famine prevailing in consequence. Else he would surely have come at the season which extends its welcome to all such visitors and, feasting, flattered, and caressed, would have come and gone like any other lion. As it was he stayed but a very short time and, grateful as [illegible] may have reason to be to him, it was difficult for newsreaders to peruse "without a feeling of vindictive pleasure" (as Mr Macaulay remarks of the mobbing and flight of Judge Jeffreys) the mobbing and flight of Baron Haynau. In brutality to gentle women and cruel ferocity to noble men the General [illegible] above the Chief Justice, for Jeffreys never had an equal chance of glutting his thirst for blood. [illegible] have hanged thirteen general officers at Arad, on the same day whose dawn at Pesth had witnessed [illegible] murder of the chief magnate of an ancient land, is a chance that falls to few, and perhaps [illegible] deed by which Haynau will be remembered. His biography will be easily written. When [illegible] just stated it is added that he flogged women for speaking ill of his emperor, and that the [illegible] emperor had rewarded him with dismissal, he was pelted out of England in disgust by a [illegible] draymen, history will have closed its record contemptuous, but not unsalutary, of his Excellency the Baron Haynau. It will hardly trouble itself to inquire whether he passed from his [illegible] in the dust-bin to the repentant arms of his imperial master, and exchanged the drayman's broomstick for [illegible]. His flight from Bankside will be the culminating point of his career.

Of other home incidents there are not many that call for remark, unless [illegible] made for another batch of Popish converts, including a weak-minded lord, the relative and the [illegible] protestant bishop, two well endowed vicars, a richly beneficed rector, and [illegible] sentimental [illegible] of Roman Catholic fopperies. These Puseyite accessions to Rome are to be regarded with no [illegible] but of satisfaction by all good Protestants. The danger is not from those who go, but from those who stay. The difference is between a fair and a treacherous enemy, and as the good Arnold says, we would honour the one and hang the other. To take a notorious instance. Mr Allies, the vicar of Launton, [illegible] held his post in the English church (to the disgrace of those who for the last four years have [illegible] his continuance there) in the hope and with the purpose of betraying it; and there is really nothing [illegible] the fact of his now openly joining Rome, but a gratifying confession of the failure of his treachery. [illegible] the great body of the English people was in our judgment never sounder in regard to all such matters than it is at present. There would be more danger in the secession of one member of the sturdy thinking middle class population, than in fifty such apostacies as those of the latest batch recorded. Our only desire is that people who still remain in the English church with the hope of obtaining what they call self-government for it may follow their friends as fast as possible. Self-government means independence of state-control, and independence of state control means uncontrolled domination, and uncontrolled domination is [illegible].

The system of mixed education, says the address just published by the Roman Catholic synod at Thurles, with more candour than its writers probably intended, "may have been devised in a spirit of generous and impartial policy, but the statesmen who framed it were not acquainted with the inflexible nature of our doctrines." That is perfectly true. There is no middle course for the devout adherents of Rome, nor is there any middle point of compromise for her Protestant admirers. There is no elasticity [illegible] adaptability to progress in her doctrines or in her institutions. Poor Pio Nono tried it, and found them "inflexible," and now his Holiness sits in St. Peter's chair with his brain half shattered by the attempt. The big manly voice that at the outset of his pontificate sounded like a new evangel, has dwindled back to the old childish treble about miracles and mothers of mercy. His great acts since he resumed his seat have been three. He has satisfied the doubts of true believers as to the immaculate conception, he has recognised the miracle of the picture that winks its bare-faced eyes at Rimini, and he has denounced all education [illegible] which the Romish Church shall not be suffered to sit supreme.

Very humiliating is it to have to add that the latter decision directly affects the [illegible] islands. The Synod of Irish priests at Thurles becomingly presided over by a prelate-editor who had [illegible] the astronomy of Galileo and Copernicus as an insult to the wisdom of Moses and the son of Sirach, [illegible] implicitly obeyed its infallible Head, and the Queen's Colleges are condemned. It is said that the condemnation passed by a majority of only one, and that one a substitute for an ailing bishop, craftily provided [illegible] Doctor M'Hale, but in the present temper of the Pope this will matter little. The much [illegible] is likely to get all possible help and confirmation from the College of the Propaganda. *Quantum valeat* the decision may be taken as settled. The Irish Roman Catholics, then, are to be taught on Roman Catholic principles, or not to be taught at all. Newton is to be filtered through Dens, Herschell through the learned primate Cullen, the text of Plato through the glosses of M'Hale, and politics and history through the Index Expurgatorius. Their science and astronomy, as well as their history and morality, are to be strictly orthodox, and what this kind of orthodoxy means, a dispute now raging in France explains to [illegible] the Archbishop of Paris

alarmed for the liberties of the Gallican Church, puts under censure a newspaper famous for its sympathies with the Church Ultra-Montane. The newspaper protests against the censure; appeals to the Pope; and demands judgment whether its doctrines have not been such as are justified by Papal authority. But while the protest is on its way to Rome, a brief of the Holy Father, decisive of one of the questioned doctrines, is already on its way to the Bishop of Rimini. By this brief, Pio Nono gives a crown of gold to the miraculous picture; and so settles that point, which may be said to involve the doctrine of mechanical forces. The others are moral and historical. The newspaper asks the Holy Father if the Inquisition was not a perfectly justifiable mode of protecting the privileges of the Church, and if the Church did not strictly observe the limits of Christian duty in punishing rebellion to her faith by a St. Bartholomew massacre; nor does it seem possible, upon these points, to doubt the Holy Father's reply, when we know that already there has been bestowed upon this humane public instructor and questioner of his Holiness, "in testimony of his satisfaction, a beautiful medal struck in commemoration of his return to Rome." This being the character, then, of the teaching, historical, moral, and scientific, at present in highest favour at Rome, it need hardly excite surprise that the Queen's Colleges have been denounced. It is quite certain that such science, morals, and history, would be scouted there. What then? Of course there must be science, morals, and history, adapted to Roman Catholicism: and a Roman Catholic University is consequently to be founded, self-endowed, and self-supported. In other words, a country reported to be starving is to accomplish, for the obstruction of education, what the same country in its most lavish repeal-rent days was unable even remotely to contribute to, for the promotion of education. "We have within ourselves," says the Synod, again a little over-candid, "and in the persons of our brethren who are scattered, &c., ample resources, zeal, learning, talent, and *the pecuniary means*, for the accomplishment of such an object." One may imagine a good many people in England somewhat startled at this announcement; and disposed to think it a little hard that, since ample pecuniary means are within reach of Irish Roman Catholics for the perpetuation of priestly bigotry, English Protestants should be required to contribute thirty thousand pounds a-year for the rearing of priestly bigots. Thus the Maynooth question, and several others, may happen to be involved in the setting up of this new University! Not two years ago the Vicar-General of Ardagh appointed the *Te Deum* to be sung within his diocese, for the Pope's denunciation of the "Colleges of the Godless;" and Protestant thanksgivings will be not less loud, and much more reasonable, when the Money of the Godless comes to be treated in the same way. It is pleasant meanwhile to note that the authorities of the Colleges gather courage, as their opponents wax in insolence; and that the temporary injustice done to Mr. Vericour has been already promptly redressed.

The same journals which describe the proceedings of the Synod, contain sundry petitions of Irish proprietors to be relieved from the tyranny of the poor law inquisition; nor have the priestly denouncers of the Queen's Colleges been the least vehement opponents of the Queen's poor-law. The moral of this points the difference between money to lift the masses from ignorance, and money to keep them in idleness. The one is contemptuously scouted at our hands, and the other greedily clamoured for. At the same time the opportunity, which might have been turned to noble profit by such an organisation as that of the New Tenant League, bids fair to be lost by obstinate adherence to impracticable schemes. Nothing will content its leaders but to settle by statute the valuation of rent, which is about as reasonable as it would be to settle wages and prices in like manner. Rational men turn from such mischievous proposals to wait patiently the working of the Encumbered Estates Act, to strive for amendments that shall give it greater efficacy, and to found upon it hopeful anticipations against the still continuing miseries of rack-rent, and indiscriminate eviction. Even limited as it now is, it has helped to rid us of not a few of those Irish landlords with the name and nothing else, with the means of the poor and the waste of the rich, with the duties of one condition and the necessities of the other, who have been the bane of the country. Nor does there seem reason to doubt Lord Clarendon's recent averment at his progress in the North, that the promise of a condition of things improving with these changes already begins to show itself in expanding commerce, thriving industry, and restored and rational tranquillity, at least in those portions of the Island most distant from the site of the Synod.

The vice-royal progress in the north of Ireland, the royal progress through Castle Howard and Holyrood to the less sophisticated enjoyments of Balmoral, and the various gatherings and feastings held in consequence, may be passed with this brief mention: pausing only to remark the hearty welcome with which Sir James Graham greeted Lord Carlisle as he passed through Cumberland in returning from attendance on Her Majesty. The key of that nobleman's character throughout life, he said, on the occasion of a public meeting, had been sweetness and kindness of heart. Other men (and particularly he alluded to the man most dear to him, who had lately passed to his account) had surrendered their early opinions only to the force of reasoning, and the slow induction of argument, and so exposed themselves to the charge of inconsistency. But Lord Carlisle's kind sympathies and generous feeling towards the great masses of his countrymen had induced him, from his first appearance in public life, to take the very course to which in later days other men had arrived; "and," added Sir James, with a certain sly humour amid his cordial warmth of eulogy, "his kindness of heart and generosity of feeling had stood in the place of reason in the course he had pursued." This was the substance of a speech which we find it very pleasant to record. And it reminds us of another which ought to have mention also. Opportunity was taken at Edinburgh to get Prince Albert to lay the stone of the New National Gallery, when he "improved" the occasion by an extremely graceful and pretty little address. It would seem that an old parliamentary grant for the encouragement of Scotch manufactures and fisheries has fallen into arrear, from the fact of those fisheries and manufactures sufficiently encouraging themselves; whereupon, this arrear being now appropriated to the building of a National Academy of Art, the Prince draws from it the moral of a healthy national progress, as exhibited in the ruder arts connected with the necessaries of life first gaining strength, then in education and science supervening and directing further exertions, and finally in the arts which only adorn life becoming longed for by a prosperous and educated people. That was doubtless true and ingenious; and the Prince has probably since heard, amid the healthy heather of Balmoral, that a prosperous and educated people have a strong taste for nature as well as art, and are given to be extremely jealous of encroachment of any kind on their parks and pleasure grounds. For, advantage having been taken of the Queen's holiday to take possession in her name of a part of the holiday ground of her subjects in St. James' Park, very reasonable protests are rising on all sides, such as neither Queen nor ministry will be wise to

disregard. One of the most profligate proposals of last Session for some six and twenty thousand pounds for "the improvement of St. James' Park," met with too cold a reception to be pressed upon the house; but the sufficiently scandalous sum of eleven thousand pounds which *was* voted is evidently serving for a commencement; and the improval of the park, unless a sharp watch be kept upon it, is not unlikely to mean the adornment of the Queen's palace with a garden abstracted from the park, shut out from the public, and devoted to the royal nursery. But the public as well as the ministers are placed upon their guard, and in sufficient time.

So let us hope, are the city merchants to the danger of a continued inadequate water supply in the heart of London; seeing that a hundred thousand pounds were sacrificed at a fire in Mark Lane the other day, when hardly as many sixpences need have been lost if water for the engines could have been obtained. So, let us add with no inconsiderable pleasure, are a class of people that required even severer caution and warning than ministers, merchants, and rate-payers. In Edinburgh, just after the Queen's visit, the responsible officers of the Glasgow and Liverpool steamer Orion, wrecked in the summer off Portpatrick with a loss of more than fifty lives, were pronounced guilty of criminal negligence by the High Court of Justiciary, and sentenced, the captain to eighteen months' imprisonment, and the mate to seven years' transportation. The case against both admitted of not the least doubt. The defence set up involved the old artifice of an attempt to discredit the compasses, and to prove a sudden inset of the tide: but the jury had not the least hesitation in fixing on the real culprits. If a doubt rest upon the verdict it is that the captain was not entitled to the comparative mercy of his lighter sentence. Assuming the correctness of the nautical testimony, he had for several weeks been steering a course notoriously unsafe, for the sake of a wretched and quite worthless advantage in point of time; and, though the mate bettered his master's recklessness when left in sole charge of the ship, the master continued as responsible for the peril incurred on that familiar coast, in that calm sea, on that lovely summer night, as the man who stood at the wheel when the danger came. What remains in the way of example, after unrelenting enforcement of the punishments awarded, it will become the Board of Trade to look to, after consulting certain recent acts of parliament. Had the boats been found efficient, and the discipline of the ship proved equal to the occasion, the terrible scene of shipwreck might have been deprived of nearly all its horror. It is perhaps hardly disconnected from this subject to add a word on the fate of the wretched man who destroyed himself in a balloon and pony ascent from Bordeaux the other day; and in the death of the poor child who tumbled on his head instead of his heels, in posture-making with his father, à la Risley. There is of course no effectual protection against incidents of this kind but in the refusal of the pleasure-seekers, for whom they are invented, to find pleasure in such unworthy excitements. It is perhaps some set-off, however, for the discredit of the victim in the balloon case having been an Englishman, that the holiday-makers for whom he put his life in peril belonged to another country. Mr. Gale would hardly have crossed the channel with his pony, if Cremorne had encouraged him to stay here; or if Mr. Green's reception, in his like attempt at Vauxhall, had been a little more brilliant than it happily proved to be.

The results of the harvest generally are up to this period better than had been looked for, and the potato panic has ended in a not worse supply than that of last year. The country is prospering, notwithstanding that particular classes, manufacturing as well as agricultural, feel the pinch of the transition state through which it is passing to what we hope is the sure promise of a yet solider and more enduring prosperity. Lord Brougham, in the interval of a little illegal amusement with which he has been disporting himself in Westmoreland, dolefully warns the world of the unpromising condition of law in general, and of matters of reform that have lately been taken too much out of his hands; but the world enjoys its summer holidays, does not seem to lose heart, and is doubtless very far from despairing of that good coming time which is to bring even popular education and law reform. It would appear at the same time very certain that Cambridge University will contribute little to either by the member she is about to elect to represent her interests in Parliament. What those interests can be supposed to be, we must infer from the fact that Sir John Herschell declines to represent them; and that the race is to be run between a man of John's and a man set up by the smaller colleges, whose bigotry at least ought to bring them in neck and neck, whatever their college votes may do. The Johnian is for going back to protection, and so is the man of the smaller colleges. The Johnian will have nothing to do with the Jew, neither will the man of the smaller colleges. The Johnian will fight tooth and nail against University Reform and the Educational Privy Council and so will the small colleges man. Both are high wranglers, both are decent lawyers; yet never were tweedledum and tweedledee committed to more mortal difference than that which rages between Mr. Cowling and Mr. Wigram. Friends of the University say it has all arisen from the contest starting up in vacation, when only the nobodies are in residence, and when the Master of Trinity is on his travels; but a somebody might surely have been summoned, and waited for, if that were all. Certain is it, we must admit, that London could not have supplied him, unless a police magistrate would have served: for, since Baron Haynau went so suddenly away, those excellent individuals, and the objects of their judicial care, have had the metropolis almost exclusively to themselves. Somewhat fantastic, too, have been their decisions now and then. While a beershop-keeper was fined 5*l*. the other day for selling beer on a Sunday morning, the captain of a steamer was fined only 3*l*. for recklessness that had nearly caused a frightful loss of life; and a "fashionably dressed" ruffian who had rioted in a theatre, and flung an enormous cauliflower in the face of one of the actors, was simply asked to put in bail for future decency. Thus fine by degrees and beautifully less, justice is apt to grow. On the other hand we have to record our gratitude to one of these gentlemen for having pithily condensed into two lines the philosophy of street-music. It was a case of Scotch bagpipes, which have been lately added to other similar instruments of musical torture; and the defence being that the players got their living by playing on the bagpipes, Mr. Hardwick remarked that "they must not adopt such a mode of getting their own living as would hinder other people from getting theirs." Having touched on legal matters it may be worth while to glance at a Dublin Exchequer Court insurance case, in which the amount of money involved by the verdict turned out to be not greatly more than double the amount that had to be paid to the special jurors in consequence of the trial having been spun out to the enormous length of thirty-one days. A perfect sea-serpent of a trial!

We began with Haynau, and may end with the monster of the deep; adding a word or two on another kind of monster. The sea serpent appeared on the Irish coast just as Haynau arrived, and as the Python formerly visited a land more tranquil. The latter was deemed worthy of a god's intervention and

vengeance; a brewer's drayman sufficed to lodge Haynau in a dust-bin; and for the third the issue as yet seems doubtful. First, he was first seen scratching himself against a beacon-light off Courtmaskerry; then he was shot at while roving about Ballycotton Bay, electrifying small fish and Irish blue-jackets; and when last beheld, was reported to be "very like a (bottle-nose) whale." Clearly he is at least a harmless reptile, and his annual visits promote what Dr. Johnson calls the harmless stock of public pleasure. It would be well if all human specimens of the reptile class were equally so. Mr. Feargus O'Connor's annual visits at Nottingham, for example, are quite another matter; for though there is farce enough in his proffered resignation of his seat to the electors and non-electors of the place, there is a good deal of tragedy in the kind of advice which he has the infamy to proffer along with it. On this last occasion he told the mob who had gathered round him that an English merchant or capitalist was one who traffics on the blood, marrow, and sweat of the people; and that the houses of parliament had no other use or intention than to suck the blood, the meat, and the marrow out of the people. There was no law, he remarked, for the poor. It was safer for a rich man to shoot at a poor man's head, than for a poor man to shoot at a rich man's hare. He singled out some neighbouring manufacturers by name as employing five thousand hands a-day, as being tyrants over that multitude of men, and able to give themselves at once a profit of 250*l.* a-week by reducing wages to the amount of twopence daily. Without an allusion to his own starving victims at Snig's End, he had the effrontery to protest that he had himself spent a hundred thousand pounds in elevating the position of the working-classes; but this piece of impudence was too braggart to meet with other than a cool reception, even from the tools and idiots who hurrahed him. He proceeded to describe himself as the special object of government persecution in this country, and declared that for anybody to have had a hand in hunting him down was certain to insure that person's immediate distinction. In this way he accounted for the promotion of Lord Campbell and Sir John Jervis to be Chief Justices, and of Sir Frederick Pollock to be Chief Baron; because the first and second had prosecuted him at York and Liverpool, and the last at Lancaster. And truly what followed next of this choice oration seemed to challenge prosecution number four! The orator avowed, with cool deliberation, that the working-classes of England had been defrauded by the legislature of their fair share in the benefits of the steam engine, of manufacturing machinery, and of extended navigation, during the last half century; asserted that if his principles were carried out, the man who now earned ten shillings a-week should earn three pounds; and promised that if he had but the power, he would make the taxes to be not more than four millions a-year. He only waited for a war, he added, to carry out these views. They were simply to be patient till France fell out with England, when it should be his care to enable every man to live comfortably, ay, luxuriously, on the sweat of his brow. The old, reckless, wicked story 'Jack Cade the clothier is to dress the Commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it. It was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up; but it will come right as soon as seven halfpenny loaves are sold for a penny, and the three-hooped pot has ten hoops, and it is felony to drink *small* beer, and the whole realm is in common, and Mr. Feargus O'Connor's mouth is the Parliament of England, and only his palfry goes to grass in Cheapside. Happily, however, this sort of trash has very few listeners now, and none among the better kind of working men of England. The braggart who uses it has been thoroughly exposed; and his schemes, except by the victims to whom they have brought loss and despair, are scouted and laughed at. Any one who would contrast the miserable dupes with whom he may still be imagined to have influence, with that noble class of thoughtful and sober men whose intelligence protects them against his arts, should consult and compare the views and wishes of English operatives as detailed before the Parliamentary Committee on the Savings of the Middle and Working Classes.

NARRATIVE OF POLITICS.

LORD CLARENDON left Dublin on the 2nd instant for a *Fortnight's Tour in the North of Ireland*. After visiting the Earl of Erne, and spending several days as the guest of the Marquis of Londonderry, he arrived at Belfast on the 12th. He made a public entry into the town amidst the most impressive demonstrations by the citizens. On the same day, the Lord-Lieutenant commenced his active progress through a round of invitations—to the Hall of the Ulster Flax Society, to the great flax-spinning mill of Messrs. Mulholland, and other notable bodies or establishments. From the Belfast Board of Guardians he received an address, informing him that the condition of the poorer classes in Belfast is gradually improving, and that out-door relief, with its demoralising effects, has been unnecessary. He congratulated them, in reply, on the fact that during a period of unexampled distress, the poor were maintained without assistance by the Government, and without the imposition of undue burdens on the ratepayers; and added—"I agree with you in thinking that [illegible] results are attributable to the industrious spirit [illegible] orderly habits which have long characterised the people of this city, and to the employment afforded by the prosperous state of trade and manufactures, which I trust may long continue: but they also reflect great credit upon those who are charged with the administration of the Poor-law in Belfast." In the evening a great banquet was given to Lord Clarendon at the Music Hall. He rode to the place of meeting in General [illegible]brigge's carriage drawn by six horses, a military [illegible] preceding him, and the streets crowded by acclaiming thousands. He was received at the Music Hall by the Corporation in their robes of state; the Mayor preceding him into the dining-room, and as he took his seat the bands played "God save the Queen." The guests included men of all creeds and political shades: near to the Mayor were seated the Bishop of Down and Connor, the Earl of Erne, the Marquis of Londonderry, Mr. Sharman Crawford, M.P., and Mr. N. Alexander, M. P. The notable speech after dinner was that of Lord Clarendon himself, in acknowledgment of his own health, "which was drunk with hearty and prolonged enthusiasm, the bands playing 'St. Patrick's Day.'" He dwelt in glowing language on the returning tranquillity and dawning prosperity of the country: "Among the most agreeable signs of improvement which have of late taken place in this country, I rank the fact that almost all men in Ireland appear to recognise the folly and uselessness of those political differences which have too long destroyed confidence, scared away capital, and fostered a spirit of animosity among the population. I do not, of course, allude to the legitimate discussion of political questions—the birthright of British subjects—which has utility for its basis and the public good for its object. I allude to that agitation which is carried on, not for the public interest, but for individual purposes; and I am happy in being able to appeal to this enlightened assembly whom I have the honour of addressing, whether, in this respect, a vast improvement has not taken place—whether a period can be recollected less characterised by scheming agitators than that of the two years which have just passed?" He paid a special compliment to Belfast, on her improvement in manufacture and art, and remarked the improved moral and social

character of the people of Ireland in general. One million sterling, he observed, had been already advanced under the Land Improvement Act, and the reports from the Commissioners of public works showed how well the example of improving landlords had been followed by improving tenants, and how important to the labouring classes was regular employment with money wages; "I certainly was grieved at seeing to-day large bales of flax —Russian and Dutch—that might have been replaced by Irish. I regretted the sight; still, it is gratifying to know that attention is being generally turned to the cultivation of flax in this country, and that owners and occupiers of land are beginning to understand how greatly their interests will be promoted by their contributing to advance the national manufactures. I regard the present movements in this direction as hopeful; and I look forward to a time when the advantages will become fully apparent, and when the interests of agriculture and manufactures will be interwoven and brought together into harmonious action." He then pointed out the beneficial working of the poor law throughout Ireland; and concluded with a compliment and an advice to the Irish landlords:—"With respect to the landlords of Ireland, I would take this opportunity of saying that they have been most unjustly condemned as a class. They have no due allowance—I might almost say no allowance at all—for the unavoidable difficulties of their position. I have the pleasure of being personally acquainted with many landlords, who, for kindness and attention towards their tenants, and who, for the zeal and untiring assiduity with which they perform the duties properly devolving upon them, are second to none in the world, and are deserving of the highest commendation. Among a class so numerous, I am well aware that there must be some bad men; but it is the conduct of a good man that will prevail, and I believe such conduct is prevailing. I believe the time is not far distant when the evils of absenteeism will be fully recognised in their true light; and when it will be seen that there is no supervision equal to that of the owner of the soil, and that the landlord will be rewarded more fully in witnessing the welfare and social comfort of his tenantry, than in spending their proceeds in his own pleasures and enjoyments elsewhere."

The statutes which constitute "*The Queen's University in Ireland*" have received her Majesty's sanction, and are now in full operation. The Earl of Clarendon has been appointed Chancellor, and a Senate is constituted, consisting of seventeen eminent individuals of different denominations, who represent generally the various departments of literature and science, medicine, and law. The Chancellor and the Senate appoint examiners, and grant degrees in art, medicine, and law, to the students in the three Queen's Colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway.

The Council of the *Tenant League*, now sitting in Dublin, have published the weekly report of their proceedings, with an address organising the movement. They have resolved to take steps for "systematically extending the principles and influence of the Tenant League, by holding sittings of the Council successively and at short intervals in various parts of the country; and, if the friends of tenant right in each district approve it, by holding public county meetings at the same time and place."

The sittings of the *Prelatical Congress at Thurles* terminated on the 10th; but its proceedings, it appears, are not to be promulgated till they have been submitted to, and received the authorative sanction of, the Holy See. Archbishops M'Hale and Slattery have refused to accept the appointments, conferred on them by the Government, of visitors to the provincial colleges in their respective dioceses.

The "Synodical Address of the Fathers of the National Council of Thurles, to their beloved flock the Catholics of Ireland," has been published in Dublin, in the shape of a pamphlet. The Colleges are violently denounced, and the Roman Catholic priesthood are called upon to abstain from connexion with them. But the authority of this manifesto is doubted; it being said that on certain points respecting the Colleges, the opinions of the bishops were so nearly balanced as to produce a majority of one only.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor went through his annual form of *tendering his resignation to his contituents* at Nottingham on the 2nd instant. The meeting was far from numerous, and his reception rather cool. He expatiated on his services. During the thirty years of his political life, he had toiled against more antagonism than any man that ever came before him, or than, he trusted, any man that came after him would ever be compelled to encounter. He knew that, Nottingham being an important town, all who had represented it before him had received their reward. Lord Denman was Lord Chief-Justice; and Sir J. C. Hobhouse, who, when member for Westminster, said that he should like to turn the Thames into the House of Commons—Sir John, who was then a revolutionist, was now a Minister of the Crown. But did they suppose that, to be Lord Chancellor, or Prime Minister, or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or Governor-General of India, would induce him to give one single vote that was opposed to their interests? As he often told them before, he had never, during his thirty years of agitation, eaten a meal or travelled a mile at their expense, and he had spent over 100,000*l*, of his own money. Did he blame these men for turning round on him? No; he blamed the Chartists themselves. The man who earned 20*s*. looked with scorn on the man who only earned 10*s*., and the man who earned 10*s*. with scorn upon the pauper. If he had his principle carried into effect, they would be able to earn, not 20*s*. or 10*s*., but 3*l*. a-week each. He had created the public mind in spite of all antagonism—he had organised it—and when France fell out with England he would direct it in such a direction as would enable every man to live comfortably, ay, luxuriously, on the sweat of his own brow. (Hear, hear.) Nor was he an upstart democrat. His aged uncle had now lived 52 years in banishment, and was now 90, but was as staunch as ever. His father was immured for seven years in damp dungeons and cells, by which he had been hurried to a premature grave—and all for sake of freedom. He had, therefore, a hereditary right to advocate their cause. Mr. O'Connor went on in this strain for sometime longer; and then one of his supporters, Mr. Sweet moved the following resolution—"That we, the electors, and non-electors of Nottingham, beg most respectfully to tender our sincere thanks to our distinguished representative, Feargus O'Conner, Esq., for his unwearied and talented services as a member of Parliament for this town. Notwithstanding the base slanders heaped upon him by a hireling and corrupt press, and the ingratitude of a portion of the working classes; we beg to assure him that our confidence in him remains unshaken; therefore, we most earnestly request him to resume those duties which he has so ably performed, with honour to himself and satisfaction to us." Mr. Sweet then went on:—"If it is your pleasure that Mr. O'Connor should retire, he is quite willing to do so; but if it is your pleasure that he should go back to battle with thieves—they are theives—they pass acts that rob us, and they are thieves—if it is your pleasure that he should go back to battle with them upon their own platform, he is fully prepared to do so." The resolution was carried almost unanimously; and Mr. O'Connor having briefly returned thanks, called for three cheers for "the Charter, and no Surrender," and also three groans for the Whigs. This was done with considerable spirit, and the meeting broke up.

The *Freehold Land Societies* are continuing their operations. On the 16th the Uxbridge Society took possession, with public celebrations, of eleven acres of fine meadow-land near the town; which will give sixty-four or sixty-six votes for the county of Middlesex to the shareholders. On the same day the Westminster Society took possession of thirty acres of land at East Moulsey; for which they have given 4700*l*., and by which they will gain about two hundred and sixty votes for West Surrey.

The *Election for Poole* terminated on the 24th, by the return of Mr. Seymour, the Free Trade Candidate, who beat his protectionist competitor, Mr. Savage, by 188 votes to 167.—A keen contest is going on for the representation of *Cambridge University*, in the room of Mr. Law, between Mr. Cowling, and Mr. Wigram. The day of election is not yet fixed.

NARRATIVE OF LAW AND CRIME.

A [illegible] man named John Ellis, storekeeper to the "General Palmer," was *Murdered in New Zealand* on board that vessel while lying in Port Nicholson, in April last. The ship was laid up in that port in consequence of her leaky condition, and the crew had left her. Palmer had charge of all the stores; and was in the practice of coming on shore every morning to transact business with Mr. Bethune, a merchant and agent of the ship residing in Wellington. He became acquainted with four men, named Good, *alias* Henderson, a deserter from the 65th regiment; Coslin, Jones, and Thompson, and they frequently visited him on board ship. He was missing for a week, and Mr. Bethune, fearing that he had been the victim of foul play, went on board the General Palmer, and saw Thompson, who, on being questioned, said the shipkeeper and Ellis had gone on shore some days before. Mr. Bethune, having reason to know the contrary, gave Thompson into custody, and upon proceeding into the cabin was annoyed by an intolerable odour, and upon uncovering one of the harness casks, which had contained salt beef, the body of the murdered man was found steeped in brine. The corpse was dreadfully mutilated—the head having been severed from the body. Upon a post mortem examination it was ascertained that he had been disposed of as the Mannings disposed of their victim, O'Connor; he was first shot, and his skull was beaten in by a hammer. Suspicion falling upon the men visiting him, and who were last seen in his company, they were sought; but had absconded. They were subsequently apprehended in different parts of the colony; and, after several examinations, they were all committed for trial at the Supreme Court, which was to hold its sittings in June.

The Irish papers contain many accounts of *Affrays and Disturbances*, caused by the "evictions" which are daily taking place. On the 26th of August an affair of this kind took place near Ballinasloe. It is thus related by the Western Star:—"On Wednesday last, Mr. John Kelly, poor-rate collector, proceeded with three assistants, named Murray, Gavan, and Kenny, to distrain for poor-rates due by a man named Turley—the amount 11*l*. 3*s*. After going on the lands of Ballymana, and seizing eleven head of cattle, several people collected and succeeded in rescuing the cattle, with the exception of one cow. Some blows were given on both sides, when Mr. Kelly and his men were attacked with stones. Murray was struck by a stone on the forehead, which forced the blood through his ears and nose; and Mr. Kelly was hit on the back of the head and some other parts of his body. He had a double-barrelled pistol in his hand, and when knocked down two or three of the 'rescuers' held him, wrested the pistol from his hand, searched his side-pocket for another pistol, which they got, and when taking it out also took 50*l*. in notes, either through mistake or design. So Mr. Kelly states. Mr. Kelly and his party, however, got away, and came into town, when Murray, who received such dreadful injuries, was put into hospital. He is the only support of a widowed mother. We understand that the lands on which the seisure was made were waste, and the cattle found there belonged to a number of poor farmers living in the neighbourhood."

There has been another dreadful case of *Murder in Tipperary*. On the morning of the 29th August, as Thomas Batters, of Clashdrumsmith, was going along the road at Breanska, near Emly, he was fired at from behind a hedge, and was wounded in the wrist and thighs with large shot, making a dozen wounds. The assigned motive was that Batters was employed as care-taker on crops under seisure for rent, and also blamed for entertaining the keepers in his house. The unfortunate man lingered until the following day, when he died of his wounds at eight o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor has commenced legal proceedings for the purpose *of Recovering Rents* from the allottees at Snig's End, near Gloucester. On the 28th of August bailiffs proceeded from that city to serve fifty-two writs. The colonists, who had got intelligence of the coming storm, held a meeting on the preceding evening, and concerted their arrangements. On the appearance of the bailiffs they intimated that they would "manure the land with their blood before it should be taken from them." The bailiffs, therefore, retired.

The Captain and Mate of the Orion steamer were tried at Edinburgh, before the High Court of Justiciary, on the 29th and 30th of August. The names of the prisoners are Thomas Henderson and John Williams. It was proved that during the watch of the latter as second mate, the vessel approached closer to the shore than is usual by upwards of a mile; and that this unusual course was taken when the weather was hazy, and against the warning exclamations of the experienced seamen who had the look-out watch: the captain came on deck several times during the second mate's watch, and each time observed both the compass and the ship's position off the shore, which could be distinguished during nearly the whole course: thus the mate was shown to have conducted the ship recklessly, and the captain to have left him uncontrolled in his recklessness. The object was to cut off all corners, and to run a straight and swift course. On the part of the captain it was urged, that the usage in the Liverpool and Glasgow service is, that in fine weather he should retire to rest during the four hours of the second mate's watch, that time including an unhazardous part of the voyage; this usage was proved by several experienced captains and pilots: but all these witnesses negatived the propriety of the captain's retirement in hazy weather; yet the log-book of the Orion enters the weather as "hazy and calm." Moreover, the captain was on board, and supervised the course; so it was urged that he must share the responsibility of it. For the mate it was urged, first, that the course he gave was practically correct—but he was contradicted both by Captain Robinson of the Royal Navy, the hydrographical surveyor of the coast, from whose observations the Admiralty charts are prepared, and by commanders and pilots in the service; secondly, that the compasses were wrong generally—but it was proved that they varied only one point; and thirdly, that they were falsified on this particular voyage by eight tons of iron freight stowed near to them—but it was proved that this particular cause could only vary them two points. At the end of a trial of two days, the jury found both prisoners guilty. The court sentenced the captain (Henderson) to be imprisoned for eighteen months, and the mate (Williams) to be transported for seven years.

A case before the Lambeth Police Court on the 31st of August should serve as a *Caution to Railway Travellers*. A gentleman named Aldridge was summoned by the London and South Western Railway Company for riding in a carriage of a class superior to the one he had a ticket for, on Sunday, the 10th day of August. One of the ticket-porters at the Waterloo Road station, stated that on the above evening, on the arrival of the train, he found Mr. Aldridge with a lady and child in a second class carriage. The gentleman handed him three third class carriage tickets, upon which he asked for 3*s*. more, being the difference between the second and third classes. Mr. Aldridge refused to pay it, asserting that he had been told by the clerk at starting that he might come back in whatever class carriage he pleased. The parties had come from Hampton Court. Mr. Aldridge said he had asked the clerk for two tickets and a half, for self, wife, and child. Was told there were no half tickets. Paid 3*s*., and asked the clerk were the carriages covered. The answer that he got was, that it was no matter, as he might come back by whatever carriage he pleased. On returning, therefore, as the night was wet, he got into a second class carriage. On arriving at the terminus he was asked for one shilling a head, which he, in common with several others, refused to pay. Mr. Young, superintendent of the London and South Western Railway, said it was quite impossible that the case as stated by Mr. Aldridge could have occurred. The third class carriages were all uncovered on "excursion" days, as the 10th was. The fare to Hampton Court in them was but 1*s*.; in the second class it was 2*s*., and in that class they had half-price tickets, but not in the third class, and Mr. Aldridge had admitted that he paid only 3*s*. for three people. The magistrate fined Mr. Aldridge 5*s*., *i.e.*, 3*s*. for difference of fare, and 2*s*. expenses of summons.

William Eli Sandham, a decently dressed young man described as a tailor, was charged at the Thames Police Court on the 3rd instant, with *Stealing a Penny*. A lad named Tighe, the son of a gentleman residing at Stepney, deposed that he was standing the preceding evening in a crowd, looking at the Shadwell regatta, when the prisoner came close to him, and entering into conversation, picked his pocket of a penny, and then made his way out of the crowd. The lad's evidence was corroborated by his companion. A policeman said that in consequence of a communication from the boys he followed and overtook the prisoner. He asked him if he had taken a penny out of the boy's pocket; and the prisoner said, "No, I have not done so." On the way to the station-house the prisoner said he was a tailor out of work, and that he had but 1s 6d. in his pocket. The prisoner was very much excited at the time. The prisoner: I did not say I was out of work. I said I was not very busy. I am a master tailor, and have work at home. The police constable: I found upon the prisoner 1s. 4d., and an old penny piece; it was an old penny piece. The prisoner: Did not the youth say he did not know what sort of a penny piece it was? Blake: He first said it was an old penny piece; then he said he did not know. The magistrate said the case was so clear he must commit the prisoner for trial. The prisoner: What, for a penny! It will be the death of my mother; I left her at home very ill. Magistrate: I can't help it. You are committed for trial.

At the Thames Police Court on the 4th inst., Captain Alfred Palmer, master of the ship North Star, appeared to answer the claims of four seaman, Phillip Neale, John Hannagan, Charles Williams, and John Wadler, *for Wages*, on a voyage from London to Mazatlan and back. The case disclosed irregularities during the voyage, which show the necessity of such a measure as the Mercantile Marine Act, lately passed. The vessel sailed in September last from London to Mazatlan, in South America. The crew was engaged at 2*l*. a month for able bodied seamen, and 1*l*. 10*s*. for ordinary seamen, out and home. It appeared from the statements, complaints, and recriminations before the magistrate, that the vessel, during the whole voyage, had been a scene of dispute between the captain and the men, and of a confusion and want of discipline which must have produced constant peril. The captain met the demands of the claimants for wages with charges against them of idleness, insubordination, and desertion, while they retorted with imputations against him of tyranny and oppression. The circumstances are too numerous to be detailed here; but the captain's charges against the men were so far substantiated, that their claims were materially reduced. Their counter complaints against the captain could not be entertained, as the question at issue was merely the amount of wages due to them; but the case showed how much the merchant service stood in need of regulation.

At the Mansion House, on the 4th, Augustus Styles, a chemist, of Camden Town, was committed for trial on charges of *Forging and Uttering* two bills of exchange for 300*l*. and 200*l*., which purported to be accepted by a Mr. Bailey, of Swanscombe in Kent, an acquaintance of the prisoner. Styles pretended that he had received the bills from Mr. Bailey in payment for land. Mr. Bailey stated that there was no transaction of the kind, and that his signature had been forged.

At the Marlborough Street Police Court, on the 4th, two respectable young women complained of the conduct of a draper who had a *Ticket-Shop* in Oxford Street. They saw dresses in the window marked "1s."; among the lot was one without a price; a man at the door told them that that also was a shilling. The women entered the shop, bought the dress, and put down a shilling; the shopman threw the coin into the till, and then demanded 1s. 11*d*. more, snatched back the dress, and refused to return the shilling. The magistrate, remarking that this was the third or fourth case of the kind brought before him within the last day or two, told the young women that their only remedy was a suit in the County Court.

On the evening of the 4th, another attempt was made by the convicts to *Set Fire to Parkhurst Prison*. A warder of the Juvenile Prison, alarmed by a strong smell of burning linen in one of the wards, entered it, and discovered in one of the cells a mass of fire the flame of which was reaching the ceiling. The fire was happily extinguished without farther injury; and it was found on examination that a shovelfull of live cinders had been obtained from one of the stoves used for heating irons in the adjoining tailors' shop, placed on the flooring of the ward, and covered with the sheets and bedding of the prisoners.

James Hill, charged with *Forgeries* upon the Austrian Bank to the amount of 15,000*l*., was, on the 5th, committed by the Birmingham magistrates for trial at the next assizes.

At the Richmond Police Court, on the 6th, Francisco Mouhards, a foreigner about thirty years old, was charged with delivering *Begging Letters to the Duchess of Orleans*, and with obtaining money fraudulently. He was sentenced to imprisonment for seven days in the Brixton House of Correction. In his pockets were found a number of letters in English, French, and Spanish, signed "Francisco Michods," "François Michiods," and "Francis Mouhards." They represented that the writer was a native of Caviaca; and that he has recently come from Paris totally destitute of food or lodging, and not knowing a word of the English language, cannot obtain employment. Among them was this pithy epistle to the Duke of Wellington:—"François Mouhards has had the honour to write to his Grace the Duke of Wellington on the 9th of July last, and has had no answer; and he comes to beg to know if his Grace will answer him. London, 6th August, 1850."

Richard Marsh, a beer-shop keeper, was charged at the Wandsworth Police Court, with *Opening his House on Sunday Morning*. A police-officer stated, that on the previous Sunday he saw the defendant's brother standing outside the door; on recognising the witness he gave a signal to the inmates, and on his reaching the door he heard the bolts drawn. He knocked, calling out, "It is the police; open the door." There was a great scuffling, and he heard the defendant ordering some one to run up-stairs. After a while the witness was admitted. He saw several pots, pints, &c.; some of them full, and the froth fresh. He went up-stairs to a bedroom, where he found fourteen persons, some lying on the floor, others in and behind the bed. Some of them had dogs in their arms, and others had children, and all were striving to keep their "armsful" silent. He knew most of the persons present, some of whom were now in court. The defendant said he did not sell any beer. He was anxious to get in his money, and the men only came to pay him; but it should not happen again. The magistrate said it was a very bad case, and unfair to the trade. He would inflict the full penalty, 5*l*., or a month's imprisonment. The fine was immediately paid.

Edwin Mogg, captain of the Cardinal Wolsey, Richmond and Hampton Court steamer, was charged before the Richmond bench of magistrates, at the instance of Mr. G. Scott, Fortescue House, with having *Endangered the Lives of Nine Persons*. It appeared that on the 6th of August there was an amateur regatta at Richmond, where several thousand persons were present in pleasure-wherries, skiffs, and other light boats. In the midst of a crowd of these boats the defendant set his engines in motion, without giving the slightest warning. The steamer came in contact with Mr. Scott's boat and upset it, immersing in the water the nine persons who were in the skiff. Among those who were thus in danger of meeting with a watery grave were several ladies, one of whom sunk five times before she was rescued. Three of their number caught hold of the steam-boat, which they were told to cling to, otherwise they would be cut to pieces by the paddle-wheels. These circumstances being proved, the bench fined the defendant in the penalty of 3*l*.

Edward Bishop, a young man fashionably dressed, was charged at the Southwark Police Court with *Throwing a Cauliflower* on the stage of the Victoria Theatre, and causing a disturbance in the house. Mr. Higgie, one of the actors, said, that on Saturday night, during the farce of the "Mouse," he was concealed under a table in the centre of the stage, while Mr. Forman was on one side, and a lady on the other. He heard an uproar in

one of the private boxes, and on looking out from his hiding place he saw the prisoner standing up throwing something on the stage, which struck witness on the side of the head a very heavy blow. Finding that it was a cauliflower, he went forward and appealed to the audience, when nearly everybody pointed out the prisoner as the party who had thrown it. The uproar was so great that it was impossible to proceed with the performance, consequently witness went with his pass-key into the box lobby and demanded an entrance into the box where the prisoner was, but they refused to open the door. Mr. Orger, however, forced it open, and insisted upon the prisoner and his companions quitting the theatre. On their refusing to do so, witness seized hold of the prisoner and pulled him out, and handed him over to the custody of the officer. There was another gentleman in the box with two ladies. This evidence was corroborated by Murray, the constable of the theatre. In defence, the prisoner contended that there was no proof that he had thrown the cauliflower, and denied having done so. He called the two females who were in the box at the time. One of them, Mary Ann Williams, said she saw a cauliflower thrown on the stage, within a few yards of the performers. She did not see who threw it. Immediately afterwards Mr. Higgie came into the box and pulled the defendant out very roughly, and in the scuffle made his nose bleed. After Mr. Higgie left the box, he said that he had given the defendant a sound thrashing. Emily Forrester, the other female, said the cauliflower was certainly thrown from their box, but not by the defendant. Mr. Higgie was the *Mouse* at the time, but she did not think the vegetable hit him. The Magistrate said it was quite certain, from the prisoner's own witnesses, that the cauliflower found its way from their box, and he had no doubt the prisoner was the party who threw it. It was a most disgraceful act, and as a caution to others, he should order the defendant to find bail to keep the peace for twelve months. Sureties were put in.

Two boys, named Campbell, dressed as highland pipers, and each provided with a pair of bagpipes, were charged, at Marlborough Street Police Court, with having *Refused to Quit* Suffolk Street, where they were playing, when requested to do so. A clerk to Mr. Garratt, an inhabitant, said, about 11 o'clock the boys put their pipes at work, and kept up such a concert of groaning and screeching with them, that his employer gave him directions to tell them to remove: the witness did so; and the boys refusing to comply with the request, a constable was employed, and they were brought to this court. The boys said they were the sons of a Scotch piper. They got their living by playing on the bagpipes, and they were employed by a lady who liked bagpipe harmony, to play before the door of the hotel in Suffolk Street, where she was staying. The magistrate told the boys they must not adopt such a mode of getting their own living as would hinder others from getting theirs. It would be impossible for professional men or tradesmen to carry on their daily avocations in the hearing of such a din of discordant sounds as would be caused by a couple of pairs of Scotch bagpipes. To the street-musical abominations of the Italian boys had recently been added that of Scotch bagpipers—a kind of concert sufficient to drive invalids and ordinary people crazy. The street musicians must be told that the law obliged them to go away whenever they were told to do so by any housekeeper in streets where they were playing. For the present offence he would inflict a fine of 1s. only, which should be made 20s. on the next occasion.

A dreadful *Murder and Suicide* were commited at Ballinagh, near Cavan, on the 9th. Dr. Creighton, a gentleman rather more than thirty years old, after practising as a surgeon in Dublin, became the victim of a delusion that his family were in a conspiracy against him. His friends removed him to the country, and settled him in a farm: thinking that the change might tranquillise his mind. Here he lived with an old maiden aunt and a man-servant: recently Miss Faris, a young relative, had been staying on a visit before she proceeded to America to join her friends. Dr. Creighton was now afflicted with a notion that his household wished to poison him; he would refuse food for days, and would eat grass on the lawn: on other matters he appeared rational, and so he was not placed under restraint. On the day above mentioned he went to his aunt's room, said the man was waiting to shave him, and thus got possession of his razors. A little while afterwards, Miss Creighton entered the kitchen, and was horrified by seeing Miss Faris dead on the floor, with her head nearly severed from the body. A train of blood led from the spot to the pantry; and there Dr. Creighton was found just expiring, with a gash in his throat: he seems to have wounded himself while standing by Miss Faris's body, and then walked to the pantry. An inquest on his body found a verdict of insanity.

Lord Brougham was engaged in a Border Fray lately near Brougham Hall, Westmoreland. There is some difference between his lordship and the Eamont and Eden Angling Association, as to the right of fishing in the river Eamont, or the right of fishing there at particular seasons. Lord Brougham has lately asserted his right through his keepers, and has futhermore taken parties of visitors to see the sport. He did so on the afternoon of Monday the 16th; the party, in two carriages, comprising Lord Brougham with his lady, the Marquis of Douro, Lady Malet, and Master William Brougham, with his wife and children. The game-keepers threw their nets; on which a party of ten men in ambush rushed forth, sprang into the water, and began a fierce conflict for the nets. A local constable, formally seized the nets under the Solway Act, which confiscates nets of a certain littleness of mesh. At length the Society's men managed to cut off about eighty yards of the net, and made off.

This matter became the subject of a legal investigation before the county magistrates, at Penrith on the 24th. John Robson, a blacksmith, one of Lord Brougham's men, was charged with illegally using a net of a construction prohibited by the act of parliament above mentioned. Mr. W. Brougham, for the defendant, stated that his brother and a party of friends had gone to the river Eamont on the day in question, with the express purpose of trying the construction heretofore put upon the Solway Act, their notion being that they had an undoubted right to fish in the manner they had done. The bench, however, were of opinion that the charge had been fully made out, and fined Robson 5*l.*, which was immediately paid.—John Robson then made a charge of assault against one of the men belonging to the opposite party. After hearing the Marquis of Douro, Mr. W. Brougham, and other witnesses, the Bench gave it as their opinion that a good deal of violence had been used, but as there were cross-charges for assaults, they recommended that all these charges on both sides should be withdrawn. The assault charges were accordingly withdrawn by mutual consent, and so the matter ended. This inquiry excited great curiosity, and the room was crowded with the neighbouring gentry.

Captain Aaron Smith was charged at Bow Street on the 11th, with *Assaulting the toll-keeper of Waterloo Bridge.* It appeared that on the previous day Captain Smith being in a hurry to catch the railway train, and finding the side-gate blocked up by passengers, had endeavoured to pass by the carriage-way. Being stopped by the toll-keeper, he attempted to force his way through, but was repelled and given into custody for an assault. He denied the toll-keeper's assertion that he had struck him, but justified his attempt to pass through the carriage-way. The magistrate fined him 5*l.*, but called the attention of the Waterloo-bridge Company to the inconvenience frequently occasioned to passengers by the narrow accommodation at present afforded to them. This has been attended to, and the tolls are taken from foot-passengers on both sides of the way.

A Coroner's Jury, sitting at Mallow, has returned a verdict of *Manslaughter* against Captain Bushe, of the Fifty-ninth Regiment, for killing a little boy by striking him on the head with a whip. The verdict seems extraordinary. From the evidence it was not very clear that Captain Bushe struck the child at all, though one witness alleged that he did so because a dog belonging to him had yelped, and he thought the boy had struck it. On the other hand, surgeons declared that the child died of water on the brain, and that there was no mark of violence on the head or face. The verdict, however, was received with expressions of delight by the crowd.

At the Thames Police Office, on the 18th, John Murphy was charged with being in the Hutchinson's Arms public-house, Devonport Street, with *Intent to Commit a Felony*. The curious point in the case was the discovery of the thief by a cat. Murphy was supposed to have left the taproom late at night; the cat was noticed to be uneasy—rushing at the fire-place, mewing, purring, and exhibiting anger. This induced the publican to look up the chimney; whence he succeeded in drawing down Murphy by the heels: a candle and lucifer-matches were found upon him. It would seem that in other cases the prisoner had robbed public-houses by concealing himself in the chimney at night. He was sent to prison for three months for his concealment at the Hutchinson's Arms.

On the 19th, John Gould was tried for the *Manslaughter* of a child named Towers. The evidence showed that it was the result of accident. Gould, an old soldier, decorated with two medals, is toll-man in the Vauxhall Bridge Road; a window of the toll-house overlooks a lane, apparently little frequented; Gould had been washing a basin with boiling water, and he emptied it out of the window, having no reason to believe at that time that any one was passing. Unfortunately two children, had wandered thither; the scalding water fell upon Towers, and eventually caused his death. Gould offered all the reparation in his power to the parents. Officers in the army gave him an excellent character. He was at once aquitted and discharged.

Mr. Alexander Shiver, a draper residing at Cheltenham, was charged at the Marylebone Police Court, on the 24th, by the superintendent of the Great Western Railway Company's police, with *Throwing a Bottle* from a carriage belonging to an excursion train, in which he was a passenger on the previous day, and wounding James Wise, one of the guards, at the Farringdon station. The defendant admitted having thrown the bottle, but without intending to hurt any one, and was liberated on bail till the wounded man's condition was ascertained. On the following day, Mr. Shiver re-appeared, and the guard, who seemed very weak and had his head bound up, stated the way in which he had been injured. The defendant's solicitor said, that as the occurrence was accidental, and as there was no danger to be apprehended, he trusted the magistrate would permit the defendant to make a compensation to the guard for the injury sustained. The magistrate said he could not consent to any compromise in a case in which the public were materially interested, and enlarged the bail in order that the case might be brought before the magistrates in the part of the country where the offence was committed.

At the Southwark Police Court, on the 25th, a young man named Cornelius Burrell was charged with being *A Suspected Person*, and with loitering about the South Eastern Railway Terminus for the purpose of committing felony. A policeman stated, that the prisoner with several others were in the habit of lurking about the railway, and were a source of great annoyance to the public, particularly on the arrival of trains, and that many robberies of females had occurred, who entrusted their property to those fellows, and in many instances never saw it again. On the previous night the prisoner was hanging about the place, and he (policeman) took him into custody, and locked him up. The magistrate said, that the policeman had no right to proceed in that manner. All that the prisoner was proved to have done was to walk about the place leading to the railway, which was open to every body; and it was not even alleged that any offence had been committed by him. The prisoner was therefore discharged.

NARRATIVE OF ACCIDENT AND DISASTER.

The ship Indian, *A fine East Indiaman, was Wrecked* on the 4th of April, on her outward voyage from England to Bombay, on the Cargados reef of rocks, near the Mauritius. About eight o'clock at night, when running at six knots an hour, through some mistake, it would seem, in the reckoning, she suddenly struck with a dreadful crash, and almost immediately went to pieces. The loss of life and property was deplorable. A letter from a gentleman on board gives a striking account of the catastrophe, and the sufferings of the survivors:—"We saw in a moment that all hopes of saving the vessel were at an end, as she heeled over to the leeward suddenly, the sea making a clear breach over her every roller. This was the work of a few minutes only. Three parts of the crew were by this time on their knees, crying and making the most frantic appeals to Heaven for aid. All order and discipline were now at an end. The carpenter and two seamen attempted to cut away the masts; but, owing, I suppose, to the excitement of the moment, they cut away the weather rigging only. The masts, of course, went by the board; but, being still attached to the vessel by the lee rigging and falling over to seaward, they served as a battering-ram, beating the vessel to pieces every successive roller. After the first burst of excitement was over, a simultaneous rush was made for the boats; but we found the only one that was available was the starboard quarter boat; the other two had been staved to pieces by the wreck. The captain was not slow in taking to our only apparent chance of escape—the remaining boat: eight of the seamen speedily following him. They shoved off, but pulled back once or twice near to the vessel, asking for water and bread, which, of course, it was quite out of our power to supply them with. He then pulled away altogether, which was the last we saw of him. The ship by this time was breaking up fast—the stern-frame burst out and was thrown up on the starboard quarter; and in a few minutes afterwards she parted amidships, leaving thirteen persons exposed to the fury of the surf on the forepart of the starboard broadside, where we remained till the morning broke. The tide turned about this time from ebb to flood, when the rollers came in with redoubled violence, and dashed the remainder of the wreck into pieces. All were immediately buffetting with the waves. Sharks innumerable surrounded us on all sides, which very much increased the terrors of our situation. Owing to my being hurled on the rocks by the surf two or three times, I lost my senses, and was perfectly unconscious as to what occurred till I found myself resting on a spar with a sailor. I found the ship had gone to pieces, and that five of our comrades had perished. Water surrounded us in every direction, with nothing in view but one or two small sandbanks, and those a long distance off. By night we had constructed a rude kind of raft, on which we slept; but as the tide ebbed we grounded, and, with the exception of our heads, we were literally sleeping in the water, cold and wretched, but still, comparatively speaking, safe. We remained on the raft in this state two days and nights; the sun scorching us by day, and the wind, owing to our being wet, making us dreadfully cold at night. On Sunday, the third day, having found a small quantity of oatmeal, we determined to start for the nearest sandbank. A sixty-gallon cask of beer, two six-dozen cases of wine, a piece of bad pork, and the oatmeal, were the only things saved from the wreck. We turned the raft, and after a severe day's work reached the bank about sunset, and once more put our feet upon dry land. We had only eaten once, and then but sparingly. Thus we lived fourteen days and nights, subsisting on sharks' flesh and the wine and beer we saved. Not a drop of water was to be had. On the 20th of April we saw a vessel to the leeward of us, and endeavoured to attract her attention by means of a boat-hook and a shirt attached; but she did not or would not see us. The next day, about one hour before sunset, another vessel hove in sight, and about the same spot the ship of the previous evening was seen. We again hoisted our signal, and walked about the bank, to show there were living creatures on it. We thought she did not see us; and after taking our allowance of oatmeal and sharks' flesh, we lay down for the night's rest. In a short time, however, we were alarmed by the barking of our dog; and on getting on our legs discovered to our delight a boat close in upon the sands. She belonged to the vessel we had seen in the evening. The mate and one of the passengers went on board that night, and the rest of the survivors were taken off the next morning; when we were conveyed safely to the Mauritius."

The *Bridgetown Emigrant-ship was Wrecked* on the 4th of August, by going upon a rock while off the Banks of Newfoundland. She had on board 300 emigrants from Liverpool to America. The vessel was got off and run ashore between Cape Ballard and Cape Race. The female emigrants were got into boats, and these having been safely put ashore, the boats returned, and eventually, after considerable exertion, the whole of the remainder were saved, excepting three children, who were lost in the confusion, and were supposed to have perished in the ship, which shortly foundered in five fathoms of water, and was a total loss. The poor emigrants lost everything they possessed; many reached the shore with nothing on their persons but their night-clothes. There were several cabin passengers; among them was an episcopal clergyman, who lost property to the amount of 1,000*l*. Amidst their misfortunes, a gang of desperate wreckers visited the spot, and carried off the little property that was cast up from the wreck and washed ashore; everything, in fact, they laid their hands upon they decamped with. The loss of the ship is ascribed, not only to the dense fog and darkness of the night, but in a great measure to the variableness and uncertainty of the currents, together with the force and strength with which they set in towards Cape Race. The vessel was but partially insured.

A Shocking Death at Hastings Castle took place on the evening of the 27th of August. A party of young men and women were amusing themselves with the game of "whoop-hide" within the walls. On the south side of the garden, within the old ruins, there is a fence about three feet high, and a hedge growing outside of it, which serves as a protection from the bow of the cliff, which rises perpendicularly above St. Mary's Chapel, in Pelham Crescent, about 200 feet. In the heat of the chase, and to avoid being caught, a young man named Joseph Beck leaped over the fence, believing that there was a footing on the outside, and fell upon the roof of the chapel, where his body was found frightfully mangled. He was a respectable young man, who supported his widowed mother.

Several serious Railway Accidents have occurred this Month. A roadway crosses the line of the Eastern Counties railway through the fields of a farm on each side, near Colchester. On the 31st August, a waggon with three horses and the driver were engaged carting barley, and were in the act of crossing over for another load, when the railway train dashed into them, smashing the waggon to pieces and dreadfully mutilating the horses. Most providentially the driver, who was riding at the time, just before the engine struck the team had the presence of mind to spring to the ground, but in so doing barely escaped with his life, the engine in his perilous descent catching the flaps of his coat and completely tearing them off. One of the horses was found under the engine, and the others lay helpless on the ground. The passengers in the train were alarmed, and rushed shrieking to the windows, but it does not appear that any were injured.

Another accident occurred on the *South Western Railway* on the evening of the 3rd. inst. Between Esher and Weybridge, the engine-driver espied some moving objects on the line; he therefore shut off the steam and signalled to the guards to apply the breaks; but before they had sufficient time to do so, the engine came in contact with the obstruction in front, which was dashed to pieces, and in an instant portions of flesh and blood were scattered over the driver and stoker, as well as over several of the carriages. It was then ascertained that a great number of sheep had strolled upon the line from one of the adjoining meadows; but owing to the train not being impeded in its progress, the driver proceeded on his journey. Next morning it was ascertained that from twenty to twenty-five sheep had been cut to pieces. The animals, it seems, had obtained an entrance upon the line owing to some defect in palings which surround the meadow where they were at pasture.

Mr. Robert Middleton, a commercial traveller from Manchester, was *Killed* on the East Lancashire Railway on the 5th, while travelling from Burnley to Colne. The train came into collision with a truck, while the gate-keeper at a crossing near the station, Hannay, was attempting to move it out of the way. Considerable damage was done to the carriages, and Mr. Middleton was killed on the spot. It appeared, from the evidence at the inquest, that Hannay was an old man, unfit for his duties, whose wages were only 5*s*. a week, and that when the train approached, no signal had been made to warn the engine-driver that there was danger. The Jury found a verdict of "manslaughter" against Hannay; recommended an improvement on the line at the crossing, and stated their opinion that the gate-keeper and porter were not sufficiently paid to secure the protection of the public.

On the morning of the 9th, the *Dead Body* of a respectably-dressed man was found on the Liverpool branch of the London and North-Western Railway, between Eccles and Patricroft. Both his legs had been cut off by a train passing over him; but, whether he was a person who had been crossing the line, or had thrown himself in the way of a train, with a view of suicide, could not be ascertained. There were no papers in his pocket which could lead to a discovery of who he was, nor has he been identified by his friends.

Lieutenant Gale, the Aeronaut, was Killed on the 9th in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux. He ascended on horseback in his balloon from that place, and reached the ground safely between Merignac and Cestas. He was engaged in exhausting the balloon of the remaining gas, when the peasantry who assisted him succeeded earlier than he seemed to expect in removing his horse. The balloon, disencumbered of the horse's weight, instantly soared aloft, snapping in two a young fir-tree which held the grapnel. Mr. Gale was not in the car, but was lifted up entangled by the ropes, and was presently too far aloft to let go. He held by the ropes while the balloon floated nearly two miles, and dropped either with it or just before it fell: his body was found in a tree, and the collapsed balloon in an adjacent wood. He has left eight children.

A captain of the National Guard of St. Pierre les Calais, named Millien, now on a visit to this country, has been instrumental in *Saving the Lives* of two children, who would inevitably have been lost but for his timely and humane conduct. On the morning of the 14th, M. Millien was passing over the Kingsland bridge, and hearing cries for help hastened in the direction whence they proceeded. Finding that some one was at the bottom of the canal, he immediately plunged in and brought up the body of a child, and hearing that there was another, he made another plunge, and another was saved, in the presence of a great number of spectators, amongst whom was Dr. L. Burchell, of Kingsland Road, whose exertions soon restored the children. It has been the good fortune of M. Millien to have saved twenty-two persons under similar circumstances, and to have been rewarded with the gold and silver medals of the institutions of his country, as the reward of courage and humanity.

A destructive *Firework Explosion* occurred in Spitalfields on the 16th. Mr. Clithero, of Weaver street, had an extensive factory at the rear of his house; the place was divided into compartments—the mixing-house, the filling-room, and the store-house. Mr. Clithero was employed with a workman in the mixing-house, when, by some means unknown, the combustibles took fire; there was a violent explosion, and the two men were blown out of the building into the yard, terribly burnt. Presently there was a second explosion, the fire having reached the filling-room; and after that the store-house exploded, with a crash and concussion far surpassing the preceding shocks. Houses in every direction were more or less shattered—windows and roofs driven in, and the furniture greatly damaged. The personal casualties were less serious than might have been expected, consisting only of bruises and slight cuts from broken glass. The Fire Brigade report mentions thirty-eight houses specifically, as having suffered; All Saints Church and National School had nearly all the windows smashed; and the greater portion of the large sheets of plate glass in the goods-dépôt of the Eastern Counties Railway, a long distance off, were demolished. The firemen prevented the flames from spreading beyond the ruins of the factory. While one of the engines was hastening to

the place, a youth was knocked down opposite the Mansion-house, and the wheels went over his head and neck; he was removed to the hospital, where he died soon after.

A disastrous *Fire in Mark Lane* broke out on the morning of the 19th, in a house occupied by several firms; thence it spread to Seething-lane, taking firm hold of the extensive premises of Hayter and Howell, army-packers; the roof of the Corn Exchange caught the flames, and half a dozen more buildings were fired. When the Fire Brigade arrived, they devoted their efforts to save the Exchange and those houses on which the flames had not much hold, and in this they succeeded; but the house in Mark Lane and Hayter and Howell's were destroyed. The loss of property has been estimated at 100,000*l*. The premises in which the fire commenced were very extensive, having been formerly used as the town residence of one of the foreign ambassadors. It was erected after designs by Sir Christopher Wren, and presented an example of the magnificence of the early city mansions. Every room was beautifully panelled; the staircase, which was upwards of six feet wide, was formed of carved oak; and splendid specimens of scroll-work adorned the various ceilings. At the rear of the house stood what was formerly the ambassador's private chapel, but of late years it had been converted into a warehouse.

On the morning of the 19th an accident took place on the *Eastern Counties Railway*, whereby nine men lost their lives. Upwards of twenty men were engaged near Brentwood station in ballasting the line; about eight o'clock, they had just emptied a ballast-train; the morning was very foggy; while some of them were on the up-line, an up-train dashed into the midst of them; eight were killed on the instant, and another died a minute after. At the inquest, which terminated on the 23rd, it appeared that the morning was extremely foggy, that the train was not behind its time, and that there had been no negligence on the part of the driver; but sufficient precautions had not been taken to make the driver aware of the obstruction. The jury found that the deaths had been caused by misadventure, and expressed their regret that more caution had not been exercised for the protection of the men employed on the line.

On the night of the 20th, a serious accident happened on the *Great Western Railway*. An excursion train, returning from Bristol, came into collision with a horse-box which had been allowed to remain on the line, near the Wootton Bassett Station. The engine and four carriages were thrown off the line, and overturned, and several of the passengers seriously injured. An investigation took place before the magistrates at Swindon, and William White, the policeman in charge of the station, was convicted of neglect of duty, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

There has been *Another Fire at Gravesend;* it broke out about one o'clock on the morning of the 21st, on the premises of Mr. Drasen, a linen-draper in Queen Street, near the market-place, and destroyed these and some adjoining houses. A number of watermen had met together on the previous evening to commemorate a rowing-match for a prize given by the proprietors of the Rosherville Gardens, and these men were assembled, to the number of 150, in an hotel called the Town Arms Tavern, just opposite the house in which the fire took place; and it appears to have been caused by squibs and other fireworks let off by them in the street.

Two steamers have been *Shipwrecked* at the same spot, between the island of Jersey and St. Malo. On the morning of the 16th, the Superb was to have started from St. Helier's on an excursion trip, but in consequence of her machinery requiring repair, another vessel, the Polka, was substituted. It was soon discovered that she had sprung a leak and was fast foundering, but she was kept afloat till she reached some small rocks called the Minquiers, on the coast of France. The anchor was then dropped, and all the people on board, among whom were several ladies, were conveyed by the boats to the rocks; and after passing the night in that situation, they were picked up by the steamer South Western, from Weymouth to St. Malo. On the 24th, the Superb was herself wrecked at the same place, and with a much more melancholy result. She left St. Malo at seven in the morning, and a little after nine, struck on the Minquiers rocks, then under water. A number of the passengers got into one of the boats and put off; but it speedily sank, though in smooth water, and they all perished. Fortunately the tide was falling, and soon left the ship high and dry on the rocks. Signals of distress were made, and after two hours, the survivors were saved by the Jupiter cutter and the Courier steamer. Besides those who perished in the boat, two children were thrown overboard by the shock when the vessel struck. The persons lost were Mr. Gossett, a merchant of Jersey, and his wife; Mr. Jackson, his son and daughter; Mr. Rottenbury, Miss Price, Mr. Sedgwick, and three of the crew. The survivors, about 40 in number, were landed at St. Heliers. An inquiry into this disaster must necessarily take place.

Two infants, of three years and fifteen months old, children of Robert Wardell, a labourer at Wetwang, were *Drowned* on the 23rd. At the inquest on their bodies, their mother gave an affecting account of their death:—"I went to glean in a field of Mr. Hill's, and took my two children with me. I left them under a hedge with some other children, and went off to glean. About 1 o'clock they both came over to the side of the field where I was. I gave them some cake, set them under a hedge, and told them to wait until I got another glean, and then I would take them home. A pond was near where I left them, but it was fenced off. About a quarter of an hour after I went to the place where I had left them, and I said, 'Have I two little bairns here?' as I usually did. I was surprised at not receiving an answer. I then began to look about, and on going to the pond I discovered the legs of one of the children projecting out of the water." A surgeon was immediately sent for, but he was unable to restore them to animation.

The Lille correspondent of the Boulogne Interpreter, states that the child of an English tumbler, named Elliott, was *Killed* while performing there feats with his father. The little fellow upon being thrown into the air from his father's foot, instead of falling upon his feet, by some unlucky movement, fell upon his head, which caused a dislocation of the neck, and, as a matter of course, instant death.

SOCIAL, SANITARY, AND MUNICIPAL PROGRESS.

The *Board of Trade Returns* for the month ending the 5th August, show a decrease of exportations on comparison with those of August 1849, to the amount of 334,858*l*.; but the exports of the month ending August 1849 were unprecedented, and exceeded those of August 1848 by 2,012,500*l*. The decrease in the present return of exports is chiefly on cotton manufactures and yarn, together about 200,000*l*.; on woollen manufactures, 142,665*l*.; silk manufactures, 18,864*l*.; and on metals, 130,842*l*. On the other hand, there is an increase on linen and woollen yarns, and on raw wool: on machinery, coals, and culm; and on alkali: in the aggregate about 200,000*l*. The total exports during the first seven months of the year were 37,808,072*l*. against 32,879,865*l*. during the same time in last year. Among the imports, those of grain show an advance compared with the same month in 1849, of 500,000 quarters. After a considerable time of stagnation, the consumption of coffee shows a forward movement; that of tea and sugar, continues in its steady line of advance.

The total amount of income-tax paid by the several *Railway Companies* in England and Scotland for the year 1849 was, according to a recent return, 237,909*l*. 13*s*. 10*d*.; the amount for England being 218,899*l*. 18*s*. 10*d*., and that for Scotland, 19,009*l*. 15*s*. The London and North-Western paid 50,684*l*.; the Great Western, 24,631*l*.; the Midland, 19,438*l*.; the London and Brighton, 17,056*l*.: and the Eastern Counties, South-Eastern, and South-Western, upwards of 16,000*l*.

A notice to the public has been issued from the General Post Office relative to *Sunday Postal Arrangements*. It declares that the regulations which have been

in force since the 23rd of June last are cancelled, and that the regulations previously in force are reverted to. These regulations are as follow:—"All post offices in England and Wales will be closed to the public on Sunday, from ten A.M. for the remainder of the day; except in those cases where the delivery commences between nine and ten A.M., when the office must continue open for one hour after the letter-carriers are despatched; and except also in those cases where the delivery commences later than ten A.M., when the office, having been closed at ten A.M., must be re-opened for one hour after the despatch of the letter-carriers. No inland letters will be received on the Sunday, except such as are prepaid by stamps or are unpaid; for the deposit of which the letter-box will be open as usual throughout the day. Until the closing of the office at ten A.M., or during the subsequent hour after the despatch of the letter-carriers, foreign letters may be prepaid, postage stamps may be obtained, and letters may be registered on payment of the usual registration-fee: strangers, renters of private boxes, and those who reside beyond the limits of the letter-carriers' deliveries, may also, while the office is open, obtain their letters at the office window. Except at the times above-mentioned, no letters or newspapers can be delivered from the office on the Sunday." In consequence of the excellent arrangements to carry into effect the new regulation which came into operation on the 1st instant, for a delivery of letters and newspapers on Sunday mornings before church-time, it appears that this was accomplished to the greatest satisfaction of the inhabitants in every district. According to the accounts from the chief commercial cities, the deliveries were generally completed by about nine o'clock, or ten at the latest, without any trouble, thus affording the letter-carriers the remainder of the day to attend any place of worship they might think proper.

The new *Friendly Societies' Act* contains an important clause, suggested by the shocking murders committed to obtain sums of money insured in burial-clubs. It is as follows:—"That in all societies established under the provisions of this act, or of any act relating to friendly societies, it shall not be lawful for the trustees or other officers of such societies to assure a sum of money to be paid on the death of a child, whether a member of such society or not, under the age of ten years, excepting the actual expenses, not exceeding 3*l.* in case of each child, to be paid to the undertaker or person by whom the burial is conducted, and whose receipt alone shall be sufficient discharge to the society; nor to pay any sum of money which may have been insured and become payable on the death of any member thereof, or of the husband, wife, or child, of any member, unless the party applying for the same shall produce and deliver to the officer a certificate, signed by a physician, surgeon, apothecary, or coroner, in the form annexed in the schedule of this act." The form is to the effect, that death was not occasioned by criminal conduct, and that the party had not been deprived of life by means of any person beneficially interested in obtaining burial money from any society. Such certificate, where it is possible to obtain one, must be delivered, or the officer paying the money will be liable to a penalty of 10*l.* on conviction before a magistrate, one-half of which is to go to the informer.

Cheap pleasure *Excursions by Railway* are becoming more and more common. On Sunday, the 15th, three thousand persons went by the Great Western from Paddington to Bath and Bristol. On the preceding Sunday there was an excursion train from Bristol and other places to Windsor—about a thousand persons were conveyed. This novel Sunday excursion system for the Great Western Railway has roused a great opposition from the clergy of Bath and Bristol; who, headed by the bishop in the Bristol case, have sent remonsterances to the company against the "profanation of the Lord's Day." A deputation from the clergy of Bath, who waited on the mayor upon the subject, spoke of the demoralising effect produced by these excursions, and of scenes of riot and disorderly conduct in the streets by an influx of persons having no regard for the sacredness of the Sabbath, with the temptation held out to townsmen to join in these misdoings.

The Westmoreland and Cumberland Agricultural Society had its annual *Exhibition of Stock* at Carlisle on the 18th inst. After the ploughing matches and other proceedings the members of the Society dined together, the Earl of Carlisle occupying the chair. Among the company were the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir James Graham, M.P., Colonel Lowther, M.P., the Dean of Carlisle, Mr. P. H. Howard, M.P., the Hon. C. Howard, M.P., the Hon. Mr. Gage, Mr. Marshall, M.P., Captain Graham, the High Sheriff of the county, the Rev. Canons Gipps, Percy, Goodenough, &c. The noble chairman in giving "Success to the Cumberland and Westmoreland Agricultural Society," prefaced the toast by an able and pleasant address. He contrasted the old border days with the times in which we live. The time, he said, was not so many hundred years back when the gates of Naworth Castle, as of many other similar strongholds in the country, were only open for men clad in mail or doublets of proof, who perhaps did not wholly abstain from plunder, and who went abroad with a resolution to share what they could take in addition to the produce of the soil. It was not so much that they were intent on careful husbandry or the best manuring, but their thoughts were rather turned to those fat beeves which he would not presume to say they "robbed," but which they "recovered" from their neighbours across the border. Well, they had changed their system since then. There were some who fancied that they still admired those days of yore. He certainly loved their pictorial associations, but he thought upon the whole that we had a much better time of it in the present day. We tilled our lands in safety; we had no "warder on the wall," or "beacon on the hill" to give us assurance that our flocks were not to be carried off wholesale, and that our shepherds might go to sleep in safety. Nay more, we could cross the Scottish border, and make our recognisances across the Solway; we might stretch our videttes as far as Eskdale and Liddesdale, not to burn the beeves or to harry the stackyards, but to examine, it might be sometimes to imitate, those processes of agriculture for which our Scottish brethren had obtained such just celebrity. This seemed to him to be the especial advantage of societies and meetings like the present—that our knowledge might not be confined to what this man might earn in our own parish, or what took place in the next parish, or the next ward, or the next county, but what occurred in the kingdom at large; what invention had been tried and tested elsewhere; what improvements had been put to the actual test of successful operation; what implements had obtained the prize in other districts; what are the best modes of rearing and fattening stock; what pedigrees had been most successful in introducing symmetry of limb and plenty of meat; to show you, in short, how far you ought to rest contented with your present practice, and what you ought to strain at imitating elsewhere. The noble Earl proceeded to say that the great lesson inculcated by the times in which we live was, the necessity of exertion, and of applying judgment and industry to all the processes of agriculture; and that the effects of this lesson was apparent in the improved farming of Cumberland. Independently of having some drawbacks and some difficulties peculiar to their climate and their soil with which they had to struggle, and which he was sure told advantageously for the pith and nerve of their stout northern character, there were other circumstances in their condition which ought to inspire them with good confidence in themselves, for it appeared, in one of the most recent accounts put forth by the Poor Law Commissioners in Cumberland (and he believed that Westmoreland was in nearly the same position), that the poor rates were of a lower proportionate amount than those of any other county in England. They made also an advantageous appearance in all the sanitary statements that had been put forth, and exhibited a very low comparative amount of mortality. Would they not, then, buoyed up by the just reputation of their united counties for the beauties of their natural scenery—for the crystal expanse of their lakes—and for the majestic coronet of their mountains and the sinewy strength of their yeomen, consent to wrestle with the difficulties of their soil as well as they wrestled with one another; and for their bright lasses, whom it was superfluous in him

to praise—for the more important moral and mental qualities which distinguished them—for that sturdy independence which other county men would do well to imitate? In addition to those just titles to praise, those powerful incentives to renown and to virtue, they would also prove by the agency of such a society as that, by the hearty and enlightened co-operation of landlord and tenant, and, above all, by the energies of the labouring population, that the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland would attain a proficiency in agriculture, which would enable them to take the foremost rank in that as well in so many other respects amongst the counties of their native land.—Sir James Graham, in giving the health of Lord Carlisle, said it was not the Cumberland fashion to flatter ministers of the Crown, and therefore he should speak the simple language of the heart. The family of the Howards (to which the noble president belonged) had been for many generations intimately connected with the county of Cumberland. In its various branches, in many generations, the family of the noble president had been distinguished for spotless honour, for social virtue, for public honesty, and for firm attachment to the cause of liberty and popular rights. Neither the favours nor the frowns of the court had been able to seduce or overawe that family. Those were great claims, and the noble chairman was worthy of his descent. He had, by his conduct and demeanour, gained friends everywhere; and though it might be said that one who so succeeded was "all things to all men," yet, in his case, there could be no such unjust conclusion. There had been no man more firm in his conclusions, no man more consistent in his friendships and attachments, no man more sincere and bold in the expression of them. And what was the key of his character? It was sweetness and kindness of heart. And though political allusions were forbidden, they must pardon him for one thing, it struck him so forcibly. Other men, by the force of reasoning and the slow induction of argument, had changed their opinions—amongst them, one dear to him, now gone to his last account. Of them it might be said, that they had yielded at last to reason and had exposed themselves to the charge of inconsistency. Let it be what it might, his noble friend, by his kind sympathy, by his generous feeling towards the great masses of his countrymen, had from his first appearance in public life taken the very course to which in later days other men had arrived, and his kindness of heart and generosity of feeling had stood in the place of reason in the course he had pursued. In conclusion, Sir J. Graham observed, that the present was the first public appearance of the Earl of Carlisle in the County of Cumberland, and called on the company to give him a greeting which he would never forget. The toast was drunk with three times three and loud acclamations.—The health of the landed proprietors of the county, coupled with the name of Sir James Graham, called him forth a second time. He bestowed the highest praise on the agricultural classes of the county. He said, that both the large and small proprietors of the county had shown confidence in agriculture. For every shilling they had expended in improving their property, he believed that during the last thirty years the tenantry had spent at least an equal sum—their industry, skill, and constancy amidst difficulties could not be too highly praised. On the part of the yeomanry he had seen an outlay so judicious, extensive, and productive, as to put to shame the great proprietors themselves. Nor was it confined to them; the great winners at that day's show had been neither landed proprietors nor yeomen, but tenant farmers. He thought, however, the fault of their agriculture was that they ploughed too much. His advice would be to plough less and to graze more. [This remark was received with cheers, mingled with some marks of dissent.] Why, if high farming and good grazing did not pay, scourge crops and bad farming never could pay? It might be said that dairy produce did not answer, and that butter and cheese also, against the introduction of which from abroad there was a considerable protective duty, had fallen in price. If that were so, another article was steadily advancing in price which was closely connected with good farming. He referred to sheep and the value of wool. In the last seven months there had been no less than 41,000,000 lb. imported from foreign countries, as compared with 31,000,000 lb. in the same period of the preceding year. At the same time the declared value of exports from this country of woollen manufactures had been 5,000,000*l.* worth in the last seven months, as compared with only 4,000,000*l.* worth in the seven months of the previous year, showing that there was for wool and woollen manufactures an increase of demand and price. He rejoiced to find, therefore, that there had been established within the last three months a factory for the produce of woollen goods in Carlisle. He concluded by giving "The Tenantry of the County." The toast was acknowledged by Mr. Hodgson, who gave "The Labouring Classes;" and the toast of "The Bonny Lasses of Cumberland," given by the chairman, concluded the evening.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

THE Queen, Prince Albert, and Royal Family, *Left London* on the 27th of August, and arrived the same afternoon at Castle Howard the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, by whom the royal party were splendidly entertained. Next day they proceeded to Newcastle, where they were received at the railway station with cheers, by an immense assemblage; from thence to Berwick where Her Majesty stopped to view the magnificent new viaduct; and arrived in the evening at Holyrood. There was no parade of a public demonstration; no triumphal arches or firing of salute; but the air was rent with the shouts of countless thousands, assembled on the neighbouring heights as the Queen entered the palace of her ancestors.—On the 30th, at an early hour in the morning, Her Majesty and Prince Albert ascended to the summit of Arthur's seat. The prince afterwards laid the foundation stone of the National Gallery, and the ceremony, which attracted an immense concourse of spectators, was very imposing. In the afternoon, Her Majesty visited the splendid new Hospital founded by the late Mr. Donaldson in the suburbs of the city, for the education of three hundred destitute children. She was most enthusiastically received on her route.—On the following morning the royal party left Edinburgh for Balmoral. At every halting-place and point of view during the journey, the people of all ranks crowded to gratify their curiosity or manifest their respect.—Her Majesty has since remained at her Highland home, enjoying with great zest the pleasures of the country. One day the Queen ascended to the summit of Ben-na-Bord, and another day was present at the "Braemar Gathering" a great assemblage of Highlanders, which takes place annually for athletic sports and other pastimes. Prince Albert has amused himself with shooting; his companions in the sport being the Earl of Carlisle and Sir Edwin Landseer. The Duchess of Kent has several times driven from Aberdeen to Balmoral, to join the family circle.

The remains of Louis Philippe were buried on the 2nd inst. Having been removed from Claremont to Weybridge, they were deposited in the vaults of a Roman Catholic chapel attached to the residence of Miss Taylor. The obsequies of the ex-monarch were conducted with the utmost simplicity, and there was an entire absence of that state which might have been expected to mark the funeral procession of an individual of such distinguished rank. At nine o'clock in the morning, mass was celebrated in the chapel by the late King's chaplain, Dr. Whitty, the Vicar-General of the London district, and several other ecclesiastics. After the conclusion of mass, the coffin was borne from the chapel to the vault, when it was placed in the tomb which had been erected in the centre of the vault, and immediately under the dome of the chapel. When the coffin had been deposited in the tomb, the Count de Paris, the Dukes de Nemours and d'Aumale, and the Prince de Joinville, entered the vault, and the Rev. Dr. Whitty read the prayers for the dead, the other clergymen giving the responses. The tomb was afterwards sprinkled with holy water by the officiating priests, the royal princes, and the other persons present. The sons and grandson of the late King then knelt down and fervently kissed the coffin;

they were most deeply affected, and it was not without some difficulty that they were induced to quit the vault. Upon the slab covering the tomb in which the coffin was deposited, was placed the subjoined inscription, surmounted by the arms of the Orleans family and the royal crown of France:—

Depositæ jacent
Sub hoc lapide,
Donec in patriam
Avitos inter cineres,
Deo adjuvante, transferantur
Reliquiæ
LUDOVICI PHILIPPI PRIMI,
Francorum Regis,
Die Augusti xxvi.
Anno Domini MDCCCL.
Ætatis 76.
Requiescat in pace.

The following inscription was engraved upon a silver plate on the lid of the coffin:—

LOUIS PHILIPPE PREMIER
Roi des Français,
Né à Paris
Le 6 Octobre, 1773;
Mort à Claremont
(Comté de Surrey, Angleterre),
Le 26 Août, 1850.

The *Will of the late Sir Robert Peel* contains a codicil, dated the 24th of March 1849, bequeathing to Lord Mahon and Mr. Cardwell, as trustees, all the unpublished letters, papers, and documents, either of a private or public nature, in his possession at the time of his decease. The following extract explains the testator's views, and is strongly characteristic of the lamented statesman:—"Considering that the collection of letters and papers referred to in this codicil includes the whole of my confidential correspondence for a period extending from the year 1812 to the time of my decease, that during a considerable portion of that period I was employed in the service of the crown, and that when not so employed I took an active part in Parliamentary business, it is highly probable that much of that correspondence will be interesting, and calculated to throw light upon the conduct and character of public men and upon the political events of the time—I give to my trustees full discretion with respect to the selection for publication of any portion of that correspondence; I leave it to them to decide on the period and on the mode of publication, in the full assurance that they will so exercise the discretion given to them, that no honourable confidence shall be betrayed, no private feelings be unnecessarily wounded, and no public interest injuriously affected, in consequence of premature or indiscreet publication. I am especially anxious that no portion of my correspondence with Her Majesty Queen Victoria, or with his Royal Highness Prince Albert, should be made public use of during the life of either, without previous communication with parties who may be enabled to ascertain that there is no objection whatever on the part of either to the use proposed to be made of such correspondence. I authorise my trustees to sell or dispose of the copyright of any of the said documents, if the case in which publication should be determined on by the trustees should be one in which pecuniary compensation for such copyright could be fairly and equitably made, not meaning, however, in any way to fetter their discretion in respect of the giving of gratuitous access to the document whenever they think such access advisable. In the case that any moneys should arise from the publication of any of the said letters, papers, and documents, I authorise the said trustees to apply the said moneys in paying the costs and charges of such publication as far as the trustees may be justly liable for such costs and charges, or other the expenses attending the execution of the trusts hereby reposed in them, and to apply the residue to the assistance or relief of deserving persons being in need of such assistance or relief, engaged, or who have been engaged in pursuits of art, literature, or science; or to apply such residue, or any part of it, in aid of institutions established for the relief or benefit of artists, or literary and scientific persons and my said trustees shall not be accountable to any persons whomsoever for the application of any such moneys. With these views, it is my desire that the trustees shall, with all convenient speed after my decease collect together all the said letters, papers, and documents, and subject the same to such examination as they in their uncontrolled discretion shall think fit. I give them the fullest power to destroy such parts thereof as they shall think proper, and to provide for the immediate care and custody and ultimate disposition of all or any part of the said letters, papers, and documents."

On the 4th instant, three foreigners, one of whom wore long moustachios, presented themselves at the brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Co. for the purpose of inspecting the establishment. According to the regular practice of visitors, they were requested to sign their names in a book in the office, after which they crossed the yard with one of the clerks. On inspecting the visitors' book, the clerks discovered that one of the visitors was no other than *General Haynau*, the late Commander of the Austrian forces during the Hungarian war. It became known all over the brewery in less than two minutes, and before the General and his companions had crossed the yard, nearly all the labourers and draymen were out, with brooms and dirt, shouting out "Down with the Austrian butcher," and other epithets of rather an alarming nature to the General. He was soon covered with dirt, and perceiving some of the men about to attack him, ran into the street to Bankside, followed by a large mob, consisting of the brewers' men, coal-heavers, and others armed with all sorts of weapons, with which they belaboured the General. He ran along Bankside until he came to the George public-house, when, forcing the doors open, he rushed in and proceeded upstairs into one of the bedrooms, to the astonishment of the landlady, who soon discovered his name and the reason of his entering her house. The furious mob rushed in after him, threatening to do for the "Austrian butcher," but fortunately for him the house was very old fashioned, and contained a vast number of doors, which were all forced open except that of the room in which the General was concealed. The mob increased at that time to several hundreds, and the landlady became alarmed about her own property as well as the General's life. She accordingly despatched a messenger to the Southwark police-station, and in a short time a party arrived, and with great difficulty dispersed the mob and got the General out of the house. A police galley was at the wharf at the time, into which he was taken and rowed towards Somerset House amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob. At Waterloo Bridge a cab was procured, and he was conveyed to Morley's Hotel. On the evening of the 6th, he left London for the Continent.

The Council of the Queen's College, Cork, has formally rescinded their former act, *Suspending M. de Vericour* in consequence of the work published by him; M. de Vericour having announced that he had already given directions for the alteration of the titlepage of his work, so as to convey that it was written by him as "Professor of Modern Languages,' and not in his capacity as Professor to the Queen's College. The council also resolved that any professor should be at liberty to publish any work so that he did not in any way connect its publication with his collegiate duties and position.

Lord Viscount Feilding, who took a leading part in the proceedings of the recent Gorham meeting in St. Martin's Hall in July last, has gone over to the Church of Rome. The Rev. Eyre Stewart Bathurst, Rector of Kibworth in Leicestershire, and formerly Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and the Rev. Mr. Allies, Vicar of Launton, have taken the same step.

Some of the Irish papers have been telling astounding stories of apparitions of the *Great Sea Serpent*. A Mr. T. Buckley, writing from Kinsale on the 11th instant, informs the Cork Reporter that he was induced by some friends to go to sea, in the hope of falling in with the interesting stranger, and that he was not long kept in suspense, for "a little to the west of the Old Head the monster appeared." Its size, he truly avers, is beyond all description, and the head, he adds, very like a (bottle nose) whale. One of the party fired the usual number of shots, but, of course, without effect.

Obituary of Notable Persons.

Joseph Bailey, Esq., M.P. for the county of Hereford, died on the 31st August, in Belgrave Square. The hon. gentleman was a Conservative in politics, and identified with the Protectionists. Mr. Bailey seldom spoke in the House of Commons, but on all great political struggles he invariably attended and recorded his votes against the present Government.

The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P. for Montgomeryshire, died on the 2nd inst. in his 75th year, at his residence in Grafton Street. He was the oldest member of the House of Commons, having sat for Montgomeryshire since 1797, and for about a year previously for Old Sarum.

Sir George Hamilton, Minister Plenipotentiary of England at Florence, died in that city on the 3rd.

Mrs. Egerton, the actress, a lady not surpassed by any upon the stage in a particular line of parts—witness her *Meg Merrilies* and others—died at Brompton on the 3rd, at the age of 67.

Lord William Clinton, fourth son of the Duke of Newcastle, attached to the British mission at Athens, died there on the 3rd in his 35th year.

Colonel William Elphinstone Holloway, C.B., commanding officer of Royal Engineers at Plymouth, died on the 4th, after a protracted illness, the severity of which was much increased by the wounds he had received in the service of his country. Colonel Holloway was in the Peninsular campaigns of 1810, 1811, and 1812; he was wounded in the trenches before Badajoz, and shot through the body on the 26th of the same month whilst storming the same works.

Baroness Rothschild died at Gunnersbury Park on the 5th in her 68th year. She was the widow of Baron Rothschild, the celebrated capitalist, who died in 1836; by whom she leaves four sons and two daughters, Baron Lionel, Sir Anthony, Baron Nathaniel, Baron Meyer, Baroness Anselm, and Mrs. Fitzroy.

The Rev. Dr. Ingram, President of Trinity College, Oxford, and Rector of Garsington, died at Trinity College on the 5th. Dr. Ingram is the author of "Memorials of Oxford," a work of great antiquarian research.

The Right Hon. John Doherty, Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland, died on the 8th at Beaumaris, a short time after his lordship had retired to rest: his death was the result of a disease of the heart.

The Right Rev. Dr. Stopford, Bishop of Meath, died at the Palace, Ardbraccan, on the 17th. His lordship was a member of the Privy Council in Ireland.

Viscount Newark, the eldest son of Earl Manvers, died on the 23rd, at Torquay, in his 45th year.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

Sir Charles Napier's formal resignation of the command in India, and the official appointment of his successor, leave us still in the dark as to the cause of dispute. Some light has been thrown by the last arrival, however, and not of the pleasantest kind, on the state and discipline of some portions of the Indian army. The whole question will doubtless be opened up on the arrival in England of the late Commander in Chief. It may, meanwhile, not be inconsistent with a high admiration for the great qualities of all the Napiers, to express a wish that this remarkable family were better provided with what the world commonly agrees to call discretion and prudence: and that they could bring themselves, when out of office, to be something less of the democrat, and, when in office, something less of the tyrant.

Of positive news from any other of our dependencies or colonies the month has furnished none. But we have thriving accounts from Jamaica of a proposed vigorous effort at cotton cultivation in that island; and from other quarters we hear generally not unfavourable accounts of material prosperity. The agitators are the men that don't thrive, though very possibly for reasons making their agitation not unjustifiable. When we received our last news of Doctor Lang, who has been moving heaven and earth for the establishment into an independent republic of all the Australian Colonies, on the plan of the United States, he had been flung into prison for debt. But he is out again by this time: and his political energies, however unwisely directed for the present, need not in their issue be unproductive of good. Such irritants are not ill medicine for the present malady of the Colonial Office.

The *Overland Mail* has brought dates from Bombay to the 5th, Calcutta the 7th, and Madras the 17th of August.

Colonel King, Committed suicide at Wuzeerabad, near Lahore, on the 6th of July. He commanded the 14th Light Dragoons, at the battle of Chillianwalla, where the corps retreated from before the enemy, got into momentary confusion, and overset a couple of our own guns, thereby causing them to be captured by the Sikhs. The affair was passed over at the time, and in a short time probably all would have been forgotten, had not Sir C. Napier, in a speech to the corps some months back, alluded to the matter by saying that such a corps as the 14th would go anywhere, or do anything, if properly commanded. This taunt acted powerfully on the over-sensitive mind of Colonel King, and he became the prey of a settled melancholy, which he never seems to have been able to throw off. In June, some of his men were taunted at the theatre by the artillerymen with being cowards, which was of course resented, and a row ensued. Shortly before this, a man of the corps, named M'Lean, was taken before Colonel King for some crime, and on being sentenced to punishment, called him a coward. For this he was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to corporal punishment, which he underwent on the 20th March; and the man, on being taken down from the halberts, walked towards Colonel King, and again called him a coward, using, at the same time, grossly abusive language. M'Lean had managed before coming out for punishment to get enough liquor to make him shortly after tipsy, hoping thereby to deaden his feelings to the cat-o'-nine tails; and it was while under the influence of the liquor, and the pain caused by the flogging, that he again committed himself as above. He was now ordered to be tried by a general court-martial, which took place on the 3rd of June last. He was found guilty of outrageous and insubordinate conduct, and sentenced to transportation for seven years. This sentence, having been transmitted to the Commander-in-Chief, was returned by him with the following remarks:—

"Revised—In revising the proceedings of the court, I am obliged to call its attention to some facts which demand the most serious notice.—1st. The prisoner was allowed to get drunk in the guardroom of Her Majesty's 14th Light Dragoons, when under sentence of a court martial.—2nd. The prisoner was brought drunk to the parade.—3rd. Assistant-Surgeon Fasson, whose business it was closely to have examined the state of the prisoner who was about to suffer corporal punishment, did not examine him, and did not perceive that he was intoxicated, till drink and the pain of punishment had made him so furious, that the assistant-surgeon's own words are "I thought he was either mad or drunk."—4th. Adjutant Lieutenant Apthorp, equally unobserving with the assistant-surgeon, did not find out that the prisoner was drunk till after he had received punishment.—5th. The consequence was that this soldier was flogged when in a state of intoxication, and all this took place in the presence of Lieutenant-Colonel King, the commanding officer of the regiment. —6th. When freed from the triangles, the prisoner, infuriated by having drunk nearly two bottles of arrack and some beer in the guard room, as proved before the court, became outrageous and abusive, as might have been foreseen.—7th. I ask the court, therefore, to reconsider and to mitigate its sentence, for however disgraceful and insubordinate the conduct of the culprit may have been, it was certainly as much produced by the neglect of duty in others, as by the drunkard himself. The sentence appears to me to be severe beyond all proportion to the crime, in the peculiar circumstances above stated.

"(Signed) C. J. Napier,
"*Commander-in-Chief, East Indies.*"

The court-martial accordingly reconsidered their sentence, and re-transmitted it to the Commander-in-Chief,

[illegible] they respectfully begged to adhere to it. [illegible] Charles Napier returned the sentence with [illegible]ing note subjoined:—

"Head Quarters, 1st July, 1850.

"I am sorry that the court felt itself called upon to adhere to a sentence which I have no power to commute, and cannot, in the extraordinary circumstances of the case, execute! I have, therefore, no alternative but to pardon the prisoner, not excused by his drunkenness, but in facts stated in my remarks to the court on its proceedings being revised. I assure the court that great severity, without a due consideration being given to circumstances, is not justice, nor conducive to discipline.

The prisoner is to return to his troop.

"(Signed) C. J. Napier,
"*General, Commander-in-Chief, East Indies.*"

These remarks seem to have caused the cup of Colonel King's bitterness to overflow; for their promulgation was immediately followed by his act of suicide.

The *Affreedees* have again closed the pass to Kohat, and seem inclined to be as troublesome as ever. A man of the Horse Artillery has been shot by one of them close to his quarter guard.

The *Sikh Prisoners at Allahabad* keep the authorities there in a state of disquiet. They have been detected in a communication with the ex-Ranee (now in Nepaul). On the 26th of June a Cawnpore Brahmin, named Seetaram, was found inside the quarters inhabited by the prisoners, ten in number, notwithstanding all the precautions and vigilance used to prevent every species of intercourse. Nothing was found on the man, though he acknowledged being in Sikh pay. The next day a court of inquiry was assembled, and sufficient was elicited to prove that a deep-laid plot had been organised. Several letters were found addressed to the friends of the prisoners, and one document containing the names of the different officers in command of corps and the stations where their regiments were located. Information was likewise obtained of two Sikhs, who were concealed in a Ghossain's house in the city, having in their possession a sum of 20,000 rupees, dedicated to purposes of bribery. Upon the person of one of the prisoners a file was found. The Jemedar and sentries in charge of the guard have been placed in arrest, on a suspicion of collusion.

A tragical event has occurred on board the Hon. Company's cargo boat Kalcegunga, in tow of the steamer Burhampooter, at Patna. She left Allahabad with thirty-nine Sikh convicts with a very weak guard. The arms of the guard were piled between them and the convicts; when at Patna, the latter having seized the fire arms, which were loaded, rose upon the guard, and a desperate conflict ensued. Two of the guard and two of the convicts were killed, and the convicts succeeded in running the boat ashore and escaping. It appeared that the affair took place in the day time, which renders it still more extraordinary.

Another Explosion of an Ordnance Flotilla occurred on the Ganges, near Chuprah, on the 10th of July. The fleet consisted of about thirty boats, of which upwards of half were loaded with gunpowder. Twelve boats are lost—seven, with 1800 barrels of powder on board, exploded, and five sunk. The crews discovered the fi[illegible] time, and escaped. Suspicion attaches to the [illegible]oatmen, from the circumstances of their having [illegible] their pay in advance at Dinapore, and having [illegible] escaped injury. A committee of inquiry has been instituted to investigate the matter.

The Bengal papers are filled with disgraceful *exposés* of the extent to which gambling is carried on amongst the young officers of the Queen's and Company's services on leave at Simla and other hill stations. Some of these have been openly charged with cheating at play. This shows the propriety of Sir C. Napier's unpopular general order restricting the leave of officers to the hills during the hot season.

The discussion on Mr. Bright's motion has excited much interest in India, and the local press generally advocate the appointment of a cotton commission.

The accounts from *Hong-Kong* are to the 24th of July. Sickness among the European troops has been on the increase; as many as 160 men have been in the hospital at one time, and about thirty-five have died of fever. This happens when there is no unusual sickness either among the community or the government police force. This mortality is ascribed to the unhealthy position of the barracks, occasioned chiefly by the nature of the ground in the rear, and to the crowded state of the rooms occupied by the men.

The Governor of Macao, Commodore Da Cunha, who had recently arrived, died on the 6th of July. He had been for some time in bad health. His death is said to be most unfortunate for the settlement of Macao, matters with the Chinese government not being yet arranged.

Papers from *Ceylon* have been received to the 15th of August. They announce Lord Torrington's resignation of his office of Governor, and his intention of taking his departure for Bombay.

The intelligence from the *West Indies* is not important. Several articles on the culture of cotton appear in the journals of Kingston, and on the 27th ult. a large meeting was held in the directors' room of the Bank of Jamaica to establish a small company, with a limited number of shares, to test the practicability of rendering the cotton plant a staple production of the island. Resolutions in accordance with this view were passed, and every symptom of vigour manifested.

The *Montreal* papers contain an account of a most destructive Fire in that town on the night of the 23rd of August, which destroyed property to the amount of half-a-million of dollars. Above a hundred houses were utterly destroyed, besides great damage done to many others. The rapid extension of the fire is attributed in a great measure to the use of shingles in roofing houses, which seems to be a practice very generally adopted in the town to save expense.

Advices from *Melbourne* have been received to the 16th of May. The Reverend Dr. Lang, who some years ago attracted attention by a letter to Earl Grey impugning the administration of the Australian Colonies, had created much excitement by originating a movement for the independence of these Colonies. He had delivered a lecture on the subject at Melbourne, in a tone of respect for the queen and good will to England, but openly advocating complete separation and independence, which, he believed, Great Britain would concede on a proper representation of the case. He recommended the formation of an "Australian League" or federal republic, embracing all the Colonies, constructed on the model of the United States of America, and denominated "the United Provinces of Australia." Dr. Lang entered minutely into the details of his scheme, and was loudly applauded. After the delivery of his lecture he was thrown into prison for some matter of debt, to the great displeasure, it is stated, of the Melbourne public, who were raising a subscription for his release.

NARRATIVE OF FOREIGN EVENTS.

SOLEMN ceremonials have been celebrated over France for him who now sleeps in the quiet vault at Weybridge, Changarnier ordering and Louis Napoleon not resisting. It is called hypocrisy, but not with much reason. Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue; and if Louis Philippe must stand for virtue in the case, Changarnier and Louis Napoleon are free from vice. They have for some time faithfully governed on the principles of the citizen king, simply using their greater power to better his instruction. Nevertheless the Orleans adherents, who are strong in the departments through which the president lately

passed to Cherbourg, have not shown symptoms of greater favour to the candidate for empire. At Cherbourg itself he had a reception of marked coldness; and the folk who went to enjoy the holiday and increase the noise, had to exhaust their stock of enthusiasm on the ships and the fortifications. The enormous six-deckers and eighty-four-pounders carried off, accordingly, an amount of loose admiration which has quite startled good people on the opposite coast. The effect has been but transient, however. France makes only a holiday show in these matters after all. The statistics of maritime development and progress are against her; and it is but to contrast any one of our naval ports with what has been going on at Cherbourg since the days of Louis Quatorze, to see that nature is more than a match for art in this respect. It is not ships and fortifications that make a maritime country, nor even the advantages of natural ports and harbours. When France can send to Portsmouth or Plymouth such a fleet of pleasure yachts as were sporting the other day round her war-leviathans at Cherbourg, it will be time for England to look about her. Not till she begins to take to the sea as the duck to the water, need her maritime supremacy be feared. Never yet, with all her big equipment and endless braggadocio, has she really shown the natural taste for it.

A new element of discord, which seems to promise new and important combinations, has been flung into the endless German dispute. The entire population of the State of Hesse Cassel, including parliament, army, and state functionaries, as well as common people, have risen against their Elector and his minister, and incontinently bundled them out. This revolution differs from those which have been general in that neighbourhood of late, in the circumstance that it is strictly a vindication of order. The Hessians had been perfectly quiet in '48, content with the constitution they obtained in '30; and it has been simply the gross violation of the latter by their prince which they have thus summarily punished. The incident, though not unimportant in itself, derives a still greater importance from its probable influence on the dispute between North and South Germany, and the aid it is likely to give Prussia in her present attitude of resistance. The activity of the Holsteiners, and their still resolute and indomitable front, is another turn in events which falls out opportunely; and it is not by any means impossible, if the right courage and a proper understanding of the constitutional cause be now stedfastly shown, that Prussia may redeem her mistakes, obtain a triumph over Austrian imbecility and intrigue, and finally assert her own position at the head of public opinion in Germany.

In our *Narrative* of May we said that the pinch of the Slavery Compromise in America, would be felt when the law compelling the surrender of fugitive slaves came to be discussed. The bill has passed the senate amid extraordinary excitement, and is now under debate in the lower house, the excitement by no means diminishing. The provisions of this bill, already passed through a house where the democrats have a majority, is scarcely credible even of a country debased as America is by her "domestic institutions." Commissioners are appointed to determine claims, with a direct pecuniary interest if they determine for the master, with none if they pronounce for the slave! Heavy fines and penalties are imposed on refusals to take part in arrests, on whatever groundless suspicions; and on attempts at rescue, on whatever ground of justice! The arrests may be made with or without warrant, and neither the declaration nor the oath of the fugitive is admissible in his own defence! All the processes are summary, all the powers irresponsible, and the entire forces of the state are lent for the oppression of the poor hapless coloured wretch, whom any reckless trafficker in human flesh may, with or without a claim, resolve to drag to slavery! The proposal of such a measure is a scandal to civilisation, and its enactment will be another item in the heavy claim which is silently mounting up for sure and not tardy retribution.

"There is a strong blind Samson in that land!"

President Louis Napoleon's *Journey in the French Provinces* was partly noticed in our last Number. He returned by Strasbourg, Metz, and Rheims, to Paris, where he arrived on the 28th of August. We extract from the French papers a few characteristic traits of his reception. At *Mulhausen*, where he stopped before he arrived at Strasbourg, the zeal of a functionary in endeavouring to force the National Guard to cry "Vive le Président!" is said to have so irritated them that they assembled in masses, and shouted "Vive la République" under the President's window. Offended at this, he left the place instantly, refusing to visit the factories. When he came to *Colmar*, the authorities were unprepared to receive him with due honours, and he expressed his discontent by refusing to go to a ball offered to him. In the capital of *Alsace*, however, his reception was splendid. His cavalcade, as he entered the town amid the shouts of the assembled thousands, had a truly imperial aspect; "His guard was composed of the Cavalry of the national Guards of Strasbourg and the Gendarmerie; after whom came about a dozen Lancers; and then between the Minister of War and the Minister of Foreign Affairs rode the President, as usual wearing the uniform of a general officer of the National Guard, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. He rode a most beautiful horse, which had been presented by the authorities. It was most brilliantly caparisoned: the housings wanted only the crown to complete the imperial effect. As the President came opposite to the Hôtel de Paris, he looked up to the balcony of the first floor, and taking off his plumed hat, bowed to the very saddle-bow to the Grand Duchess of Baden, who had arrived in order to witness her nephew's entry into Strasbourg. A lively description is given of the presentation of addresses by the corporations of the small towns and villages in the neighbourhood. "The most interesting sight of all was that of the rural mayors in their old quaint costume; simple peasants, who had probably never heard of the Republic, but came to see 'Luig Bompar,' the nephew of the Emperor. The peasantry are much attached to Louis Napoleon, and the present journey proves it. These village functionaries, each wearing his scarf of office, were in number nearly two hundred, and they were from those places the President had been unable to visit. They felt rather awkward in finding themselves in these splendid saloons; but they were soon placed quite at their ease by the good-natured and familiar manners of the President, who had a kind word, a ready smile, and a grasp of the hand for each. Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, there they were in a group, with the President in the midst of them, and chatting away in German or Alsacian *patois*, which he spoke with them very fluently. They looked quite pleased at finding that 'Luig' spoke in their native tongue as well as themselves. This interview lasted some time, for all parties seemed to like the conversation. In the mean time, crowds of visitors were thronging the court of the Prefecture, and an immense crowd blocked up the streets. The cries of 'Vive Napoléon!' 'Vive le Président!' and 'Vive la République!' scarcely ceased the whole of the morning."

At *Metz* there was a grand review of 15,000 regular troops and National Guards. The President's reception at the Arsenal was most enthusiastic. He has, it seems, made artillery a subject of special study. He conversed

marks on that topic, and surprised the military men present with the extent of his professional information. In the evening a grand ball was given in his honour. The managers conceived the idea of not allowing any but ladies to enter the ball-room before his arrival: when he entered the room, at a little after nine, he found himself surrounded by all the pretty women of Metz. The gentlemen were then admitted, and dancing immediately commenced. The President opened the ball, and remained there until eleven o'clock. His progress from Metz to Paris was highly satisfactory. At *Verdun*, the streets were transformed into a garden, and the enthusiasm of the people seemed greater and more sincere than in any other town. At *Rheims*, he replied to a flattering address with effective brevity:—"Our country wishes for nothing but order, religion, and liberty. Everywhere the number of the agitators is infinitely small, but the number of the good citizens infinitely great." "Entering this ancient city of Rheims, where the kings, who also represented the interests of the nation, came to be crowned, I wished that we could, in the same place, crown not a man, but an idea of union and conciliation, of which the triumph would restore repose in our country."

On the 3rd, the President set out upon another provincial excursion. He arrived that evening at *Evreux*, where he entertained a large party to dinner. The Socialists had summoned from Rouen a number of their friends to get up a hostile demonstration, but it proved a failure.

The President arrived at *Caen* on the evening of the 4th. He reviewed the troops and National Guards on the morning of the 5th. He was received by the troops, and by the immense population which crowded on his way, with cries of "Vive Napoléon!" The cries of "Vive la République!" were few at Caen. Among the addresses delivered to the President at Caen, was one from the President of the Council General of the Department, in which it was remarked that Louis Napoleon was addressed by the title of "Your Highness." He left Caen immediately after the review, and arrived the same evening at Cherbourg.

On the morning of Friday the 6th, the President received the mayors and authorities of the neighbouring arrondissements, and many Englishmen of distinction, who had arrived at *Cherbourg* in yachts, paid their respects to him. He then reviewed the National Guard and the troops of the garrison, in the midst of a vast concourse of people. Democratic cries were uttered by some groups, and a midshipman who distinguished himself by the violence of his gestures and his insulting language, was taken into custody. A banquet was given to him by the city of Cherbourg, at which seven hundred persons were present. Many Englishmen were among the guests; particularly Admirals Sir C. Napier, Sir Thomas Cochrane, and Sir Edmund Lyons; Captains Pelham, Mundy, Chads, Seymour, Mackinnon, Jones, and Hall; the Earl Wilton Commodore of the Royal Yacht Club, the Earl of Cadogan, Marquis of Ormond, Earl of Orkney, Viscount Canterbury, Mr. Talbot the Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Club, and Captain Smith of the Royal Engineers. After dinner the Mayor of Cherbourg gave as a toast "The memory of the Emperor Napoleon, and the health of the President of the Republic." The President, in acknowledging the compliment, made several noticeable remarks. "How did it happen," he said, "that the Emperor, in spite of war, was able to cover all France with imperishable works that are found at every step, and are nowhere found so remarkable and so great as here? It is that, independently of his genius, he lived at a period when the nation, exhausted by revolution, gave him the necessary power to crush anarchy, repress faction, and secure the triumph by glory abroad, at home by a vigorous impulse of the general interests of the country." He proceeded to give as a toast, "The City of Cherbourg," adding, "Yes! I propose this toast in the very sight of the fleet that carried so nobly the French flag to the East, and is still ready to carry it with equal glory wherever the honour of our nation calls it. I propose this toast in the presence of these distinguished strangers now our guests. They can convince themselves of the fact that if we desire peace it is not because we are weak. It is not because we are weak, but rather from that community of interests and those sentiments of mutual esteem which bind together the two most civilised nations of the globe. I drink to the city and port of Cherbourg!" These words were followed by repeated shouts of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoléon!" After the banquet the President visited the Fort de Roules, which commands the harbour, but which is not now occupied. At night a splendid ball was given in his honour, at which several thousand persons were present. All the ships in the harbour were illuminated, as also many of the private houses in the town. On Saturday morning, the 7th, the President visited the arsenal. He was cordially received by the artisans in all the *ateliers*. At mid-day he proceeded to the squadron, and visited the admiral's ship, the Friedland, commanded by Vice-Admiral Parseval Deschênes. He visited in turn each vessel of the fleet. In the course of this day was repeated a beautiful display by the yachts which the President's late arrival on Thursday prevented him from witnessing. A squadron of thirty of the largest yachts was formed into two lines under the Commander of the Royal Yacht squadron, the Earl of Wilton, and its Vice-Commodore, Mr. Talbot, M.P.; and it sailed out of the roads for a cruise round the *digue*. The vessels swept along, each with bated or hastened speed so as exactly to preserve its place with relation to all the rest; the whole body tacking, reaching, and swelling along, with the simultaneous movements of a flight of birds in the air. Their manœuvres beyond all others engrossed the attention of the French. The citizens and peasants marvelled agape at the exhibition of such professional skill by the landsmen owners of the craft; the sailors openly expressed their admiration—the captain of the Jemappes exclaiming aloud, that the manœuvre was "superbe et très-délicieuse!" The day terminated with a banquet, which took place at 7 o'clock. A ball was given the same night in the great hall of the Espadage. A brilliant and numerous assemblage was present, and it is stated that 7000 applications had been made for tickets. The President danced with the lady of one of the representatives of the department. On Sunday, the 8th, after hearing mass on board the Friedland, the President proceeded to complete the inspection of the vessels which he had not time to examine in all their details the day previous. At two o'clock the manœuvres commenced. The ships were cleared as if for action; and not less than 4000 shots were fired, after which fifty boats completely armed, and forming in line, proceeded to exercise and sham fights, during which a feigned attack was made on the steam-frigate Descartes. The President then proceeded to the gun-room of the Friedland, where a banquet had been prepared. The table was in the form of a horse-shoe, and the small arms of the ship, arranged in stars, &c., formed the ornaments of the banqueting-hall: 112 persons sat down to dinner. This number included the commanders of the squadron, as well as the officers of every rank. The English Admirals, Cochrane, Napier, &c., Captains Chads, Seymour, and Stopford, &c., were amongst the number. When the dessert was placed on the table, Admiral Parseval Deschênes rose, and in a firm tone of voice proposed the President's health in the following terms:—"To the health of the President of the Republic! His presence in the squadron is the guarantee for the future of the efficacious protection of the government. 'Vive le Président!'" This cry was taken up and repeated by the Admiral and all the guests. The President rose and returned thanks thus:—"I am happy to have it in my power to propose, in turn, a toast to the French Navy, on board the ship of which the Admiral near me is the worthy chief,—to that French Navy whose devotedness to the country has ever been proved in its brightest days as in its gloomy,—to that Navy whose valour is so heroic, that even when fortune turns against it, we may still apply to it the words of the poet—'Her cypresses have been as glorious as her laurels' (*ses cyprès ont été aussi beaux que ses lauriers*),—I drink to the French Navy." This speech and toast were, as will easily be supposed, followed by loud and repeated applause. The President entered the hotel of the Maritime Prefect at ten o'clock, after having spent the whole day on board the fleet.

On Monday morning the President left Cherbourg,

the National Guards and an immense crowd of people saluting him with loud cries of "Vive Napoléon! Vive le Président!" He arrived that evening at *Saint Lô*, where the manifestation in his favour is described as "enthusiastic and universal." He then skirted the whole Eastern coast of the Bay of St. Malo, staying at Coutances and Avranches; and finally returned to Paris by way of Argentan; the authorities and people everywhere hailing him cordially.

The Councils-General of France have terminated their Annual Session. The chief question agitated by them has been the revision of the constitution. The result has been thus summed up:—Twenty-one councils separated without taking the subject into consideration; ten rejected propositions for revision; two declared that the constitution ought to be respected; thirty-three departments therefore refused, more or less formally, to aid the revision. On the other hand, forty-nine councils came to decisions which the revisionist party claim for themselves. But a very great diversity is to be perceived in these decisions. Thirty-two pronounced in favour of revision only "so far as it should take place under legal conditions," or "so far as legality should be observed:" two of those called attention to the forty-fifth article of the constitution, which makes Louis Napoleon incapable of being immediately rechosen; but another demanded that his powers should be prolonged. One council voted for revision, and also desired to prolong the President's power; ten simply voted for revision; five pronounced for immediate revision, but by very small majorities; one went further, and proposed to give the present Assembly—which is legislative and not constituent—authority to effect the revision. Three councils express merely a desire for a remedy to the present situation. Thirty-three departments have not pronounced for the revision, or have pronounced against it; thirty-three are in favour of a legal revision; thirteen demand the revision without explaining on what conditions they desire to see it effected; and six demand it immediately; making the total of eighty-five.

The *Commission for Surveillance* met on the 19th in the National Assembly. M. Dupin presided. The Minister of the Interior was summoned, as usual, to attend and give an account of the state of the country. M. Baroche read a document on the subject, from which it would appear that at no previous period was there greater prosperity in most branches of trade and manufactures, and not for many years was public order better maintained that at this moment.

It appears that there are in France regularly licensed *Marriage Agents*, whose transactions are sanctioned by the law courts. The civil tribunal of Le Mans has just condemned a person named Désigné and his son, of Parigné l'Evêque, department of the Sarthe, to pay 10,000 francs to M. Foy, for having negotiated the marriage of the son with a Mdlle. de Brue, niece of the Marquis de Malestroit. M. Foy was applied to by the father and the son to find a wife for the latter. Foy introduced them to Mdlle. le Brue, who was possessed of a certain fortune, and the son eventually married her. By an agreement duly drawn up before the marriage, the father and son bound themselves to pay M. Foy 12,500 francs for his services. This, however, they on different pretexts subsequently refused to do, and so Foy brought his action; but reduced his demand to 10,000 francs, he having consented, after some negotiation, to accept that sum. After hearing counsel at great length on both sides, the tribunal gave judgment in Foy's favour for the full amount claimed.

A *Split has taken place among the Legitimists.* On the termination of the Congress at Wisbaden, a circular was addressed to the party, under the authority of the Count de Chambord, in which it declared that he "has formally and absolutely condemned the system of an appeal to the people, as implying the negation of the great national principle of hereditary monarchy." This has called forth a reply from the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein, who had previously proposed an appeal to the people of France, to know whether they would have a Republic or a Monarchy. In a letter to the Paris journal the Evénement, he re-iterates with energy his former sentiments, and says, "I accept completely my excommunication; it is evident that we have no longer the same principles."

The accounts from *Piedmont* describe the public mind as greatly excited against Austria. On the 15th, there was a disturbance, from this cause, in the theatre of Turin; during the performance of a piece called *Lega Lombarda*, when a number of soldiers wearing the Austrian colours of "black and yellow," and headed by an Austrian eagle, came on the stage, they were saluted by a hurricane of hisses, and a tumult of groans, which lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour. The attack did not come from any isolated box or bench, but it was participated in by all present, and it is said that there were not ten ladies or gentlemen who did not take an active share. The people regard the presence of the Austrians in Italy as the sole bar to the establishment of Italian nationality.

The King of Prussia, on receiving a deputation from the Conservative Constitutional Union of Berlin on the 13th, thus expressed his sentiments on the question of *German Unity*:—"My sentiments on the German question have often been misunderstood. Some have done me great injustice in respect to those sentiments [alluding to the speech of the King of Wurtemberg on the opening of the Chambers], this will not turn me from the path of duty. It is to be regretted that in more than one place it is not understood that it is possible to be honest in politics. In striving for Germany I follow the impulses of my own heart. I maintain the German idea, and will pursue the path on which I have entered, as far as God gives me light; but I hope no further. As King of Prussia, I shall strive for Germany; as a friend and ally, I will carry conciliation as far as the honour of this country will permit. For the maintenance of this honour, I can appeal to the five hundred years which the history of my house embraces."

The ratifications of the Treaty of Peace between *Germany and Denmark* were exchanged on the 6th instant at the residence of the British Minister at Berlin, and a protocol of the transaction was signed by the Ministers of the parties, and by Mr. Howard the British *chargé d'affaires* on behalf of the mediating power. The German states, parties to the treaty thus ratified, are, the King of Prussia, the Grand Dukes of Baden, Saxe Weimar, and Mecklenburg Schwerin; the Dukes of Saxe Meinengen, Saxe Altenburg, Anhalt Dessau and Bemburg; the Princes of Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt and Sonderhausen, the Princes of Waldeck, the Princes of Lippe-Detmold, of Reuss, Elder and Younger, and the senates of the Free Towns of Lubeck, Bremen, and Hamburg. The Danish Minister declared, in the name of his government, that in lending itself to the partial exchange at the recommendation of the mediating power, it retained the hope that as the present act does not yet contain all the states belonging to the Germanic Confederation, no delay will occur in his reception of the complement necessary to verify the ratifications of this treaty for the whole of the states forming this Confederation.

A Movement of momentous import has taken place in Hesse Cassel, in consequence of an act of the Elector's government, administered by his Prime Minister Hassenpflug. By an article of the constitution, the Hessian Chamber has the exclusive right of voting taxes. Hassenpflug, however, declined or delayed to call them together, until the time generally destined for the close of the session. The Ministers immediately put before them a demand for money, and for the liberty to raise the taxes for 1850. The Parliament replied, by an unanimous vote, that however little the ministers possessed the confidence of Parliament, they would not go the length of refusing the supplies, but requested to have a regular budget laid before them, which they promised to examine, discuss, and vote. To so fair and constitutional a resolution the minister replied by dissolving the Parliament, and proceeding to levy the taxes in spite of the Parliament and the constitution. The cabinet went to the extremity of proclaiming the whole Electorate in a state of siege, and investing the commander-in-chief with dictatorial powers against the press, personal liberty, and property. The town council unanimously protested against these

arbitrary acts; and such a spirit of resistance was excited that the Elector and his minister were constrained to seek safety in flight. The Elector left Cassel on the morning of the 13th, and arrived the same evening at Hanover, where he was afterwards joined by Hassenpflug. Some of the accounts state that M. Hassenpflug was agitated by terror in his flight. He arrived at Rheda, in Westphalia, on the 13th instant, and on the following morning he took the train to Cologne. He was pale, and his features were distorted with fear and the fatigues of his journey. He informed his fellow-travellers that he was proceeding to Coblentz; but it was generally supposed that he intended to escape into Belgium. His presence in the train having become known, it was soon whispered at all the stations that the "Hessen fluch" (Hesse's curse) was a passenger in a certain carriage; and everywhere public opinion vented itself in groans and execrations. On the arrival of the train in Dusseldorf, the gendarmes on duty were informed of the presence of Hassenpflug, the convicted forger of Greifswald. One of the passengers, who had paid a particular and by no means welcome attention to M. Hassenpflug's bearing and features, was canvassing the subject with one of the gendarmes, when the ex-minister, unable to retain his pent-up emotion, addressed him with, "I say, sir, why do you persecute me?" "Sir," replied the passenger, "I do not persecute you. I'm just telling this man of the villanies of that scoundrel Hassenpflug." The gendarmes asked him for his passport; and when the minister produced that document, a voice was heard to cry, "Look sharp, man, whether it is a good passport! You know he's a forger!" Upon this Mr. Hassenpflug was arrested, and taken to the police-station; but he was subsequently allowed to proceed by post to Langenfeld, where he intended to wait for the Elector's arrival. At Hanover it is said that the Elector made application for military aid to carry out the policy in which he had been checked; but the reply was unfavourable. Thence he turned to the South-west, in order to regain the South of his own dominions by a detour through Minden and Dusseldorf. He and his ministers were at Frankfort on the 16th. From thence he went to Williamstadt, where, on the 19th, he issued a decree making that place the seat of government.

On the 13th, the day on which the Elector took his secret departure, a courier arrived at Cassel from General Haynau, the Minister of War, to General Bauer, the Commander in Chief, instructing him that the government had been removed from Cassel; and that the Elector had revoked all the decree establishing the state of siege, except the second section of it, which placed the Civil Guard under the Commander in Chief. The municipal authorities met, and immediately issued an address, stating that the harmony between the military and civil powers would obviate all the evils threatened by the unexpected departure of the Sovereign and his Ministers, and exhorting the people to persevere in their strictly legal and orderly behaviour. On the 14th the Permanent Committee of the Assembly resolved to bring old General Bauer, a stanch disciplinarian soldier, but a most honest and respected citizen, to account for his share in executing the late measures. He was prosecuted for abuse of office, violation of the constitution, and high treason. On the first point, a military one, the Garrison Court acquitted him; on the other two, the "General Auditoriat" Court found that "the facts adduced were not sufficiently strong to warrant further proceedings." The old soldier has expressed his desire to resign, and confines himself at home as "sick."

The accounts from *Madrid* announce the capture and death of the Centralista chief, Baliarao, who for more than three months past had kept in continual movement the whole of the troops of that province. He was concealed in his mother's house in the village of St. Andres de Palomar, where the volunteers of Catalonia, who had been for many days in pursuit of him, overtook him. They attacked resolutely the place of his refuge, where his brother and some of his partisans also were, and after an obstinate defence, during which two of the volunteers were killed, succeeded in entering the house, when they immediately put him and his companions to death, and severely wounded his brother, who however had the good fortune to make his escape. At this moment there is not a single insurgent in arms in Catalonia.

The *Elections for the Cortes*, both in Madrid and in the provinces, have terminated in so signal a defeat of the Progresista party, that the government will find itself almost without an opposition in the assembly. Even the moderate or conservative opposition has obtained so few votes, that it has no longer any pretension to the name of a party. An idea of the general result may be obtained from the state of the ballot in Madrid; the Moderates had 2185 votes, the Progresistas 509, the Conservative opposition 15, and the pure Democrats only 6.

Hostilities have been renewed between the troops of *Denmark and the Duchies*. Offensive operations were commenced by the Schleswig-Holsteiners on the 12th, and continued without any definite result to the 13th inst. On the 12th inst. the entire Holstein army advanced, and made an attack on the whole Danish line. The fighting, as at Idstedt, was very fierce, especially at Eckernforde, which was taken and retaken twice during the day; and then remaining in the hands of the Holsteiners, who established their head-quarters there in the afternoon. The town suffered severely; the Danish ships of war stationed in the harbour fired broadsides, until the Holsteiners, having brought up some heavy guns to the coast, compelled them to leave. The wounded were sent to Kiel, and filled fourteen carriages. The Danish camp, strongly entrenched before Eckernforde, was taken, after three assaults, by the Holsteiners, and afterwards destroyed by fire. The strong Danish trenches were carried by the bayonet, and the carnage seems to have been frightful. At daybreak on the morning of the 13th, the battle was renewed with redoubled fury. General Willisen marched on Missunde to force the Schlei. He was attacked by the Danes in the forest of Cosel, and driven back. He withhdrew behind Eckernforde. The Holstein army surrendered Eckernforde on the 13th, and resumed its position of the 12th. On the 14th, General Willisen's head-quarters were at Wittensee.

The accounts from *Copenhagen* give some particulars respecting the Morganatic marriage (mentioned in last month's Narrative) between the King of Denmark and the Countess Danner, formerly the court milliner. The ceremony was performed in the Palace Chapel, and two Countesses were commanded to attend—the Countess Von Ahlefeld (the lady of the Chief Clerk of the Closet) and the Countess Knuth. The youthful bride was led to the altar by Baron Lewetzan, Marshal of the Royal Household. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the whole court, who were attired in court dresses. After the marriage there was a grand dinner at the palace. The Hereditary Prince Ferdinand led the Countess Danner to table, and the King the Countess Von Ahlefeld. A few days after the King and the Countess Von Danner paid an unexpected visit to his stepmother, the Queen Carolina Amelia. The Queen Dowager, the widow of Frederick VI., forbade the visit that the king and the countess intended to pay to her. The ladies who attend court, and who were highly indignant at this marriage, were under great apprehensions lest they should receive commands to wait upon the Countess Von Danner; it being known that she had declared that nothing would give her more satisfaction than to see the ladies upon whom she waited as their dressmaker now come and pay their court to her.

The *Peace Congress assembled at Frankfort*, commenced its proceedings on the 22nd August in the Church of St. Paul. Dr. Jaup of Darmstadt was elected President of the Congress. The principal speakers at the meetings were Mr. Cobden, the Rev. Mr. Burnet of Camberwell, M. Emile Girardin, M. Bonnet, the pastor of the French Protestant church, Mr. Garnet a negro, Elihu Burritt, Mr. Hindley of Oldham, M. Garnier one of the Secretaries, Dr. Baller from America, the Rev.

M. Copway a native chief of the Chippeway tribe, Mr. Miall, Mr. Chipple of New York, and several others. They delivered their speeches in their respective languages, but when an oration was considered unusually important, the substance of it was given in two other languages by competent interpreters. The last meeting was held on the 24th; on this occasion thanks were voted to the municipal authorities of Frankfort for their kind reception of the members of the Congress; and Mr. Cobden caused infinite delight and astonishment by acting as fugleman to an English "Hip, hip, hurrah!" demonstration of gratitude. A resolution to publish the proceedings at three) kreutzers (about twopence), terminated the meeting. Next year the Congress is to be held in London.

The accounts from *New York* are to the 14th inst. A bill has been passed by both houses of Congress to establish a territorial government in New Mexico. The senate have passed the Fugitive Slave Bill, the object of which is to provide for the settlement of questions respecting fugitive slaves. These make all the bills which were incorporated in that of the Compromise. The bills passed are the Utah Bill, the Texas Boundary Bill, the Admission of California Bill, the Territorial government for New Mexico Bill, and the Fugitive Slaves Bill. The following are the principal provisions of this last-mentioned important measure:—

The judges of the United States' District Courts, or their commissioners, in every county within their district, shall hear and summarily determine all cases of claim made by the owner for his *Fugitive Slave*. The deposition or affidavit of owner, or other satisfactory testimony, sworn to before a magistrate, according to the law of the state whence the slave escaped, shall be held sufficient to establish the right of property and to authorise the arrest and reconveyance of the fugitive to the state whence he or she may have fled; but in no trial or hearing under this act shall the testimony of the alleged fugitive be admitted in evidence. Any person aiding or abetting the escape, or interposing to prevent the arrest and reconveyance, will be subject to a fine not exceeding 1000 dollars, and to imprisonment not exceeding six months, besides forfeiting 1000 dollars by way of civil damages to the party injured. In case of affidavit being made by the claimant of a fugitive that he has reason to apprehend a rescue before he can reconvey such fugitive beyond the border of the state in which the arrest may have been made, it shall be the duty of the officer making the arrest to retain the fugitive in his custody, to personally remove him to the state whence he fled, and then to deliver him to said claimant or his attorney. To this end the officer is authorised and required to summon such assistance as may enable him efficiently to perform this duty. Finally, should such fugitive, subsequently to his arrest, be rescued by force from those having him or her in custody, and the rescue be proven to have been without collusion on the part of the owner, then the said owner shall be paid from the public treasury the value of said fugitive, and the amount paid (which is to be limited) shall be recovered by the general government from the state or territory in which the rescue was effected.

The present state of *Slavery in the United States* is illustrated by several recent circumstances mentioned in the American newspapers. An insurrection, in which 400 slaves were to be engaged, was discovered at Lowndes County, Alabama, some weeks since. The rendezvous of the negroes was fired upon by the whites, killing one slave and wounding twenty others. The slaves then fled. It is said that the slaves were incited to the insurrection by an abolitionist, for whose apprehension a reward of 6000 dollars has been offered. A general massacre is supposed to have been intended.—The runaway slaves have been so numerous of late, that the owners have become very much alarmed, and hence are disposed to remove them to safer parts of the United States, or to sell them to slave traders. The family of William Williams, the coachman of Presidents Polk, Taylor, and Fillmore, were suddenly, on Friday morning, seized by a slave trader and taken from their homes in Washington, to be sent to New Orleans. His wife, over fifty years of age, three daughters, and three grandchildren, were thus snatched from him in an hour to a fate worse to him than death, to be sold in the South to the highest bidder, and separated from him and each other. The poor man was nearly crazed by the dreadful parting. After many years' toil he very recently purchased his own freedom, but his family were owned by some one in New Orleans. The President, feeling deeply for his distress, gave him money, and let him go to see them again. Williams found the trader would take the sum of 3200 dollars for them, and he returned with the hope of raising that amount here to redeem them. The President, Mr. Webster, General Scott, and a number of Senators, members, and citizens, have contributed sums from five to fifty dollars. Mr. Corcoran gave 200 dollars, which was the price asked for the aged wife, and he made her "free" at once. Besides doing this, Mr. Corcoran has purchased one of the women, who has lived in his family for some years, Mrs. Commander Paterson another, and Mrs. General Towson a third, who lived with her some years past. So the children, for whom 1500 dollars were asked, only remained to be purchased by their grandfather, who is said to be in a fair way of raising the money.

Professor Webster, convicted of the *Murder of Dr. Parkman*, was executed at Boston on the 30th. According to the American practice the execution took place within the prison walls, in the presence of certain citizens chosen as witnesses. This, however, did not prevent the display of the curiosity always exhibited on such occasions by the public. A local paper says:— "The rear of the houses in Lowell Street looked into the gaol-yard, and both the windows and roofs of some of them were packed with persons of both sexes, and of all ages. It grieved me to see ladies and young girls manifest their morbid curiosity in this way. I am happy in being able to say, however, that three of those houses were shut by the occupants, who went out of town rather than witness the execution, or be in the vicinity of the place when the solemn preparations were being made, and where a fellow-being was to expiate his crimes by a violent death. If I had had time I would have procured the numbers of those houses, and the names of their occupants, and inserted both in this report. On the door of one of these houses a bill was posted to this effect: 'Not at home: opposed to capital punishment.'" It seems untrue that Webster made a second confession, admitting the commission of a premeditated murder. It is stated, on the contrary, that immediately before his death, he expressed his adhesion to his statement that the deed was not premeditated. It appears, however, that the general opinion in the United States is, that the murder of Dr. Parkman was premeditated, and that the verdict of the jury was in accordance with the facts of the case.

Jenny Lind arrived at New York on the 1st inst., and was received with the most extravagant demonstrations of enthusiasm. On the following day, it is stated, 800 American ladies paid their respects to her. The day for commencing her concerts had not been fixed.

There are accounts from *San Francisco* to the 1st of August. Emigration to California is still on the increase; hundreds were daily flocking to the diggings by way of Panama and across the plains from the southern states of America. The rivers during the winter months being so high have prevented many adventurers from working to any advantage. At the beginning of the dry season, in May, dams were commenced across the different rivers, with the intention to turn them completely from their course, but the dams as soon as formed were washed away. It is in the beds and on the banks of rivers that most gold has hitherto been found. The mode of appropriating land is a curious one, each person being allowed on arrival to stake off ten paces of ground till the whole river or ravine is taken up. At Dew Creek, emptying into the Yuba river, gold has been found in the highest mountains to an enormous extent; after digging some 80 or 90 feet, a vein of gold was struck yielding from six to eight ounces per man per day, and with every prospect of its continuing. One man sold his claim (ten paces) for 20,000 dollars. The mountains near the Sierra Nevada also proved very rich, two men having averaged 7 lb. a day for several days.

The intended road across the Isthmus of Panama from

Navy Bay had been commenced by the American Company, hundreds of labourers having arrived there from Carthagena and the surrounding country.

There are accounts from San José, the capital of the South American State of Costa Rica, of the 11th of June. General Don J. M. Castro, the founder of this republic, had resigned his presidency and embarked for Europe, in order to study the institutions of the Old World, and to promote the welfare of his country by laying open its resources to commercial and agricultural enterprise. The President's administration appears to have been wise and liberal. He has introduced ample religious toleration; the right to all foreigners of being naturalised; and the total abolition of slavery and the slave-trade. Under his administration treaties of amity and commerce have been concluded with Great Britain and other powers. The state of Costa Rica is situate west of Panama, on the great barrier dividing the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It contains from 2500 to 3000 square leagues. It is bounded on the N.E. by the Atlantic, on the S.E. by the Pacific. The population is above 100,000. The commerce of this country is chiefly carried on with Great Britain in British bottoms. During the years 1848-9 the arrivals at Punta Arenas amounted to seventy ships, with a total of 7188 tons of merchandise. The development of commerce is at present paralysed by the long and expensive voyage round Cape Horn, as many of the productions of Costa Rica fitting for the markets of Europe, cannot bear the heavy charges on exportation by that route. The exportation in 1848 amounted to 150,000 quintals of coffee, 10,000 hides, a considerable quantity of mother-o'-pearl, sarsaparilla and dye-wood, and a small lot of pearls from Golfo Dulce and Nicoya. The state of Nicaragua is wholly supplied with tobacco from Costa Rica; tortoise-shell is also exported in considerable quantities. The annual value of importations amounts to 1,000,000 of dollars, including 200,000 dollars from Nicaragua. Some gold mines are now being worked, and there are many others of copper exceedingly rich, of coal, nickel, zinc, iron, and lead mixed with silver, but they are neglected for want of capital. Traffic is at present carried on by the Port of Punta Arenas, on the Pacific Ocean, to which port a good carriage-road has been completed from the capital, a distance of seventy-two miles. Obstacles which would have deterred a less patriotic administration from the undertaking were surmounted by President Castro in the construction of this road. Forests, and mountains attaining an elevation of 4500 feet, were cut through; deep ravines and impetuous torrents were overcome; and five excellent stone bridges thrown across the route, at an expense of 150,000 dollars.

NARRATIVE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

THE names of the Commissioners for inquiring into the state, discipline, studies, and revenues, of the Universities and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, have proved a guarantee for the earnestness and good faith of the promoters of the inquiry. No friend to the real interests of either University need have any fear of committing them to the decision of such men as Sir John Herschell and Doctor Peacock; or as Doctor Jeune, Mr. Liddell, and Mr. Sacheverell Johnson; or as Professors Powell and Sedgwick. The effect is already felt, and the howl of resistance sensibly diminished. Sedatives of a satisfactory kind have also been applied to another as bitterly agitated question, and the reading-room of the British Museum is now enriched with a manuscript catalogue bringing up the arrears of books to the latest practicable date, in a hundred and fifty-three manuscript volumes. This, to which a duplicate copy is added, is in addition to other catalogues, printed and in manuscript, already existing; and is further re-inforced by a catalogue of the munificent bequest of the Grenville library, hitherto closed to the public by the absence of that accommodation. Thus has been wisely substituted for a matter of very just complaint what must be termed even a source of national pride, for it may be doubted if facilities of access equal to these exist in any other great library in Europe. A third subject connected with literature of considerable present interest is that of the possibility of securing any English copyright in a book written by a citizen of America, or any other alien. The question is again to be brought before a court of law: but if the issue be taken largely on the construction of the Act of Anne, and not on any such incidental point as the claim of a particular author to the rights of English citizenship, there can hardly be a doubt but that the latest and most authoritative decision, pronounced two years ago in the Court of Exchequer, will be finally affirmed. There can be no assignment of a thing that has no existence; copyright has now no existence in England, except under the Act of Anne: and no one who has carefully read that statute can have failed to arrive at the conclusion that its operation is strictly and exclusively limited to English authors.

The month just passed has maintained its reputation as the dullest of the literary year. Hardly a book worth naming has been published in it. A second series of Mr. Jesse's gossiping anecdotes of *London and its Celebrities*; two re-publications from America, one a book called *Berber* (a romance of which a parcel of Barbary corsairs are the heroes, not at all worthy of the happy extravagance of the author of *Kaloolah*), and the other a diary of *Rural Hours*, by the daughter of Mr. Fenimore Cooper, in which the scenery and social characteristics of a village in a New York county are rather nicely hit off; a translation from the German of somewhat similar *Pictures of Rural Life in Austria and Hungary*, with a mixture of rich scenery and romantic incident that reminds one now and then of Mrs. Radcliffe; a capital tract on the *Mosaic Sabbath*, in which the good sense as well as learning of the subject is exhausted; and some few volumes on subjects of medical treatment, interesting only to practitioners in medicine; are the sole publications of the month of which any mention falls strictly within the purpose or intention of this record. Already, however, notes of preparation promise a busy autumn, both east and west of Temple Bar; and the present dearth will doubtless make next month's harvest all the more abundant.

The Gazette of Tuesday the 3rd inst. contains the lists of the separate commissions appointed by Her Majesty to inquire into the state, discipline, studies, and revenues, of the two *Universities of Oxford and Cambridge*. For the Oxford Commission—The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Norwich; the Very Rev. Archibald Campbell Tait, D.C.L., Dean of Carlisle; the Rev. Francis Jeune, D.C.L., Master of Pembroke College, in the University of Oxford; the Rev. Henry George Liddell, M.A., Head Master of St. Peter's College, Westminster; John Lucius Dampier, Esq., M.A., Vice-Warden of the Stannaries of Cornwall; the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford; and the Rev. George Henry Sacheverell Johnson, M.A., of Queen's College, in the University of Oxford. For the Cambridge Commission—The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester; the Very Rev. George Peacock, D.D., Dean of Ely; Sir John Frederick William Herschell, Bart.; Sir John Romilly, Knight, her Majesty's Attorney-General; and the Rev.

Adam Sedgwick, M.A., Woodwardian Professor of Geology in the University of Cambridge.

The *Society of Arts* has issued a notice, intimating that, as the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations in 1851 has rendered it superfluous for the Society to pursue its ordinary course by the offer of its usual prizes, the Council are of opinion that it will be most useful for them to encourage the production of philosophical treatises on the various departments of the Exhibition, which shall set forth the peculiar advantages to be derived from each to the arts, manufactures, and commerce of the country. They, therefore, offer the Society's large medal and 25*l.* for the best, and the small medal and 10*l.* for the second best, several treatises on the objects exhibited in the section of raw materials and produce, the section of machinery, the section of manufactures, and the section of the fine arts. Each treatise must occupy, and not exceed, 80 pages of the size of the Bridgewater Treatises, and must be delivered on or before the 30th of June, 1851. The Society will also award its large medal and 25 guineas for the best general treatise upon the Exhibition, treated commercially, politically, and statistically; and small medals for the best treatises on any special objects or class of objects exhibited. The treatises for which rewards are given are to be the property of the Society; and if deemed suitable for publication, should the council see fit, they will cause the same to be printed and published, and will award to the author the net amount of any profits which may arise from the publication after the payment of the expenses.

The *Gloucester Musical Festival* was held on the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, instant. The performances were on a great scale, but destitute of any novel feature. The collections for the charity amounted to 861*l.* 6s 6*d.*, being 100*l.* more than was received at the last Gloucester Festival.

The *Eisteddfod*, or congress of Welsh bards and minstrels, was held at Rhuddlan on the 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. It was got up with great splendour, and attended by a large assemblage of the nobility and gentry of the principality.

The *Submarine Electric Telegraph* between the English and French coasts, was successfully laid down on the 28th of August. The points chosen were Shakspeare's Cliff at Dover and the opposite chalk headland of Cape Grisnez on the French coast midway between Calais and Boulogne. The operations were conducted from the Goliah steamboat. Between the paddle-wheels in the centre of the vessel, was a gigantic drum or wheel, nearly fifteen feet long and seven feet in diameter, weighing seven tons, and fixed on a strong framework. Upon it was coiled up in close convolutions about thirty miles of telegraphic wire, encased in a covering of gutta percha. The connexion of the thirty miles of wire enclosed in gutta percha was made good to three hundred yards of the same wire enclosed in a leaden tube, to protect it from being chafed by the shingle on the beach and in the shallow water. The Goliah then steamed forward at the rate of about three or four miles an hour, in a direct line to Cape Grisnez. The great drum was put in corresponding motion, and from it the wire was paid off over a roller at the stern of the vessel. At every two-hundred-and-twentieth yard (one-sixteenth of a mile), the square leaden clumps, weighing some twenty pounds, were rivetted to the wire to sink it well to the bottom, and to assist in embedding it in the submarine soil. The depth of the water varies between one hundred and one hundred and eighty feet; but at certain points there are ridges and valleys which made the sinking of the wire one of careful management. Between two of these ridges, well known to sailors, and called by the French the Colbart and the Varne, is a steep valley surrounded by shifting sands, many miles in length, parallel to the shores; and in these sands, as with the voracious Goodwins, ships encounter danger from losing their anchors, and fishermen lose their nets. The wire was successfully plunged to the bottom, however, safe equally from ships' anchors, sailors' [illegible], or monsters of the deep. The remainder of the [illegible] was safely and slowly traversed, and the Goliah reached the French coast about eight o'clock in the evening. In half-an-hour the wire had been carried ashore and run up the face of the cliff, and messages had been carried from end to end of the wire. A few days afterwards it was discovered that the wire had been cut asunder among the rocks at Cape Grisnez, the leaden tube in which it was enclosed having been too soft to protect it from injury. The communication between the coasts has been consequently suspended till means of greater security are adopted.

The operation of *Throwing down a portion of the Cliff* near Seaford by an explosion of gunpowder, was successfully performed on the 19th. Its object was to project a part of the cliff, above 200 feet high, upon the beach, so as to constitute a groin for the protection of vessels. Several immense charges, containing many thousand pounds of powder, were deposited under the cliffs, and ignited by voltaic batteries. There was no very loud report; the rumbling noise was probably not heard a mile off, and was perhaps caused by the splitting of the cliff and fall of the fragments. There seemed to be no smoke, but there was a tremendous shower of dust. Those who were in boats a little way out felt a slight shock. It was much stronger on the top of the cliff. Persons standing there felt staggered by the shaking of the ground, and one of the batteries was thrown down by it. In Seaford, too, three quarters of a mile off, glasses upon the table were shaken, and one chimney fell. At Newhaven, a distance of three miles, the shock was sensibly felt. The effect of the explosion was stupendous. The chalky cliff cracked along a frontage of more than a hundred feet; and then the whole mass of the precipice seemed to crumble into pieces and fall into the sea. The dislodged mass formed a bank about three hundred feet broad and nearly three hundred long towards the sea, and about a hundred feet high.

The government have completed the purchase of all the ground and property requisite for the construction of the *New Harbour of Holyhead;* and the whole of the works will now be pushed forward with the utmost expedition, nearly 1500 men being constantly engaged in the various operations. The engineers are proceeding rapidly with the extension of the sea-walls at the Northern breakwater, and are also proceeding with the erection of the stages. Many thousands of cubic feet of stone are now ready for the commencement and erection of the immense sea-wall, and fresh supplies are daily obtained from the lofty heights that overhang the harbour, where extensive quarrying operations are carried on. The material thus obtained is thrown down into the breakwater, in masses from ten to fifty feet in thickness. The estimated coast of this new harbour, which will give 316 acres of sea-room, is 700,000*l.*

Canal Locks have been Superseded by the introduction of an inclined plane, on which the boats can be drawn up to the proper level by means of a stationary steam-engine. This new process was put to the test on the 24th of August, at the Blackhill Locks, on the Forth and Clyde Canal. The result was most satisfactory; three boats having been drawn up in less than five minutes, while to have made them pass through the locks would have taken half an hour.

Mr. Hind, the astronomer, has given an account of the discovery of a *New Planet*, made by him on the evening of the 13th. It is in the constellation Pegasus, and appears like a star of the ninth magnitude, with a pale bluish light. At 11 h. 29 m. 36 sec., Greenwich time, on the 13th, its right ascension was 23 h. 44 m. 45·08 sec., and its North declination 14° 6′ 42·9″; at 8 h. 28 m. 24 sec., on the 14th, its right ascension was 23 h. 44 m. [illegible] sec., and its North declination 13° 50′ 29·3″. Mr. [illegible] says, "This new member of the solar system forms the twelfth of the group of ultra-zodiacal planets, the third of which I have been fortunate enough to discover in the course of a rigorous examination of the heavens." He proposes to name it "Victoria," and to symbolise it by "a star surmounted by a laurel branch."

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

BANKRUPTS.

From the Gazette of August 30. ROBERT BARKER and HENRY DAVEY, Bicester, Oxfordshire, drapers.—WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Hull, painter.—ROBERT M'DOWALL, Worthing, Sussex, draper.—WILLIAM MILLER and ALEXANDER MILLER, Liverpool, and Bootle, Lancashire, wine merchants.—CHARLES PORTER, Bocking, Essex, grocer.—VIRGIL JAMES POWELL, King's Place, Commercial Road East, tobacco manufacturer.—ROBERT SMITH, Liverpool, tavern keeper.—JOHN SNOWBALL, Gateshead, Durham, builder.—SAMUEL WILSON, Wolverhampton, grocer.

September 3. ALFRED CRANSTON, Wimborne Minster Dorsetshire, cabinet maker.—STEPHEN CHARLES LAKEMAN, St. Mildred's Court, City, commission agent.—GEORGE NORTON, Cadford Saint Mary, Wiltshire, plumber.—JAMES PRIESTLEY, Radcliffe, Lancashire, cotton spinner.

September 6. THOMAS BRADLEY, Ranelagh Road, Pimlico, lard refiner.—GEORGE FRIEND, Kidderminster, bookseller.—JOHN STORK, Hull, wine and spirit merchant.—WILLIAM THOMAS, Southrop, Gloucestershire, baker.—WILLIAM WARD, Liverpool, victualler.

September 10. JOSEPH BROWN, Gravesend, grocer.—JOSEPH CHARLES BYRNE, Pall Mall East, and Sun Court, Cornhill, emigration agent.—JOHN DAWSON, Northfleet, Kent; Mitre-court Chambers, Temple; and Clement's-lane, Lombard-street City, shipowner.—RICHARD GADSDEN, Boughton Mill, Northamptonshire, miller.—JOHN HALL, Brighton, victualler.—ISAAC JESSUP, Kingsdown, Kent, farmer.—DANIEL RADFORD and GAD SOUTHALL, Gracechurch-street, City, coal merchants.—SUMMERLAND STANIFORD, Plymouth, innkeeper.

September 13. THOMAS BOOKER, sen. and THOMAS BOOKER, jun. Mark-lane, City, merchants.—CHARLES CUTHBERT, Kennington-cross, corn-dealer.—JAMES HUSSEY, Poole, linen-draper.—WILLIAM JEFFERSON, Hull, painter.—GEORGE KETCHER, Asheldham, Essex, innkeeper.—JAMES TOOVEY, Watford, Hertfordshire, innkeeper.—ROBERT WESTLEY, Greenwich, boot-maker.

September 17. JAMES BENSLEY LARKE, Norwich, draper.—ELIAS MARCUS, Vincent-street, Limehouse, and Stepney, builder.—JOHN SAVILL, St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire, draper.—EDWARD PALFREY SIMMONDS, Highgate, Warwickshire, commercial traveller.—ABRAHAM SOLOMONS, Basinghall-street, City, merchant.—JOSEPH TURNER, Eastbourne, Sussex, grocer.

September 20. JAMES ATKINSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, victualler.—JAMES BENNETT, Hayhill, Berkeley-square, builder.—HENRY WARD FARRER, Old Fish-street, City, wine-merchant.—SAMUEL FRANCE, Bradford, Yorkshire, grocer.—BENJAMIN HOPKINSON BATES, Liverpool, merchant.—WILLIAM HUNTLEY, Hart-street, Covent-garden, licensed victualler.—RICHARD WILSON JEWISON and EDWARD ATKINSON, Charlotte terrace, New Cut, Lambeth, linendrapers.—WILLIAM PIKE, Reading, Berkshire, tobacconist.—FREDERIC VINES and THOMAS KITELEE, Greenwich, millers.—GEORGE WALKER, Philpot-lane, City, merchant.

September 24. MARY BAKEWELL, Manchester, size manufacturer.—RICHARD BATTERSBY and JAMES TELFORD, Liverpool, iron-founders.—JOHN JOWETT and THOMAS JOWETT, Coventry, grocers.—WILLIAM LUPTON LOWE, Salford, Lancashire, victualler.—CHARLES RICHMOND POTTINGER, Hardwick-place, Commercial-road east, wine and spirit merchant.—WILLIAM RICHARDS, Devonport. printer.—JOSEPH SEELIE, Freeschool-street, Horsleydown, rectifier.—JAMES TAYLOR, Rochdale, cotton spinner.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.

Sept. 10.—HENRY ASHBEE, Kingscote, Gloucestershire, innkeeper.

Sept. 20.—WILLIAM ASH, Henry-street, Hampstead-road, plumber.

THE STOCK AND SHARE MARKETS.

City, Sept. 27.

During the early part of the month the business in the English Stock Market was moderately active, but for the last fortnight very little has been done either for speculation or investment, and prices have remained almost stationary. Our last review left Consols at 96⅜ to ½, from which price there was little variation till the 8th inst., when they became rather weaker, and declined to 96. Since then the market has been steadier, and the price is quoted this day 96½ to ⅝. The transfer books of the Reduced 3 per Cents, and the 3¼ per Cents, and two or three other stocks, are shut for the dividend: they will re-open on the 16th Oct.

In the Railway Share Market this has been a month of great excitement and fluctuation. Extensive purchases have been made, and the prices of nearly all the chief stocks have experienced a very considerable rise, which, notwithstanding a [illegible] re-action, is well maintained; the tone of the market to-[illegible] firm, and prices still looking up.

STOCKS.

	Prices during the Month.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
Three per Cent. Consols	96⅝	96	96⅝
Three per Cent. Reduced	97¼	96¾	shut
Three and a quarter per Cents.	99¼	98¾	shut
Long Annuities, Jan. 1860	8 5/16	8¼	shut
Bank Stock	216	213	214
India Stock	267½	264	267½
South Sea Stock	105¾	105½	105¾
Exchequer Bills	68s. prm.	63s. prm	66s. prm.
India Bonds	89s. prm.	83s. prm.	86s. prm.

RAILWAYS.

Paid.		Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
100	Bristol and Exeter	68	61½	68
50	Caledonian	8¾	7¾	8¼
20	Eastern Counties	6¼	5⅞	5⅞
24	Great Northern	11⅞	9½	11¾
100	Great N. of England	242	240	242
100	Great Western	73½	58½	71½
50	Hull and Selby	97½	94½	95
100	Lancashire and Yorkshire	49	39½	47½
50	Leeds and Bradford	96½	92	92
100	London and Brighton	85½	79¼	83¾
100	London and North Western	115½	100¼	114¼
100	London and S. Western	73	62½	69¼
100	Midland	40¾	33	40½
17½	North Staffordshire	7¼	6¼	7
33⅜	South Eastern	20¼	15⅛	20⅛
25	York, Newcastle, and Berwick	16⅞	14⅝	16¼
50	York and North Midland	20¼	15¼	20¼

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Sept. 26.

The corn market has not been characterised by any important movement during the present month. The prices of wheat have been very firm, and the rates for home growth rule at present a shade above those of August. The London weekly averages last announced are as follow:—

Wheat, per quarter, 46*s.* 11*d.*
Oats, 19*s.* 8*d.*
Rye, 28*s.* 1*d.*
Barley, 27*s.* 8*d.*
Beans, 28*s.* 8*d.*
Peas, 32*s.* 1*d.*
Flour, Town made, delivered, per 280 lb., 36*s.* to 38*s.*
„ American, per barrel, of 196 lb., 20*s.* to 24*s.*

PROVISIONS—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Bacon, per cwt.—Waterford, 46*s.* to 58*s.*; Belfast, 48*s.* to 50*s.*
Beef, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2*s.* to 2*s.* 10*d.*
Butter, per cwt., Cork, 1st, 80*s.* to 81*s.*; Carlow, 1st, 76*s.* to 80*s.*; Limerick, 1st, 72*s.* to 76*s.*; prime Dorset, 78*s.* to 82*s.*; Dutch Friesland, 78*s.* to 80*s.*; Fresh, 8*s.* to 10*s.* per 12 lbs.
Cheese, per cwt., new Cheshire, 42*s.* to 67*s.*; new Wiltshire double, 44*s.* to 54*s.*; Dutch, old Gouda, 32*s.* to 36*s.*
Eggs, English, 6*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per 100.
Hams, per cwt.—Limerick, 64*s.* to 70*s.*; Belfast, 58*s.* to 64*s.*; American, dried, 34*s.*; York, 60*s.* to 70*s.*
Mutton, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2*s.* 4*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.*
Potatoes, per ton.—Kent and Essex Regents, 50*s.* to 70*s.*: Shaws, 50*s.* to 60*s.*; Chats, 30*s.*
Pork, per 8 lbs., 2*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.*
Veal, per 8 lbs., 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.*

GROCERY—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Cocoa, per cwt.—Trinidad, 42*s.* to 50*s.*; Brazil, 28*s.* to 29*s.*
Coffee, per cwt.—Native Ceylon, 52*s.*; mid. to good plantation, 57*s.* 6*d.* to 75*s.*; good ord. West India, 42*s.* to 47*s.*; Mocha, 70*s.* to 75*s.*; Brazil, 39*s.* to 47*s.*
Rice, per cwt.—Bengal white, 9*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* 6*d.*; Madras, 8*s.* 6*d.* to 9*s.* 6*d.*; Carolina, 19*s.*
Sago, per cwt.—Pearl, 19*s.* to 24*s.*
Sugar, per cwt.—Loaves, 50*s.* to 51*s.* 6*d.*; brown to good brown Jamaica, 36*s.* to 36*s.* 6*d.*; ditto fine, 40*s.* to 41*s.* 6*d.*: Mauritius, yellow, 35*s.* 6*d.* to 40*s.*; Brazil, brown, 32*s.* to 36*s.*
Tea, per lb. (duty 2*s.* 1*d.*),—Ord. Congou, 11¼*d.*; Souchong, com. to fine, 11*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.*; ord. to fine Hyson, 1*s.* 3*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; Imperial, 1*s.* 3*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.*

Candles, per 12 lbs., 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; Coals, per ton, Wallsend, 15*s.* 9*d.* to 16*s.* 9*d.*

OILS.

Pale Seal, per ton, 36*l.*
Sperm, 83*l.* to 84*l.*
Cod 35*l.*
Olive, Gallipoli, 43*l.*
Pale rape, 37*l.* to 37*l.* 10*s.*
Linseed, 32*l.* 10*s.* to 33*l.*

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Monthly Supplement to "*HOUSEHOLD WORDS*," *Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.*

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

1850.] FROM THE 29TH SEPTEMBER TO THE 28TH OCTOBER. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

THE incidents of the past month are fraught with warning to writers of history. There has been so alarming a succession of events at once strange and humiliating, and the recurrence of crime and disaster has been so revolting and incessant, that, to a statist who should merely aim at effect in the portraiture of a period, and think it fair to seize any fact, however extreme or exceptional, wherewith to form general conclusions, we might seem to have suddenly retrograded from Queen Victoria, Lord John Russell, and Doctor Sumner, to Dick Turpin, Jerry Abershaw, and the Pope. Were it possible to imagine M. Ledru Rollin, for example, inspired for the occasion by a regard to the rights of conscience and property, one might fancy him describing, for a second edition of his *Décadence de l'Angleterre*, the condition of English society, and its results during October 1850, somewhat in the following strain.

"It became at this period perfectly evident that the restraints of order and law, as well as the obligations of conscience, had lost their power over the ill-disposed. With irrepressible and insolent defiance Robbery and Murder stalked through the land. Houses were entered in the metropolis at mid-day, their inmates left half-strangled, and property of singular value carried off without hindrance. Men were waylaid in the public thoroughfares, struck into insensibility, and plundered of all they possessed. Jewellers' shops were stripped in the Strand. In broad day, in Adam Street, Adelphi, a government messenger was stopped and rifled. Highway robbery was committed in St. Paul's churchyard. Infernal machines were delivered by hand in Bermondsey. Houses were entered in the Regent's Park, and only saved from plunder by the timely and gallant resistance of the men and women servants. The counties in closest vicinity with the metropolis were over-run with thieves of the most daring kind. County magistrates went to bed with six-barrelled revolving pistols under their pillows. Bagshot was once more a solitude; and grass grew again on the old Bath road, as in the days when it made smooth trotting for the hoofs of highwaymen's horses.

"All the incidents just mentioned, and all those to be now narrated, occurred within the brief space of three weeks of the distressing period referred to. In the parsonage house of Frimley, a small village within half an hour's ride of the metropolis, a venerable clergyman was murdered in his bed by burglars detected at their midnight practices. In the same county eighteen houses had been similarly entered and robbed, and their inmates treated with violence, in less than the same number of preceding weeks; and in the neighbouring county of West Kent, ten parsonages had been plundered in less than the same number of preceding months. But the fate of the rector of Frimley seemed suddenly to let loose, simultaneously, over all the counties of England, a spirit of outrage without parallel for concentration and intensity. The *Times* devoted column after column to burglaries in the provinces. Durham and Devonshire, Lancashire and Bedford, Bucks and Staffordshire, figured in a single list served up at a morning's breakfast-table. The objects of ruffianly attack embraced prizes as various as the government mail-carts and the meanest huckster's shops; and so flushed were the rogues with their daring success, that they even broke into the Governor's house in the gaol at Worcester, and carried off the plate under the very noses of warders and turnkeys. Nothing was too high, and nothing too low, for the designs of this desperate banditti; nor could their cruelty, when unresisted, be equalled but by their cowardice when resolutely met. A girl of fourteen, armed with a brace of pistols, put some half dozen thieves to flight at Abbotskerswell, in Devon; 'O don't! for God's sake, don't shoot me!' was the supplication of a cringing thief to the butler in the Regent's Park, to which that gallant domestic responded by 'firing at his head;' a youth at Northampton sprang from bed in his shirt upon a burglar armed to the teeth, and pinned him to the earth till assistance came; and one spirited old maid proved too much for a couple of tall ruffians at Swindon in Gloucestershire. But these cases were unhappily rare; for the destruction of life at this lamentable period seemed to have been sought quite as eagerly as the abstraction of property.

"In Birmingham a gold and silver beater was struck and maimed with murderous weapons until supposed to be dead. At Bath the landlord of a tavern, and his wife, were murderously mutilated with a razor. At another hotel in Kendal, an aged dissenting minister was horribly wounded and half suffocated in his bed. A labouring man in Oxfordshire savagely murdered his wife. At a farmer's house in Laugharne two murders were committed within a few days of each other. In another part of South Wales an elderly lady was poisoned for the chance of an inheritance. At a small town in Lincolnshire a ferocious old drunkard, of seventy-three, stabbed to death a youth who would have prevented his murdering his aged partner. At Haverfordwest an old woman was found murdered in a ditch. A murdered infant was picked up in one of the most populous of the London squares; and, in Essex, a poor seduced girl and her unborn infant were mercilessly strangled. 'He has fair hair,' said the reporter of the leading journal of England, describing the seducer and supposed murderer, in the last-mentioned case, 'a brilliant florid complexion, small delicate features, regular in their contour, and a general cast of countenance very expressive of mildness and rustic innocence!' Such was the fashion at this deplorable juncture of speaking of persons charged with the most detestable crimes.

"It cannot of course be thought surprising that the whereabouts of the Police should have become matter

of anxious question, while unchecked and uninhibited violence thus raged throughout the kingdom. The cost of guardianship being not less than 17,000*l.* a year in the county of all others the least effectually guarded, such a question became extremely natural; but, alas! the discovery was soon made, that the paid conservators of order and decency, at this distressing period, had not been able to escape its general demoralisation. Concurrently with the acts just recorded, a series of acts of criminal outrage upon the public peace were proved against its very custodians themselves. While the unhappy goldbeater of Birmingham was under the furious bludgeons of his assailants, two 'experienced officers,' a sub-inspector and a sergeant, were proved to have stood within sight and hearing of the outrage, and, in reply to entreaties from the daughter of the victim, to have refused interference with what might be merely, for what they knew, an act of highly proper chastisement! In the same week, in the centre of English civilisation, three very gross and wicked offences were proved against members of the metropolitan force; and one of its superior officers was charged with manslaughter by a coroner's jury, for having beaten and maltreated to death an industrious inoffensive artisan. But the general disorganisation of society exhibited appearances even more alarming. It was not simply to the lower servants of the law, but to its highest administrators, even to its makers and judges, that the scandal of this unhappy time extended. An Ex-Lord-High-Chancellor of England was fined for unlawful practices with fishing-nets; and a Nobleman in the most exalted rank of the peerage assaulted, without provocation, two wayfaring young collegians whom he encountered by chance (and without his trowsers) in what the law of the land had declared to be a public pathway, but which he insanely imagined he had as much right to shut up, as to lock up his own nether garments.

"Nay, not even here did the marks of universal degradation cease. What had heretofore been considered the most stubborn bulwark of English independence was now discovered to have been equally undermined. A hope prevailed that the daring spirit of burglary would have found some check in the difficulty of disposing of the property and plate which were its spoils; but a man of the highest respectability in the City, a bullion broker of forty years' standing in Barbican, a man who had amassed enormous wealth without forfeiting the respect of his fellow citizens, was suddenly discovered in close correspondence with gangs of provincial burglars, who had thus found safe and unsuspected market for their villainous trade. Nor were encouragements to misdoing in any degree less wanting, either from those who administered what was called justice, or from those in whose behalf it was administered. While magistrates failed properly to discriminate the grades of guilt in criminals, society as little perceived the danger of misplaced sympathy with crime itself. Charitable people with money to bestow, lavished it on those who had yielded to temptation and made poverty the excuse for theft; while the patient and long suffering class whom temptation had found firm, were left to perish on all sides around them. In Staffordshire a labouring man was as heavily punished for setting snares, and beating with a dog, as one of the highway tramps for an act of thieving, as well as beating of a very different order; and, by a bench of Squire Westerns in Westmoreland, the value of a dissenting minister's life seemed to be judged pretty nearly on a par with the worth of a brass pan.

"In short, but for the unquestionable authenticity of the records preserved of this extraordinary crisis in the British history, the relation of it would be utterly incredible. Whether the scene be the heart of the metropolitan city, or the wilds of an Irish county, the inquirer is shocked and disgusted alike by the same absence of all the signs or fruits of civilisation. Children and grown men were dying of absolute starvation in the public roads of the County of Clare, at the very time when crossing-sweepers of Baker Street were leaving large fortunes behind them. St. Luke's in England was filled with people capable of the most rational enjoyments, whose innocent and pleasant recreations the journals duly chronicled; while a parcel of hot-headed Presbyterians and hair-brained Roman Catholics were left free to agitate Ireland for the restoration of her prosperous days, by bawling for the annihilation of every holder of property. The art of Mutuality, or the Means of Trading Without Capital, was at the same time regularly taught in both countries by societies invented for the express purpose of plunder; and four City of London firms with very sounding titles appear to have carried on the invention with moderate success in 'a single apartment in a sort of public house' in St. Martin's Court. All over the counties of England, concurrently with these events, arose the flames of incendiary fires; and even claims the most monstrous were set up to a sort of vested interest in the profits of calamity. A band of fishermen on the Norfolk coast asserted their right to a beneficial share of every wreck upon their shore, by going off in their boats like so many savages of the Pacific, and committing desperate assault on a steamer hired by the owners of the wreck for its rescue. Other as intemperate wretches drank themselves to death from the spoils of a shipwreck washed on the coast of Liverpool; and at the same wreck, on that same full-frequented hospitable coast, even the gallantest, best paid, and till then most unfailing service of humanity was abandoned, and hapless creatures clinging to the sinking shrouds saw their last hope perish within sight of its fulfilment, by the cowardly retreat of the Liverpool life-boat before an ordinarily-tempestuous sea. Even to seamen of the higher rank the panic of the time extended; and the commander of a *steamer in the English channel, after running his ship on its most* formidable reef of rocks with a sacrifice of eleven lives, in a calm sunny day, was the first to desert the ship he had imperilled for the supposed shelter of a boat, which he swamped by suddenly leaping into it in search of despicable safety.

"Do these read like the records of a civilised land? Yet not even here are we permitted to close our reiteration of barbarous events in the same single month of the eighteen hundred and fiftieth year of the Christian dispensation. In this so-called Christian period, a man in a fair way of trade had to answer the indictment of his parish for refusing to support his aged mother; and a lodging-house keeper in Kent Street did not hesitate to dispossess himself of a half-dying tenant, in arrear of rent, by dragging him naked out of his sick bed, bastinadoing him down the stairs with a heavy bludgeon, and thrusting him without covering into the public streets, bleeding and insensible. 'Gruel indeed! what next?' asked the wife of a master-tailor in Whitechapel who was working and starving his apprentice to death, when the lad drooped at length under his labour of near eighteen hours a day, and required other nourishment than 'tea and dripping.' Then, of course, very speedily, the *What next!* came, and the poor creature welcomed it with the affecting cry of 'Oh! God has heard my prayer!' Even children from six to ten years had caught the infection of hardness and guilt, and were as resolute and insolent in the docks of the police courts as the most veteran offenders. Nor this alone with children bred to neglect and shame. Thirty-three boys, well born and carefully nurtured, had to be suddenly removed from one of the most important schools of discipline in the kingdom, with

their characters indelibly blackened. The most appalling stories were also told in the police offices, of public lodging-houses crammed with both sexes in streets behind one of the greatest London thoroughfares, where ninety creatures were wont to pass the night in a house without proper accommodation for nine, and where the rooms overflowed with night-soil. Nor, as if to prove even such horrors capable of aggravation, was there wanting the contrast of scandalous waste beside these pictures of destitute misery. Two or three days after refusing to let a vote be passed for occasional loan of a book from the city library to a studiously-inclined member of corporation, the common councillors of the city of London voted five hundred and twenty-seven thousand pounds for the continued support of the abominations of a cattle market in the heart of their crowded streets!

"What, meanwhile, was the spiritual condition of the country thus overburdened with folly and crime? We may obtain, perhaps, some approximative notion of it by taking the prison commitments of an important county for the twelve months immediately preceding. They exhibit eight hundred and thirty souls made amenable during that time to such laws as prevailed. One-third of those had never attended a place of any kind in which a form of divine worship of any description prevailed. Nearly one-half had never learned to read. Seven hundred and fifty forlorn wretches among the number were found able to repeat the Lord's Prayer, but nearly four hundred of them possessed not the slightest notion of its meaning. Six hundred and twenty-two could repeat the Apostles' Creed, but of these more than one-sixth had no knowledge of the nature, the works, or even the name of Christ. No one, at the same time, could feel the least surprise at this, who knew how the spiritual teachers of the day passed their time, and the subjects in which alone they took interest. They had long abandoned every effort to enlighten the rational beliefs or inculcate the practical duties, for eager discussion of such questions as whether sermons should be delivered in a surplice, or candles lighted at the communion-table; and at what period of the rite of baptism the babe was saved from sin's eternal penalties; and whether Church could act independently of State, and if State had power to sit in judgment on Church? And while the garrison thus quarrelled and disputed, lo! the enemy were thundering at the gates.

"The state of England in the nineteenth century had retrograded, in a word, to that of Britain at the close of the sixth century. Of the latter period the chroniclers record that the clergy seldom troubled themselves much with preaching the faith either to the ignorant Britons or the heathen Saxons, whereupon Pope Gregory the Great was moved by divine inspiration to undertake the conversion of the island by sending over more worthy preachers; and over there came accordingly a monk, subsequently bishop and archbishop, and invested with plenary power over twelve other bishoprics, into which this kingdom was then and there divided by order of his Holiness. After a lapse of twelve centuries and a half, exactly the same thing now occurred; but, unhappily for this offending and miserable people, what in its origin was an effort of retrieval, in its renewal was but the penalty of sin. The intervening centuries counted backward, to depth after depth of degradation; and in more than equal proportion to the blessings of Christianity which Gregory the Great diffused by a movement of divine inspiration, were the scandals of Popery which Pius the Little inflicted by means of Doctor Nicolas Wiseman. No sooner had the new Cardinal Archbishop arrived within the precincts of his Archiepiscopal diocese, than a compact band of infuriated Westminster doctors of the faith about to be displaced, including one archdeacon, five canons, and an infinite number of rectors, vicars, subdeans, precentors, minor canons, professors of divinity, incumbents, and curates, rose *en masse* under the leadership of the Reverend William Sewell, and ———"

Cetera desunt.

So might the history of our time be written, with not a word of falsehood in the facts, and with not a word of truth in the inferences. For let the reader take breath, and continue of good heart. The final sentence against Old England still waits to be pronounced. We have not yet become the serfs of an Italian priest, nor yet are we obliged to beg our daily bread from the barbarous Russian. The cheerful arithmetic of our *Household Words* Lord Granby rejects as distasteful: but to deplore and bemoan a system which is fast ruining the country solely by relieving its pressure of taxation, is an innocent comfort which no one need grudge to that extremely self-sufficient young nobleman. Even Lord Stanley begins to have hopes of us; and to admit that "the agricultural interest" and "the good of the community" may be separable things. It is true that certain elderly authorities which warn us of a plague as the first fruit of next year's Exhibition, also tell us that Free Trade is responsible for all the murders and burglaries. But, on the other hand, the worthy Mr. Recorder Hill discovers an origin for them less far a-field, and has set a number of intelligent writers on an eager discussion of their remedy.

Thus already evil turns to good; and it will be safe to predict that, of the crime whose alarming frequency during the past month struck every one with so much terror, what remains a few months hence will be but the wholesome example of its detection and punishment. For it is not that such depravity in far greater excess has not heretofore existed, but that it has never been seen in such startling contrast to the amendment and better progress of all things else—never tracked with so much vigour, never laid bare with such terrible distinctness. Not to leave undone but to keep unknown, has been of burglars in past days, as of the Venetian ladies in Iago's time, the best virtue; but it is a virtue which cannot co-exist with true and honest Civilisation. Her office is the painful but essential one of compromising no unpleasant reality in favour of a less unpleasant seeming. It is the necessary purification of the Woolwich Academy, which makes its present shame be seen; as it is from the vigilant watchfulness of men no longer tolerant of the least abuse of authority, that the exceptional defects of our system of Police are no longer able to conceal themselves. And infinitely greater and more beneficent are the duties and labours of Civilisation which still wait to be discharged. She has to attend to the neglected and remember the forgotten. She has to direct misplaced sympathy into better channels. She has to connect the enjoyments of wealth and success with the higher sources of content and virtue. In one sense it may be no extravagant charge to attribute to the more rapid means of accumulating wealth increased temptations and facilities for crime. Upon intellectual cultivation depends the worth of material prosperity; and this before every other is the consideration which should occupy the thoughts of all men at present. Religion must be made a practical and intelligible truth; the poor must be taught as well as fed; and to a sound system of Universal Education we must look for our only effective antidote to crime and bigotry. We require no other weapon against the Pope and his Cardinal Archbishop, but most assuredly this weapon will be needed.

NARRATIVE OF POLITICS.

A DEPUTATION from the Ulster *Tenant Right Provincial Committee* waited on Lord Clarendon during his late visit to Belfast, for the purpose of presenting an address. His Lordship declined to receive the deputation, on the ground of his engagements, but a copy of the address was transmitted to him; and the following reply, dated the 18th of September, was sent by his private secretary:—"Gentlemen,—I am directed by the Lord-Lieutenant to thank you for your address, congratulating him upon his visit to the north, and expressing your dutiful attachment to Her Majesty. His Excellency observed with extreme satisfaction the agricultural and manufacturing prosperity that prevailed throughout the district to which you more particularly called his attention; but he forbears to enter into any analysis of the causes which have contributed to this happy state of things, respecting which a variety of opinions must necessarily exist. His Excellency considers, also, that it would be improper, on his part, in replying to your address, to discuss the relations that should subsist between landord and tenant, as the question will be brought under the consideration of parliament next session; and you may rest assured that it is the earnest desire of Her Majesty's Government to promote such an arrangement as may be satisfactory to all parties concerned. The Lord-Lieutenant is much gratified at learning that you do not assume the attitude of complainants against any class of our fellow subjects, as he cannot doubt that temperate discussion and a careful abstinence on all sides from offence and irritation, will greatly facilitate the adjustment of this important question. The agricultural body you represent must be well aware that landlords and tenants are mutually dependent on each other; that their interests are identified, and can never be separated without reciprocal injury; but his Excellency is convinced that in Ireland, as elsewhere, respect for the rights of property will be found perfectly compatible with that security and confidence upon which the profitable investment of capital must depend."

Mr. Nicholas Maher, one of the members for Tipperary, and a large landed proprietor in that county, and the Hon. Cecil Lawless, member for Clonmel, and son of Lord Cloncurry, have given in their unconditional allegiance to the principles of the Tenant League.

The *Durham Agricultural Society* held its annual meeting on the 3rd inst. The most remarkable feature of the proceedings was the speech of the Duke of Cleveland, a conservative and protectionist, who, on this occasion, putting aside the usual views of his party, inculcated the necessity of every sort of exertion on the part of the farmers; telling them that, by discarding their antiquated modes of cultivation, they may make the land bear double the produce now generally raised from it.

At a meeting of the *Bury Agricultural Association* on the 4th, Lord Stanley, the chairman, made a speech which was remarkable as containing a retractation of the opinion he had expressed in the House of Peers, that the recent free trade legislation had altogether swamped the energies of the farmer, and brought both him and the landlord to ruin. He now congratulated his audience on the spirit of agricultural improvement and expenditure which he saw around him, and expressed his confident belief that that spirit, and that expenditure, would be equally beneficial to landlord and tenant. He entreated them not to relax in their efforts. "Let the zeal," he said, "which you have manifested in the first instance be continued, as I am sure it will. Let the landlord and the tenant, let the merchant and the agriculturist, pull together in a joint endeavour after our common prosperity; and believe me, that we shall insure, in spite of all discouragement and difficulty, great and gratifying success."

A great gathering of the *Essex Protectionists* took place on the 9th, the occasion being the annual dinner of the Saffron Walden Agricultural Association. The principal speakers were Major Beresford, one of the county members, and the Rev. Mordaunt Barnard, rector of Little Bardfield. The rev. gentleman, in acknowledging the "health of the bishop and clergy," said, that at a meeting which had been recently held in a neighbouring county, the clergy had been compared to rooks. The clergy were certainly birds which once or twice in the year eat some of the corn—he did not mean to say they eat one-tenth part—and he was quite sure the farmers did not grudge them their share. At all events, he trusted they would not attempt to cut down those tall and ancestral trees in which the clergy had built their nests." Both speakers ridiculed the idea of "high farming," and contended that no kind of high farming, at the present prices, could save farmers from ruinous loss, doctrines which seemed to receive the unanimous assent of the meeting.

The *Tenant League* held a monster meeting at Navan, the capital of Meath county, on the 10th. Some fifteen thousand are said to have been present, chiefly tenant-farmers. Mr. Columbus Drake, J. P., presided; Mr. Sharman Crawford, M. P., was the most notable speaker. Mr. Crawford claimed the League's principle of adjusting the relations of landlord and tenant by valuation, as his own; founding its justice on the fact that in Ireland the relation of landlord and tenant is such as to render necessary a protection against extortionable bargains about the land, which is not necessary in bargains about other matters. Contemning, at his time of life, the charge of popularity-hunting, he pledged himself to do everything he could, in Parliament or out of it, to obtain for the tenants their rights. A letter from Mr. Henry Grattan, M.P., refused a "pledge to any particular body of men, or any set of principles they may adopt;" and one from Mr. Corbally, M. P., expressed a belief that "the proceedings of the Tenant-Right Conference have materially injured a good and just cause."

The annual aggregate meeting of the *Parliamentary and Financial Reform Association* was held on the 14th in the London Tavern. The meeting was crowded. Sir Joshua Walmsley was in the chair, and the principal speakers (besides the chairman) were Mr. Scarle, Mr. W. J. Fox, Mr. Hume, Colonel Thompson, and Mr. Feargus O'Connor. The leading resolution (which, with the others, was passed unanimously) was—"That, on a deliberate review of the proceedings of the last session of Parliament, this meeting feels called upon to express its strong dissatisfaction with many of the votes of public money—votes altogether unwarranted by the reasons assigned for them, or by the financial condition of the country; that, connecting these votes with the neglect of numbers of petitions from the people for Parliamentary and other reforms at home; the disregard of general and just complaints from our fellow-subjects in the colonies abroad; the continuance of heavy and oppressive taxation, and the maintenance of overgrown and unnecessary establishments; this meeting is deeply impressed with the necessity for a radical reform in the Commons' House of Parliament, for the purpose of giving to the people a constitutional control over the proceedings of that assembly, and, consequently, over the taxation and expenditure of the country."

At the Waltham Agricultural Society's Annual Meeting, on the 19th, there was an excellent *Show of Stock*, followed, as usual, by a dinner, at which the Marquis of Granby presided, supported by a number of the neighbouring landlords and clergy. Unlike the speakers at some of the previous meetings this season, the noble Marquis stoutly maintained the old protectionist doctrines, which, he affirmed, were still held to their full extent by Lord Stanley. Among the other topics of his speech, was the present cry for financial reform, which, he held, is a consequence of the distress caused by free trade. "What is the meaning (he said) of this crying out from one side of England to the other for diminishing the expenditure? What is it but that the people are now feeling the pressure of taxation much heavier than they have ever done before? Dickens, in a late work, said that in 1815 the taxes of the country were at the rate of *5l. 4s. 10d.* for each man, but that now it is 2*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*, about one-half. If that be the case—if taxes are only one-half of what they were then, how is it that there is this outcry for a reduction of taxation? The system which is now being carried on is ruining the country and destroying her vitality together with her best interests." He concluded by advising the farmers to cultivate their land as well as possible, and by referring to the next general election as the period

when they might secure representatives of sound principles.

From the *Revenue Returns* to the 10th of October, it appears that the net produce of the revenue for the year preceding that date, was 48,743,043*l.*; and that for the year preceding 10th of October 1840, it was 48,272,335*l.*; the *increase* on the year being 470,708*l.* For the quarter ending 10th October 1850, the revenue was 13,192,458*l.*; for the corresponding quarter of 1849, 13,610,561*l.*; *decrease* 418,103*l.* This decrease is accounted for chiefly by the repeal of the duty on bricks, which, in the corresponding quarter of 1849, amounted to 240,000*l.*; and by the diminution of 179,719*l.* on the Stamp duties, owing to two causes. Last year the discount previously given on receipt and certain other stamps was reduced, the reduction taking place on October 10, 1849. This created a great demand immediately before that date. On the other hand, the new Stamps act, reducing the duties, has come into operation this month, and the public have very generally put off to the new quarter the purchase of stamps for legal documents.

A return to Parliament just issued contains a list of *Sinecure Benefices* in England and Wales, with the name of the patron and incumbent, and the annual value and population of each. It appears that there are fifty-seven sinecure benefices, of which eighteen are in the diocese of Norwich. The annual value of these benefices ranges from 10*l.* to 1125*l.* In some of the places there are no churches, and in others the churches are in a dilapidated state. The population in some of the sinecure benefices exceeds one thousand souls.

The *Sales of Encumbered Estates* were resumed at Dublin on the 22nd; on which day seven estates were sold, of the aggregate value of 50,000*l.*

The Committee of Prelates appointed by the Synod of Thurles to carry into execution the project of establishing a *Catholic University in Ireland*, on the model of the Catholic University at Louvain, have resolved that regular monthly collections, on the plan of that for the propagation of the faith, be made throughout the kingdom by local committees, of which the parochial clergy are to be ex-officio members. They have published a long address to the Catholics of Ireland, insisting on the grave evils to faith and morals of separating religion from secular education, and calling loudly for support to their projected establishment.

Mr. Herbert Watkin Williams Wynn has been elected member for Montgomeryshire, in the room of his uncle, the late Mr. Charles Watkin Williams Wynn.

On the 4th, Mr. Loftus Wigram was elected member for the University of Cambridge without opposition, Mr. Cowling having previously withdrawn from the contest.

Mr. Booker, a protectionist, has been elected member for the County of Hereford, in the room of the late Mr. Bailey.

NARRATIVE OF LAW AND CRIME.

MR. CURETON, of the British Museum, was *Robbed and nearly Murdered* in an extraordinary manner on the 20th ult. Mr. Cureton lodges on the second floor of a house in Aldersgate Street. In the afternoon three men, fashionably dressed, inquired for him in the lower part of the house, and were directed to go up-stairs; they did so, and in about a quarter of an hour descended, and left the place. A few minutes later, a Mrs. Wilson took some milk for Mr. Cureton's tea, and on entering his room she found him extended on the floor, insensible, his face quite black, and blood flowing from a wound in his forehead. Seven hours elapsed before Mr. Cureton was restored to consciousness. He then intimated that he had been robbed. It seems that the three men pretended that they wished to purchase a crown-piece of William and Mary. Mr. Cureton showed them one. While two of the gang were inspecting it, the third stood by the door—probably watching if any one ascended the stairs. Mr. Cureton turned to ask him to be seated; at that instant an instrument was pressed round his throat, depriving him of all power; and he was struck a violent blow over the right eye which made him fall senseless. Then, it appears, the villains ransacked the place; carrying off a watch, a diamond pin, a box of cigars, and old coins worth from 300*l.* to 400*l.* as antiques, but not so many shillings if melted down for silver. It is supposed that the vice in which Mr. Cureton's neck was grasped was formed of two "life-preservers" tied together at one end. Fortunately the villains missed the most valuable articles; having overlooked a number of gold coins while sweeping away the silver ones. Two rewards were offered for their conviction—50*l.* by Government and 50*l.* by Mr. Cureton.—On the 2nd instant the police produced Henry Denham, a rough-looking young man, at the Mansion House, and charged him with having been concerned in the robbery and outrage. It seems that this person is a thief, and has been convicted; and the police had received information that he was one of the robbers. Mrs. Wilson, who lives in the house where Mr. Cureton lodges, and who admitted the three men on the 20th of September, stated that she could not swear to the prisoner, but she believed that he was the last of the three who entered the house. The noise of the violence and robbery had attracted the attention of Mrs. Edwards, who lives in the first floor; and as Mr. Cureton was usually very quiet, she went to speak to Mrs. Wilson about the noise, but could not find her. Mrs. Edwards saw the three ruffians descend the stairs; but, unfortunately, did not particularly notice them. Denham protested his innocence, and said he was an out-patient at St. Thomas's Hospital at the time of the robbery. He was remanded and brought up for further examination on the 9th, when he was again remanded for the production of additional evidence; and the magistrate directed him to be placed in the infirmary as he complained of illness. While he was being removed, the magistrate was informed that a gentleman was in court who had recognised him as one of a gang who made an attack on him similar to that which had been made on Mr. Cureton. The prisoner was again placed at the bar, and a gentleman presented himself in a state of great agitation. He stated that his name was Thomas Miller, a colourman in Longacre: that about a month ago an attempt was made to rob him as he was returning home about midnight; he was seized by three or four men, who caught him round the throat with an instrument like a walking-stick, made of gut or some pliable substance; he felt suffocated, and was thrown with violence on the kerb-stone, one of his teeth being broken and his chin severely hurt. Alderman Gibbs: Look at the prisoner at the bar, and say whether you know anything about him? Witness. I have no hesitation in saying that the prisoner is one of those who attacked me. I have a recollection of his face from the strong reflection from the gas-lamp upon it. My recollection was so strong that the moment I looked at him at the bar I was almost ready to sink. The Prisoner. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! how wicked! Alderman Gibbs: Do you apprehend that he was the man who put the instrument round your neck? Witness. I do. Alderman Gibbs: Did you lose any property? Witness. No; my pockets were tightly buttoned up. I struggled, and struck one of my assailants, and I think I must have marked his face with my knuckles. Alderman Gibbs: How many were at you, to the best of your belief? Witness. I believe there were three at me, and that one was on the look out. When I was assaulted, it was a quarter past twelve o'clock to a moment. The Prisoner. Oh, it's a cruel thing—a most cruel thing. No sooner does one charge fail than another wicked charge is brought on. Oh, I was not out of my bed at the time he speaks of. I was seriously ill at the time, and I can prove it. Witness: I wish to see the prisoner with his hat on his head. The prisoner put on his hat. Witness (having looked steadfastly at the prisoner). I cannot alter my opinion as to his identity. The Prisoner: It was only a few moments ago I had my solicitor here. Why was not this charge brought forward in his presence? Oh, you may as well hang a dog as give him a bad name. I know nothing at all about these wicked charges. The prisoner was then removed from the bar. On the 16th Denham was re-examined, and committed on the charge of assailing Mr. Miller.

A coroner's inquest, held on the 24th of September on the body of a young man named Stendon, who was found dead on board the Lady Sale, a merchant brig, when

she arrived at the West India Docks, produced some striking disclosures as to the *Sanitary Condition of the Vessel*. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased was a butler, in the service of a gentleman at Gambia, and that in July last he engaged with the master of the Lady Sale, to allow him to work his passage to England. When the vessel left the River Gambia the crew consisted of eleven men, including the master and mate. The day after her departure it was found impossible to go below deck, in consequence of the steam and heat arising from ground cocoa-nuts, and the stench from undried mahogany. The crew were, therefore, obliged to remain on deck day and night, and get their berths where they could. The effect was, that the whole were more or less attacked with fever. Six of them, among whom was the deceased, were unable to work the ship. The corned beef was also so bad as to be unfit for human food. The crew remained thus exposed three parts of the passage. There was no surgeon on board, but every assistance was afforded by the mate and steward, who gave the invalids sago, arrowroot, gruel, and jalap. There were only twenty-four bottles of wine in the ship's stores, of which but ten were appropriated to the sick. One seaman died on the passage from exhaustion. When the vessel reached Cork, five sailors were put ashore, and placed in the hospital. In ten days they were thought to be sufficiently recovered to be able to continue the voyage. In two days after the ship left Cork they were again taken ill. The deceased soon became delirious, and frequently got on deck nearly naked. He was attacked with dysentery, and the forecastle, where his berth was, emitted such an effluvium, that no one would enter it. When the ship had gone into the West India Dock Basin, he was found dead in the forecastle. Had the ship been detained by contrary winds in the Channel, the mate stated that he had no doubt but that all the men who were in the hospital at Cork would have died. The verdict was—"That the deceased died of an attack of dysentery, and the jury regret that better accommodation and attention were not ordered for the deceased on board the ship."

An inquest was held on the 25th and 26th of September, on two of the persons who perished by *The Wreck of the Superb*. Joseph Johnson, the engineer, stated that that the vessel had never passed so near the rocks before; he did not know why they took that course on the present occasion. When the steamer struck, the cutter Jupiter was six or seven miles distant, and she bore down to the aid of the Superb. The passengers and their luggage were taken on board in a boat, a portion at a time; and at a later period the crew also quitted the wreck, after saving what they could. Thirty feet of the stern of the Superb went under water when she struck. Amy, a sailor, stated that Fleming, the mate, was at the wheel at the time of the disaster. He told Amy he was going to pass through the rocks, as he had done several times in the Camilla. Priaulx, the master, cried out twice, "Port!" but Fleming took no heed; Priaulx again shouted "Port!" Fleming then obeyed, but the vessel struck directly after. Mollet, a sailor, said he let down the small boat and jumped into it; numbers followed; the plugs were out and it filled. It was imprudent to attempt the passage through the rocks. "We were in the habit of taking three boats out with us, but we had then only two. Our long-boat was about nine or ten feet long, and would hold ten or twelve persons; the other, four or five." Gaudin, the second mate, stated that he was one of the persons who got into the other boat; that, too, had no plug, but Gaudin kept the water out with his foot. When there were fifteen or eighteen people in the boat, the master, Priaulx, leapt into it, and caused it to capsize; but for that, the mate thought all the people in the boat would have been saved. Thomas Hamon, a fisherman, detailed how he saved some persons who were struggling in the water. He has known the rocks for thirty years, and they are not the least practicable for a steamer. Priaulx told him he took that unusual course to show his passengers the wrecked Polka. Several passengers gave evidence, principally narrating their own adventures. The jury returned a verdict, ascribing the wreck to culpable imprudence on the part of Captain Priaulx, and also charging Fleming the mate with imprudence. In consequence of this verdict the master and mate were arrested, and found bail of 100*l*. each for their appearance when called on to answer the charges to be preferred against them in the royal court of Jersey.

A boy of about eleven years old, called Joseph Bean, was brought before the sitting magistrate at the Mansion House on the 27th of September, upon a charge of *Robbery*. The wretched child had been frequently committed to prison for theft, and been twice whipped by the direction of the magistrate, and the sentence had been regularly recorded. The case was the first heard in the court under the new Juvenile Prisoners Act. The magistrate said, it was his duty, under the new act, to ask the prisoner or the person who answered for him, whether it was wished that a summary sentence should be passed, or that the case should be sent for trial to the Central Criminal Court. The father of the boy said his child was, in his opinion, quite incorrigible, and it would, therefore, be advisable to send him to be disposed of at the Old Bailey. The magistrate regretted the obligation upon him to commit the boy for trial, as summary conviction presented in such a case much greater chances of reformation. The prisoner's father said he had been completely beggared by the boy, and persevered in his desire to see the case before a jury. The boy was accordingly committed for trial.

The Rev. Mr. Hollest, Perpetual Curate of Frimley Grove, was *Murdered* on the 27th of September, by robbers, who broke into his house in the dead of night. Frimley Grove is a small village, about a mile and a half from the Farnborough Station of the South-Western Railway. Mr Hollest was in his fifty-fourth year; he had held the curacy for seventeen years, and was universally respected. He lived in an old-fashioned brick-house standing in its own grounds, and distant about a hundred yards from any other house. On the night in question, there were in the house Mr. and Mrs. Hollest, their two sons, youths of fourteen and fifteen, who were at home from school, a man-servant and two maid-servants. Mr. and Mrs. Hollest slept on the first-floor. About three o'clock in the morning, they were awakened by a noise in the room; and saw two masked figures standing at the foot of the bed, with lights. Mr. Hollest thought it a trick of his sons, and good-naturedly chided them for the unseasonable hour they had chosen. Mrs. Hollest was not so deceived, and screamed in terror. The men instantly seized them both, and, with pistols pointed at their heads, declared that if they made the slightest noise they would blow their brains out. Mrs. Hollest struggled hard, and at length succeeded in slipping out of bed and seizing a bell-rope; upon which her assailant rushed round to the side of the bed, threw himself upon her with such force as to snap the bell-rope asunder, and continued to stand over her with his pistol pointed to her face. Mr. Hollest, who was a strong and active man, struggled with the villain who stood over him, and getting out of bed, was in the act of stooping down to reach the poker from the fireplace, when his assailant fired, and wounded him in the abdomen. Mr. Hollest was not aware at first that he had been struck, and continued to grapple with the robber, endeavouring to prevent his escape. The report of the pistol alarmed the miscreant who was standing over Mrs. Hollest, and he left her for a moment and joined his companion. Finding herself released, she rushed to the fireplace, and, seizing a large hand-bell, swung it to and fro several times. The villains almost immediately left the apartment; and, descending the staircase, hastened out of the house by the front-door. Mr. Hollest seized a loaded gun, ran down stairs, and fired at three men who were running across a lawn; but, it appears, without effect. On returning up-stairs, Mr. Hollest first discovered that he was wounded. He got into bed, and sent the man-servant for constables and a doctor. Examination of the premises showed that the robbers had entered by a scullery-window, and then forced an entrance into the kitchen. They had set all the doors open, and fastened them back, so that they might easily retreat. They carried off much plunder. When Mr. Davies, the family-surgeon, examined Mr. Hollest, he at once foresaw a fatal issue. The patient's sufferings were intense; and at noon on Sunday, the 29th, it was announced to him that death was approaching. He

received the intelligence with Christian resignation; took an affectionate leave of his family and servants; expressed a desire to partake of the sacrament, which was administered to him by a clerical friend and neighbour; and he expired, in a state of almost unconscious exhaustion, between eight and nine o'clock on Sunday evening. An officer of the Detective force was sent from London to aid the local police; and on Sunday evening three men, calling themselves Smith, Jones, and Harwood were apprehended at Guildford. They were known as daring thieves who had been several times in custody before. Government offered 100*l*., and the family of Mr. Hollest 50*l*. for the conviction of the criminals. An inquest was begun on the 30th. The facts above stated were proved; and Mary Gouldstone, a servant of Mr. Mayberry, a surgeon at Frimley Grove, identified Smith and Jones as two of three men whom she saw talking on a grass-plat before her master's house at half-past twelve on Friday night. Smith and Jones denied this; saying they could bring witnesses to prove they were not at Frimley. The inquest was adjourned for a week.—Samuel Harwood, a brother of the man already in custody, was arrested subsequently. A keeper found in a plantation the masks worn by the men, made of green baize; and a piece of corresponding baize was found in Samuel Harwood's house. The inquest was resumed on the 8th, and again adjourned to the 22nd.—On the 12th the prisoners were examined before the magistrates of the county. The reporters for a number of newspapers attended, but were refused admission. The principal witness was Mrs. Hollest, who had been likewise examined before the inquest. Her deposition, it is stated, contained a remarkable fact relative to a copper token found in the pocket of one of the prisoners, which she positively identified as a coin that had been paid to her a few days previously to the murder, by a Miss Bulpin, the village school-mistress, and which was stolen, with other copper moneys, by the thieves. This token formed the weekly payment of one of the little school-girls to a provident fund for purchasing clothes, set on foot in Frimley by Mrs. Hollest. It was paid to Miss Bulpin, the schoolmistress, by the little girl, and handed over a few hours afterwards by her to Mrs. Hollest, with the remark that it was a very odd looking penny. Miss Bulpin added, that she did not think it would pass; but Mrs. Hollest expressing her belief that it would, showed it to Mr. Hollest, remarking to him, that "they had not paid much respect to poor King George's nose" (the nose on the profile of King George is much scratched and battered). Mrs. Hollest then put the token with other moneys into a bag, where she was in the habit of keeping the "clothes fund," and there it remained up to the night of the murder.

The investigation was resumed on the 18th. In the meantime Hiram Smith had volunteered a confession of his own guilt, involving also his associates; and his statement had been taken down by Mr. Keene, the governor of the gaol, and police-sergeant Hollington. The other prisoners were kept in total ignorance of this circumstance. When brought for further examination, the four prisoners were placed in a semicircle before the magistrates, separated from each other by turnkeys, that all possibility of their communicating with each other might be cut off. The magistrates went through all the steps of the evidence against the prisoners, independently of the confession, as if that had not been made; and Hiram Smith put questions to the witnesses as if he had made no confession. The evidence concerning the confession begun with the statement of Sergeant Hollington, that "on Monday last the 14th inst," in consequence of what had passed on the previous day between Smith and the governor, Mr. Keene, "Smith was brought into the room where they were then assembled." Levi Harwood here glanced rapidly and suspiciously at Smith, whose eyes were fixed on the ground. Jones looked doggedly forward, turning his eyes neither to the right nor to the left; while Samuel Harwood, whose face became suddenly pale with apprehension, gazed with an alarmed expression at the chairman. The chairman—"What passed?" The witness—"Mr. Keene said to the prisoner, 'Here is Mr. Hollington.' Smith then wanted to see one of the handbills, but Mr. Keene had no copy, and he therefore produced the *Hue and Cry*. I afterwards sent for a bill, which the prisoner read himself. He then wanted to know the meaning of the word 'accomplice;' and we told him that he must use his own judgment. He also wished to know whether the promise of pardon in the bill would be acted up to if he were to 'peach.' We told him that he had the bill before him, and must use his own judgment. Neither of us held out any hope to him founded thereon; but he said that he saw it was plain, and he would therefore make a statement." [Levi Harwood again directed a rapid but furious look at the prisoner Smith.] He had been cautioned several times, and told that his words would be taken down and used against him; but he answered, "Every man is bound to take care of himself;" and made the statement which Sergeant Hollington took down, and which was now read to the court. It was to the effect that the robbery was planned by Smith himself and the three other prisoners, and gave a minute detail of the outrage, corresponding to the circumstances which had already transpired. It declared that Levi Harwood was the person who fired the fatal shot at Mr. Hollest. It added, that, after the robbery and murder, they went to Kingston, and that Levi Harwood then went to London to dispose of the booty. While this document was read by the clerk to the magistrates, Smith remained with his eyes fixed on the ground. Levi Harwood swung himself to and fro occasionally, and shot looks full of the most savage anger at his approver-accomplice; his hands all the time being deeply buried in his breeches-pockets, as if to restrain himself from some act of violence. Jones scowled fiercely forward; and Samuel Harwood looked more and more alarmed. When the reading of the confession had terminated, Levi Harwood exclaimed, though in a subdued tone of voice—"It is all false what he says, gentlemen, all of it." The chairman observed, that the confession was important evidence against Smith himself: whether it affected any one else would be matter for future consideration. Smith—"It 's all true, every word of it." Mr. Keene's written account of the confession was then handed in and read: it agreed exactly with that of Sergeant Hollington. Smith repeated—"It 's the truth, and ne'er a one of them can deny it." Levi Harwood—"I can deny it, for I don't know anything about it." Smith, with an air of astonishment on seeing the preparations making for the removal of himself as well as his associates, here asked the chairman whether he was to be locked up as he used to be? The chairman—"Certainly. What you have said is strong evidence against yourself." Jones then, for the first time since the announcement of the confession, turned towards Smith, and in a voice rendered hoarse by the vehemence of his passions, said, "I hope you will get shot yourself some day for what you have said." The prisoners were remanded, and removed; Levi Harwood vehemently protesting that Smith was a liar. The adjourned coroner's inquest was resumed on the 22nd. Among the other evidence brought forward was the confession of Hiram Smith. The inquiry was again adjourned to the 29th.

In July last a daring *Robbery* was committed in Northgate, one of the principal streets of Halifax, by a party of very expert thieves, who entered the premises of Mr. Lewis Balerna, watchmaker and jeweller, during the night, and cleared the premises of upwards of 50 silver watches, 11 gold watches, 320 fancy gold rings, 30 diamond rings and a great quantity of articles of jewellery. A reward of 50*l*. was at the time offered for the conviction of any of the thieves, but no trace of them, or of the property stolen, was gained until Sunday the 29th of September. On that day Mr. Beswick, the chief superintendent of the Manchester detective force, received some information which led him to visit a house in Ashley Lane, Manchester, where he found a large box, which had been left there by a woman who called herself Ellen Moult, and which contained forty-four gold and silver watches, a large number of gold pins, and other articles, many of which he recognised as the produce of the Halifax robbery. Next day he went to Liverpool, and discovered that Ellen Moult had been living there as the wife of a man named Hawkins. She had been arrested on suspicion of felony by the Liver-

pool police, but no charge being made out against her she was set at liberty. He at once recognised her as one of the most notorious thieves in the district, whose real name was Amelia Wade, but who had found it convenient on many occasions to adopt an *alias*. She was of course taken into custody, and it is believed that three men, in custody on another charge at Liverpool, were concerned in the robbery.

At the Mansion House on the 30th of September, William Lefevre, a child of ten years old, was charged with having attempted *to pick Pockets*. His impudence was remarkable; he had been observed by a labouring man together with two other boys, endeavouring to pick pockets, and he appeared to be the most active of the little gang. The witness followed them for some time, and at last saw the prisoner dexterously slip his hand into a woman's pocket, but as he pulled it out empty, the man merely gave him a slap on the side of the head, and told him to be off. "Off!" said the boy, squaring up to him, "do you cut away with you, or I'll knock in the whole front of your head; blest if I don't." The witness was not much astonished at the language, for he had seen the prisoner and his companions before, but having thought proper to pursue them further, and prevent them from going into a halfpenny steamer, the young fellow said, "Well, I see there's no use in talking, and I certainly will pitch into your breadbasket, old fellow." And he threw himself into position, and said he was all right in pluck. Alderman Gibbs: What have you to say, prisoner? The prisoner: I was only playing about with other boys, when this man, who isn't a policeman, came up and threatened us. I told him I was able to fight him, and he wouldn't have me; that's all. He was remanded.

Alexander Minginoria, a Pole in the uniform of a French soldier, was charged at Marlborough Street on the 30th September, with *Begging in Shops*. He gave an account of himself, from which it appeared that he had fought against Russia in 1834, and for this he had been exiled. He went to France, entered their service, and was sent to Algeria. In that colony he had spent the best years of his life; and when he returned to France the revolution had occurred and a republic had been established. The French government had come to the resolution to expel foreigners from that country. Accordingly he was peremptorily required to quit the country of his adoption, and for which he had fought for so many years. A free pass and a free passage were provided for him, and he was landed on the shores of England without a sixpence. The secretary of the Polish Society, who was in attendance, said he could corroborate one portion of the defendant's story, as far as the extradition of Poles from France was concerned. Within a very few months he could prove that 200 destitute Poles had been driven from France by the French Republic, and had been landed penniless on the shores of England. It was monstrous such a system should be permitted. He believed the fact had been communicated to Lord Palmerston, but he was not aware whether any steps had been taken to check the evil. The magistrate concurred in condemning a proceeding that had the effect of driving these poor foreigners from a country on which they had some claim, to a country on which they had no claim whatever. The secretary said, the public grant for the relief of the distressed Poles had ceased, the English nation having naturally become tired of giving alms to the refugees. There was, however, 1200*l.* subscribed privately for the relief of the Poles, and out of this fund a passage to America would be furnished to the defendant. The magistrate gave the poor man 5*s.* for temporary relief.

At Bow Street on the 1st of October, Theodore Staines, who was described as editor of a weekly paper, and said he was a novel-writer for certain periodicals, was charged with two *Savage Assaults* in Long Acre, while in a state of intoxication. He had been walking in Long Acre after midnight with a gigantic walking-stick, which he flourished indiscriminately over the heads of unoffending by-passers. A carpenter named George received a smart blow on the head, and the constable who apprehended him was kicked, struck, and bitten by him on the way to the station. He expressed his regret at what had happened. He had now no recollection of it. Owing to a long absence on the continent, he was unused to English liquors, and a very little had effect. The stick produced was a curiosity, which he had brought from abroad. He hoped his "brethren of the press," as he called the reporters, would not expose him. The magistrate advised him to keep his "curiosity" at home for the future, and fined him 30*s.*, or a fortnight's imprisonment, for the assault on George. For the assault on the constable he was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment without the option of paying a fine.

A *Lunacy Case*, curious for the technical objection which was the subject of preliminary discussion, was decided at Dumfries on the 3rd. The subject of investigation was the state of mind of Mr. Pulteney William Mein, eldest son of Pulteney Mein, Esq., of Canobie. The pleadings, or "*brieves*," as they are termed, described the party as *maximus filius*. This description was objected to on the part of the defendant, as being misdescriptive. It was contended that *maximus filius* would have been a good description of the *largest* son, but, to describe the eldest, the words should have been *maximus natu*. The objection was overruled, and the case proceeded on the merits, when, after an inquiry of three days, the jury found a verdict *cognoscing* Mr. Mein, in other words finding him insane.

On the 3rd, an inquest was held at Milntown, in the county of Clare, on the body of Dennis Kearin, a pauper boy of eleven years old, who had *Died on the Road* between the Milntown auxiliary workhouse and the Ennistymon workhouse. The board of guardians had ordered the paupers in the auxiliary workhouse to be inspected. At six o'clock in the morning, on a very bad day, 85 boys, 14 men, and 3 women, set out and walked to Ennistymon, a distance of fourteen Irish miles; were inspected, and set out again on their return, without having tasted food since their departure in the morning. They were exhausted with cold and hunger, and the boy Kearin fell down and expired on the spot. One of the witnesses, a resident in Milntown, who met the party of paupers as they were straggling along in the evening, gave the following description of their condition: I was on my way home to Milntown, from Ennistymon Fair. I observed a man up against the wall on the side of the road; I asked him what he wanted there, and he told me he was weak and not able to walk. I came on then, and met another man on the road, who walked a few steps with me and said his sight was darkening, he was so weak from hunger. I met a number of the boys further on; I asked them were they able to walk home; some were, and some were weak. I met another boy further on, and he having a sheaf of beans under his arm, he and I came to the road as far as Mr. Kearin's bridge. We met with more of the boys, and he stopped along with them. I came on, when I met three other boys; and one of them was trying to bring another boy who was not able to walk; it was then dark, I took the little boy that was weak by the arm, and led him along with the other boy. I did not go far when the other boy told me he was falling dead with weakness. I took him in like manner by the hand, and had both the boys then by the arms. I led them both on until we came to Clonbonny Bridge. I took off their hands there, and had to turn aside from them, when I heard a cry, and I took the chaps by the hands and went on. I saw a little boy staggering before I could come up to him. He was dashed against the wall. I asked one of the little boys that was with me to take up the boy that fell. He said he could not—that he was dead. I came on, and did not look after the boy that fell. I heard the sound of his skull against the wall. I saw no person with him. The boys I had, told me several times they were hungry. All the boys I spoke to were pauper boys. They were sent from Milntown Auxiliary Workhouse to Ennistymon Workhouse. I asked them, did they get anything to eat at Ennistymon house? They said, No. They told me they ate a few spoons of stirabout that morning for breakfast at six o'clock. The jury returned the following verdict:—We find that Dennis Kearin, aged eleven years, came by his death on Monday night, September 30th, on his way from the Ennistymon Workhouse to the Auxiliary House at Milntown from exhaustion, for want of food, and exposure to cold, and from the neglect of the officers

connected with the parent house and auxiliary house at Milntown, together with the neglect of the Ballyvoughan guardians. The Government have ordered a magisterial investigation into this affair, the result of which is not yet known.

A thrice adjourned *Inquest* on the body of James Geary, a young Irish labourer, was terminated on the 4th. It appeared from the evidence that Geary had died on the previous Sunday. About one o'clock on Sunday morning, the 19th of August, he was attacked by the police near the court where he lived, adjoining Burial-ground Lane. The police beat him about the head and shoulders with their staves, and as he lay on the pathway with his head hanging over the kerb-stone, one policeman held him by the collar and another knelt on his chest; after which they pulled him up and dashed him against the railing, when Sergeant Bushell struck him across the arms and legs with his staff, and while they dragged him to the station-house, Sergeant Bushell again struck him with his staff. The people cried out "Don't kill the man." Geary, who was perfectly sober and orderly, was charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct; but the magistrate dismissed the charge. The day after he got the beating he took to his bed, declaring he would never recover it, and gradually sunk until he died. One of the witnesses swore to Sergeant Bushell being the man who struck Geary with the truncheon, but could not swear to the identity of the other policeman. The jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter against Sergeant Bushell," who was committed to Newgate. He has been since tried at the Central Criminal Court and acquitted.

Mr. Thomas Charles Sirrell, gold and silver refiner of the Barbican, a tradesman doing a large and profitable business of an apparently respectable character, was, on the 4th, arrested by the police on a charge of *Receiving a Quantity of Stolen Plate*, with a guilty knowledge of the mode in which it was obtained. A large quantity of plate was stolen from the residence of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, a Catholic clergyman, near Liverpool. The officers visited Mr. Sirrell's, and seized the goods. They telegraphed the seizure to Liverpool, and received instructions to arrest Mr. Sirrell; this was also done, and he was conveyed to Liverpool, and brought before the magistrates, by whom he was remanded. Two persons, named M'Aulay and M'Guire, were apprehended at Liverpool, charged with stealing the goods received by Sirrell. On the 8th the prisoners were again examined and remanded. When the police arrested Sirrell, they examined his general stock, and saw enough to induce them to seize the whole, on suspicion that it was the produce of robberies. It was removed to the Scotland Yard station, and part of it was recognised; Mr. Argent, of the Rainbow Tavern, Fleet Street, identified some plate which he had lost, though his marks had been nearly obliterated; and Mr. Lovegrove, of the London Coffeehouse, claimed a number of spoons and forks. It was ascertained that a pair of salt-cellars, part of the packets sent from Liverpool, were stolen from the house of Mrs. Tinley, a lady living in that town. On the 18th, Sirrell and M'Aulay were committed for trial; but M'Guire was discharged. Mr. Sirrell has since been liberated on bail.

An inquest was held on the 5th on the body of Ann Francis, a young girl, servant in a family in Newman Street, who had committed *Suicide*. She had formed an affection for a young man named Kelly, whose master resided in the same house, where she had been a servant five years. She received a letter from Kelly, in which he said that he intended sailing for New York, in consequence of her having said that she was pregnant by him. Next morning she was found by a fellow-servant in the kitchen, hanging by a rope from a clothes peg, and dead. The following letter, addressed to her mother, was found close to where she was hanging:—"Dear mother, Kelly has ruined me, and says that I am the cause of his going away. It's more than I am able to bear. Good-bye, dear parents. Ann Francis."—A verdict of insanity was given.

John Lambourn, a labourer, residing at Watlington, in Oxfordshire, has been apprehended on the charge of having *Murdered his Wife*. They had long lived unhappily, and violent altercations were often heard between them. The wife was seen in good health on the 5th, and at eleven o'clock that night she was found dead in the garden, near her cottage door. She was then quite cold, her bonnet and cap were saturated with blood, and a quantity of congealed blood was beneath her head. The coroner's jury found a verdict against the husband, who was committed for trial.

John Kelly, a boy of twelve years old, was charged at the Mansion House on the 7th with *Stealing* in the clothes market in Cutler Street. He had been seen walking along with two "blinds," a black-and-white dog and a girl, both of which he was in the habit of using in his trade of theft, in which although so young he had been very expert and successful. He carried a whistle, which he blew upon the approach of danger, and the call was immediately answered by a rush from a crowd of Petticoat Lane thieves, and generally a rescue. The girl had been the immediate recipient of the "swag," and the dog was stated to be the bitter enemy of the police and others who are interested in the preservation of peace and the diminution of robbery. Upon the present occasion the prisoner was disappointed, and his whistle having been secured, he was unable to summon his friends to the rescue. Alderman Gibbs: Let him be taken down stairs and soundly flogged, so that he may remember the day. The prisoner. Oh dear, don't whop me, and I 'll promise to cut away from you altogether. Alderman Gibbs: No; you must go away taking with you a wholesome whipping.

A *Daring Robbery* was attempted in the house of Mr. Marston, a gold and silver beater in Birmingham, on the 7th. About four o'clock in the morning he was roused from sleep by a noise in the house, and on getting out of bed he found that his room door, which he left ajar on retiring to rest, had been in the meantime closed. He went down stairs, and glanced into the sitting-room, saw three men emptying his sideboard of the plate which it contained, and a large heap of the spoil was lying on the floor. He attempted to run back to his bed-room, with the intention of getting his firearms, but the robbers attacked him with their bludgeons. He turned upon them and tore a wooden rail out of the bannister, maintaining his position on the stairs for several minutes. At length, one of the villains brought a poker from the sitting-room, and with this he struck Mr. Marston numerous blows across the head and legs. Unable to hold out any longer he dropped at their feet, but even then they kicked and struck him, so as to prevent the possibility of his pursuing them, and as at this moment a fainting fit deprived him of his senses, they no doubt thought they had killed him. They then quitted the house, making their exit from the premises by the same way as they had entered, namely, through the ceiling of Mr. Marston's warehouse, from which a door communicated with the house. During this struggle, which lasted a quarter of an hour, and while Mr. Marston's daughter and servant were at a window crying loudly for help, two or three policemen were standing inactive before the door; and they afterwards alleged that the noise was caused by a man chastising his wife (or son, as one of them said) as if such a thing was likely to happen in a highly respectable house, and at such an hour in the morning. At last the door was opened from the inside, and Mr. Marston was found covered with blood, and insensible. No property was carried off. Five young fellows belonging to a London gang of thieves have been arrested. The policemen were brought before the watch committee, when Miss Marston attended and stated the facts; but the men were simply reprimanded by the Mayor. Five men were apprehended on suspicion, but, in consequence of the precarious state of Mr. Marston, they were not brought up for examination till the 23rd. Against two of them, Elijah Wareham and John Smith, no evidence was adduced; the others, Christopher Healy, Joseph Marshall, and William Wallace, after a long examination were remanded.

Cornelius Bowan, a respectable looking man of middle age, was charged on the 7th, at the Southwark police-court, with *Assaulting* police constable Gingle while in execution of his duty. The policeman said that the defendant with several women were standing by a coffee stall at one o'clock in the morning, talking and making a noise; that he desired the defendant to move on

which he refused, and seizing the policeman by the collar, tore his coat, but was at length taken to the station-house. The defendant brought two respectable witnesses to disprove the complainant's statement. The defendant was taking a cup of coffee at the stall and making no noise or disturbance, when he was attacked and violently struck by the policeman. The magistrate said that it was necessary that policemen should be protected in the execution of their duty. In this particular case, however, it appeared that there were no just grounds for the policeman's interference with the defendant while drinking his coffee, and that instead of the latter committing the first assault, it was proved by two competent witnesses, the policeman was the agressor; that the public must also be protected from such conduct as that described, and, therefore, he should discharge the defendant.

A number of *Incendiary Fires* have taken place in different parts of the country.—On the evening of Sunday the 6th, about nine o'clock, a large stack of barley adjoining the homestead of Mr. Boldero of Rattlesden in Suffolk, was discovered to be on fire. A gentleman and lady passing in a gig saw two men running away from the stacks, and immediately afterwards the flames burst out. The fire extended to a neighbouring wheat-stack, and both were consumed; but the arrival of fire-engines prevented further damage. The two men were apprehended next day in a beer-house in the vicinity.—On the 7th, about two in the morning, the stack-yard of Mr. Meredith, a farmer at Frodesly in Shropshire, was discovered to be on fire. Engines were brought from Shrewsbury, eight miles off, but notwithstanding the exertions of the firemen, zealously aided by the villagers, the whole stack-yard and farm buildings (except the dwelling-house) were destroyed.—On the morning of the 8th, a fire broke out on a farm belonging to the Duke of Wellington near Strathfieldsaye, occupied by Mr. Luke Goddard. The whole of the farm produce, consisting of several new ricks and other corn in store, homestead, buildings, and implements of husbandry, were consumed. A carter and a boy about to leave the farm, have been arrested on suspicion.—At Rainham in Kent, on the night of the 9th, two stacks of wheat were fired simultaneously after dark, and entirely destroyed.—On the following morning, a large wheat-stack, the property of the Earl of Guildford, was discovered to be in flames. Fire-engines were useless, as no water could be obtained. A labourer suspected of causing these fires was taken into custody.

At the Southwark Police Court on the 8th, Thomas Claggett, a grocer in Bermondsey Street, was summoned at the instance of the parochial authorities of St. George's, for refusing to contribute to the *Maintenance of one of his Parents*. The relieving officer said, that the defendant's mother, an aged widow, had applied and obtained relief of the parish, and that her son had refused to contribute to her support although a brother of his, who was only a shopman, and at very low wages, allowed her a trifle a week out of them, but not sufficient to defray her expenses. The defendant, a well-dressed man, when asked why he refused to maintain his mother, said, It is not in my power. Appearances are deceitful; my expenses are considerable, and the profits on my business are very small; there is so much competition in the grocery line especially, that the people in that trade, vulgarly speaking, are "eating each other's heads off." The Magistrate: What rent do you pay? Defendant: I pay 45*l*. and taxes, and that is as much as I can do. Mother knows it's not in my power to give her anything. The poor mother, who was present, held her head down and said nothing. The magistrate told the defendant that by law as well as by nature he was bound to contribute to his mother's support, and that he rendered himself liable to pay 1*l*. a month for every month he neglected it. The magistrate then directed that the summons should stand over for a fortnight, in order to give the defendant an opportunity of coming to some arrangement with the parochial authorities.

On the 9th a *Commission of Lunacy* was held at Uxbridge to inquire into the state of mind of Mr. Arthur Hugh Manners Tollemache, son of the late Hon. Charles Tollemache, nephew of the Earl of Dysart, and, on the maternal side, of the Marquis of Tweeddale. The commission had issued at the instance of Mr. Wilbraham Francis Tollemache, a brother of the unfortunate gentleman. It was shown by the testimony of several witnesses that Mr. Tollemache, who was fifty-one years of age, had been of weak intellect from his infancy; that he never made any progress at school, not having learned even writing; and that he had been under the care of Mr. Norton, of Rose Cottage, for the last ten years. The commission had been issued in consequence of his father's death (which occurred three months ago), upon which event he became entitled to a considerable fortune —about 45,000*l*. The jury returned an unanimous verdict, th t Mr. Tollemache had been of unsound mind since the 1st of March, 1836.

Grace Gardiner, a gaudily-dressed girl, was charged at the Southwark police-court on the 10th with *Stealing a quantity of Silk* and other articles from Mr. Belcher, a hatter in Great Suffolk-street. She had been only three days in his house as a servant when she disappeared after ransacking the drawers in Mrs. Belcher's bedroom, and she had been taken into custody the preceding night on Blackfriars-Bridge. The girl's father, a respectable-looking man, stepped forward, and, with tears in his eyes, said that when he was informed of the circumstances he immediately came up from the country to seek for his daughter; that she had been reared with tenderness by her parents, and was always a good and virtuous girl until she had recently, without their knowledge, formed an acquaintance with some persons of bad character in London. The moment he was apprised of the robbery he lost no time in endeavouring to trace where she had taken up her abode, and by accident met her on Blackfriars Bridge the preceding night, and dressed out in the gaudy manner she now presented. When she caught sight of him she attempted to make her escape, but he prevented it by calling a policeman and giving her into custody. When he effected her capture he immediately communicated the fact to her late master, as, although she was his daughter, he would not screen her from the consequences of her conduct; and he added with emphasis, that he should prefer witnessing the transportation of his child, rather than she should lead the life of an abandoned woman, as he feared would be the case if she were not stopped in her reckless career. Mr. Belcher confirmed the father's statement, and on his account, expressed a wish not to prosecute; but the magistrate said he felt it his duty to commit the prisoner for trial. In the course of the examination it was stated that since she absconded, she had been living in a house of ill-fame in White Horse-street, and that she was proceeding thence to a theatre when she was met by her father.

Rosina Herbert, a young woman with a delicate infant in her arms, was charged on the 11th, at the Thames Police Court, with *Pawning Eight Shirts*, which she had received to make up for a woman named Elizabeth Miller. The magistrate asked the prosecutrix what she got per dozen for making the shirts, to which she replied 2*s*. 6*d*., and she gave them out at 2*s*., having but a halfpenny profit on each. The prisoner, who wept very bitterly, said she got but seven farthings for each, and she had to work early and late to make three in a day. The magistrate said that it was a distressing case, and he was embarrassed to know how he should act. Understanding that the woman's husband was in attendance, he ordered him to be called in, and at the same time asked the prosecutrix within what period the shirts ought to have been returned? She replied that they ought to have been sent home that morning. The husband was asked if he could pay for the redemption of the shirts, and he said that he could not, indeed. He was unable to save his poor wife from disgrace and a prison. The magistrate said the prisoner had no right to pawn the shirts; her distress was no justification for making away with other people's property. He was unwilling to send the woman to prison if the husband could pay the money lent upon the shirts. The husband: It's a large sum for a poor man. I'll endeavour to make it up in a week. The magistrate said he would adjourn the case for a week, and held the prisoner to bail in her own recognisance to appear on Friday next. As for the pawnbrokers, there was no pity at all for them. They had no right to take in such things, which

they must know did not belong to the party who raised money upon them, and if the husband could not raise the money, they would have to restore the shirts to the woman Miller without payment. The statement of this woman's case in the newspapers, induced several benevolent persons to contribute to her relief. On the 15th, the magistrate at the Thames office, on the occasion of one of these contributions, observed that more than 20*l.* had been already forwarded for the relief of Rosina Herbert and her children, and that there was really no occasion for any more contributions, while so much distress existed among persons who had withstood temptation and committed no crime. On the 18th, the woman was again brought before the magistrate, when it was proved that the prisoner had last year been convicted of pawning articles the property of her employers. The magistrate said that this previous conviction had much altered his view of her case, and sentenced her to pay 8*s.* 6*d.*, the value of the goods pawned, together with a fine of 10*s.* He also declared that, in future, no money transmitted for specific purposes should ever be so applied; that if money was sent to be used at discretion, it would be received, but not otherwise. Some person subsequently sent the woman herself money to pay the fine, and she was discharged.

A *Young Woman was Murdered* on Saturday, the 12th, near the village of Doddinghurst in Essex, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. At this village, a farm is occupied by Mr. Thomas Drory, a highly respectable yeoman living at Great Burstead. The farm was managed by Mr. Drory's son, a quiet, well-looking young man of three and twenty. Under young Drory was placed as a farm-bailiff, Thomas Last, a labourer; whose family consisted of his wife, and her daughter by a former marriage, Jael Denny, a young woman of twenty, of commanding stature, handsome figure and face, and agreeable manners—the acknowledged beauty of the village. Young Drory and the Lasts, with their daughter, lived in the same house till a recent period. Drory used his position to establish a close intimacy with the daughter; and it was the discovery of this relation, by Mr. Drory, senior, that had lately caused the removal of the Lasts from his farm, and their retirement into a cottage at some little distance from the farm-house. The young farmer, however, persisted in his intimacy; and at length Jael found herself pregnant by him. At the inquest, after the girl's murder, her mother stated that she had not long since taken poison, which she said young Drory had given her to kill her infant; and that the effect of the poison was plain in her swelled lips and flesh: Jael herself had said she did not take all the poison, or it would have killed her. Drory lately paid his addresses to a young lady, and it appears that he had given instructions to have the bans published for his marriage. One day when Mrs. Last returned home, she noticed that her daughter was taken by surprise, and looked painfully agitated: going up stairs she found young Drory under her bed; and on her discovery of him, he tried to get her to sign a paper to which he had already got the daughter's signature, exculpating him from any connexion with her cause of trouble. Mrs. Last refused to sign this paper. On the evening of the murder, the girl had been walking with Drory, and returned home in better spirits than usual. She told her mother that Drory had put her in good spirits, and that she was going to meet him again at half-past six. She then put on her bonnet and cloak, went out, and did not return. Her stepfather, anxious on account of her absence all night, went out early on Sunday morning in search of her. About eight o'clock he found her lying dead a short way from the stile where she had said she was going to meet Drory. He ran back to his house, and Mr. Hammond, the landlord, returned with him to the place where the body lay. She was lying on her face, and a fur tippet lay about three yards off. A cord was round the neck; it was twisted round three times, and one end was in her hand. The face was swollen and black; there was a stream of blood on the ground, and blood was oozing from the mouth, nose, and ears. There was an injury on the chest, as if some one had knelt upon it; and there were marks of teeth, and scratches on the hands and arms. She was in the ninth month of pregnancy. Suspicion fell on young Drory, who was immediately arrested by the Superintendant of the Essex Police. This gentleman, at the inquest, gave the following account of the arrest:—"I asked Drory when he saw the deceased last. He said, 'At half-past five o'clock last (Saturday) evening, and that he had not heard of her this morning.' I took him to the spot, and saw the deceased lying on her face. The left side of her nose where she lay was flattened. I removed the cord from her neck. It was almost imbedded in it. The noose of the cord had cut the skin of the neck. It was turned thrice round the neck very tight—so much so that the neck was swollen above it. I then took the prisoner into custody. He did not speak. I took him to the deceased's house, and searched him. He said he had a letter in his box which would prove the child was not his. We then went to the house where the prisoner lived, and on searching his box, found the letter which has been produced, as well as two pieces of cord. One end of one piece had been recently cut. The prisoner said that the deceased and he had been acquainted, but that he had broken it off more than nine months." A labourer named Harris, resident in the neighbourhood, said that he saw the deceased and Drory together about half past five on Saturday, going across the meadow from Mr. Drory's farm; they were together about twenty minutes, when they parted and went severally homewards. This witness added that, two or three months before, he had heard Drory say that "he should like to shove her off, as he was carrying things on too far and was apprehensive of getting into trouble." A labourer named Hubbard, employed on Drory's farm, said that his master went out at half past six or seven on Saturday night, when he said he was going to Brentwood with some eggs, and two inhabitants of Brentwood saw Drory there about eight or a little later. Professor Taylor, of Guy's Hospital, gave evidence respecting marks of blood found on the trousers worn by Drory on the night of the murder. The coroner, in charging the jury, remarked that Drory's having been at Brentwood at eight o'clock was not inconsistent with his having committed the murder at half-past six. The result of the investigation was a verdict of Wilful Murder against Thomas Drory, and he was committed for trial at the Assizes.

A *Desperate attempt at Robbery* was made during the night of Sunday the 13th, in the house of Mr. Holford, in the Regent's Park. Several men broke into the house; the servants were alarmed, rose, armed themselves and attacked the robbers, one of whom they wounded and captured. On the following day the prisoner was brought before the Marylebone Police Court, and a number of witnesses were examined. The prisoner called himself William Dyson. Mr. Holford, it appears, is in America. James Paul, the butler, had secured the house on the night in question. About two o'clock in the morning he heard a noise; he got up, and saw the shadow of a man on the lawn; Paul dressed and armed himself, roused the groom and footman and armed them, and then awoke two coachmen in the stables, giving one a loaded gun and the other a pitchfork. These forces were stationed about the house. Three men were seen to leave the banquetting-room, and one of these was Dyson; he was knocked down by a coachman with a pitchfork, and two men grappled him till the police came. Another of the robbers was seen running away; the butler snapped one lock of a double-barrelled pistol, but it missed fire, and as the robber ran behind a bush, Paul fired the other barrel. The under-coachman had fired his gun as soon as he saw the three men descend from a window; one exclaimed, "O God!" as if he had been struck. Dyson only was caught, the others having disappeared for a time. When search was made, blood was found near the bush at which the butler had fired; and there were traces of blood over some fences, for a considerable distance. Nothing of note was found on Dyson. But at the house the officers picked up some pieces of candle, a crowbar, part of an ormolu ornament broken from a figure in the banquetting-room, a sling formed of a large stone tied in a handkerchief, and a hat; there were shot-holes in the hat, and marks of blood on the inside. The robbers had entered by a window, which they had forced open with a crowbar. The prisoner was remanded.

On the evening of the 14th a *Robbery* was committed at Mallow Cottage, near Abbotskerswell, in Devonshire. The proprietor was absent, and had left the care of the house to his three daughters; who had just retired to bed when they heard a noise below, as of some persons breaking into the house. The eldest of them, about fourteen years of age, jumped out of bed, struck a light, which she gave to her sisters, and, arming herself with two pistols, walked down over the stairs, followed by her sisters. On entering the parlour, they found everything in confusion, papers lying about, and the desk rifled. The burglars fled on the entrance of the girl; and the young lady with the pistols jumped from the parlour-window on to the lawn, and fired both after them. The thieves had stolen some money, papers, and plate; but being eager to get off, they dropped some plate on the lawn, which was recovered in the morning.

Numerous *Burglaries* have been committed this month in various parts of the country. They are all very similar in their circumstances. The thieves generally effected an entrance through a window insufficiently secured. On one occasion a house-dog, which had been relied on, entirely failed to do his duty. In most cases the criminals were detected, and a number of them have been committed for trial at different assizes.

Mr. and Mrs. Coplestone, the landlord and landlady of the Queen Square Tavern, at Bath, were *Assaulted and dreadfully wounded with a Razor*, on the 17th, by a person named Ogle Wallis, who lodged in their house. He was leaving the house, with his portmanteau, when, his rent being in arrear, the landlord insisted that he should pay it before carrying off his goods. Wallis flew on the landlord, and attacked him with a razor; and Mrs. Coplestone, coming to his assistance, was attacked in the same manner. Both were cut in the hands and face, and the husband so much injured that for some time his life was in danger. Wallis then tried to escape from the house, but was seized in the vicinity. He was brought before the magistrates, and Mrs. Coplestone and others were examined; but, as Mr. Coplestone was unable to attend, the prisoner was remanded.

On the 19th, the master and crew of the Lowestoft steamer, were *Assaulted by a body of Wreckers*, while giving assistance to a vessel stranded in the vicinity of Lowestoft harbour. The owners of the stranded vessel had contracted with the Harbour Company, who had undertaken to bring the vessel into port by means of their steamer; but a number of the beachmen, resolving to secure the salvage to themselves, proceeded to the wreck in boats loaded with stones, and commenced a violent attack on the crew of the steamer with stones and boat-hooks, wounding several of them severely, and driving them from their employment. Two of the ringleaders were brought before the chairman of the quarter sessions; one was fined 4*l*., which was immediately paid by his comrades; and the other was discharged unpunished, the magistrate at the same time addressing the men upon the illegality and disgraceful nature of their proceedings.

At the Central Criminal Court on the 23rd, Elizabeth Gilday, a decent, careworn looking woman, with an infant in her arms, surrendered to take her trial for *Bigamy*. The evidence proved that in June, 1835, the prisoner was married to her first husband, who turned out to be an habitual felon, and she suffered brutal ill-treatment at his hands. Subsequently he was transported for seven years, leaving her with one child quite destitute, whom it appeared she had honestly brought up by hard labour, and her conduct had been most exemplary. Once during her husband's period of transportation he had written to her, and hearing no more of him she married again in August, 1847, John Fletcher, with whom she still lived, and had two children. Her second husband was a most respectable man and much attached to her, and they lived comfortably until the return of the first husband from transportation about three months ago. The jury found her guilty, but recommended her to mercy, and she was sentenced to one month's imprisonment.

At the last Surrey quarter sessions, the subject of *Enormous Increase of Crime* in the county, and the deficiency in the police arrangements, was introduced by Mr. Austen, who moved for a committee to report upon the means of adopting a rural police. The motion was agreed to without opposition; but Colonel Chaloner remarked, that though the neighbouring county of Essex was paying 16,000*l*. a-year for their constabulary, this did not prevent the recent commission of a most dreadful murder. Captain Mangles in supporting the motion said, that the utmost terror prevailed in the county, and a general feeling of insecurity existed in the minds of the inhabitants, which was very much increased by the dreadful occurrence that had recently taken place. For his own part, his own house had been armed for a long time, and he never went to bed without having a six-barrelled revolving pistol under his pillow.

An inquest has been held at Guy's Hospital on the body of a lad named Robert Minton, an apprentice to a tailor in the city, who, it was alleged, had *Died from Neglect*. It appeared that he worked from six o'clock in the morning till ten and eleven at night, and on Saturdays still later; that his bed was dirty, his sheets not having been washed for three years. His mother stated that his master's wife treated him unkindly. He had come home some days before, and said he was very bad; he was crying, and said, "Oh, God has heard my prayer." He begged of witness to take him away from his place. The mother went to the mistress, and asked her to let the deceased have a basin of gruel, as he was very ill. The reply was, "Gruel indeed; what next?" The jury found that the lad had died of typhus fever, and gave their opinion that he had been very unkindly treated.

Several men have died from *Drinking Spirits to Excess*. A large body were employed at Liverpool in repairing an embankment, when a puncheon of rum was washed ashore from a wrecked vessel. They immediately seized the prize, disputing and fighting for its contents. In every direction the men were to be seen prostrate from the effects of their immoderate draughts, and it is matter of astonishment that many did not perish in endeavouring to reach their homes through an adjoining marsh. Two or three were taken up dead, and several others in a dangerous state. One of the dead was a strong young man of twenty-five, who has left a widow and family.

A *Number of cases of Crime* have occurred during this month, the details of which it has been found impossible to give; but they have been briefly noticed in the Summary.

NARRATIVE OF ACCIDENT AND DISASTER.

ACCOUNTS have been received of the *Shipwreck of the Mary Florence*, a vessel which left England in February last with a supply of coals for the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company at Aden. This disaster was attended with most melancholy circumstances. The master, Captain Christopher Short, had a small share in the vessel. He was accompanied by his wife, and the crew, consisting of first and second officers, carpenter, steward, and twelve seamen. The ship, as he states, came in sight of the Comoro Islands in the Mozambique Channel on the 25th of May, and Cape Guardafi, on the 3rd of June. The latter is a headland, forming the extreme eastern portion of the African coast, a few hundred miles S.E. of the port of Aden and the entrance of the Red Sea. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the Cape, as the master supposed it to be, was sighted—though, from what has since transpired, it is evident he was mistaken, and that he had taken the tops of high mountains inland for the headland of the point. This mistake proved fatal, for in the course of the night the ship ran ashore. An unsuccessful attempt was made next day to get her off with the assistance of the natives, who affected to be friendly, and it was determined to land the ship's stores and other valuables on the beach. On the afternoon of the second day, as the weather was becoming boisterous, it was determined to effect a passage for Mrs. Short, but this was no sooner done than the natives seized her, and drove the sailors who accompanied her into the sea. Captain Short believing, it would seem, that any

attempt to rescue his wife and comrades would be unavailing, left the place next day in the long-boat with the remaining portion of his crew. They took a course along the coast, and after enduring great privation and barbarous treatment from the natives wherever they landed, they succeeded in reaching Muscat.

As soon as Captain Short had partially recovered from the exposure and privation he had endured during the fifteen days and nights at sea in the long boat, he sought a passage in the first vessel for Bombay. On his arrival there he communicated the circumstances to the authorities, and prevailed on them to despatch a steamer to attempt the rescue of his wife and the portion of his crew who were left behind. Before she sailed, however, intelligence arrived from Aden that a portion of the crew had been taken off the coast by Captain Ramsay, of the Columbia, on the 12th of August; but that the remainder, and also Mrs. Short, had perished in an attempt to escape from the natives. It is now ascertained that poor Mrs. Short, with the other sufferers, met their fate on the evening of the same day that they landed from the wreck. She contrived to free herself from the clutches of the natives, and rushed down to the beach where the boat's crew were assembled. They managed to get the boat which broke away from the wreck when Captain Short was about coming off with assistance; and at the earnest entreaties of Mrs. Short it was determined to make an attempt to regain the ship. Amidst so great a surf it appeared hopeless, but the fear of remaining in the hands of the natives during the night induced them to risk it. The boat was got off, but was soon swamped, and all of them perished.

The Overland Mail has brought news of the *Wreck of Three Fine Indiamen.* The Ariadne of Greenock sailed from Calcutta for England in July; and about three weeks afterwards a wreck was discovered near Palmyras' Point, on the coast of India, which proved to be the Ariadne, without a living soul on board. The chief mate was picked up by a steamer, twelve days after the vessel was wrecked; he had reached the land on a spar, and was nearly dead from exhaustion. It appeared from what he said that the master and crew had been carried out to [illegible], in a gale of wind, and it was apprehended that all had perished. The Manchester, of London, [illegible] off the Saugor Islands on the 6th [illegible] a few days sail from Calcutta; the people on [illegible] by the boats before she went to pieces.—[illegible] the Nereid, also of London, foundered on the morning of the 9th of July, but the crew were saved. [illegible] of the three ships exceeded 100,000*l.* sterling.

A thief *Met his Death* by a dreadful accident on the [illegible] of September, at the Derby Railway Station. A middle-aged man, of rather shabby exterior, had been observed in the station-yard in the course of the evening. The London mail-train arrived as usual at half past ten, and the stoker imagined he could detect a slight collision when near a luggage-train that had arrived shortly before. Upon mentioning this circumstance, an examination took place, when the body of the man who had been observed in the yard in the former part of the evening, was discovered in a shockingly mutilated condition. The whole of the carriages had passed over it. Near to the body were three parcels which he had succeeded in extracting from the luggage-carriages, and it appeared evident that he was engaged in robbing the carriages when the London train came up.

On the 28th of September an *Explosion of Fire-damp* took place at Coed Pooth coalpits, near Wrexham, whereby three men were killed and two others desperately injured. At the inquest on their bodies a verdict was returned of Accidental Death. The jury recorded their opinion that no blame could be attached to the proprietor or to the manager of the pit, it being found, on examination, ventilated in the usual way. During the examination of one of the witnesses, it transpired that the pit was much more subject to sulphur than any other pit in that part. The coroner drew the attention of all present to the importance of using the safety-lamp. The men, in reply, said that it gave so imperfect a light they could not get near as much coal with the safety-lamp as they could do with a candle. The coroner contended that was a trifling consideration compared with the misery entailed by these dreadful accidents.

On the evening of the 29th ult., as the down-train was proceeding between Walcot and Upton Magna stations, a man named Daniel Burgess, a groom in the employ of Mr. Nightingale and Captain Muckleston of Shrewsbury, was riding in the guard's or break van with several others, among whom was his wife, standing up (there being no room for them in the carriages); he was leaning against the side-doors, when they flew open, and he was precipitated out. The train was going at great speed at the time. Immediate search was made for Burgess, who was discovered near the opposite rails with his skull dreadfully fractured, and quite dead. It is supposed that in falling his head must have pitched against the rail on the other line, the concussion of which, from the great velocity of the train, must have caused instant death. He has left a wife and ten children.

The extensive premises of Messrs. Brooke, tallow melters and chandlers, in the Southwark Bridge Road, were *Burnt Down* on the night of the 3rd. While the workmen were melting tallow in a large pan, the mass caught fire: the men attempted to smother it, but were obliged to retreat, and in a few moments the flames spread in every direction. An engine-station was placed immediately opposite the spot, and in five minutes the engine was at work; but from the combustible nature of the stock, the firemen could do nothing to save the factory; however, they prevented the fire from getting a firm hold on the contiguous buildings.

Mr. Hatchwell the station-master at Bury St. Edmunds, and Mr. Walton, the station-master at Thurston, on the Eastern Union Railway, were *Accidentally Killed* on the morning of the 4th. Having some business which required speedy conveyance, they seated themselves on the top of one of the carriages; and in passing under a bridge, their heads struck the arch with a force which caused the instant death of both. At the inquest, the engineer of the line stated that their riding on the roof of the carriage, was a breach of discipline, and that they had subjected themselves to dismissal for leaving their stations without order. They had been ten years in the service of the company.

Mr. M'Neil, sheriff substitute of Wigtonshire, *was Killed* on the 5th, by a fall from his dog-cart. The horse took fright, and the boy who drove being unable to hold him, Mr M'Neil, in seizing the reins, was thrown upon the road and almost immediately expired.

A *Fatal Accident* took place on the 6th, in the Bristol Channel. A party of gentlemen hired a boat at Bristol to take a trip down the Channel. It blew a stiff gale when they set out; and the boat, through the mismanagement of an amateur steersman, was capsized on the return homewards. Seven of the party were saved by some boats which happened to be near; but four—Mr. Evan Jefferies, Mr. Thomas Rich, Mr. George Packer, and Mr. William Lodge (who was the steersman), were unfortunately drowned.

There was *A Storm* of extraordinary extent and violence on Sunday and Monday, the 6th and 7th. The wind, from the South and West-south-west, drove the water out of the Thames to such an extent, that at low tide on Monday the river was almost unnavigable. In the Pool, tiers of vessels were aground; and even the small steamers could not ply above bridge.—At Nottingham, much damage was done to buildings. A tall and insecurely-built stack of chimneys, with portions of the roof, fell into a street at a place where a number of persons had assembled round Wombwell's show; a boy was killed on the spot, and a woman was so maimed that her life is in danger, and a good many other persons were seriously hurt.—Disasters to shipping are reported from the coasts at all points, but in most cases without loss of life. The Juffrow Jantje, a Dutch galliot, was wrecked in the East Bay of Dungeness, and only one man of the crew was saved.—The storm was very violent at Dover. The sea rose to a great height, flooding the quays and promenades. The works which were being carried on for the construction of the harbour of refuge were completely destroyed. Enormous piles, eighteen inches square, were snapped asunder, and everything upon them overthrown. Three large diving-bells, which were used in the construction of the works, were carried away into the sea. The works have been

entirely suspended; the damage done amounts to many thousand pounds.—At Liverpool, great damage was done to the shipping, even in the docks. A fine ship, the Providence, which left the port on Sunday for the coast of Africa, struck on the Burbo Bank, at the mouth of the Mersey. As soon as the accident was known, the Magazine life-boat was taken by a steam-tug to the locality, and managed to rescue thirteen persons; but the first and second mate, and twenty-one of the crew perished. The Arcturus, from Ibrail, struck on Crosby Point, and became a total wreck; the pilot and first mate were drowned. The Aurora, from Cardiff, was also lost, near Holyhead; but her people escaped.—Two vessels were lost on the sands off Yarmouth, within sight of a fishing-lugger, which could render no assistance. One ship was dashed to pieces; the other struck the sands, got off again, and then foundered: every soul perished. From the size of the vessels, it is calculated that twenty men must have been drowned.—Many wrecks and minor casualties are reported from Wales, but without loss of life.

On the 8th, about noon, *a Boat was Lost* belonging to the Dolphin, revenue-cutter, containing five men, one a custom-house officer, and four rowers. When leaving a brig they had boarded opposite Woolwich Dockyard, they cast off at the moment the Sylph, Woolwich Company's steam-packet, was approaching; and before the boat could get out of the way and the steamer eased, it was cut in two, and the whole of the men went under the wheel of the steamer. Four of the men were saved; but one, named Manning, was drowned, and another severely hurt. There was no blame attached to the Sylph, as her captain and crew did all in their power to avert the accident.

On the 8th, an *Explosion* occurred at the powder-mills of Messrs. Hall, near Faversham. Providentially the workmen were not in the mill at the time; and the damage was confined to the destruction of the building in which the explosion took place.

A little boy of seven years old was literally *Cut to Pieces* at Newton, near Malgate, in Yorkshire, on the 9th. He was the son of Smith Deuce, a brick-maker, and had gone into the brick-shed where his father worked. The clay in this yard is worked by machinery, being put into an aperture filled with clay-knives, and the whole set in motion by steam-power. The engine on this occasion was at work, and the poor child accidentally fell in amongst the knives, and was instantly killed.

A *Destructive Fire* broke out on the evening of the 19th, on the premises of Mr. Bennington, a painter and glazier, in Grange Road, Bermondsey, in consequence of Mr. Bennington having let a lighted candle fall into some liquid varnish which he was preparing. Several engines were speedily on the spot, but owing to the want of water they were comparatively useless, and Mr. Bennington's premises, his furniture, stock in trade, were totally consumed. He was not insured, and his family, who a few hours previously were in comparatively affluent circumstances, have been reduced to a state of utter destitution.

On the 19th, Mr. Longfield, a druggist in Leeds, was nearly killed by the *Imprudent use of Naphtha;* while pouring this substance from a large into a smaller vessel, it ignited at a lamp which he had placed on the floor near the vessel. In a moment he was enveloped in flames, and was so dreadfully burned that for some time it was doubted whether he would recover.

On the evening of the 23rd a young man was *Killed* at the terminus of the London and South-Western Railway, Waterloo Road. A number of men were engaged at the usual hour making ready the train for Southampton, when Thomas Martin, one of the company's porters, made an attempt to cross through a vacancy between a number of carriages. Unfortunately at that instant six or seven men, who did not perceive that Martin was crossing the rails, pushed a number of carriages forward with such violence as to force the poor fellow against the buffers of the carriages. He was speedily extricated, and removed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he died soon after his admission.

On the night of the 23rd, a bailiff named Andy was *Shot Dead* at Newtown, in Tipperary. He went to serve an order from the Tipperary Bank on Luby, a farmer, who, on seeing him enter, deliberately laid hold of his gun, and advancing to within two or three yards of him fired, and literally tore open the belly and side of the unfortunate man. It is needless to say he died instantaneously. The poor man had sent his wife to America last summer, and expected to join her as soon as she would be able to send him a remittance.

SOCIAL, SANITARY, AND MUNICIPAL PROGRESS.

One of the letters on "Labour and the Poor," recently published in the Morning Chronicle, contains some *Remarkable Omnibus Statistics.* The total number of omnibuses traversing the streets of London is about 3000, paying duty (including mileage), averaging 9*l.* per month each, or 324,000*l.* per annum. The number of conductors and drivers is about 700, paying annually 5*s.* each for their licenses, or 1750*l.* collectively. The receipts of each vehicle vary from 2*l.* to 4*l.* per day; estimating the whole 3000 at 3*l.*, it follows that the entire sum expended annually in omnibus hire by the people of London amounts to no less than 3,285,000*l.* The average journey, as regards length, of each omnibus, is six miles, and that distance is, in some cases, travelled twelve times a day by each omnibus. Taking the average as between forty-five and fifty miles a day travelled by each omnibus, and computing the omnibuses running daily at 3000, we find "a travel" of upwards of 140,000 miles daily, or a yearly "travel" of more than fifty millions of miles. On each of its journeys, an omnibus carries on the average fifteen persons. Nearly all are licensed to carry twenty-two (thirteen inside and nine out), and that number perhaps is sometimes exceeded, while fifteen is a fair computation; for as every omnibus has now the fares of 3*d.* and 6*d.*, there are two sets of passengers, and the number of fifteen through the whole distance on each journey of the omnibus, is (as has been said,) a fair computation, for sometimes the vehicle is almost empty, as a set-off to its being crammed at other times. This computation shows the daily "travel," reckoning ten journeys a day, of 450,000 passengers. Thus we might be led to believe that about one-fourth of the entire population of the metropolis and its suburbs — men, women, and children; the inmates of hospitals, gaols, and workhouses; paupers, peers, and their families all included—were daily travelling in omnibuses. But it must be borne in mind that as most omnibus travellers use that convenient mode of conveyance at least twice a day, we may compute the number of individuals at 225,000, or, allowing three journeys as an average daily travel, at 150,000. The extent of individual travel performed by some of the omnibus drivers is enormous. One man stated that he had driven "his bus" 72 miles (12 stages of six miles) every day for six years, with the exception of twelve miles less every second Sunday, so that this man had driven in six years, 179,568 miles.

An *Experimental School for Juvenile Delinquents* has been formed at Aberdeen by Mr. Watson, the sheriff. A preliminary meeting was held on the evening of the 7th, in the soup-kitchen in Loch Street, which has been appropriated for the school. About thirty young thieves were present. A plentiful supply of coffee and rolls was provided; and they appeared greatly delighted with their treat. The sheriff urged the boys to come back next morning at eight, to be fed, taught, and amused all day, and get home in the evening at seven. They would have (he said) a little work to do, they would get abundance of food, useful instruction, and plenty of play. The school would be open for two months, and by that time, he hoped employment would be got for the big boys, and the younger might be transferred to one of the Juvenile Industrial Schools. On his appealing to them whether they wished to live honestly or not, vehement responses of "Yes, yes," were returned. In answer to their previous statement, that their parents required them to do something to help them, the sheriff said that nothing was more necessary than that their parents should get food, but if they came to the school and gave sufficient evidence of their need, they would get it, or the boys might take it home to them at night. This promise drew forth joyous expressions. The boys

all agreed to come to the school, expressing their willingness to work. The ages of the boys were thirteen and under—none being admitted above thirteen years of age. On the opening of the school, twenty-two boys presented themselves and were next day admitted. Since then, the attendance has continued the same, and the attention to work and study has been, with the aid of a little corporal castigation, very satisfactory.

An act of *Munificent Charity* has been done by Miss Howard, of York Place. She has assigned over to trustees 45,000*l*., for the erection of twenty-one houses on her property at Pinner, near Harrow, in the form of a crescent; the centre house for the trustees, the other twenty houses for the use of twenty widows, who are to occupy them free of rent and taxes, and also to receive 50*l*. a-year clear of all deductions. The widows of naval men to have the preference, then those of military men, and, lastly, those of clergymen; none but persons of good character to be selected, to be chosen or dismissed for misconduct by the trustees. The deed is now enrolled in Chancery, and approved of by the Lord Chancellor. The trustees are the Earl of Fingal, and W. A. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P.

The *Free Grammar School at Richmond*, erected as a testimonial to the memory of the late Canon Tate, who was one of the most successful teachers in England, was opened with much ceremony on the 3rd. The Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ripon, the Earl of Zetland, the Earl of Lovelace, the Mayor and Corporation of Richmond, with many other persons of distinction, took part in the proceedings.

A general meeting of the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge*, was held on the 1st of October; Archdeacon Sinclair in the chair. It appeared by a letter from the Bishop of Montreal (Dr. Fulford), that he had arrived in his diocese, and met with a gratifying reception both from clergy and laity. Various letters were read from several colonial prelates, including the Bishops of Toronto, Quebec, Fredricton, Adelaide, Newfoundland, Antigua, and Cape Town, and grants were voted towards the erection of churches and other objects in their several sees. On the application of Dr. Gobat, Bishop of the English Church in Jerusalem, a large supply of the Society's version of psalms in Arabic was granted for distribution in the East. An interesting letter from the Rev. William Armstrong, chaplain at Valparaiso, respecting the exemplary community forming the population of Pitcairn's Island, was listened to with much interest. The sum of 1,000*l*. was voted towards the new bishopric in the settlement of Canterbury, New Zealand.: and 3,000*l*. was placed at the disposal of the Bishop of Toronto, towards the endowment of a college in connection with the Church of England in his diocese. Many schools and lending libraries in England and Wales were aided with grants of books, as were also poor emigrants quitting the English shore.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert has *Presented a Donation* of 50*l*. in aid of the Association for the Establishment of Evening Classes for young men.

On the 10th, the Common Council of London *Voted a Grant* of one hundred guineas in aid of the Jews' Free School, where 1100 children are well and morally taught. A similar sum was granted to the Church of England Sunday School Institute.

The *New Stamp Act* came into operation on the 10th inst. The following are some of its most important articles. An agreement, or memorandum of an agreement, where the matter shall be of the value of 20*l*. or upwards, will be liable to a duty of only 2*s*. 6*d*. where the same does not exceed 1080 words, and according to its length, a progressive duty of 2*s*. 6*d*. On bonds not exceeding 50*l*. the duty will be only 1*s*. 6*d*.; and so on. The *ad valorem* duty will be charged to 7*s*. 6*d*. on 300*l*., and when the same shall exceed 300*l*., then for every 100*l*., and also for any fractional part of 100*l*., the charge will be 2*s*. 6*d*. The several kinds of bonds known in the law are set forth, and the duties prescribed according to the amount. With respect to conveyances of property, where the purchase or consideration therein or thereupon expressed shall not exceed 25*l*., a duty of 2*s*. 6*d*., and so on progressively to 600*l*., when the duty will be 3*l*., and 10*s*. for every additional 100*l*. As to leases of lands, tenements, &c., at a yearly rent without premium, the duty will be according to the yearly rent, from 6*d*. to 10*s*., which last mentioned duty will be when the rent does not exceed 100*l*. The *ad valorem* is charged on the premium paid. On mortgages the duty will be 1*s*. 3*d*., where the sum does not exceed 50*l*., up to 7*s*. 6*d*., for 300*l*.; and beyond that sum, 2*s*. 6*d*. for every additional 100*l*. Settlements are liable to a higher rate of duty; when the value of the property settled upon any good or valuable consideration, other than a *bona fide* pecuniary consideration, does not exceed 100*l*., the duty will be 5*s*., and an additional 5*s*. on every 100*l*. Sellers of receipt stamps are now allowed 7*l*. 10*s*. in the 100*l*., in lieu of one half per cent.

The *New County Courts Act* contains a provision under which actions can be tried in the County Court for more than 50*l*. It is enacted by the 17th section, that if the parties shall agree, by a memorandum signed by them or their attorneys, the County Court may try actions beyond the amount limited, or any action in which the title to land, whether of freehold, copyhold, leasehold, or other tenure, or to any tithe, toll, market, or other franchise, shall be in question. It also contains a provision respecting professional remuneration, whereby an attorney shall be entitled to a sum not exceeding 1*l*. 10*s*. for his fees and costs, where the debt or demand claimed shall not exceed 35*l*., or 2*l*. in any other cause within the jurisdiction given by the act; and in no case shall any fee exceeding 2*l*. 4*s*. 6*d*. be allowed for employing a barrister as counsel in the cause, and the expense of employing a barrister or any attorney either by plaintiff or defendant shall not be allowed on taxation of costs unless by order of the judge.

A *Temperance Festival* was held on the 14th, at the London Tavern. The company, between five and six hundred, were entertained with tea, speeches, and "temperance melodies." The principal speaker was Mr. George Cruickshank, the celebrated artist, who was vehemently applauded. He was there, he said, to declare his adhesion to that great and glorious cause. He had been a teetotaller three years and a half; he was sorry he had not been so all his life; but he would keep the pledge now as long as he existed. He had twice had wine prescribed as a medicine, but he had refused it at the risk of his life. In the room in which they were assembled, all the great national interests had been from time to time advocated: he had himself acted as steward on occasions when the late lamented Duke of Cambridge presided—great and glorious occasions, but none of them surpassing in importance that on which they were assembled. It was gratifying to behold a meeting of teetotallers in one of the first rooms in the City of London, where wine had flowed in torrents, not to mention oceans of brandy and whiskey-punch. He recently attended a costermongers' supper and ball, both which passed off very pleasantly; two drunken men forced themselves into the assembly with a view to create a disturbance, but the good sense and sobriety of the company completely defeated their object. He regretted that he had not the means of rendering pecuniary assistance to this cause, but he hoped to be able to aid it with his pencil or pen. From his previous efforts in this way he had not derived the least profit; but if they had promoted the temperance cause in the slightest degree, he was satisfied. It appeared by a statement read by one of the secretaries, that it is intended to make some characteristic demonstration at the time of the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851.

A new mode of *Appropriation of the Prisons of the Metropolis* to distinct classes of offenders came into operation at the beginning of this month. All the female prisoners, and all male prisoners under seventeen years of age, were removed from the House of Correction at Coldbathfields to the House of Correction at Westminster; and all male prisoners above seventeen were removed from the latter place to Coldbathfields. Prisoners committed under the Hackney Carriage Act, and for want of sureties, were removed from both those prisons to the House of Detention. Nearly 900 persons were thus transposed.

Negotiations have been entered into with the Lords of the Admiralty and Government authorities for the establishment of a *Submarine Telegraph across St.*

George's Channel, upon a similar though much more extensive scale to that now being undertaken between England and France. From the extreme western coast of Ireland to Halifax, the nearest telegraphic station in America, the distance is 2155 miles; and as this might be accomplished by the steamers in five or six days, it is apprehended that England, by means of telegraphic communication, may be put in possession of intelligence from America in six days, instead of as now in twelve or fourteen.

All operations connected with *the Submarine Telegraph* between England and France are now suspended till next spring. The interval will be employed in manufacturing the wire cables and other apparatus, so that the electric line may be completed by May. Messrs. Fox & Henderson, the contractors for the completing of the Cork and Bandon Railway, have been declared contractors for making the wire cables.

An inquiry of a very serious character, which has been going on for some time into the character of some of the *Cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich*, has been brought to a close. In consequence of some practices too gross to be particularised, by some of the students who had recently joined from the new training school at Carshalton, the Master-General of the Ordnance ordered a committee of inquiry to assemble and investigate the circumstances. The first result was the dismissal of three students from the Academy, who had been convicted of these practices. The result of the labours of the committee has been the expulsion of six more out of the ten students who had joined the Academy, making nine in all, and the peremptory dismissal of twenty-three scholars from the Carshalton School.

The recent act "to amend the Law relating to *Benefices in Plurality*," provides that no person appointed to the deanery of any cathedral church shall be allowed to hold the office of head ruler of any college or hall within either the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, or the office of provost of Eton College, or of warden of Winchester College, or of master of the Charter-house, together with his deanery. This enactment is not to apply to the dean of the Cathedral Church of Christ in Oxford, as chief ruler of the college there maintained. Heads of colleges in the universities are not to hold cathedral preferment except in cases where benefices or cathedral preferments may be permanently attached to or form part of the endowment of the office.

A Ball was given to the *Inmates of St. Luke's Hospital*, upon St. Luke's day, the 18th. It was the first occasion of this kind which has taken place at St. Luke's, and from the successful issue of the undertaking it may be expected to be repeated. Between sixty and seventy of the patients, men and women, were assembled at six o'clock in the evening in the great hall, and music being provided, they were quickly arranged in their places for the old English country dance. This, with appropriate changes, was kept up with great spirit until nine o'clock, when all retired peaceably and cheerfully to their respective apartments. The officers of the establishment, with such nurses and attendants as could be spared from the galleries, joined merrily in the dance. By this means the confidence of the patients was secured, and they showed themselves grateful for the enjoyment afforded them, by entering into the amusement without levity or boisterous conduct of any kind. There are at present 196 patients in the hospital—91 men and 105 women. The average of cure during the last year was 60½ per cent., being a considerable improvement upon former years.

The Board of Directors of the *Asylum for Idiots* have just issued an appeal to the public. They have under under their care, at Park House, Highgate, and Essex Hall, Colchester, no less than 129 patients, and the total number of persons the institution has dependent upon it is 163. There are now 170 eligible patients seeking admission at the ensuing election, and the board can only venture to admit fifteen of the number. They are anxious to erect a building properly adapted to the care and education of the idiot, which, they say, ought to contain not less than three hundred beds, and which will be arranged so as to serve in all respects as a model institution. Her Majesty has set an example of patronage by a contribution of 250 guineas, so as to secure a perpetual presentation to a bed, the right to be exercised by the Prince of Wales.

On Friday, the 25th a *Grand Banquet* was given at York by the Lord Mayor and municipality of that city, in return for the banquet given in March last by the Lord Mayor of London to the municipal towns of the United Kingdom. The entertainment, given in the Guildhall of York, was of the most splendid description. It was honoured by the presence of Prince Albert, ninety-four mayors of boroughs, representing all the different portions of the United Kingdom; and the numerous company included Lord John Russell, several members of the Government, and the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851. Among the addresses after dinner the greatest interest was excited by that of Prince Albert, after his health had been proposed by the Lord Mayor of York and drank with the utmost enthusiasm. His Royal Highness dwelt upon the preparations for and prospects of the approaching great Exhibition. "I see," he said, "in your anxiety to meet us, her Majesty's Commissioners, again, a proof of your earnest and continued zeal in the cause of the approaching Exhibition. It could not be by the impetus of a momentary enthusiasm, but only by a steady perseverance and sustained efforts, that you could hope to carry out your great undertaking, and ensure for yourselves and the nation an honourable position in the comparison which you have invited. If to cheer you on your labours, by no means terminated, you should require an assurance that that spirit of activity and perseverance is abroad in the country, I can give you that assurance on the ground of the information which reaches us from all quarters; and I can add to it our personal conviction, that the works in preparation will be such as to dispel any apprehension for the position which British industry will maintain. From abroad, also, all accounts which we receive lead us to expect that the works to be sent will be numerous and of a superior character. Although we perceive in some countries an apprehension that the advantages to be derived from the Exhibition will be mainly reaped by England, and a consequent distrust in the effects of our scheme upon their own interests, we must, at the same time, freely and gratefully acknowledge that our invitation has been received by all nations with whom communication was possible, in that spirit of liberality and friendship in which it was tendered, and that they are making great exertions, and incurring great expenses, in order to meet our plans." His Royal Highness paid a graceful tribute to the memory of Sir Robert Peel; observing that, only at their last meeting they were admiring his eloquence, and the earnestness with which he appealed to them to uphold by their exertions and personal sacrifices what was to him the highest object, the honour of his country. He concluded by saying that, viewing the practical nature of the English character, he was pleased when he saw the plan of the Exhibition of 1851 undergo its ordeal of doubt, discussion, and even opposition; and that he hoped he might now gather, from the energy with which its execution was pursued, that the nation was convinced that it accorded with the interests of England, and the position which she held in the world. Lord John Russell, the Archbishop of York, the Earl of Carlisle, the Lord Mayor of London, and other distinguished persons, also addressed the meeting.

A great *Diminution of Crime* in the counties of Gloucester and Somerset is apparent from the reports made to the Quarter Sessions for those counties, just concluded. The tables from the House of Correction in Gloucestershire detailed a decrease in the number of prisoners, and the disposition of those in charge was much improved. There has been likewise a decrease in the cost of maintaining these houses, of 25 per cent., owing partly to an abundance of labour and partly to the cheapness of provisions. In Somersetshire for the year ending Michaelmas, 1849, there were 740 persons committed for trial; but in the year just ended, viz., at Michaelmas, the committals were only 589, being a diminution of 152, and the character of the various offences on the whole has been much lighter. This satisfactory condition of the country is to be attributed to the improved condition of the working-classes, and the general sufficiency of labour in the country.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

The Queen and Prince Albert continued to enjoy the tranquil residence at Balmoral till the 10th, on the morning of which day they departed for the South. They arrived at Edinburgh about seven in the evening. Preparations had been made to give a loyal welcome; and among the features of the demonstration, was a bonfire piled to the height of forty feet on the summit of Arthur's Seat. The blazing mass consisted of thirty tons of coal, a vast quantity of wood saturated with oil and turpentine, and a thousand tar-barrels. It was kindled at five o'clock, and the flames are said to have been seen by the Queen for many miles of her route on both sides of the Forth.—Her Majesty was received at the decorated platform of the railway by Sheriff Gordon and other dignitaries; and a military escort lined the way to Holyrood Palace.—The Royal party left Edinburgh next morning, and arrived in the evening at Buckingham Palace; and on Saturday, the 12th, they went to Osborne.

The Duchess of Kent arrived in town on the 10th, from Dalmahoy, the seat of the Earl of Morton, near Edinburgh.

Intelligence has been received from the *Arctic Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin*. The North Star, which went out as a tender-ship to the expedition of Sir James Clark Ross a year and a half ago, returned unexpectedly to Spithead on the 28th of September, bringing dispatches from the ships of the four expeditions which went out early this year. The Prince Albert, a ship dispatched in July last, under Captain Forsyth, to make a special search beyond Brentford Bay, returned to Aberdeen on the 29th ult. Dispatches from Captain Ommaney, Captain Penny, Sir John Ross, and Captain Forsyth, have been published by the Admiralty; but they throw little or no light on the fate of the missing voyagers. It appears that some Esquimaux were fallen in with near Cape York, who told a story which was interpreted to be "that in the winter of 1846, when the snow was falling, two ships were broken by the ice a good way off in the direction of Cape Dudley Diggs, and afterwards burned by a fierce and numerous tribe of natives. The ships were not whalers—epaulettes were worn by some of the white men. A part of the crews were drowned; the remainder were some time in huts or tents, apart from the natives; they had guns, but no balls, were in a weak and exhausted condition, and were subsequently killed by the natives with darts or arrows." This was the version given by one Adam Beck, Captain Ross's Esquimaux interpreter; but Captain Penny's interpreter was totally at variance with the other, whom he called a liar; and the commanders of the expedition were incredulous as to the story. From the information brought by the Prince Albert, it appears that what seemed to be traces of the missing expedition had been found in the direction of the Wellington Channel, a situation that was considered likely. These were, the vestiges of five tents, and the remains of provisions, probably left by a party who had lost their ship or ships, but how long ago there were no means of judging. There was a piece of rope, which was sent home for examination, and appears to have been probably a part of the Arctic stores sent from Chatham to Woolwich for the Erebus and Terror, in 1845. The search was going on, by all the parties engaged in it, with undiminished zeal and activity.

On the 28th of September, Mr. Alderman Musgrove was elected Lord Mayor of London. The Sheriffs for the ensuing year are Alderman Robert Watson Gordon, cutler, and Mr. G. Edm. Hodgkinson, spectacle-maker.

The Right Hon. J. H. Monahan, late Attorney-General in Ireland, has been appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, subject to any reduction in the salary and income of the office which Parliament may make, in accordance with the report of the committee of the House of Commons upon official, diplomatic, and judicial salaries. Mr. Hatchell, the Solicitor-General (M.P. for Windsor), becomes Attorney-General, and the Solicitor-Generalship is conferred upon Mr. Henry George Hughes, Q.C., an eminent member of the Chancery bar.

The Rev. Dr. Townsend, recently made Dean of Waterford, is raised to the vacant Bishopric of Meath. The see of Meath yields an annual income of 4000*l*., with extensive patronage.

Lord Gough has received the freedom of the burgh of Inverness. His first triumph in the field was as a lieutenant of light infantry in the 78th Highlanders, raised in the immediate vicinity of Inverness. The name of Lord Gough immediately succeeds that of Prince Albert on the burgess roll of Inverness.

The late Vice-Chancellor Sir James Wigram has retired upon an annuity of 3500*l*.

Obituary of Notable Persons.

The Baroness de Neumann, née Lady Augustus Somerset, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and wife of Baron Neumann, formerly Austrian Minister at the Court of St. James's, died in childbed at Vienna, on the 20th ult.

Mrs. Maclean, the wife of D. Maclean, Esq., M.P. for Oxford, was killed in the prime of life, at Castellamare, near Naples, on the 20th ult. She was taking a drive in her carriage, when the horses took fright and ran away, and she sustained such severe injuries that she expired a few hours afterwards.

Lord Leigh died at Bonn on the 27th of September, in his 60th year. He had left England some weeks before, for the benefit of his health.

Thomas Amyott, Esq., F.R.S., and F.S.A., for many years Treasurer to the Society of Antiquaries, died on the 28th ult. at his residence, 13, James Street, Buckingham Gate, in the 76th year of his age.

Rear-Admiral Sir J. Marshall died on the 30th ult. at Pendyffryn, near Conway, the residence of General Sir C. Smith, in consequence of a fall from a gig. He was in the 65th year of his age, had been in the navy half a century, and was a distinguished officer.

Mr. James Ingram, proprietor and landlord of the Fox Inn at Woodford, in Gloucestershire, died on the 2nd, in his 93rd year. He was the last survivor of the crew of the Royal George, which sank at Spithead on the 19th of August, 1782, having escaped almost miraculously the fate of his companions. Mr. Ingram had seen a great deal of service, having been at the siege of Gibraltar, and in many naval actions. His sight and health were remarkably good up to within a short time of his death. He was well known on the old coach-road from Gloucester to Bristol, as the coachmen used frequently to pull up to allow their passengers to see a veteran whose life had been marked by so singular an incident.

Miss Sarah Biffin, the celebrated miniature-painter, who was born without hands or arms, died at Liverpool on the 2nd, at the age of 66. For many years she supported herself by her art; but as age came on she fell into distressed circumstances, till a small annuity was purchased for her by subscription, through the benevolent exertions of Mr. Richard Rathbone of Liverpool.

Major-General Wingrove, of the Royal Marines, died on the 7th, aged 70.

The Rev. Dr. Thackeray, Provost of King's College, Cambridge, died at his residence in Wimpole Street, on the 21st, at the age of 73.

Sir William Wrixon Becher, Bart., died a few days ago at Ballygiblen, his seat in Ireland. He formerly represented Mallow in the House of Commons, and in 1831 he assumed the name of "Becher," in lieu of his patronymic, in accordance with the will of his mother's brother, and was that year created a baronet. He was born in 1780, and married in 1820 Miss O'Neill, the celebrated tragic actress, who survives him, by whom he leaves issue three sons and two daughters, his eldest son Henry, born in Sept., 1826, succeeding to the baronetcy.

The Duke of Palmella died at Lisbon, on the 12th. He was buried with great pomp and royal honours.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

The apparently settled tranquillity of India continues to be matter of congratulation, but whispers of a coming storm against the Directors grow more and more distinct and ominous as the time approaches for Sir Charles Napier's return. He had selected the 5th of November as the day on which to begin his homeward journey; and this may possibly prefigure both the extent of the meditated "blow-up," and its interception by some wary Monteagle.

From the Colonies there is no worse or better tidings than the election of Dr. Lang to the Legislative

Council of New South Wales as Member for the City of Sydney. The contest was a narrow one, and its result may prove not unimportant. It exhibits the present strength of the democratic party in New South Wales in a somewhat grave light, and ought to receive proper attention from the authorities in Downing Street.

The accounts by the last *Overland Mail* are from Bombay to the 17th September, Calcutta to the 7th September, and Hong Kong to the 24th August.

The whole of *British India* was tranquil, but the petty civil war on the Nizam's borders still continued.

The native state of *Oude* seems inclined to rival the Nizam's territories in anarchy and misgovernment. It will be remembered that some months since an English officer was killed and two guns lost in an attack on the fort of a refractory vassal of the King of Oude. A second event of the same nature has occurred. The Rajah of Esanuggur had shown himself for some time unwilling to pay the portion of revenue due from him to the Oude government, and it became the duty of Lieutenant P. Orr to obtain these dues from him; but before resorting to more stringent measures he imprudently determined on an interview with the Rajah, who came attended by 200 armed followers. Lieutenant Orr had with him only a Jemadar's party of Sepoys. A discussion ensued, which terminated with blows. Lieutenant Orr received eleven wounds (seven were severe), and was with great difficulty carried off by his party, who behaved very well, and sustained considerable loss. The Rajah lost on his part his brother-in-law and three followers, and was himself wounded. As soon as the Rajah's followers had seen their master safe into his fort (which immediately opened a fire of grape on Lieutenant Orr's party), they commenced a pursuit, from which Lieutenant Orr with difficulty escaped into the districts of a rival Rajah.

The present aspect of the *Punjaub* is most encouraging; the population, now disarmed, have settled down into their former habits of industry. The breadth of land under cultivation this season is said to be unprecedented, and the crops are everywhere most promising.

Sir Charles Napier was to begin his homeward journey from Simla on the 5th of November, and the Governor-general was expected to return from Konawur to Simla at the end of September. It was then expected that his Lordship would visit the Punjaub.

Sir Charles Napier has issued a general order condemnatory of the conduct of those commanding officers who neglected to read and explain to their regiments the orders issued in October, 1849, by the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief, with a view to preparing the minds of the Sepoys for the withdrawal of Scinde allowances. To this neglect on the part of Major Troup, of the 66th Native Infantry, it will be remembered that the mutiny and consequent disbandment of that regiment were attributed by Sir Charles. In this order the Commander-in-Chief very clearly defines the duties of officers commanding regiments, brigades, and divisions; and states that his own period of service with the "noble Indian army" will very soon close.

The most important piece of intelligence from *Hong-Kong* is the continuation of the fearful mortality among the troops, which we noticed in last month's "Narrative." This mortality was chiefly in the 59th regiment, which had lost ninety men in about two months; while, among the Europeans belonging to the Engineers and the Artillery no unusual sickness had prevailed, and the community generally was healthy. This sickness, therefore, is ascribed to the unhealthiness of the barracks and the want of sufficient sanitary precautions. The mortality, however, had begun to abate.

A formidable *Insurrection* against the Chinese government had broken out in the province of Kwang-si. The leader, who is named Li-ting-pang, is said to be at the head of 50,000 men. He has assumed the title borne by the highest Tartar generals, and threatens to exterminate the present and restore the old Chinese dynasty.

The last *West India Mail* has brought advices from the principal colonies to the end of last month.

In *Jamaica* the cultivation of cotton is the great topic of interest. An association has been formed in Kingston in order to test the capabilities of the island for the remunerative production of this plant; and Pembroke Hall, an estate adjacent to Kingston, has been leased for that purpose.

A coloured woman, named Moss, died in Kingston on the 1st of September, at the extraordinary *Age of 150 Years*. She was until within a short time of her dissolution in the enjoyment of all her faculties, and had not known a day's sickness during the last forty years of her existence.

The *Rains* which had fallen in Hanover, Westmoreland, Trelawny, and St. Anne's, were expected to assist very materially the planters with their next crops.

In *Barbadoes* the weather had been extremely sultry, with heavy showers of rain. The country looked beautifully green, and an immense crop of sugar was calculated upon by the most experienced planters. A fire took place on the 19th ult. at Pashfield estate, which destroyed property to the value of 1500*l*.

In *Trinidad*, commercial affairs were in a very unsatisfactory condition, and a scarcity of capital was complained of. A large number of properties had been advertised for public sale in December next on account of arrears due for the ward-rate. There was no sensible alteration in the wages of labourers. A few small proprietors were planting cotton, but more as essays than for speculation. Great dissatisfaction was expressed by the middle classes, and the owners of small properties, at the heavy taxation imposed, and a great many people would probably be driven from the island in consequence thereof. The crop shipped in 1850 amounted to 23,412 hogsheads, and it was estimated that the whole crop would amount to 24,000 hogsheads, showing a deficiency of 4000 hogsheads when compared with the yield of 1849. The prospect of next year's crop, however, was very favourable.

In *British Guiana*, the court of policy had held two sittings, at one of which, two despatches from Earl Grey were read, acknowledging certain communications from British Guiana, calling for changes in its legislative institutes, in which the noble earl expressed himself not unwilling to sanction certain alterations in the court of electors, the effect of which would be to increase the number of members and limit their tenure of office, provided such should be the wish of the court of policy. Governor Barkly also announced his readiness to carry these views into operation by increasing the financial representatives from six to ten.

There are advices from *the Cape of Good Hope* to the 5th of August. The most important article of intelligence is the annexation to the colony of a tract of land about 150 square miles in extent, lying east of Albert division and west of the Wilge river. The whole tract is designed and appropriated as a "National Reserve," for the use of the aborigines or persons of African descent; and no farms or lands within it will, unless otherwise directed, be granted to persons of European race. The tract is now occupied by the aborigines attached to the Wesleyan missionary station at the Wittebergen. The Wilge River, now the eastern boundary of the colony, is henceforth to be known as the Tees.

Papers from *Sydney* have been received to the 1st of August. Dr. Lang had been elected representative of the city of Sydney in the legislative council, by a majority of 25, the votes for him having been 970 and for his opponent, Mr. Holden, 945. On being declared duly elected, he addressed the multitude, and was then drawn home in his carriage by his partisans.

From *South Australia* there are favourable accounts of the progress of the Australian Mining Company. Fresh applications are constantly coming in for allotments of land, of from one to five acres each, and the

township of Tungkillo (the seat of the company's works) is increasing in extent. Schools have been established, and nothing can be more gratifying than the rapid progress which the children are making—both in the ordinary branches of education and in religious instruction. The lord bishop has arranged for a monthly visit to Tungkillo, by a clergyman, and a Wesleyan minister also attends once a month regularly. By subscriptions among the people, a useful Sunday-school library has been established. The miners' library, liberally provided by the directors, has proved very acceptable, and is calculated to have very beneficial results: the subscribers voluntarily pay one shilling a month towards the expenses of the institution, and one shilling entrance.

PROGRESS OF EMIGRATION AND COLONISATION.

Several letters, addressed to the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, have been recently received at the office of the *Female Emigrant Fund*, in reply to communications made to the colonies soon after the institution had commenced its operations. The accounts from the Cape colony are particularly encouraging; and the committee have decided on the immediate selection of fifty young women for emigration thither; and it is intended that they shall be despatched on or about the 15th of next month. Governor Sir Harry Smith and Dr. Gray, the Bishop of Cape Town, have manifested extreme interest in the operations of the committee. The Bishop writes as follows, under date April 25th.—"The class of persons in whom you are interested is one which is much needed in this colony. I have no hesitation in saying that a very large number of females of good character, who would take the situations of household servants, at wages at least equal to what you give in England, would in a few weeks be absorbed. We shall be quite prepared to employ as many as you are likely to be able to send us, and I am sure that if they come as you propose, not more than thirty at a time, with characters (which should be sent with them, and addressed to me), they will all be engaged within a day or two of their arrival."

The communications from *New South Wales* are of an equally cheering character, as will be seen by the subjoined extract. Dr. Broughton, the Bishop of Sidney, writes, on the 6th of May:—"The following observations are founded on data supplied by an analytical view of the census of New South Wales for 1846, the last which has been taken under legislative sanction. The total population of New South Wales, including Port Philip and the crews of colonial vessels, was then shown to be (in round numbers) 189,000; viz., males 114,000, females 75,000. The proportion of females born in the colony was 14 per cent. beyond that of males. The arrival of female emigrants during the year 1849 has exceeded that of males by nearly 18 per cent. Supposing such causes to have been in operation during 1847, 8, 9, (since the census was made up), the ratio of the sexes at the present time may be as females 5, males 7, instead of 5—8, as in 1846. Still, therefore, there is an alarming disproportion; and it must be the prayer of every friend of virtue and morality, that this inroad upon the appointment of the Almighty may not be continued. I see every probability that within the limits of the settled counties, several hundreds of women acquainted with household work, if they were of unblemished characters, would readily find engagement in respectable places, where they would be well maintained and attended to until they should dispose of themselves more to their advantage.

Information has also been received of the arrival at *Toronto*, under the care of Mr. A'Court, of those emigrants who were sent out to Canada in the Elspeth, and, further, that they had all obtained places within a week:—and intelligence has arrived from Port Philip, stating that the Culloden, the first ship despatched to that quarter, was hourly expected, and that the colonists were ready and anxious to receive her emigrants.

The Slanes Castle, the first ship sent out by the *Family Colonisation Society*, founded by Mrs. Chisholm, sailed on the 30th of September, from Gravesend for Australia.

The *Emigration* from the Western and Southern parts of Ireland, goes on without abatement. This month two vessels have sailed from Galway for New York, each carrying nearly 250 passengers, many of them belonging to the better class of farmers. The Tipperary Free Press thus speaks of the flight from the southern district:—"The tide of emigration from this unfortunate land to the colonies and the United States is swelling beyond measure. No conception can be formed of it by the vast number of families which pass through both town and country *en route* to Waterford, &c., day after day, as the great emigration movements principally take place by night! On Wednesday night the watchman on duty in this town counted no less than 54 horses and carts laden with living souls and baggage, all destined for a foreign land; and when so many have passed through Clonmel in one night only, what estimation can be made of those who have travelled for the same purpose through the various highways leading to the ports which branch off at some distance from this town?"

NARRATIVE OF FOREIGN EVENTS.

THE position of parties in France is unchanged. The month has been filled with the intrigues and counter-intrigues of the minister-at-war and the commander-in-chief, and with Louis Napoleon's attempts upon the army by means of chickens and champagne. But the end of the month leaves matters much as they were at its beginning; except that at last the poor President is fain to announce, officially, his intention to remain perfectly quiet and attempt no *coup d'état*, but to wait in patience for such fortune as the Assembly may choose to provide for him.

Of German affairs in their present state it is hardly possible to speak, so as to render what is said in the remotest degree intelligible. But the still lingering Schleswig-Holstein dispute has furnished excuse for an insolent threat on the part of Russia and France which may yet unite Germany and strengthen Prussia, in spite of her poor imbecile king; and the gallant people of the little Electorate of Hesse Cassel maintain still their attitude of calm resistance, in spite of the open bullying of declared foes and the timid hesitation of cowardly friends. Time must bring forth the rest.

California is added to the American Union, and the opponents of slavery exult in another free state. But their richer harvest of triumph is arrived, as we predicted that it would, in the agitation against the Fugitive Slave Act. North and South, East and West, the abolitionists are now more active, resolute, and powerful than ever. Even the advocates of the law do not fail to perceive this, and already coolly declare themselves prepared for "an agitation of a most fearful, revolutionary, and bloodthirsty character." Sooner or later we believe that it *will* be all this. But have the more prudent class of American Statesmen considered it in that light, or prepared themselves sufficiently for the very possible, and perhaps not very distant result?

News from China comes over so high a wall, that it never comes but imperfectly. There is a pretty well authenticated rumour, however, of rebellious doings in the south; and that the insurgents, led on by a new aspirant to the Empire, have worsted the regular troops in more than one engagement. An usurper generally makes so excellent a prince that it may possibly be for the interest of us all to wish success to the rebel.

The President of the French Republic has lately been busy with great *Reviews and other Military Pageants*, entertaining the officers with handsome collations and abundance of champagne, and the soldiers with liberal distributions of rations. One of these took place on the 3rd, when the President reviewed a great body of troops on the Plaine de Satory near Versailles. He was accompanied by the Minister of War, and by General Roguet, his aide-de-camp. General Changarnier left Paris an hour before the President. Though entitled to take the command he did not do so, General Neumayer acting in his room. After the review the President gave a collation to the officers and non-commissioned officers, and ordered 13,000 rations to be distributed to the soldiers. The President joined the collation given to the general officers, but General Changarnier declined being present, and returned to Paris, when the other general officers adjourned to the *déjeuner*. The frequency of these reviews, the manner in which the troops were *fêtés* by the President, the manifestations made by the soldiers, and the rumour that a difference of opinion existed between the President and General Changarnier on the subject, led to an extraordinary meeting of the Commission of Permanence. The Minister of War, General Hautpoul, having been called on to explain the circumstances with reference to the late reviews, replied that he wished to inform the commission that he held no command from the Assembly, and that consequently, he could deny the right of the commission to put any questions to him. He, however, waved these objections; and in reply to the question, said that the accounts published in the papers respecting the reviews were grossly exaggerated; and that nothing whatever had occurred there of an unconstitutional or an unmilitary character. The commission heard the General's explanation in perfect silence; nor did any discussion whatever take place. The Minister further observed that it would be impossible to publish an order of the day preventing the soldiers from expressing their feelings of attachment and respect to the chief of the State, and if it were possible he would not do so. With respect to the review that was to take place on the following Thursday, he pledged himself for the maintenance of the most complete tranquillity on that occasion. When the commission was about to separate, the president again addressed the Minister of War, and said, "General Hautpoul, I am desired by the committee to apprise you that in case General Changarnier be removed from his command, or that any other steps be taken against him, we are determined to convoke, forthwith, the Legislative Assembly." To this the Minister made no reply, and the commission adjourned. On Thursday the 10th, the review referred to by the Minister of War, took place on the Plaine de Satory. There were 25,000 troops, chiefly cavalry. The President was accompanied by General Hautpoul, the Minister of War, and several other general officers, besides his usual brilliant staff. On his way from the Palace of Versailles to the plain of Satory, the streets through which he passed were densely crowded, and he was loudly cheered by the people; but the greatest portion of the cries were "Vive le President!" with only a slight sprinkling of cries of "Vive Napoleon!" and "Vive la Republique!" General Changarnier was on the ground about half an hour before the arrival of the President. When the defiling of the troops in front of the President took place, the infantry passed without uttering a single cry. The cavalry followed, the van being led by the carabineers. The whole of the first regiment of carabineers, in passing the President, cheered with immense enthusiasm, and a great majority of them cried "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive Napoleon!" The three other regiments of carabineers also cheered, but not with so much enthusiasm as the first. There were, however, a considerable number of cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" The regiments which followed were two fine regiments of heavy dragoons. They passed without uttering a single cry, although the colonel of one of them encouraged his men by crying "Vive l'Empereur!" at the pitch of his voice. In the light cavalry regiments there was very little cheering, and the only cry uttered was "Vive Napoleon!" "Vive le President!" After the troops had defiled, the usual refreshments were served out to them, and the President, accompanied by his staff, paid a visit to the camp, but General Changarnier left the ground.

The *Proces-verbal* of the meeting of the Council of Permanence, held on the 12th, drawn up by M. Dupin to the President, was to the following effect:—The violation of the promises made by the Minister of War, and the unconstitutional manifestations, provoked or tolerated, are severely blamed. The committee did not think proper to invite the Minister of War to give further explanations. Deploring the incidents of the review, it still expressed complete confidence in the loyalty of the army, and is satisfied that the cries were not spontaneous on the part of the soldiers, but instigated by certain officers. In order to avoid alarming the country in the absence of imminent peril, it has not deemed proper to convoke the Assembly; but it deeply disapproves reviews so frequent, into which habits altogether unusual and foreign to military traditions have been so boldly introduced.

As a sequel to these disputes, General Hautpoul has found it necessary to resign his place in the government, and has gone to Algeria as Governor of that colony. He is succeeded as Minister of War by General Schramm. General Changarnier has forbidden all Buonapartist papers to be admitted into the barracks, and among others the *Pays*, a paper which was exclusively directed to the troops, and which was the most zealous advocate for the restoration of the Empire.

The government having lately received intelligence that *A Clandestine Manufactory of Gunpowder* on an extensive scale existed at Pouzin, in the department of the Ardeche, in the house of a man named Soubeyran, who was remarkable for much energy of character and desperate courage, an expedition was planned to capture him, and seize the gunpowder. A strong detachment of horse-artillery and four companies of the line, left Valence under the commandant of the place. At five in the morning they arrived at Soubeyran's door, and summoned him to come forth and surrender himself. No answer was made; a noise was heard inside as of the loading of a gun, and the ringing of a steel ramrod in the barrel. After some minutes, and when the Prefect was about to repeat his summons, the door was suddenly flung open, and Soubeyran, in his shirt-sleeves, a red silk handkerchief twisted round his head, his throat bare, and with sandals on his feet, presented himself before them. One hand grasped a blunderbuss, the other was extended forward. He evidently did not expect to see so many prepared to prevent his escape, and his surprise made him hesitate a moment. The Prefect rushed at him, seized with one hand the arm which held the blunderbuss, and with the other put a pistol to his temples, again summoning him to surrender. The soldiers were advancing, when Soubeyran by a sudden and violent movement freed himself from the grasp which held him, leaped over a table and some chairs, burst through a door, reached a window which hung over the water, and bursting through it, dashed into the Rhône and disappeared amidst its waves. The troops who were stationed outside ran at once to the bridge, and twenty or thirty of the horsemen were in a moment on the opposite side, while others lined the near bank. Once or twice the end of the red handkerchief which bound the outlaw's head was seen in the uncertain light of daybreak on the surface of the water; but Soubeyran himself was never seen more. The troops watched long on both banks of the river, expecting in vain to see him attempt to land—it was all useless. It is not known whether he perished in the dangerous current that shoots between the arches of the bridge, or whether he was able, by swimming for a considerable time under water, to find shelter in the hollow of the rocks that in that part hang over the stream; at all events, dead or alive, he has not since been heard of.

The *Queen of the Belgians died* on the morning of Friday, the 11th. She had laboured for two years under an affection of the lungs and a tendency to dropsical consumption, and grief for her father's death appears to have aggravated her complaints, and led to their fatal termination. She died with pious resignation, and though in extreme pain, was able to console her afflicted husband.

She was in her 39th year, having been born at Palermo, on the 3rd of April, 1812. She was married to Leopold, King of the Belgians, on the 11th of August, 1832; and has constantly enjoyed, in the highest degree, the love and respect of her adopted nation. The deceased Queen has left behind her three children, of ages varying from eleven to sixteen. They are the Duke of Brabant, the Count de Flandres, and the Princess Charlotte; one child died in early infancy. The loss of the Queen will be the more severely felt, as the education of the royal children was under her own superintendence. The visits of the Queen of the Belgians to this country were frequent, and her virtues much endeared her to our Queen Victoria.

The war between *Denmark and the Duchies* is bloody and disastrous. The army of Schleswig-Holstein has made several attempts to take the city of Friedrichstadt by storm, none of which have been successful, and the losses sustained by General Willisen have been considerable, particularly in officers. After bombarding part of the town during the whole of the 4th inst., the town was in the evening attacked by two battalions of infantry and a detachment of riflemen. After a desperate struggle, in which both sides must have suffered very heavy losses, the Danes gave way a little, but only to seek the cover of new entrenchments and barricades thrown up in the middle of the town. The resistance which they met with here was so violent and determined, that notwithstanding the most brilliant bravery, the Schleswig-Holsteiners were compelled to retire at midnight. They took up a new position somewhat in advance of the old, and the conflict was renewed on the following morning, but with no better success. The troops advanced in three columns, and the Danes opened a severe fire along their whole line of defences. Before coming to close quarters the captain of the 6th battalion fell, mortally wounded, and the men he commanded were driven out of a small entrenchment they had taken possession of. The 15th battalion was thrown into disorder and retreated, their ammunition-car having exploded and caused great havoc. It received no support from any other troops, in consequence of a bridge between the Chaussée and the Blockhaus having fallen in. A retreat was sounded on perceiving new lines of defence not previously known of. The fighting continued till near midnight. Sixteen officers out of twenty belonging to the 5th battalion were slain. General Christiansen covered the retreat with his battery, while the flames of the burning city cast a ghastly light upon the retiring troops. After the failure of this desperate assault, General Willisen withdrew his troops from before Friedrichstadt. The heavy guns were taken back to Rendsburg, and the two armies were again in the same position they occupied before the 29th of September; the only result having been the almost total destruction of the unfortunate town, and the loss of many brave men on both sides.

A frightful calamity has occurred at the place of pilgrimage called Herrgott, in *Austria*. At one of the public-houses the pilgrims (of whom 3,000 were assembled at Herrgott) were spending the night in eating and drinking. While baking the fish the oven took fire. Behind the inn were a number of stables and barns, in which hundreds of the pilgrims were reposing, and almost all perished in the flames, which rose so rapidly through the thatched roofs, fanned by a strong wind, that there was no possibility of raising ladders to attempt to rescue a single person. Many threw themselves from the lofts, and, with broken limbs, half consumed with fire, flew hither and thither with the most piteous cries. Scarcely half of the pilgrims were saved, and those who survived have for the most part been much injured.

From *Poland* there is a singular account of a forest on fire. Near Cracow, adjoining the line of railway, there is a large peat ground, part of which runs below an immense forest. About the middle of last month some sparks from a locomotive engine were blown in that direction, and fell on the peat, the surface of which had been dried by the heat of the weather. A few days after, the ground in the forest was found to be very warm, and some rumbling and crackling noises were heard. Several large trees fell as if cut down by an axe, and the leaves of others withered. As it was naturally considered that a subterranean fire must be burning under the forest, the officers charged with the inspection of it caused large trenches to be cut. This conjecture turned out to be well-founded, for the fire soon afterwards burst forth, and still continued its ravages. The forest presented the appearance of a vast sea of flame, which was every day extending. The country round to the extent of six leagues was perfectly illuminated, and it has been found impossible to stop the progress of the fire.

The crisis in the affairs of *Electoral Hesse* continues, and the accounts of the present state of things are confused and contradictory. The Elector remains with his minister Hassenpflug, at Wilhelmsbad, his provincial seat of government, while the people of Cassel persist in their opposition to his measures. There have been signs of indecision on his part, and at one time he was said to have even contemplated abdication. There were also some expectations of his dismissing his obnoxious ministers and consenting to the formation of a more popular government. With this view, it was understood, he sent for M. Elwers, a high judicial functionary of liberal tendencies, who, it was hoped, would be instrumental in forming a new cabinet; but this hope was disappointed, and M. Elwers had returned to Cassel. Dr. Oetker, the editor of a liberal journal, had been arrested by order of Haynau, and the Upper Court of Cassel had summoned the commandant of the city to effect his liberation, but at the last accounts he still remained in prison. The officers of the garrison had remonstrated with Haynau upon his proceedings, and had received for answer that he was determined to persist in his course. On this, to the number of two hundred, they had tendered their resignations, which were transmitted by Haynau to the Elector, but his decision on the subject had not been received. There is much uncertainty, too, about the views of Austria and Prussia in regard to the affairs of Hesse Cassel. Very recent intelligence was to the effect that these two powers had come to an understanding that Hassenpflug should be dismissed from his office of minister; and that any military intervention in Hesse, if necessary, would be by Prussia and Austria jointly. According to the last accounts from Cassel, however, an invasion of Austrian and Bavarian troops was daily expected, for the purpose of supporting the Elector against his subjects.

The opening of the States-General of the *Netherlands* took place at the Hague on the 7th, by the King in person. The speech from the throne announced that the relations of the country with all foreign powers were satisfactory, and that as regarded the Duchy of Limburg, the difficulties which had arisen from the convulsed state of Germany were in course of arrangement by such negotiations as would best suit the interest and honour of the Low Countries. Trade was described as prosperous, and flattering hopes were put forth as to the future effects of the new navigation laws. The financial situation was satisfactory; the expected excess would cover the deficiencies left by the preceding year.

At a secret Consistory, held at *Rome* on the 30th of September, the following Cardinals were appointed: Monseigneur Paul Therese David d'Astros, Archbishop of Toulouse; Jean Joseph Bonnel y Orbo, Archbishop of Toledo; Joseph Cosenza, Archbishop of Capua; Jacques Marie Adrien César Mathieu, Archbishop of Besançon; Jude-Joseph Romo, Archbishop of Seville; Thomas Gousset, Archbishop of Rheims; Maximilian-Joseph Godefroi, Archbishop of Olmutz in Moravia; Jean Geissel, Archbishop of Cologne; Peter Paul de Figueredo de Cunha e Mello, Archbishop of Braga in Portugal; Nicolas Wiseman, Archbishop of Westminster in England, a metropolitan see recently formed by the Pope; Joseph Pecci, Bishop of Bugio; Melchior de Diepenbrock, Bishop of Breslaw. Cardinal Wiseman is to return to England, to occupy his metropolitan see; and the whole of England has been portioned into Romish Episcopal Sees.

M. Franzoni, Archbishop of Turin, has been sentenced to banishment from the Sardinian territories, and the archiepiscopal possessions forfeited to the Crown. Thirteen judges out of fourteen pronounced the condemnation of M. Franzoni, who was escorted to the frontier on the 30th ult. The arrival of the Archbishop at Briançon, Hautes Alpes, is announced in the French papers. The same course has been pursued with the Archbishop of Cagliari, who had imitated the conduct of Franzoni, and even gone the length of excommunicating the authorities who called him to account. Sentence of banishment was pronounced against him, and he was put on board a steamer and sent to Civita Vecchia. The vacant sees are administered by the state department of the Apostolic Economiat-General.

The Representative Constitution and the Liberty of the Press have been destroyed in *Tuscany*. On the 23d ult. two Decrees were promulgated: the first announced the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, and declared that till a fresh convocation of the legislature, all power would be exercised by the Grand Duke in the Council of State. The second declared that no journal or periodical should be published without first obtaining the written authorisation of the Minister of the Interior, to whom the names and other circumstances of the director and of the proprietor of the printing establishment are to be communicated.

A *Tragical Occurrence* has taken place at Kruziewis, in the Grand Duchy of Posen. At the commencement of the Russian campaign in Hungary, twelve Circassian noblemen engaged as volunteers in the Russian Circassian regiment, and returned to Warsaw decorated for good conduct. The campaign having terminated, they wished to return home; but they were detained, and placed in the same category as the common Circassians, serving in the army. All their prayers and remonstrances, even to the Emperor himself, remained unheeded. On the 28th September they quitted Warsaw, and passed the frontier cordon, a distance of thirty German miles, next day, after leaving two comrades killed by their pursuers. On the 1st of October, they arrived at Kruziewis, and were conducted by a gendarme before the Landrath. They expressed a wish to be conducted to Berlin, and there disarmed; but the Landrath refused, and expressed his intention of sending them back to Poland. They were then led to the barracks, but nothing could induce them to enter the barrack-yard. The squadron of dragoons quartered at that place received orders to mount and surround them. The moment the dragoons arrived, one of them fired on the Circassians. The Circassians, who were mounted, now galloped out of the town, pursued by the dragoons. One of their horses, already nearly exhausted, fell near the Landrath's office, and a Circassian was shot; so also was the dragoon. A little farther on, two more Circassians were killed, and two wounded taken. The remaining five took refuge in a farm-house, after letting loose their horses. They refused to surrender, and prepared for defence. The dragoons seeing this, set fire to the outhouses, and then to the barns and stables, but the house in which the poor men had taken refuge, could not be burned, as they prevented all approach with their rifles. The other buildings burned all night, but the five Circassians still held out. At length infantry was sent for, and during the night of the 1st and 2nd a detachment of forty men arrived from Bromberg. Measures were taken for burning down the house, and they succeeded. Deprived of their last refuge, the Circassians rushed upon their enemies. One of them killed a foot soldier, and was killed himself, pierced with balls. The remainder, pierced with wounds, were at length captured, and brought into Kruziewis on waggons. The barbarous conduct of the Prussian authorities is attempted to be justified by the cartel between Russia and Prussia for the capture and mutual surrender of deserters.

The advices from *New York* come down to the 9th inst. Congress adjourned on the 30th of September, after a long and momentous session. One of its latest measures, the Fugitive Slaves' Act, had come into operation, and was producing great excitement among the coloured population, and large public meetings had been held in New York and other cities, at some of which, resolutions advising resistance to the Government officers were passed. A vast number of fugitive slaves were escaping into the British North American possessions.—It was said to be likely that Frederick Douglas, the well-known anti-slavery lecturer, would be apprehended under the new act, unless he escaped to Canada.

Congress, before its adjournment, passed the Bill to suppress the slave trade in the district of Columbia, which completes the series of measures proposed by Mr. Clay in his "Compromise Bill" for the settlement of the slavery question.—A bill was also passed prohibiting the lash in the naval service, and abolishing the use of ardent spirits, except in the cabin.

Advices from *Texas* of the 20th ult. state that the passage of Pearce's Boundary Bill by the United States Congress had been announced to the legislature, and the indications were that it would be passed. The papers state that the popular feeling was decidedly in favour of accepting the propositions of the United States Congress.

A serious disturbance had taken place at Sacramento city in *California*. A number of "squatters" had occupied and erected buildings on grounds to which, it was contended, other parties had rights. A writ of ejection was obtained against them, but they resisted its execution, and a sanguinary conflict ensued, in which the mayor of the city, and the leader of the squatters, were killed, and a number of persons wounded. A report, that the city had been burnt, proves unfounded.

The American steam-packet, Pacific, as she was leaving New York on the 28th of September, was detained for a day, by a *Calamitous Accident*. As she was passing out of the dock she struck the wharf, broke down a large shed, and injured herself considerably. There were several hundred people under the shed, and the moment the crash commenced a general panic took place. Many persons in their fright jumped overboard into the river. Some were rescued, but two men were crushed to death in a most horrible manner, by the falling beams under the shed.

Jenny Lind had sung at several *Concerts* at New York and Boston, and has been received with an enthusiasm that beggars anything ever witnessed in this country. At both the above places the tickets of admission were sold by auction; at New York, one Genin, a hatter, purchased one seat for 225 dollars; and at Boston a Mr. Dodge, a music-seller, was the buyer of a seat at the price of 625 dollars—125*l.* sterling! This looks like mere madness; but there must be something under it which does not appear.

Advices from the *Sandwich Islands* reach to the 22nd of June, and describe in the highest terms their rapidly increasing prosperity. Liability to desertion continued to cause the visits of whaling ships to be less frequent, but the extraordinary growth of a more permanent commerce in connection with California, and indirectly with Australia, New Zealand, Calcutta, China, and the Indian Seas, rendered this of no account. The Harbour of Honolulu, which at particular seasons used to be entirely deserted, was now at all times a scene of activity from the arrivals and departures of merchantmen, and the construction of additional wharves had become necessary. Many new buildings were in the course of erection, and the cultivation of vegetable produce was stimulated to the utmost by the fact that supplies of all kinds were taken off as fast as they could be raised. To aid the extension of agricultural operations, a public assembly was fixed to be held in Honolulu on the 12th of August, for the purpose of forming an association to collect implements and machinery, plants, and seeds, as well as to promote by periodical exhibitions, improvements in the breeding of live stock, and, if possible, to establish a magazine, which should contain such selections from the standard agricultural publications of Europe and America as might be likely to prove most useful to the members. It was also proposed that the association should give attention to the question of the introduction of Coolie labour from China to supply the places of the rapidly decreasing native population.

NARRATIVE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE progress and successful conduct of the University Commission is matter of the deepest anxiety to all who feel the questions involved in it to be paramount in importance to almost every other. It has commenced its sittings, but as yet has been occupied exclusively with mere arrangements for taking evidence. Most of the heads of houses who signed the remonstrance against the inquiry, it is now understood, will no longer decline to be examined; but we still hear muttered threats of "violent opposition from the Tractarian members of the board." Happily these bode less than they did. The precipitate descent of the Pope and his bishoprics has fluttered the pro-papists in Oxford and elsewhere, and their means of mischief are not at all what they were even so late as ten days ago. The wedge had already been inserted before the hammer of his Holiness was applied. We shall shortly see Doctor Pusey and Mr. Sewell and Mr. Denison at quite harmless fisticuffs in the air.

These three gentlemen aptly represent the present split of the Tractarian schism. Mr. Denison is for denying the Romish supremacy, and creating a supremacy of his own. Doctor Pusey will not deny the Romish supremacy; but, with a resolve as stern and mournful as Mr. John O'Connell's when he contemplated his final struggle on the floor of the house, he promises to die in the bosom of the Church of England. Mr. Sewell is as little for denying as for admitting the supremacy of Rome, but, swaying to either side with the current of his interests and hopes, appears to have simply made up his mind to die in the possession of a good English benefice. Not any of the three will occasion much more trouble. As soon as the choice must be taken, Mr. Denison and Mr. Sewell will be found side by side where the bishops and benefices are; and for the remaining section, the weakest but the most sincere, they will at least have the excuse of Benedict for marrying, that when they promised to die in the bosom of the Church of England, they didn't know that they would live to die in the bosom of the Church of Rome.

The publishers still pause and hesitate on the threshold of the winter season, and there has not been for many years so dull an October in the great publishing houses, east and west.

The most important of the month's scanty publications which we are called to record is that of the first portion of a very able and laborious compilation on *Commercial Law* by Mr. Leone Levi. The object of the entire undertaking, which may well be termed a gigantic one, is to survey the principles and administration of all the various commercial laws of foreign countries, with a view to a direct comparison with the mercantile law of Great Britain. Mr. Levi appears to have been engaged for years, with this object, in correspondence with the merchants of upwards of fifty countries remarkable more or less for distinct and separate commercial usages; and to have obtained in every instance the information he sought. His first volume opens with a sketch of the leading epochs in the history of commerce, and of the existing condition of commercial law in the countries embraced by his scheme. Then, after giving a table of international usages and days of grace now current in all countries, Mr. Levi presents an extraordinary mass of information at once extremely condensed and most lucidly arranged, on the laws of merchants, minors, married females, aliens, books of commerce, and partnership, respectively prevailing in Great Britain (which occupies the post of honour across the top of each page,) and in all the other leading countries (which are duly arranged in parallel and corresponding columns below). Mr. Levi's ultimate object, and one to which intelligent law reformers will earnestly desire success, is the establishment of a national and international code of commerce among all civilised countries, rejecting what is inconvenient or unjust in all, and retaining and codifying what is best in each.

A traveller and literary labourer of the same race as Mr. Levi, the Rev. Moses Margoliouth, a converted Jew, has been employing his time not quite so profitably in writing and publishing long-winded letters descriptive of a *Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers*, addressed to all sorts of fine folks here, countesses, bishops, lords, and baronets, who must have had a surprising quantity of patience, and a more than ordinary amount of nothing to do, to be able to read them. It is very doubtful if the public will follow their example. The letters, orations, and other tracts on Italy, which M. Mazzini has just republished with an eloquent and earnest appeal to the English people, in a small volume entitled *Royalty and Republicanism in Italy*, would merit a different kind of mention, if this were the place in which to give it. Suffice it to say that M. Mazzini repels in this book, it seems to us successfully, the charge so often brought against him of having distracted and divided the forces of his native country, at the time when they ought to have been concentrated on the paramount duty of driving out the Austrians.

There is no other original book deserving notice in our present Narrative, but some welcome re-appearances deserve a grateful word. First, and most delightful, is a re-issue of the Spectator's papers of *Sir Roger de Coverley*, now for the first time collected in a single volume, forming a connected narrative of the most fascinating kind, and characteristically illustrated by notes as well as woodcuts. Then we have a re-publication by Mrs. Crowe of some stories of murders, ghosts, and circumstantial evidence, highly pertinent to the time, and entitled *Light and Darkness*. Also we have to note the issue in three goodly volumes of Mr. Robert Bell's English story of the *Ladder of Gold*. And finally there have been new editions (with numerous and important additions in both cases) of Mr. Leitch's excellent translation of Müller's *Ancient Art and its Remains*; and of Dr. Latham's admirable treatise on the *English Language*.

A great quantity of *Assyrian and other Antiquities* have arrived at the British Museum, from Bussorah. Among them are the Great Bull from Nineveh, with a man's head and dragon's wings, weighing twelve tons, and a lion sculptured in the same manner, weighing nine tons. There are also several coffins, containing many curious relics of the manners and usages of Eastern countries regarding the ceremonies observed in burying their dead.

The metropolitan theatres have all opened for the season. Mr. Charles Kean and Mr. Keeley are now the lessees of the Princess's, which they are managing with much success. No new dramatic piece of any importance has been produced at any of the theatres.

A series of "Grand National Concerts" has been commenced at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of a committee of gentlemen. They are promenade concerts, after the manner of Jullien's entertainments at Drury Lane, but on a greater scale, and with a larger infusion of classical music.

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

BANKRUPTS.

From the Gazette of Sept. 27. JOHN THOMAS BRAMELD, Tichborne-street, and Great Windmill-street, Westminster, china dealer.—JAMES HORSFIELD, Wheelock, Cheshire, coal dealer.—WILLIAM KEEPING, East-street, Walworth, common brewer.—EDWARD HAMLIN KIDDLE, Valentine-place, Blackfriars-road, miller.—HENRY LLOYD and THOMAS LLOYD, Carmarthen, drapers.—THOMAS PROBYN, High-Holborn, licensed victualler.—HENRY FRANCIS ROSS, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, and JOHN WYLIE BARROW, Philpot-lane, City, commission and shipping agents.—HENRY WILKINS, High-street, Kensington, draper.

Oct. 1. THOMAS GAMSON, Mark-lane, City, corn and seed factor.—WILLIAM MAYER, Bateman's-Row, Shoreditch, timber merchant.

Oct. 4. THOMAS FIELDING, Rhyl, Flintshire, hotel keeper.—THOMAS HORATIO JOLLEY, Farringdon-street, City, fruit salesman.—GEORGE LITTLE, Holborn-bars, City, and Commercial-pl., Commercial-rd., New Peckham, electrical apparatus maker.

Oct. 8. WILLIAM GRAYSON, Mortlake, Surrey, market gardener.

Oct. 11. WILLIAM GOODE, jun. Monmouth, linen draper.—JAMES HORSFIELD, Wheelock, Cheshire, coal dealer.—BENJAMIN MURRAY, Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, innkeeper.—JOSEPH WORSEY, and JAMES BIGGS, Aston, Warwickshire, wire manufacturers.

Oct. 15. WILLIAM HENRY BOON, Plymouth, ironmonger.—THOMAS DALBY, Hythe, Kent, builder.—HENRY POOLEY, Wisbeach St. Peter's, Cambridgeshire, carpenter.—THOMAS WESLEY, Newport Pagnel, Buckinghamshire, hotel keeper.

Oct. 18. JONAS CLARK, Soham, Cambridgeshire, dealer in flour.—JAMES FIELDING, Middleton, Lancashire, provision dealer.—WILLIAM FORD, High-Holborn, haberdasher.—CHARLES JONES, Llanfyllin, Monmouthshire, grocer.—WILLIAM PIGGOT, Great Everaden, Cambridgeshire, general shopkeeper.—BENJAMIN TEBBIT, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, draper.

Oct. 22. EDWARD ARMYTAGE, Halifax, and Huddersfield, Yorkshire, cotton spinner.—JOHN INGS, Henley in Arden, Warwickshire, surgeon.—FREDERICK LA MARK, and GEORGE LA MARK, Water-lane, Tower-street, shipbrokers.—JAMES M MONIES, Liverpool and New York, America, corn merchant.—JAMES STEVENS TRIPP, Lombard-street-chambers, Clement's-lane, City, dealer in railway shares.

Oct. 25. WILLIAM BINDER, Orsett, Essex, builder.—CALEB EVANS, Merthyr Tydvil, Glamorganshire, ironmonger.—GEORGE HALL and FRANCIS SKELTON FELL, Tynemouth, timber merchants.—JOHN RODEN, Stamford, Lincolnshire, draper.—ROBERT TURNER, Worthing, Sussex, draper.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.

Sept. 24. FREDERICK JOHNSON, Lincoln, watchmaker.

Sept. 27. WILLIAM EDWARD FERGUSSON, Macclesfield, Cheshire, surgeon

Oct. 1. WILLIAM JOHNSON, West Drayton, farmer.

THE STOCK AND SHARE MARKETS.

City, Oct. 28.

During the early part of the month, in consequence of the transfer books of the various descriptions of home securities being shut, Consols were the only stock in which business could be done; but, notwithstanding, the operations were of a very quiet character, and failed to sustain the market, the price receding to 96¼, which it marked on the 5th inst. With the commencement of the payment of the dividends, however, an upward movement set in, and the price went rapidly up till the 16th, when Consols were done at 97¾. They then remained pretty steady till the 23rd, when a speculative action to depress prices came in force, and they gradually drooped to their yesterday's quotation, 96⅞ to 97. To-day the market leaves off rather steadier, with Consols quoted at 97⅛ to ¼. Within the last fortnight a very large business has been transacted, not only in Consols, but also in the Reduced 3 per Cents., the New 3¼ per Cents., and the other stocks which have recently opened.

The Railway Share Market on the whole has been good this month, and characterised by a strong tendency to improvement, as will be seen upon an inspection of the extreme prices given below. Very extensive purchases were made in nearly all the railway stocks during all the first half of the month; and though the tone of the market of late has been slightly depressed, this is generally regarded as arising from causes which are easy of explanation, and of a merely temporary character.

STOCKS.

	Prices during the Month.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
Three per Cent. Consols	97¾	96½	97¼
Three per Cent. Reduced	97	96	96¼
Three and a quarter per Cents.	99¼	98	98
Long Annuities, Jan. 1860	7⅞	7¾	7 11/16
Bank Stock	212	209	211½
India Stock	270	265	270
South Sea Stock	108	107¾	108
Exchequer Bills	71s. prm.	63s. prm	66s. prm.
India Bonds	91s. prm.	88s. prm.	86s. prm.

RAILWAYS.

Paid.		Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
100	Bristol and Exeter	70	68½	69
50	Caledonian	8⅝	8⅜	8¼
20	Eastern Counties	6¾	6	6¼
24	Great Northern	14⅛	13½	13⅞
100	Great N. of England	243½	242½	243½
100	Great Western	73	69½	70
50	Hull and Selby	97½	95	97½
100	Lancashire and Yorkshire	50¾	47½	48
50	Leeds and Bradford	96¾	92¾	95¾
100	London and Brighton	85	83	84
100	London and North Western	118¾	115	117½
100	London and S. Western	70½	67½	68½
100	Midland	45¼	42	42
17½	North Staffordshire	7⅞	7	7⅛
30	South Eastern	21½	19⅞	20¼
25	York, Newcastle, and Berwick	18⅞	16½	17⅛
50	York and North Midland	26½	20⅜	23⅛

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Oct. 26.

The tendency of the prices of home-grown wheat has been slightly declining during the month, the supplies from the country being of a fair amount, and millers purchasing with extreme caution, so as only to meet immediate wants. Where sales have to be made, a slight concession is generally obliged to be yielded. The London averages (announced last night), which are given below, show a reduction of full 3s. per quarter in wheat, as compared with those published in our last monthly notice. Foreign grain has generally been held more firmly :—

Wheat, per quarter, 42*s.* 8*d.*
Barley, 26*s.* 4*d.*
Oats, 17*s.* 2*d.*
Rye, 25*s.* 7*d.*
Beans, 28*s.* 8*d.*
Peas, 32*s.* 11*d.*

Flour, Town made, delivered, per 280 lbs., 37*s.* to 40*s.*
" Norfolk and Suffolk, 29*s.* to 32*s.*
" American and Canadian, per barrel, of 196 lbs., 22*s.* to 25*s.*

PROVISIONS—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Bacon, per cwt. — Waterford heavy, 38*s.* to 42*s.*; Belfast, 42*s.* to 50*s.*; Hamburg, 47*s.* to 49*s.*

Beef, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2*s.* 4*d.* to 3*s.*

Butter, per cwt., Carlow, 80*s.* to 84*s.*; Cork, 80*s.* to 81*s.*; Limerick, 74*s.* to 77*s.*; Dorset, 56*s.* to 82*s.*; Friesland, 70*s.* to 88*s.*; Fresh, 9*s.* to 11*s.* per 12 lbs.

Cheese, per cwt., new Cheshire, 42*s.* to 60*s.*; old Derby 44*s.* to 54*s.*; new Wiltshire dbl. 44*s.* to 54*s.*; Gouda, 31*s.* to 36*s.*; American, 40*s.* to 42*s.*

Eggs, English, per 120, 5*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.*; Scotch, 4*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 9*d.*; French, 4*s.* to 5*s.* 0*d.*

Hams, per cwt.—York or Cumberland, 60*s.* to 70*s.* 6*d.*; Irish, 46*s.* to 70*s.*; Westphalia, 46*s.* to 50*s.*; American, 40*s.* to 44*s.*

Mutton, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2*s.* 10*d.* to 3*s.* 8*d.*

Potatoes, per ton.—Kent and Essex Shaws, 55*s.* to 65*s.*; Kent and Essex Regents, 60*s.* to 85*s.*; Middling Ware, 35*s.* to 45 · Chats, 25*s.* to 32*s.*; Yorkshire Regents, 70*s.* to 80*s.*

Pork, per 8 lbs., large, 2*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; small, 3*s.* 10*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.*

Veal, per 8 lbs., 2*s.* 10*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*

GROCERY—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Cocoa, per cwt.—Trinidad, 42*s.* to 50*s.*; Grenada 39*s.* to 47*s.* Bahia, 28*s.* to 29*s.*

Coffee, per cwt.—Good ord. Ceylon, 57*s.* to 58*s.*; fine ord. Jamaica, 48*s.* to 49*s.* 6*d.*; good and fine ord. Mocha, 55*s.* to 61*s.*; Bahia, 43*s.* to 57*s.*

Rice, per cwt.—Bengal white, 8*s.* 6*d.* to 12*s.* 6*d.*; Madras, 8*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.*; E. I. Patna, 10*s.* to 20*s.*; Carolina 20*s.*

Sago, per cwt.—Pearl, 19*s.* to 24*s.*

Sugar, per cwt.—Grocery lumps, 50*s.* to 52.; good brown Jamaica, 36*s.* 6*d.* to 37*s.* 6*d.*; ditto fine yellow, 42*s.* to 43.; Mauritius yellow, 35*s.* to 39*s.*; Brazil brown, 32*s.* to 36*s.* 6*d.*

Tea, per lb. (duty 2*s.* 1*d.*),—Com. Congou, 1*s.* to 1*s.* 0½*d.*; Souchong, ord. and mid. 10*d.* to 1*s.* 2*d.*; mid. and good Hyson, 1*s.* 4*d.* to 1*s.* 9*d.*; Imperial, 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*

Candles, per 12 lbs., 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; Coals, per ton, Wallsend, 14*s.* 9*d.* to 16*s.* 9*d.*

OILS.

Pale Seal, per ton, 40*l.*
Sperm, 84*l.* to 86*l.*
Cod's, 38*l.*

Olive, Gallipoli, per 252 gals. 45*l.*
Pale rape, per cwt., 38*s.*
Linseed, 32*s.* 6*d.*

Monthly Supplement to "*HOUSEHOLD WORDS*," *Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.*

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

1850.] FROM THE 29TH OCTOBER TO THE 28TH NOVEMBER. [PRICE 2*d*.

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

IT is remarked by Mr. Macaulay that the trial of the seven bishops was the first and last occasion on which two feelings of tremendous potency, which have generally been opposed to each other, and either of which, when strongly excited, has sufficed to convulse the state, were united in perfect harmony. Those feelings were love of the church and love of freedom. The fact is pregnant with significance, that the two should have been combined so rarely; and that as surely as church manifestations have in general led to results unfavourable to civil liberty, so has the outbreak for liberty as commonly brought about limitations of the power of the prelacy and priesthood. Whether love of the church or love of freedom be predominant at present, or whether the second instance of their combination be arrived in our English history, results will have to determine. One thing only is certain at present. Of the strength and intensity of the agitation which shakes the kingdom from end to end, there can be no doubt whatever. It occupies every class and sect to the absolute exclusion of every other interest or subject. The excitement is now in its third stage. The first was that of the Papal Bull; the second, that of the Pastoral Letter; the third, the attempted defence to both in the Appeal to the English People. The Appeal seemed at first a sort of bathos after the Bull and the Letter; but the affected humility of the one, and the declared arrogance of the others, meant precisely the same thing, and the last has but served therefore, after brief consideration, as fuel to the other two.

The Papal Bull of the 29th September declared not simply that a Romish hierarchy was re-established in England, but that all constitutions, privileges, and customs of the church in England were abolished, whatever their antiquity, and the new bishops invested with full episcopal power. There was no disguise about this document. It created twelve new bishoprics, dividing the island into corresponding dioceses. It assigned an archbishop to Westminster, a bishop of Southwark to the two divisions of the metropolis and the adjoining counties, and a bishop of Beverley to Yorkshire. It divided Lancashire between the sees of Liverpool and Salford; and Wales, between Salop and Merthyr-Tydvil cum Newport. It erected bishoprics of Clifton and Plymouth in the west of England, each comprising three counties; in the midland district, it raised two episcopal sees of Nottingham and Birmingham; and these it flanked by that of Northampton in the east. Nor had the general amazement at the act yet subsided into a clear comprehension of all the insolence comprised in it, when forth came a Pastoral Letter from "Nicholas, by the Divine mercy, of the holy Roman Church by the title of St. Pudentiana, Cardinal Priest, Archbishop of Westminster, and Administrator apostolic of the diocese of Southwark," addressed "to our dearly beloved in Christ, the clergy, secular and regular, and the faithful of all the said archdiocese and diocese." In this letter the faithful were ordered to offer up a thanksgiving that "the great work is complete, and your beloved country has received a place among the fair churches which form the splendid aggregate of Catholic communion, and has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament from which its light had long vanished, and begins anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour." The saints of England, "whether Roman or British, Saxon or Norman," were invoked to "look down from their seats of bliss with beaming-glance upon this new evidence of the faith and the church which led them to glory;" and were invited to behold, from their habitations of joy, "the lamp of the temple again enkindled and rebrightening, and the silver links of that chain which has connected their country with the See of Peter in its vicarial government changed into burnished gold, not stronger nor more closely knit, but more beautifully wrought and more brightly arrayed!" Then there was added to this infinite rubbish about the raiments of chains, a quite equal amount concerning his own dignity, and his cardinal's hat, and his red stockings, and his archiepiscopal pallium, and his title derived from "the church of St. Pudentiana, in which St. Peter is groundedly believed to have enjoyed the hospitality of the noble and partly British family of the Senator Pudens" (about which there has of course been a letter to the *Times* suggesting St. Impudentiana as the more accurate title). But finally, in the midst of all this ridiculous arrogance, it was not forgotten expressly to announce that "until such time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise to provide, WE GOVERN, and shall continue to govern, *the counties of* Middlesex, Hertford, and Essex *as ordinary thereof*"—without the least reservation of the pretended authority to the Roman Catholic inhabitants of those counties, or any recognition of the positive authority of the ordinary of the diocese. The decency of such a reservation never seems to have occurred to his Eminence, till a cry of indignation and disgust, from one end of England to the other, somewhat rudely aroused him from his exulting dreams as Cardinal Archbishop to his less gorgeous position as Nicholas Wiseman. Then came forth his Appeal, no longer treating us as if, since the days of the Reformation, we had been savage, or barbarian, but to all appearance recognising us for rational folk, appealing to us in the name of religious liberty, demanding full completion of the Emancipation Act, and remonstrating with us for denying to a section of our fellow christians what he had thought it our pride and boast freely to extend to all. At least this Appeal is an argument purporting to be addressed to the reason, and inviting fair examination.

Stripping it, then, of its uneasily assumed humility, and paying no heed to the bitter sneers and bursting

hate which that assumption so scantly veils, the argument contained in it is briefly this, that its author, the Cardinal Archbishop, comes after all merely as a dissenting minister, the head of a voluntary association, to take the management of the spiritual affairs of the Catholics, and to assume nothing that a Wesleyan or Baptist might not claim. But do the Wesleyan and Baptist reject every other christian? Do they treat as non-existent whatever exists not within their pale? Do they refuse to see anything in the land but their own chapels, or to acknowledge a fellow citizen that is not subject to their Conference? Do they think it seemly or right to insult a great nation in the very name of its greatest act of religious freedom, to trample on its generous tolerance, to ignore its noble struggles, and for its good return evil, for its charity contumely? There is no Protestant in England desiring with all his heart to live in peace with his Catholic fellow subject, and to know him only as a fellow countryman, who does not from the very strength of that feeling spurn and resist an aggression of which the manifest claim is to apply the rights of freedom to the uses of tyranny, and convert an act of justice into a means of domination. Let us not be ashamed of arguments in behalf of justice to the Romanists simply because we see them Jesuitically quoted to palliate Romanist encroachment. It was quite within the power of the Pope to have provided for the spiritual government of the English branch of his church without offence or insult. He was not called on to assume that the entire country had just been rescued from heathenism and restored to the supremacy of the Papal hierarchy. He needed not to have swept away the whole Protestant population to make room for the hierarchy of something less than a million of his fellow-believers. He needed not to have revelled in the anticipated fall of our national faith by way of exalting and aggrandising his own. One of the most intelligent and liberal Roman Catholics in England, Lord Beaumont, has put the case unanswerably. "To send a bishop to Beverley for the spiritual direction of the Roman Catholic clergy in Yorkshire," he remarks, "and to create a see of Beverley, are two very different things: the one is allowed by the tolerant laws of the country; the other requires territorial dominion and sovereign power within the country. If you deny that this country is a fief of Rome, and that the Pontiff has any dominion over it, you deny his power to create a territorial see, and you condemn the late bull as 'sound and fury signifying nothing.' If, on the contrary, you admit his power to raise Westminster into an archbishopric and Beverley into a bishopric, you make over to the Pope a power which, according to the constitution, rests solely with the Queen and her Parliament, and thereby infringe the prerogative of the one and interfere with the authority of the other." Nothing could more tersely express the dilemma in which the Papal aggression has placed the honest English Catholic. It is manifest to him, as to every other rational person, that for all due purposes of internal government in regard to the Roman Catholic ministry, the vicar-apostolic, or the bishop with a title from his flock, was enough; but for purposes of spiritual government and domination, the territorial and purple prelate, with his retinue of synods, dioceses, and indefinite powers, was needed; the entire Canon Law must be inflicted upon us, even at the cost of the Queen's prerogative: and not alone the Roman Catholic community, subject to spiritual penalties and pains for temporal fidelity, but we, the unenthralled and free community of Protestants, are expected to submit to the infliction. The English people say they will *not* submit, and who can blame them! Who can therefore charge them with bigotry or injustice? It is no violence to the principles of toleration that a creed, to which not only liberty of conscience is yielded, but also all reasonable means of promoting and propagating itself, should be denied such privileges of external action as are utterly inconsistent with the rights of other beliefs. The very territorial titles assumed, the claim of a disposal of the soil, the assumption to govern England by provinces and dioceses with local titles and unlimited jurisdiction, constitute a temporal pretension to which the rules of temporal government apply. Nothing of all this was required to meet merely the spiritual wants of the Roman Catholic population. Nothing of it was implied in the compact with our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens at the period of the Emancipation Act. Rome, says the authorised organ of Roman Catholic opinion, "has more than spoken. She has spoken and acted. She has again divided our land into dioceses, and has placed over each a pastor, to whom all baptised persons, without exception, within that district, are openly commanded to submit themselves in all ecclesiastical matters, under pain of damnation; and the Anglican sees, those ghosts of realities long since passed away, are utterly ignored." Was this the meaning of the compact of 1829? Is it within the limits of any kind of allowable toleration, that a paramount spiritual authority derived solely from a foreign prince should be permitted, even in name, to lord itself over the crown and constitution of England? Why, it is a claim at this day rejected in every Roman Catholic country with the smallest title to independence; and ought it to be suffered in a country emphatically Protestant? There is a Gallican Church in France; there is a Catholic Church in Prussia, where education is free, and where prelates cannot be chosen without the sanction of the sovereign; but, according to Cardinal Wiseman, there can be no such thing in England. The assertion is a disingenuous artifice; nor is there anything more worthy of remark in the Appeal than the manner in which important points of this nature are slurred, and others elaborately dwelt upon which no one is disposed to call in question.

It is not the denial of the Queen's spiritual supremacy, nor is it even the creation of a hierarchy (supposing a case of necessity made out for it), which we would refuse to the Roman Catholic. The Emancipation Act may have led to both, as it certainly did to one. But in conceding to the Catholics what we believe to be theirs, it did not surrender to them what we know to be our own. It warranted nothing offensive or aggressive. It may have been simply an act of justice on the part of the State to extend frank recognition to the Roman Catholic people; but after such an act the State should not have been ignored by the class it had just raised and strengthened. Let the relative numbers of Catholic and Protestant in England be compared; and the propriety of demanding for the minority an organisation co-extensive with the wants of all, will be brought to a simple test. The insolence of the act did not even stop short, however, at that monstrous inaptitude of means and ends. The vast majority of the nation has been treated as absolutely non-existing, and authority over all baptised souls conferred without misgiving, as if the Roman Catholic church were again predominant, and the privileges of Christianity denied to souls not baptised within its pale. The question which arises upon this is a somewhat serious one. The most ardent friends of freedom have to ask whether any sort of concession, directly leading to such encroachment, should have place in a scheme of religious liberty. A State which has to care for the rights of many denominations, can have no title to make concessions incompatible with the rights of any; or a perfect Roman Catholic freedom might include a perfect Protestant subjection. If simply the claims of conscience were in question, the

course would not be difficult to take; but it is not so; and the pretence that would make it so is notoriously false. Cardinal Wiseman's Appeal proceeds wholly on the separability of the spiritual from the temporal authority of Rome; and every one who has read history knows that they are inseparable. The one has always proceeded in direct sequence from the other, just as the temporal persecutions of the Roman church have been but the natural expression of her spiritual infallibility. An absolute right to Persecute only ceases when a church no longer claims an absolute right to Know. This is what the Cardinal means by his sneer at the absence of "clear, definite, and accordant teaching" from the English establishment: and this is what now suggests to all men the necessity of defining the amount of religious concession which shall not be allowed to frustrate the ends of temporal legislation. It would have been thought intolerable in England, even six centuries ago, that the country should have been mapped out into ecclesiastical districts, and subjected to ecclesiastical governors, by the sole voice of a foreign potentate; and most certainly the Emancipation Act of the nineteenth century did not contemplate any such thing. So far, the existence of Roman Catholicism is quite distinct from the uses and powers which the toleration of its existence is now sought to subserve. Nor can we admit that the clause by which the authors of the Emancipation Act expressly prohibited Romanist prelates from assuming the titles of sees of the Established Church, is by any means an argument for the assumption of titles from places contained within those sees, and the pretence to authority over them. Even if the law shall declare that the letter of the Emancipation Act has in that respect been kept, most assuredly its spirit has been violated.

But wonderful is the coolness with which the Cardinal throughout his Appeal treats the records of times past, as well as of our own. We have but to listen to him, and believe that wherever a religious house existed in old Roman Catholic days, a paradise of comfort and happiness spread itself around, taking and giving blessings. A pretty picture! and a pity that any rude hand should deface it! But did it never occur to his Eminence that some one might have time and patience to call History itself into court? Here it is, within reach, and in tones undistorted by prejudice or faction. We have but to open, no particular or party record, but the statute book of the reign preceding that of the Reformation—while Luther was still but a poor Franciscan school-boy at Magdeburg, singing songs in the street for bread—to find what a crying evil and grossness the lives of the Romish clergy had become. In one enactment, passed by our English parliament, it is expressly declared to be lawful for bishops and other ordinaries to punish priests, clerks, and religious men for incontinence; for which offence, so flagrant and unceasing its occurrence, they might commit them to prison at discretion, and should be liable to no action for so doing. Nay, in the reign preceding, some ten years before the accession of Henry VII., we have the direct authority of a great dignitary of the Roman Church for the profligacy prevailing among its members. Archbishop Bourchier, in a commission empowering his commissary general to take measures for the establishment of an improved discipline, refers to numbers of the clergy both secular and regular as persons wholly destitute both of literature and capacity, profligate as they were ignorant, neglecting their cures, spending their time in strolling about the country in the company of loose women, and their incomes in feasting, drinking, and other excesses. It is to be observed, too, that in the popular outcry against the church which these excesses raised, the storm fell as heavily on the regular clergy or monks, as on their secular brethren, the parish priests. The increase of wealth had done its evil work in all directions; and an affectation of concealment, which for a time preserved the shows of decency, had long been put aside. Pope Innocent VIII. issued a bull soon after Henry VII.'s accession, wherein, after stating the intelligence he had received of the reprobate lives led by all the monastic orders in England, he ordered Archbishop Morton to admonish the heads of convents of the necessity of reform, and to threaten compulsory proceedings if the admonition appeared to be neglected. Morton sent letters in consequence, and that which he addressed to the Abbot of St. Alban's has been preserved. It describes the monks of his abbey as notoriously guilty, not only of libertinism in all its forms, but of almost every other kind of enormity. The abbot individually is reproached with having filled two neighbouring nunneries, over which he pretended to have a jurisdiction, with women of infamous character, after having turned out their proper inmates; and he and his monks, besides openly keeping concubines, are accused of being in the habit of frequenting these convenient establishments in the most shameless manner. Specific instances are mentioned not fit to be recorded here, but within easy reach of all who wish to consult them. Was it such a Moslem "paradise" as this to which his Eminence referred? Or, was he momentarily confusing past and present, and thinking of the little paradise of comfort, knowledge, and happiness, left behind him as he quitted "the Flaminian gate." Under the very shadow of the Papal Palace at this moment there is a papist population, of which the proportion of priests is little less than one in eighteen, more ignorant, depraved, and criminal than anywhere else on the face of the civilised world. Nor does any man know better than Doctor Wiseman that the tendency of his religion, as at present professed, is to continue large masses of its population in that state; for, all genuine power having departed from it when its power of inspiring genuine belief passed away, the strength of his church now mainly depends upon this, and this alone.

The English people know it, and it is too late now to persuade them otherwise. They know that wherever knowledge, freedom, and the arts of life have made advance during the last three centuries, the advance has been in the teeth of the Roman Catholic Church, and in the inverse ratio to her power. Where she has been, they know that the richest lands on earth have become sterile; where she has not been, they know that the blessings of abundance have replaced sterility. They have but to look at Spain; or think of Holland; or, sending a glance across the waters of the wide Atlantic, to compare the career of the respective populations in the New World who have continued or escaped that thraldom. The plain and simple truth therefore is that the English people won't have it. They spurn it for every reason that has most weight with man. Spiritually it jars with all that is most dear to them—its principles with their love of religious truth, its practice with their love of religious liberty; driving them to shows of persecution that they may vindicate their hatred of its reality, and forcing them into the ranks of intolerants to fight the fight of toleration. Nor is it less opposed materially, than spiritually, to all that has made them what they now are. What Father Newman said the other day in Birmingham is true, though in a sense different from that in which he said it. English people had had enough of blessings and absolutions, and quite enough of the intercession of saints, when, "preferring the heathen virtues of their original nature," they fell back with closed affections

and haughty reserve upon their worldly integrity, honour, energy, prudence, and perseverance; and forthwith began to rise to a station higher than the heathen Roman, and in three centuries have attained a wider range of sovereignty, "from which they look down in contempt on what they were, and on the religion which reclaimed them from paganism." And why should they not? Is it in the nature of the divine law that man should go backward, or forward? It may be very melancholy to contemplate the fall of any faith, whether paganism or popery; but history records no such catastrophe from which new development has not begun. The law of the earth is to advance; and what seem to be retrograde movements are but so many furtherances of it. The straight line in civilisation may be no where discoverable; but progress, its object and law, never comes to a stand. The fire is dark when new fuel has been flung upon it, but the light is not extinguished. New strength and brilliancy are to follow.

Nor is it simply Doctor Nicholas Wiseman and his friends whom it behoves to take this truth to heart. Does any one doubt that our own divisions have been the chief inducement to the papal aggression? Does any one, who looks the truth boldly in the face, hesitate to feel or say that something more must result from the existing agitation, than the mere defeat of Roman Catholic pretensions? It is little to repel the enemy from the gate if the traitor remains in the citadel. Nor will it suffice to remove individual offenders. The ground of offence, the pretence for treason, must also be rooted out, at once and for ever.

The English Church was the result of a compromise with Romanism, which still lingers too much in her constitution, her doctrines, and her services. Let her be compared with the protestant churches of France, Germany, and Geneva, and this will be seen. Let comparison be made of her doctrinal confessions and discourses with her thanksgivings and prayers. Let the agitation which denounced Doctor Hampden be examined side by side with the determination which supported Mr. Gorham. Acts of uniformity have been passed in vain. Between churches of the same profession, within a hundred yards of each other, are seen daily such differences of doctrine and ceremonial as would only be intelligible in churches the most widely apart even to the denial of a common Redeemer. Yet against the long and quiet usage of the one, the other can oppose its rubric; and in the very face of the simple grandeur of the Liturgy may be flaunted the mystical pretensions of the Articles. It is time that an end should be put to this, and that "new presbyter" should be no longer mistakeable for "old priest writ large." Let us tolerate no longer in the English Church even as matter of obsolete language, that blasphemous assumption of a power of absolution which the form of Ordination allows, and which the simplicity of the Morning Service condemns. Let us expunge those curses and mysteries of the Athanasian Creed for which the Litany offers no sanction. Let us have no more unseemly disputes over that power of regeneration in baptism which no other permitted miracle in our English Church warrants us in extending to an English minister. Mr. Bennet told his audience at St. Barnabas three days ago that he could give rubrical authority for lighting candles on the altar table and other fooleries committed in his church. This may be little excuse for a man who knows the history of that rubric, and is under obligation as a Protestant minister to act in the spirit of the intelligent faith he professes: but it is excellent reason for the instant abolition of all further pretext or warrant for such absurdities. They cannot have any meaning within the walls of a Protestant church. *There*, they are simply what Lord John Russell calls them in his admirable letter, mummeries. What they may be where the Catholic worship is still believed in, and they form but part of the outward signs of mysteries which still have awful sanction in the hearts of worshippers, is not to the present purpose in the least. No Protestant has the right to affix Catholic signification to them.

What is the position of our leading English bishops, then, in this very matter? It was the Bishop of London who officiated at the consecration of St. Barnabas, who previously approved of its Popish foppery of decoration, and who, amid the candles and surplices and gorgeous accompaniments of the altar, did not scruple to declare "his admiration of the splendour of God's house which shone around him, and his appreciation of the imposing services in which he was engaged." Mr. Bennet is now using this fact as he has a perfect right to do. Those very ceremonies and decorations, so stamped with Episcopal approval, have since attracted crowds of Sunday rioters to interrupt the worship which they hold to be debased by their continuance, and the interior of an English church has again been the scene of gross and revolting disturbance. Mr. Bennet's last sermon, protected by closed doors and many policemen, was in the form of an appeal against the scandal and desecration of such scenes; but incidentally it exposed the much greater scandal. "The Bishop of London," said Mr. Bennet, "came to this church on St. Barnabas day, the 11th of June last. He entered this house of God, and examined with a critical eye every portion of it. Everything was pointed out to him by me; nothing was omitted. He came on a grand festival of the Church: he consecrated this house of God; he gave us his blessing, and went away leaving us his benediction and God speed you. Now, what difference can there be between June the 11th and November the 24th?"

Ah! what difference indeed! How striking is this simple comparison of dates. God speed you! on the 11th of June. The devil fly away with you! on the 24th of November. But a great deal had happened in the interval. In that interval the hope of establishing a Popery in England had been frustrated by the over-eagerness of a Pope in Rome; and the spiritual tyranny which Charles James had been labouring for, Pio Nono came too suddenly to claim. Let not this be forgotten in the midst of the present excitement, or its result will be to abridge our liberties instead of extending and securing them. The Bishop of London, in his charge of the 2nd of November, took the lead in denouncing "anything which may seem to indicate a wish to make the slightest approach" to what he had previously encouraged and assisted without scruple; and he has been followed by men, formerly more active even than himself in sanctioning covert Popery under the guise of Puseyism, who are now the loudest in swelling the general clamour, in denouncing the rival Pope, and in crying out for stringent measures against him. This is what, most of all, we have to guard against now. "We think we are carrying the Tractarians with us," says the excellent Dean of Bristol; "but in fact they are tricking us into support of them."

Following the inestimable counsel of that true and honest divine, we repeat that all of us will have reason to deplore the unexampled excitement now going on around us, if we do not pluck the flower from beneath the nettle. What we want is not simply to drive away the Pope of Rome, but to extirpate the popes of England. "If it could be proved to be really true," said the Dean of Bristol, at a meeting in that city, "that the Church of England does speak with so uncertain a voice as to admit within her pale the superstitious spirit of Rome, and its rites and observances, the people of England owe a great duty to the Almighty God

of truth, and that is, not to rest until a Church speaking so uncertainly be again reformed, and brought nearer to the principles of the Reformation: that is, to the principles of the pure, sincere word of God. There is a great contest going on in the world; we have not only to contend against Roman Papacy, but we have to contend against Anglo-Papacy." With the comment of these admirable sentences let the reader compare the Bishop of London's charge; and still more the recent public addresses of such men as Dr. Philpotts, Dr. Bagot, and Dr. Wilberforce; and say whether the indignation so expressed against Popery be not simply the irritation of a would-be rival popedom. They advance the most insolent pretensions, in the very act of repelling the insolence of others; and would resist an organisation against human liberty, by an authority as powerful, compact, exclusive, and domineering. They deny the spiritual supremacy of the Queen, they affirm the sacredness of the Episcopal office, they claim unbroken descent from Apostolic times, and they challenge for the "Anglican" priesthood the precise authority and power which it possessed in the three first centuries of Christianity. In short they ignore the Reformation altogether, except so far as it secures them their benefices; and set up in its place those preternatural pretensions, and that mystical character, which, during the whole of the present agitation, has been more heartily denounced than even Popery itself by the manly intelligence and spirit of Englishmen. These are the men that now require watching yet more than the Cardinal and his master. These are the men to be now, if ever, dispossessed of the power of future mischief. Our danger from them is not the less because their outcry is just now loudest against the common danger. The more they bully the Pope at present, the better their chance of escape from what is so richly their own due. Perhaps no man ever said more insulting things of Popery and its advocates than the Bishop of Oxford, the other day, to his clergy; and this at the very instant when he was claiming for his own Church precisely that for which all freemen hate the Church of Rome. He called Popery by every evil name; charged it with all abominable and hypocritical practices; and, himself the brother of a Romish convert, with marvellous taste selected a particular Romish convert for the special vials of his wrath and scorn. Father Spencer, it seems, has lately been recommending a general conversion of the families of England, by means of the scullery-maids; and this proposition, which one would have thought harmless enough, Dr. Wilberforce protested had made his heart's blood run cold. "To think," he exclaims, "that such words should be used by one bearing one of the noblest names in English history, and born in all those particulars of freedom which have so long given to the English mind that frankness of character, honesty, and openness of purpose, and the firm determination to hate and oppose all that is subtle and unclean, because untrue, for which it is distinguished!" Wondrous that the indignant speaker did not think of the *mutato nomine*, &c.! It is for others to do so. It is for Englishmen generally to examine into the nature and power of the influence which has converted no less than three members of a family "bearing one of the noblest names of English history" into allies and furtherers of Romish superstition, open or concealed. The first and greatest of the family knew it well, and his life was, for the most part, devoted to open antagonism with it. No man more resolutely opposed High Church pretensions than William Wilberforce. No man more hated priestcraft, or preached with a more ardent zeal the necessity of breaking down the organisation by which alone its evil potency is continued in England.

The conclusion of the great task, in whose commencement he was one of the leading workers, is the duty that now waits the people of England. They are called to a new Reformation, and ought not to shrink from that glorious labour. They will thus prove that love of the Church and love of freedom may be one indeed; and that English history, which has but one such example to show in the past, may for the future be filled with its triumphant manifestations.

NARRATIVE OF POLITICS.

THE following *Letter from Lord John Russell to the Bishop of Durham* has been published. It is dated the 4th inst.

MY DEAR LORD,—I agree with you in considering "the late aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism" as "insolent and insidious," and I, therefore, feel as indignant as you can do upon the subject.

I not only promoted, to the utmost of my power, the claims of the Roman Catholics to all civil rights, but I thought it right, and even desirable, that the ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics should be the means of giving instruction to the numerous Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere, who without such help would have been left in heathen ignorance.

This might have been done, however, without any such innovation as that which we have now seen.

It is impossible to confound the recent measures of the Pope with the division of Scotland into dioceses by the Episcopal Church, or the arrangement of districts in England by the Wesleyan Conference.

There is an assumption of power in all the documents which have come from Rome—a pretension to supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway, which is inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, with the rights of our Bishops and Clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation, as asserted even in the Roman Catholic times.

I confess, however, that my alarm is not equal to my indignation.

Even if it shall appear that the ministers and servants of the Pope in this country have not transgressed the law, I feel persuaded that we are strong enough to repel any outward attacks. The liberty of Protestantism has been enjoyed too long in England to allow of any successful attempt to impose a foreign yoke upon our minds and consciences. No foreign Prince or Potentate will be permitted to fasten his fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious.

Upon this subject, then, I will only say that the present state of the law shall be carefully examined, and the propriety of adopting any proceedings with reference to the recent assumption of power deliberately considered.

There is a danger, however, which alarms me much more than any aggression of a foreign Sovereign.

Clergymen of our own Church, who have subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles, and acknowledged in explicit terms the Queen's supremacy, have been the most forward in leading their flocks, "step by step, to the very verge of the precipice." The honour paid to saints, the claim of infallibility for the Church, the superstitious use of the sign of the Cross, the muttering of the Liturgy so as to disguise the language in which it is written, the recommendation of auricular confession, and the administration of penance and absolution—all these things are pointed out by Clergymen of the Church of England as worthy of adoption, and are now openly reprehended by the Bishop of London in his Charge to the Clergy of his diocese.

What, then, is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign Prince of no great power, compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself?

I have little hope that the propounders and framers of these innovations will desist from their insidious course. But I rely with confidence on the people of England, and I will not bate a jot of heart or hope so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation which looks with contempt on the mummeries of superstition, and with scorn at the laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul. I remain with great respect &c.

Many addresses to the bishops from the clergy of their respective dioceses have received replies from the reverend prelates:—

The Archbishop of Canterbury briefly thanks the parties who had addressed him, for "protesting against the unexampled encroachment upon our constitution in Church and State attempted by the Pope of Rome:" the spirit roused is gratifying to him, and he hopes that the assault will only confirm more strongly the

principles of the Reformation. The Bishop of Lincoln urges temperate and unexaggerated exposure of the erroneousness of the Romish tenets; and prays God to remove internal dissension, and whatever may hinder godly union and concord.—The Bishop of Chester resents the treatment of our Established Church as a nullity, and the taking possession of the country as a spiritual waste: he confidently relies that the Government and Legislature will take effectual care of the Royal supremacy and national independence.—The Bishops of Bristol and of Bath and Wells concur in deeming the act schismatical; and the Bishop of Ripon reminds the Pope of the declaration by his predecessor Gregory the First, that "whosoever doth call himself universal bishop doth forerun Antichrist."—The Bishop of Exeter, speaking of Lord John Russell's letter, "which throws the whole blame of encouraging the Pope on a few silly or unfaithful ministers of our own church," declares that he "stands aghast at the prodigious hardihood of the noble lord's reliance on such entire forgetfulness of recent facts, or such utter disregard of truth and justice, as he is thus pleased to attribute to the people of England." With reference to "the Roman Catholic schism in this country," he counsels his clergy "to avoid giving any reasonable ground of offence to the feelings or even the prejudices of your people. As far as outward observances are concerned, I repeat what I said to you five or six years ago, 'The peculiar dangers of the times, as well as the prevailing tone of public opinion, call upon you most powerfully, as you would avoid being in the number of those by whom offences come, to forbear all unnecessary innovation, especially that worst kind of innovation the revival of obsolete usages not required by law, which are associated in the minds of the people with the superstitions and corruptions of Rome." And he meekly thanks them for their affectionate attachment to their bishop, through twenty years of more than ordinary difficulties and perplexities.

The Dean of Bristol, in a speech delivered at a meeting of clergy in that city on the 6th, entered fully into the different points of the question. He warned his hearers against being hurried into exaggeration, and into complaints and fears which would eventually only excite ridicule. "Let us feel," he said, "very contentedly aware that the Pope can neither confirm nor invalidate our orders nor any other orders than those of his own communion; and let us feel perfectly persuaded that our two most reverend prelates have not less sure and comfortable possession of the rights and revenues of their provinces at this moment than they have had hitherto. And let us not for a moment believe that the Pope can secure to himself, or to any delegates of his, so much as one atom of jurisdiction in England, no, not even over the most abject slave to his superstition. Nor let us trouble ourselves to show, as some take great pains to do, that the Pope has no claim to dominion in this realm, because of some independence of the Church of England prior to the Pope's usurpation of supremacy here, through Augustine, or through the Norman princes. Let us be very well content to know that, if this priest of Italy had had dominion over us up to this very hour, it would have been quite enough cause and excuse to us that he should cease to have it simply in our choosing no longer to submit to it. Let those grovel who will in this unworthy inquiry. Let us rather learn to know what is Christian liberty, and to thank God that we have it. Nor let us rail against 'the schism' of the Pope's measure, and talk of its being a 'fundamental principle of the universal church that there can be but one bishop in a diocese.' So doing, we condemn our own church, who at the Reformation sent bishops to Ireland, in my opinion then Catholic, and since to Canada, and to our colonies, to Malta, and to Jerusalem; we condemn the Bishop of London, who does not scruple to confirm when he is in France, and to license a clergyman in a Roman diocese at Madeira; we condemn the episcopal church of Scotland, who sent a bishop to reside at Paris; we condemn ourselves, who, I presume, without scruple, would use the ministrations of a Protestant bishop if we happened to sojourn in a Catholic diocese." He considered, however, that the manner of the Pope's measures should meet with proper reprobation; and he suggested that an address should be prepared to the Queen, conveying—"First, our regret that any foreign potentate should appear to lay claim to supremacy which is vested in the Crown, and to a jurisdiction in direct contravention to our law; next, our very humble but urgent request that her Majesty should withdraw those marks of favour and of confidence which she has been pleased so graciously to confer on the prelates of a church, both in Ireland and the colonies, who gave her no other return than ingratitude and indignity; and lastly, a renewed declaration of our perfectly unreserved attribution to the Crown of 'the supremacy in all causes, &c.,' adding that we feel ourselves impelled to that declaration because of the denial of that supremacy by some who, having made the declaration at their ordination, think fit now to modify it, and yet to retain their degrees and benefices. I would further suggest that we adopt partially the advice of the Bishop of London, and petition Parliament to the effect that if the law be not already such as shall prevent any person or persons whatever from claiming jurisdiction in the British dominions, or delegating an authority independent of the Crown, or superior to the law, or conferring titles of honour, or designations which seem meant to convey independent authority, a law shall be forthwith passed which shall secure such result." But, the Dean contended, the real danger arose from the Tractarian party in the Church itself. "The Papists, themselves," he observed, "seem to admit that all this unwonted success, astonishing themselves, and all their new-born hopes, are attributable to the existence and to the working of Tractarianism. They allege freely, they have never concealed that Tractarianism is doing their work. It is when Tractarianism has unsettled the Protestant that the Romanists step in. They haunt Tractarian congregations; they track and note those unto whom they think they may most safely address themselves; they arrange the meeting with them, as if it were casual; they convey letters to them—I speak of what I know; their argument is, that the Church of England does not, with any certainty, teach or offer what the Tractarian minister tells them, and as they admit, rightly tells them, is necessary either to a saving faith, or to spiritual life, but that the Church of Rome does; and so they ply and gain their victims." "But how," the Dean asked, "was the evil to be counteracted? How best oppose Tractarianism? How best not only show its identity with Romish falsehood, and its most plain contrariety with the history, the formularies, the temper, and aim of the Church of England? How best remove it from contact with our unsuspecting people? The Bishop of London desires us, in this crisis, to preach controversial sermons; I presume his lordship means against the Romanists, and not the Tractarians. But what if we preached controversial sermons all our lives long, and every day of our lives, either against Romanism or Tractarianism, what effect would this have if our authorities countenanced, shielded, promoted, or were by law unable to rebuke the Tractarians? Tractarianism will never be effectually checked; Tractarianism will only smile, or deride our every effort, until the authorities of our church can be induced to perceive and acknowledge the utter repugnance between Tractarianism and the teaching of our church, and the teaching of the Saviour and his Apostles." The Dean therefore concluded that the Bishops should separately be memorialised by the clergy and laity, in conjunction, of their several dioceses, urging them to remove, or at least to discountenance and restrain, Tractarian teaching and practice. He desired that such addresses should emanate from mixed meetings. "For too long (he said) and too much it has been the effort of one part of the clergy to make a distinction, and so cause division, between the clergy and the laity. We cannot too soon connect ourselves with the laity in all common counsels, and most especially connect the laity with the Bishops in kind, equal, and unreserved communication on all that concerns the interests of the church and of religion."

Numerous public meetings on the subject of the *Papal Aggression* have been held in the metropolis and

in all parts of the kingdom. A few only can be mentioned as specimens.

The Court of Common Council held two meetings, on the 7th and the 21st. At the former, Mr. J. Wood gave notice of motion for an address to the Queen in reference to the proceedings of the Pope of Rome, and expressing the undiminished attachment of the Corporation to her Majesty's person, authority, and government. As he resumed his seat, amidst "immense cheering," Mr. Blake started up, and moved the rescinding of standing orders, so that he might propose a vote of thanks to Lord John Russell for the noble letter addressed to the Bishop of Durham. He read the letter, amidst loud cheering, tumultuously renewed, with clapping of the hands from all members of the court. Mr. Bennock, Mr. R. Taylor, and Alderman Wilson, supported the motion, and it was carried by acclamation. A resolution of thanks was then proposed and unanimously carried; and it was ordered that a copy should be presented to Lord John Russell. At the latter meeting, Mr. Wood moved the address, which was seconded by Mr. Blake. Mr. Carr, a Roman Catholic, opposed the address, as promoting deplorable excitement which would separate man from man. The address was carried with the single dissentient voice of Mr. Carr.

At a meeting of the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, the Rev. Dr. Jelf, Principal of King's College, in moving a resolution acknowledging the Queen's supremacy, and repudiating the ecclesiastical authority of the Pope in this country, made the following statement:—"The Queen herself had been the first to resent the recent audacious usurpation of the Pope. She sent speedily for the Home Secretary, who found her in her drawing-room in a state of great excitement, and her Majesty exclaimed, 'Sir George, I am Queen of England, and I will not bear this.' (Cheers.)" Mr Daniel, a barrister, gave the version of the same story, with a little more theatrical embellishment, at a meeting in St. Andrew's, Holborn He said "A very few days after the Pope's bull was published there was a report current amongst them that her Majesty, the first time she read it, sent instantly to Lord John Russell, commanding his immediate attendance. On arriving, his lordship found her Majesty reading the bull, and the first thing she said to him was this. 'My lord, am I Queen of England?' Lord John Russell replied, 'Who dares doubt it, madam?' and her Majesty's rejoinder was, 'Look to it, my lord.' Hence, they might depend upon it, had arisen Lord John Russell's movements, and the invitation which had been given to her Majesty's subjects to do what those assembled were doing that night. Her Majesty was as sound as the British oak. (Tremendous and long-continued cheers for her Majesty followed this statement.)" Archdeacon Hale appeared at another meeting, also to vouch for expressions which, of course, were never uttered by her Majesty.

Among the most remarkable provincial meetings was that held at Bristol, on the 20th. It was one of the largest and most influential ever held in that city. The Dean of Bristol enforced the sentiments which he had previously delivered at the meeting of the clergy, in a speech of great power, which made a deep impression on the assembly.

The meeting at Liverpool, on the 20th, was attended by a numerous body of Protestant inhabitants; and a number of Roman Catholics were also present, in consequence of placards in the streets, "to prevent their religion from being insulted and their rights trampled upon." They interrupted the proceedings by hooting and groaning; and, when some of their number attempted to speak, they met a similar reception from the other side. When the Rev. Hugh M'Neile rose to speak, the uproar became an absolute riot. When he found he could not obtain a hearing, he drew a chair, and sitting down, leisurely began to make a speech to the reporters. The gentlemen of the press stood up, and, leaning forward with their note-books, formed themselves as well as they could into an audience for the reverend gentleman. This proceeding was at first received with shouts of laughter and great cheering by the vast meeting. But presently the malcontents jumped upon the reporters' table, and made a sortie upon the platform. The confusion at this moment was indescribable. Inkstands were upset, and note-books and slips of copy were flying about in all directions. The reporters were compelled, of course, to leave their seats and take refuge upon the platform. At this moment a body of the police, armed with their staves, made their appearance, and attempted to drive the invaders back into the pit. The mayor mounted the table, and exclaimed that he would not desert his post, although his worship's voice was all but inaudible in the uproar. In a few minutes, through the exertions of the police, the disturbance was subdued, and the proceedings were resumed.—Dr. M'Neile finished his speech, and the Protestant party carried all their resolutions.

The meeting of the county of York on the 22nd was attended by above 9000 persons, comprehending the principal noblemen and gentlemen of the county. A letter from Lord Beaumont to the Earl of Zetland, intended for that meeting, did not reach Lord Zetland till after the meeting had taken place, but has since been published. It expresses the entire concurrence of the writer, though a Roman Catholic, with the object of the meeting

The following address, said to be from the pen of Dr. Wiseman, has been circulated for the purpose of obtaining signatures.—

"TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

"May it please your Majesty—We, the undersigned subjects of your Majesty residing in England, and professing the Roman Catholic religion, beg to approach your Majesty's throne, there to express our sentiments of unimpaired and unalterable fidelity to your Majesty's royal person, crown, and dignity.

"At a moment when attempts are being made to impeach our loyalty, we consider it a duty to give fresh utterance to these our feelings.

"During centuries of exclusion from the privileges of the constitution, and from the rights enjoyed by their fellow-subjects, the Catholics of England remained true to their allegiance to the Crown of this realm, and yielded to none in their readiness, at all times, to defend its rights and its prerogatives against every foe. And now that, under your Majesty's wise rule, we enjoy equal participation with others in the benefits of the constitution, we are more than ever animated with the same sentiments of fidelity and attachment, and are equally ready to give proof whenever occasion may present itself of the sincerity of our loyal professions.

"The dearest of the privileges to which we have thus been admitted by the wisdom of the British Legislature is that of openly professing and practising the religion of our fathers, in communion with the See of Rome. Under its teaching we have ever learnt, as a most sacred lesson, to give to Cæsar the things that are of Cæsar, as we give to God the things that are of God. In whatever, therefore, our Church has at any time done for establishing its regular system of government amongst its members in this island, we beg most fervently and most sincerely to assure your Majesty that the organisation granted to us is entirely ecclesiastical, and its authority purely spiritual. But it leaves untouched every tittle of your Majesty's right, authority, power, jurisdiction, and prerogative, as our Sovereign and as Sovereign over these realms, and does not in the leastwise diminish or impair our profound reverence, our loyalty, fidelity, and attachment to your Majesty's august person and throne; and we humbly assure your Majesty that among your Majesty's subjects there exists no class who more solemnly, more continually, or more fervently pray for the stability of your Majesty's throne, for the preservation of your Majesty's life, and for the prosperity of your Majesty's empire than the Catholics of England, in whose religion loyalty is a sacred duty and obedience a Christian virtue."

Cardinal Wiseman has published an *Appeal to the People of England*, in justification of the recent measures of the Pope; a document of great length and ability. Prefixed to it is an introduction, purporting to be a history of the Catholic hierarchy in England; and he proceeds to treat the question under the following heads:—1. The royal supremacy, and bishops named by the Crown. 2. What was the extent of religious toleration granted to Catholics—Have they a right to p[illegible] bishops or a hierarchy? 3. How could Catholics [illegible]

their hierarchy? 4. Does the appointment of a Catholic hierarchy trench on the prerogative of the Crown? 5. Has the mode of establishing the hierarchy been insolent and insidious? 6. The title of Westminster. In repelling the charge, in Lord John Russell's letter, that the Pope's measure is "insolent and insidious," Dr. Wiseman quotes a letter which he had written to Lord John from Vienna, on the 3rd instant, in which he said—"I cannot but most deeply regret the erroneous and even distorted view which the English papers have presented of what the Holy See has done in regard to the spiritual government of the Catholics of England; but I take the liberty of stating, that the measure now promulgated was not only prepared but printed three years ago, and a copy of it was shown to Lord Minto by the Pope, on occasion of an audience given to his lordship by his Holiness." And he proceeds to say that he could have anticipated no objection to the establishment of the hierarchy in England, after what had been sanctioned and done in Ireland, and in many of our colonies and dependencies. He thus defends his assumption of the title of Archbishop of Westminster:—"The selection of this title for the Metropolitan See of the new hierarchy has, I understand, given great offence. I am sorry for it. It was little less than necessity which led to its adoption. I must observe that, according to the discipline of the Catholic Church, a bishop's title *must* be from a town or city. In re-establishing a Catholic hierarchy in England, it was natural and decorous that its metropolitan should have his see at the capital. The very term metropolitan signifies the bishop of the metropolis. This being the principal or basis of every hierarchy, how was it to be acted on here? London was a title inhibited by law; Southwark was to form a separate see. To have taken the title of a subordinate portion of what forms the great conglomerate of London, as Finsbury or Islington, would have been to cast ridicule, and open the doors for jeers, upon the new episcopate. Besides, none of these are towns or cities. Westminster naturally suggested itself, as a city unoccupied by any Anglican see, and giving an honourable and well-known metropolitan title. It was consequently selected, and I can sincerely say that I had no part whatever in the selection. But I rejoice that it was chosen. The Chapter of Westminster has been the first to protest against the new archiepiscopal title, as though some practical attempt at jurisdiction within the *Abbey* was intended. Then let me give assurance on that point, and let us come to a fair decision and a good understanding. The diocese, indeed, of Westminster embraces a large district, but Westminster proper consists of two very different parts. One comprises the stately Abbey, with its adjacent palaces and its royal parks. To this portion the duties and occupation of the Dean and Chapter are mainly confined; and they shall range there undisturbed. To the venerable old church I may repair, as I have been wont to do. But perhaps the Dean and Chapter are not aware that, were I disposed to claim more than the right to tread the Catholic pavement of that noble building, and breathe its air of ancient consecration, another might step in with a prior claim. For successive generations there has existed ever, in the Benedictine order, an Abbot of Westminster, the representative, in religious dignity, of those who erected, and beautified, and governed that Church and cloister. Have they ever been disturbed by this 'titular?' Then let them fear no greater aggression now. Like him, I may visit, as I have said, the old abbey, and say my prayer by the shrine of good Saint Edward; and meditate on the olden times, when the church filled without a coronation, and multitudes hourly worshipped without a service. Yet this splendid monument, its treasures of art, and its fitting endowments, form not the part of Westminster which will concern me. For there is another part which stands in frightful contrast, though in immediate contact, with this magnificence. Close under the Abbey of Westminster there lie concealed labyrinths of lanes and courts, and alleys, and slums, nests of ignorance, vice, depravity, and crime, as well as of [illegible]; wretchedness, and disease; whose atmosphere [illegible]s, whose ventilation is cholera; in which swarms [illegible] and almost countless population, in great measure, [illegible]ally at least, Catholic; haunts of filth which no sewage committee can reach—dark corners which no lighting board can brighten. This is the part of Westminster which alone I covet, and which I shall be glad to claim and to visit as a blessed pasture in which sheep of holy church are to be tended, in which a bishop's godly work has to be done, of consoling, converting, and preserving. And if, as I humbly trust in God, it shall be seen that this special culture, arising from the establishment of our hierarchy, bear fruits of order, peacefulness, decency, religion, and virtue, it may be that the Holy See shall not be thought to have acted unwisely when it bound up the very soul and salvation of a chief pastor with those of a city where the name indeed is glorious but the purlieus infamous; in which the very grandeur of its public edifices is as a shadow to screen from the public eye sin and misery the most appalling." He denounces the conduct of the Anglican clergy on this occasion; thanks the "brave and noble-hearted people of England, who would not be stirred up by those whose duty it is to teach you gentleness, meekness, and forbearance, to support what they call a religious cause by irreligious means; and would not hunt down, when bidden, your unoffending fellow-citizens, to the hollow cry of 'No Popery,' and on the pretence of a fabled aggression;" and concludes by advising his fellow-religionists:—"Let your loyalty be unimpeachable, and your faithfulness to social duties above reproach. Shut then the mouths of adversaries, and gain the higher good-will of your fellow-countrymen, who will defend in you, as for themselves, your constitutional rights, including full religious liberty."

The Roman Catholics have also had meetings. At one of them, held at Birmingham on the 18th, a temperate address to the inhabitants was moved by Dr. J. H. Newman, the Oratorian, and unanimously [illegible]ted. Dr. Wareing has also published a mild and [illegible]ate address to his townsmen of Northampton, [illegible] concludes thus:—"For the ten years and upwar[illegible] that I have resided at Northampton, I have found nothing but civility and good feeling among you; and it will be something surprising to me if this feeling is disturbed by an accidental change which concerns no one but myself and my flock. I leave you to enjoy your own opinions, and follow out your own views in religious and spiritual matters. Surely I may claim this same liberty from you. In exercising this liberty, I violate no law, I am guilty of no disloyalty to our gracious Queen. Neither the law of the land, nor her Majesty Queen Victoria, requires me to swear any belief in the spiritual supremacy of the Crown. In all temporal matters I cheerfully obey the laws of the land I live in, and am loyally and devotedly attached to my lawful Sovereign, Queen Victoria; whom may God preserve to reign over us."

The proclamation of a Romish hierarchy in England had an effect in reviving the celebration of the gunpowder plot on the 5th inst., not only in the metropolis, but in the provincial towns. It was no longer a mere amusement for the street rabble; but many displays evidently emanated from a class having larger means at their disposal. Besides the usual parading of ridiculous effigies by bands of boys, regular processions were formed, in which men carried larger figures, or conveyed them in vehicles drawn by horses. Pope and Popery came in for plentiful denunciation and ridicule, and much money was got by those who exhibited for the purpose of getting it. A remarkable demonstration of the popular feeling was spontaneously made by the numerous congregation assembled in St. Saviour's Church on that day. When the congregation arose to leave the church at the close of the service, the organ began to play the air of the national anthem; upon which the whole congregation suddenly commenced the words, and sang two verses with great enthusiasm. Mr. Curling, one of the chaplains, then succeeded in procuring a pause, and remarked, that as some expressions in the remaining verses were not quite befitting the sanctity of the edifice, they had better substitute the doxology. The organ began to play the "Old Hundredth," and the people sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," with a fervour and universality that evinced their cordial concurrence in the suggestion of their pastor.

Exeter distinguished itself by the splendour of its display. There was a mock procession and "induction of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and his gang." Thirty bareheaded friars preceded a train of some two hundred other Popish orders and dignitaries, who bore gigantic effigies of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman, and of the Inquisitor-General, surrounded by masked familiars, bearing gridirons, shackles, and other instruments of torture. The processionists marched to the Cathedral-yard, and placed the effigies on an enormous pile of wood. The whole was consumed amidst a display of fireworks and coloured lights, that astonished and gratified ten thousand spectators.

The pageant of *Lord Mayor's Day*, the 9th, was got up in an unusual manner. The custom of parading a man in armour, which is said to have cost a life per annum for a generation or two past, was discarded; and an attempt was made to organise a processional feature, emblematic of the widened dominion of man over nature, and especially illustrative of our own civilisation among the nations of the world. The cortége took the usual route to the foot of Blackfriars Bridge; thence, according to ancient usage, it went by water to Westminster. In Westminster Hall, Recorder Stuart Wortley did the honours of introduction, with a brief biographical notice, setting forth the industrial career of John Musgrove, Esq., the new Lord Mayor. Chief Baron Pollock congratulated the Lord Mayor and the citizens alike, on the election which had given the one so high a dignity and the others so good a magistrate. The Chief Baron concluded his remarks with an eulogium on the great event of the coming year. "On the subject of the approaching gathering of the works of all nations, I entertain the opinion," said the Conservative but liberal-minded judge, "that the beneficial results will be incalculable." After the usual invitation from the Lord Mayor to the Judges for the evening banquet in Guildhall, the Corporation officer withdrew, and returned by water to Blackfriars Bridge. Here the Lady Mayoress's carriage was received into the grand cortége, and the procession wound its way back to Guildhall. The citizens crowded to the streets in numbers beyond precedent, to witness the new allegorical display, which gained universal approbation. The evening banquet was held with customary splendour. The company began to arrive soon after five. At half-past six, Lord John Russell crossed the hall, amidst a vociferous chorus of cheers. Besides the Premier, there were present the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Palmerston, Sir George Grey, Mr. Fox Maule, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and other Judges, Mr. Lawrence, and some others of the Foreign Ministers, Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Dudley Stuart, M.P., with other Peers and Members of Parliament. The speech of the evening, of course, was that of the Prime Minister. When he rose, his appearance was the signal for the renewal of applause. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and gentlemen vied with one another in expression of approbation and delight, and it was some time before the noble lord could proceed. At length, as by common assent, the welcome terminated in one loud cheer, and almost in an instant there was throughout the hall an entire silence, interrupted by occasional cheers during Lord John's speech. He said, —"On behalf of her Majesty's Ministers, I have to return our most grateful thanks to the Lord Mayor and to this distinguished company for the honour that has been done us. I trust we deserve the praise which he has been pleased to bestow upon us—that it has been our endeavour to promote the best interests of the country; and it is a source of the greatest gratification to us that at this moment the tranquillity of the country and the general state of trade betoken a state of well-being and of comfort which we cannot but look upon with the highest gratification; and, gentlemen, if, as I am sorry to say, some of the powers of Europe seem disposed to interrupt that peace which has happily prevailed for so many years, I can only say that the best endeavours of her Majesty's Government will be applied to preserve that peace—that we trust we may be successful in that endeavour—and that, at all events, deep and heavy will be the responsibility of those who wantonly incur the miseries of war. With regard to this country, we can have no hesitation in pronouncing that we are preserving terms of amicable relations with all the countries of the world, and that we trust those relations may be maintained. The Lord Mayor, in speaking of any merits which her Majesty's Ministers may have, has alluded to declarations which have been made on my part. I can only say, gentlemen, that that attachment to the religious freedom of this country which I have hitherto felt will always continue to animate my breast, and that it will be my duty to maintain to the utmost of my power the supremacy of our Sovereign (a loud and general burst of cheering), and the religious liberties of the people, from whatever quarter they may be assailed. Let me add, however, one thing further. When perils much more grave, much more imminent, impended over this country, a wise Princess, who at that time ruled our destinies, thought fit to call to her aid all those, whatever might be their religious persuasion, who were faithful to the throne and true to the interests of their country. Such was the conduct of Elizabeth in times of as great danger as ever occurred to this country. Such conduct, I will venture to say, is worthy of imitation; and I believe that with religious liberty established in this country, person of all religious persuasions, while obeying the dictates of their conscience as to the mode of worship they think it right to adopt, may rally round the institutions of the country, pay a grateful homage to the Crown for the protection they receive, and rejoice that they live in a land where freedom is generally, and I trust I may say permanently, established." Speeches were also made by Lord Lansdowne, Lord Campbell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Masterman, and lastly by Sir Peter Laurie, who energetically declared that "Britons never would be slaves, either to Pusey or Pope."

NARRATIVE OF LAW AND CRIME.

In December last, the shop of Mr. Cohen, a jeweller at Newcastle, *was Robbed* of a large amount of property. Not a single article has been recovered. At the Summer Assizes, John Bell was sentenced to transportation for a burglary; since his conviction he has made some revelations with respect to the robbery at Mr. Cohen's. Mr. Simeon Joel, a bullion-dealer at Newcastle, has been arrested, and was examined on the 7th. Nothing suspicious was found on his premises. The police proved that notice was given of the robbery to Mr. Joel the day after it had been committed, to put him on his guard in buying goods. Matilda Bell, wife of the convict, stated that her husband came home on Friday night (the burglary was committed on a Friday) with a number of gold and silver spectacles and eye-glasses. Bell took some of the glasses out of the rims, and left the house with them. He returned with two earthen pots, in which he melted the gold and silver rims. Next day he took the bullion and the pots in a basket to Mr. Joel's shop; his wife waited without. Bell gave her 2*l*. and the empty basket when he came from Joel's. Some months afterwards, when Bell was in custody, he told her to go to Mr. Joel for a sovereign which was owing to him; Mr. Joel told her he did not know her husband, and did not owe him anything; and hence arose Bell's revelations implicating Joel. The police have found a number of eye-glasses buried in Bell's yard; and on the premises other things taken from Mr. Cohen's were discovered. Mr. Joel was remanded.

A new *Cabman's Trick* has just been mentioned, which is worth notice as a caution to the public. A gentleman hired a cab to take him and his luggage, amongst which was a gun-case, from Euston Square to the railway station at Paddington. When he arrived at the station, the cabman, with obsequious activity, proceeded to unload, and very quickly drove off upon receiving his fare, but scarcely had the cab disappeared when the gentleman missed his gun-case. The consequence was, that the journey was postponed, and the gentleman returned to his house, but on his way he was

informed by a policeman that the cabman who had just left him at the station was by that time in Broad Street depositing the gun-case which had been left in the cab, and to a considerable portion of the value of which the driver would be entitled for his honesty in giving it up. The owner of the property went to the Commissioners at Broad Street, representing the fact that the cabman had made the "mistake" intentionally, for the purpose of establishing a claim to the reward, and received an answer from the depôt expressive of belief that the case was exactly as the complainant had described it, but admitting that the delinquent must still be rewarded, in the apprehension that a refusal would aggravate the system of robbery which the plan of compensation had been made to diminish. The complainant was then obliged, before he received the gun-case, to pay 10*s.* as a recompense to the rascal by whom he had been put to expense and subjected to disappointment.

Eliza Smalley, a girl of seventeen, *Murdered her Mistress*, at Stow in Lincolnshire, and endangered her master's life, by putting a solution of arsenic in the coffee they took for breakfast. Solutions of arsenic and mercury were used at the farm to soak wheat. A portion of the arsenical solution was in an iron pot, accessible to the girl. Mr. and Mrs. Page (her master and mistress) were taken ill after breakfasting, and Mrs. Page died before surgical aid could be brought to bear: her husband was saved. The girl confessed her guilt. At the inquest, Cheney, a constable, stated that she voluntarily said to him, her breast heaving violently—"Last Saturday my mistress said I had killed a fowl: I told her I had not: yesterday morning I took some mercury [arsenic] from an iron pot that stood against the back-door, and put it into the coffee-pot: I did not think it would kill her; I only thought it would have made her badly." "When I asked her where the pot was," continued the constable, "she went and showed it me. I held out no inducement to her. She confessed freely and voluntarily." The Coroner, cautioning her that what she said would be written down, asked Smalley—"Is this what you told Mr. Cheney; and is it the truth?" Prisoner (hanging down her head)—"Yes, sir." Coroner—"How old are you?" Prisoner—"I am seventeen years of age, and have lived here ever since last May-day. I have no reason to complain either of my master or mistress. The pot stood at the back-door for two days. I took the poison out with a gill mug; I took it away and put it in the dairy after having washed it. When I put the poison in the coffee-pot, I was in the kitchen. I put in a gill-full, and the coffee was boiled afterwards for a few minutes. My master and mistress got their breakfasts immediately after the coffee boiled. I saw both of them after they had done their breakfast. I was with my mistress when she died. I have never been either to church or chapel since I have lived here, but I used to go to church before I came here. I never had a Bible, but I could read a little in it if I had one. I know the Commandments, and I perfectly remember the sixth; it is, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' I cannot write." The verdict was "Wilful murder" against Eliza Smalley.

Warren, the man charged with *Fraudently obtaining Letters* from the post-office, and Hannah Leonard, a woman connected with him, were re-examined by the Leeds Magistrates on the 9th. In addition to the affair of the bill for 744*l.* stolen by Warren, a number of other cases were investigated. Warren had obtained letters containing a post-office order for 5*l.*, and a railway dividend-warrant for 6*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*, which were intended for Titley and Co., of Leeds; the money for each was obtained by forging the signatures. A letter addressed to Mr. Thomas Craven, a corn-factor, was got by some one from the post-office; it contained three railway dividend-warrants—more than 30*l.* together; and they were cashed at the bank, Mr. Craven's signature having been forged on the back of the check, and the money got from the bank. A watch found on the prisoner was identified by Mr. Parker, the keeper of a coffee-house, from whose premises it was stolen. On the 11th more evidence was taken. The magistrates considered the testimony with respect to the 744*l.* bill, the 50*l.* check, and the post-office order, sufficiently strong to warrant the committal of Warren for trial on the other charges arising out of them. But with respect to cases, he was again remanded. The woman was discharged.

At the Mansion-house, on the 12th, Mr. Williams, a tradesman in Regent Street, was brought before the Lord Mayor on the charge of *Stealing Silk*. On the preceding Friday, 60 pieces of plain and fancy silk were stolen from the warehouse of Messrs. Watts, in Gutter Lane; the silk was of peculiar manufacture, and was worth from 500*l.* to 600*l.* On Monday, Mr. Williams applied to Messrs. Shoolbred and Co., of Tottenham Court Road, to know if they would buy a quantity of silk; he produced twenty-two patterns; the price asked was 1*s.* 9*d.* per yard; he said the goods were to be sold that evening, and that he sold them for himself. The buyer at Shoolbred's recognised in the patterns silk for which Messrs. Watts had asked him more than 3*s.* a yard; he desired Williams to leave the patterns for a time; a communication was made to Messrs. Watts, and the patterns were identified. The police were informed of the matter. Persons went to Mr. Williams's in the evening, and made further inquiries about the silk. He now said that he had only the patterns, but he could communicate with the person for whom he wanted to sell, in an hour's time. When the police appeared, he could give no good description of the two men from whom he said he received the patterns. Mr. Northover, clerk to Messrs. Watts, identified the patterns before the Lord Mayor: the price of the silks varied from 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* a yard. The prisoner's counsel urged that it was not likely that he had been engaged in a burglary, and asked for his liberation on bail, that the real offenders might be taken. The Lord Mayor decided that bail might be put in on a future day—two sureties of 250*l.* each, and Mr. Williams in 500*l.*

At Marlborough Street Police Office, on the 12th, the four men charged with the *Burglary* at Mr. Holford's were finally examined. Mitchell, who was so badly wounded, appeared to have made considerable progress to recovery. The only witness examined was Mr. Wakefield, the surgeon at the House of Detention, who has had Mitchell under his care. He described the wounds he found upon him—in the body, the arms, the neck, and the scalp; he thought that sixty or seventy shot had taken effect. The riddled and bloody hat found in the grounds was shown to Mr. Wakefield, and he thought it probable that the shot-holes had been made by the portion of the charge which entered the scalp. When all the depositions had been read over, the prisoners were asked if they wished to say anything; but they declined. The magistrate discharged Robinson, who was not proved to have been engaged in the robbery, but who had been the companion of the other prisoners, with advice to quit evil companions and get his living in an honest way. The other men were committed for trial.

Mr. John George Symes, lately a surgeon at Hungerford, in Berkshire, *Poisoned himself* in London on the 9th. The deceased, who was a man of sixty-three, accompanied a friend to see the Lord Mayor's show, and parted with him about twelve, promising to meet him again in an hour, but his friend never saw him again. A cabman drove Mr. Simes on Monday night, the 11th, from the Prince of Wales, Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, to a house in Tavistock Square. On arriving there, Mr. Symes was found dead in the cab, and as the owner of the house knew nothing of him, the cabman drove with the body to the University College Hospital. The deceased was sober when he entered the cab, in which no phial or vessel was found. When the body was examined by the house-surgeon, prussic acid sufficient to cause instant death was found in the stomach. At the inquest, a relative of the deceased stated that he was exceedingly sober and correct in his habits; and the landlord of the Prince of Wales said the deceased, who was then a little the worse for liquor, left his house shortly after twelve o'clock on Monday night. His conduct had been most gentlemanly, and did not betray the least symptom of insanity. The verdict was, that the deceased committed suicide in a certain cab, but what was his state of mind there was no evidence to prove.

The Reverend R. A. Johnstone, rector of a parish

adjoining Brentwood, was charged with *a Criminal Assault on his Servant Girl*, of fifteen; and the preliminary depositions of the girl and her mother made the affair look very disgraceful. On the day appointed for the second examination, both the women were absent; and it was stated that the family, a very poor one, had been hurried up to London, and could not be traced by the police. Mr. Johnstone was held to bail to appear again. He (the accused) attended before the Brentwood Magistrates on the 7th. Mr. Clarkson was his legal adviser. The police had not yet succeeded in bringing forward the girl and her mother, though on Thursday the officers entered a house in the suburbs of London only a few hours after the fugitives had left it. Mr. Clarkson tried to make the magistrates believe that as there were no witnesses against his client they ought at once to discharge him: but the bench refused, and again remanded Mr. Johnstone. The accused has been a very popular man in the locality, and an effective preacher. He is married, but has no children. He holds the rectory of West Horndon with Ingrave. On the 11th he again appeared before the magistrates. The girl (Mary Anne Doe by name) and her family had been at length discovered in London, and captured by the police. When Mrs. Doe saw her daughter in custody, she ran towards her, grasped her hand, and exclaimed —"Now, mind, my child, you tell the gentlemen it was all wrong which you told them before: and if they ask you how you came to tell such a tale, say you wasn't in your right mind, and you didn't know what you said." When the other witnesses were ordered out of court, that the girl might be questioned, her mother held up her finger to the daughter in a threatening manner. Mary Anne Doe's former deposition was read, and she declared it was untrue—she did not know what she was after when she made it. Mr. Johnstone had not touched her—she believed he had not, but she fainted away in the kitchen; she had been ill all night before. In a word, Mary Anne utterly denied all her former statements against the defendant. Mr. Tower, a magistrate, expressed his opinion that the complainant had been most disgracefully tutored. The chairman said, they had two depositions before them—one sworn in defendant's absence; the other made in his presence, and entirely rebutting the other. The case must therefore be dismissed. The bench subsequently directed that a bill of indictment for perjury should be prepared against the girl.

An inquest was held on the 11th on the body of Emily Nott, a servant girl of one-and-twenty, who had committed *Suicide* at Blackfriars Bridge. The girl had formed an attachment to a police constable, who being engaged to another woman, gave no encouragement to her passion. On the preceding Monday she left her situation and went to the Borough, where the officer was, but before doing so, she placed on the window-sill a letter which ran as follows:—"Dear Madam,—By the time you receive this I shall be no more. I am, madam, your unhappy servant, Emily Nott." She inquired the way to Blackfriars Bridge, and having reached it, mounted to the top, and plunged head foremost on to the causeway below. The policeman at the bridge saw her fall, and on going to her, found her head battered in. He lifted her up, when she groaned twice and expired. The jury returned a verdict of Temporary Insanity, and were further of opinion that the police constable was free from blame.

Mr. Pennington, who for fifteen years past has filled highly important offices in her Majesty's Treasury, committed *Suicide* on the 14th. About half-past 4 o'clock, a police constable heard the report of fire-arms in one of the plantations in Hyde Park, almost opposite Gore House. He immediately entered the park at the small wicket gate close to the spot, and discovered Mr. Pennington lying on his back in the plantation, with his arms extended. In his right hand a double-barrelled pistol was tightly grasped, one of the barrels of which had just been discharged; and on the lock of the other barrel was a percussion cap, and the lock was cocked. He was then still breathing, a motion of the lips and mouth being perceptible for five or six minutes. Mr. Bonney, a surgeon of Knightsbridge, examined the body, found that the deceased had shot himself through the temple, and that the ball had passed out at the back of the head. The body was then removed to the dead-house of the parish, and the clothes of the deceased were searched, where, besides money and other effects, was a card-case, in which were two cards with his name and address. Subsequently the butler in the family went to Knightsbridge, and identified the body as that of his master. Mr. Pennington had a fit about three months since, from the effects of which he had scarcely recovered, and about a fortnight since he had resigned his situation. He had left his house about half-past 2 o'clock in the afternoon, to take a walk with his daughter, and returned home in about an hour. Shortly afterwards he again went out alone, saying he would take another walk. At the coroner's inquest, on the 16th, it appeared clearly that he had suffered from aberration of the mind. He was in his fifty-sixth year, he was Auditor of the Civil List, and had been a barrister. On one occasion, he told a friend that he had experienced suicidal feelings—a desire to throw himself from a cliff at Brighton, or to shoot himself if a pistol had been within reach. Sir Frederick Thesiger saw him a few days before his death, and felt sure his mind was not in a sound state. This was the impression of the other gentlemen who were examined. Before his illness, Mr. Pennington "was of a particularly calm and well-disciplined mind," said Sir Frederick Thesiger, "and was the last man who would commit suicide." The jury at once gave this verdict—"That the deceased had died by his own hand, while in a state of unsound mind."

John Onslow, a policeman, was charged at the Lambeth Police Court on the 16th, with having made *a False and Malicious Statement* against Mr. Brookes, the proprietor of the Jolly Butchers beerhouse, in Lock's-fields. On Sunday evening, the 3d, Onslow presented himself at the door of the Jolly Butchers, and having beckoned out the landlord, addressed him in a low and confidential manner, saying, "Tell them not to make such a noise." Mr. Brookes, surprised at his manner, asked him what he meant; and Onslow, in the same tone, said, "Why, they are a-playing at cards in your parlour." Mr. Brookes denied the assertion, and asked him to go into his parlour and disabuse his mind on the subject. Onslow went into the parlour, and on his return said he knew the company had been playing at cards, but had put them away. Soon after this a sergeant came up, when Onslow improved upon his story by saying that he had been watching the house, and that he distinctly heard the parties inside call out "High, low, jack, and game," as if they had been playing at all fours; and further he said he mounted the window, and saw the party engaged in playing cards. The landlord, astonished at the hardihood of the man's statement, spoke to his customers, and it was agreed that they should at once proceed to the station-house, and mention the circumstance to the inspector on duty. On reaching the station-house, however, they found Onslow there, and that he had actually made a report of card-playing at the house. No information was laid on his representation, but on the complaint of Mr. Brooks, through Mr. Robinson, the superintendent, the Commissioners of police ordered the present inquiry. A number of respectable witnesses, who had been in the parlour of Mr. Brooks from 7 o'clock in the evening until they went to the station-house, were called, and swore distinctly that not only were there no cards played, but not a single syllable was uttered about cards or gaming of any sort, and therefore that the statement of the defendant was a deliberate falsehood. The magistrate considered the charge clearly established against the defendant, and that he was a most improper person to hold the situation of constable longer. He then convicted him in a penalty of 10*s*., or four days' imprisonment, which would lead to his immediate discharge from the force.

A *Fearful Outrage* has been committed at Leeds by a band of Irish immigrants. On the night of Saturday, the 16th, a body of men, armed with pokers, bludgeons, and other weapons, marched to the Foresters' Arms, and finding it barred against them, broke the windows and did other damage. They then proceeded to Ball's beer-house, at the door of which stood a pony, and one

of the ringleaders, named Hogan, who was armed with a heavy bludgeon, struck the poor animal upon the head and stunned it. Two others, named Haley and Cratty, the one armed with a poker, the other with a stick, then forced their way into the house, and at once demolished all the china, glass, and other articles in the lower rooms. They next raised a wild Irish cry, and in a minute stones and brickbats poured through the bar-window, compelling the landlord and landlady to seek shelter in a corner. Haley coolly drew out the money-till, and cleared it of its contents—some 14*l.* or 15*l.* Further damage was done to the premises; then they retired, and met two policemen, upon whom they made a furious onslaught. The officers were knocked down, beaten, kicked, and jumped upon until they were to all appearance lifeless, and are lying in a dangerous state. About this time a man named James Rhodes was passing along the street, in company with his son, a boy of 10 or 11 years; three men stepped from the crowd; one of them flung a brick at Rhodes, which struck him upon the temple and knocked him to the ground insensible. He was conveyed to the infirmary, where he lay in a state of unconsciousness until Monday evening, when he became delirious, and died on Thursday. Six of the men and a woman have been apprehended and examined before the borough magistrates, by whom they have been remanded.

A remarkable case of *Fraudulent Concealment and Disposal of Property* occurred at the Insolvent Debtors' Court on the 18th. Hugh Swan, the insolvent, had been a linendraper, in Camden Town. He had been a bankrupt, and his last examination was adjourned *sine die.* He had, since he petitioned the insolvent court, applied to the Court of Bankruptcy to pass, but had not been allowed. The opposition now made against him was that he had kept fraudulent books, had defrauded his creditors of goods, and concealed and made away with considerable property. It appeared that in January, 1849, he contemplated a failure, and schemes were concocted to defraud his creditors. In April of the same year he was made a bankrupt, having previously offered his creditors a composition of 5*s.* in the pound. He now admitted that he had removed, by the assistance of one of his shopmen, George Boone, 300*l.* worth of stock just before his failure. He also admitted that other property had been removed to several persons to conceal. Also, that he had 400*l.* in money, which he concealed, and spent after his bankruptcy. He had some plate which his wife concealed, and which was pledged after the bankruptcy. He had a lease of his house in Camden-town, which was mortgaged to be kept for him after his bankruptcy. For some months before his failure he had sold goods in his trade by auction. In the month preceding his bankruptcy he got 1500*l.* of goods from his creditors, and sent about 800*l.* worth to an auctioneer's to be sold, and destroyed the documents, to conceal it from his creditors. He also omitted debts from his balance-sheet, and concealed the bills, in order to receive the money afterwards. He advanced, prior to his bankruptcy, to a market-gardener, named Bishop, at Mortlake, 350*l.* to lay out on a farm, so that he might have the benefit of it after his bankruptcy. In order to account for about 700*l.*, he got a hairdresser named Main to swear in the Court of Bankruptcy that he had pressed him for payment. Both Main and the insolvent swore to the transaction, and the latter now admitted that there was nothing due. The insolvent declared that he was assisted by Boone and an attorney named Albert Reed in his affairs. They tutored him, and he lent himself. Both these parties were in court; but as neither side would call them they were not examined. The insolvent declared that Reed, to whom he was recommended by Boone, owed him 100*l.* prior to his bankruptcy, and since he had advanced him (Reed) 350*l.*, of which he was to return him 200*l.* He, however, had turned upon him, and he (the insolvent) had given all the information to his assignees. Property to about 1400*l.* had been recovered for the creditors. He made the disclosures in court without hesitation. The details of fraud and perjury amazed the auditors. He had been in prison since March, and during the time his wife and two children had died! He was now without funds, and appeared to receive the judgment of the court for his offences. The judgment was that he should be discharged when he had, from the date of his vesting order (made about three months back) been in prison for two years.

At Westminster Police Office, on the 18th, Goss, butler to Mr. H. Drummond, of Bryanstone Square, was charged with attempting to create *a Disturbance at St. Barnabas Church* on Sunday morning. A police inspector said he hastened to St. Barnabas Church on Sunday, in consequence of information which reached him that a very large mob had assembled round the church, threatening to break open the doors and commit other acts of violence. On his arrival he saw a crowd of several thousand persons around the church, principally composed of thieves and low characters, who were threatening to break open the doors. He desired his men to disperse the crowd; and while they were doing so, the defendant, who had made himself particularly active, endeavoured to force his way into the church. Upon this, the crowd became more excited, and made use of the most violent and threatening language. The defendant was then taken into custody. A number of policemen corroborated the evidence of the inspector. Several witnesses were called by the accused; tradesmen residing near the church, who were present at the disturbance, attempting to gain admission to the church. They averred that Goss was not disorderly, and merely tried to enter the church when it was known that there was standing-room within. The man at the door produced a "warrant" to exclude people, which was read aloud. One witness stated, that during the altercation at the door, a gentleman came out, got over the boundary wall of the area of the church, and said he was disgusted; the candles were lighted, and it was Popery in the most malignant form: and that led to the mob crying out "No Popery!" Up to that time nineteen-twentieths of those present were respectable persons. A boy then came up with a life-preserver swinging in his hand. The witness called a policeman's attention to him, and said it was calculated to excite a breach of the peace. The knot of persons of whom Goss was one were inside the wall, not part of the mob outside. The Magistrate said—"I have now heard the whole of the case, and the evidence on both sides is now before me. It is quite clear that a very large mob of persons was present, a proportion of whom were highly respectable, and a portion thieves and low characters. The question is, whether the person before me was at all active in leading the mob, or doing that only which he might, have a right to do—attempting to gain admission to the church. Now it appears from the evidence, that there was room inside the church when admittance was refused. I find that all he is charged with is, putting his foot to the door to get in; but a great many of the witnesses swear that he did not do so, and therefore I do not think it is a case for me to call on the defendant for sureties for his good behaviour, and I must dismiss him. But the Queen's peace must be preserved, and I am determined to preserve it within this district: but those persons have much to answer for, and undertake a serious responsibility, who provoke breaches of the peace by exciting the indignation of their fellow-subjects by the ceremonies of the Romish Church at such a time as the present." These expressions produced a general burst of applause—clapping of hands, &c., which was taken up by the persons assembled outside the court.

At Bow Street, on the 29th, Catherine Priestly, a servant, was charged with obtaining a situation by means of a *False Character;* and an elderly woman, named Ashley, was charged with having *Forged the Letter of Recommendation* by which the situation was obtained. Priestly had applied for a situation to Mrs. Farrell, of Craven Street, Strand, and had given a reference for character to a Mrs. Angell, whose address was given. Mrs. Farrell wrote accordingly, and received an answer, giving the servant a high character. She soon found it was wholly undeserved; and on making inquiry respecting Mrs. Angell, discovered that Mrs. Angell was dead, and that the letter had been fabricated by the woman Ashley, who was a gentleman's housekeeper. The magistrate observed, that so many robberies were committed in the families of gentlemen by servants of disreputable character obtaining false recom-

mendations, that it became necessary to visit such offences with the utmost severity. The persons who gave the false character were usually the worst of the two, but it was not his intention to make any distinction in the present case. He then fined the prisoners 10*l*. each, and, in default of payment, committed them each to three months' imprisonment.

The proceedings in the Bankruptcy Court, on the 20th, in the case of Lakeman and Co., produced some curious disclosures respecting *Commercial Transactions of the late King of the French*. Stephen Charles Lakeman carried on business in copartnership with one Chalé and General de Rumigny, chief aide-de-camp to King Louis Philippe. The place of business was in St. Mildred's Court, Poultry. They were commission-agents. This was a meeting for the last examination of Lakeman. Rumigny has not yet surrendered to his fiat, and he has up to this time alleged, upon affidavit, as a reason for his non-surrender, and to prevent his outlawry, that he is unable to obtain a passport, the prefect of Police, for State reasons, refusing to grant one. Lakeman, being examined at great length, gave a history of the transactions of the firm. He stated that the partnership of Rumigny was established in May, 1848, soon after the arrival of the late King in this country, solely for "political purposes." The object was to purchase the debts of the Civil List on account of the Royal Family of France. This he clearly understood from conversations with Rumigny and with the King. A loan was to be negotiated with Messrs. Baring to the amount of 800,000*l*. on the landed property of the house of Orleans in France. This money, when raised, was to be applied to the purchase of the debts of the French civil list, on account of the Royal family, it being specially provided and determined that no debt should be purchased at a less advantageous rate than 40 per cent. discount. Such was the object to be attained by the house of Lakeman, De Rumigny and Co., in May, 1848. A short time afterwards the copartnership was modified by the introduction of Chalé into the concern, and a second commission was given to the establishment as thus amended. They were "to receive goods and consignments from French manufacturers and tradesmen, advancing them money on account of such consignments, so as to gain their sympathy for the Royal Family of France." Circulars were accordingly despatched to certain French houses; a place of business was taken, "the General attended daily at the office," and customers, when they offered themselves, were introduced, in the presence of Lakeman and Co., to the Ex-King at Claremont. The concern did not prosper. Rumigny went to France, and Lakeman was left behind to face the responsibilities of the firm, which terminated in bankruptcy. It appeared by the balance-sheet that Lakeman was victimised by his partner Rumigny, who was to have brought money into the concern, but brought none, while he drew out 1300*l*. The Commissioner allowed the bankrupt to pass.

The celebrated Don Pacifico, whose claims upon the Greek government have made so much noise, has applied in the Court of Queen's Bench for a *Criminal Information against the Morning Herald for an alleged Libel*. The libel is in a letter from the private correspondent of the *Morning Herald* at Athens, dated the 28th of February, which contains the following passages:—"The Jew Pacifico, before his fraudulent bankruptcy at Constantinople, and before his consulship in Greece, held an inn in a village in Portugal." "On one occasion Don Pedro, on his way to Lisbon, first sent to say that he would stop there, and having changed his mind and taken another route, was much astonished some time afterwards to see mine host arrive with a bill for 150*l*. for the cost, he said, of his preparations to receive his Majesty. Don Pedro took the thing as a joke, but gave him 25*l*. and sent him to the rightabout." "Since then Pacifico, having changed for the third time his nationality, and put himself under Sir E. Lyons' protection, raked up this old account, which he pretends to have been torn or lost in the pillage of his house, and which suddenly took the fearful proportion of 25,000*l*. This is the principal item of the Pacifico affair, which also comprehends the indemnities for the harm done to his house, such as 2000*l*. for bronzes and crystals broken, and the rest in proportion. Now it happens, that before the riot in his house Don Pacifico had had the misfortune to have one of his daughters run away with twice—first by a merchant's clerk, and secondly by an apothecary's boy, and on this second sad catastrophe he addressed himself to King Otho, protesting that his daughter had stolen everything he possessed, and that he had nothing left to live on, and consequently asking for alms. The King, it is a well-known fact, lent him more than once 100 drachmas at a time. You may judge, therefore, of the crystals and bronzes there must have been to break in his miserable dwelling." Don Pacifico's counsel, in applying for a rule, denied all these assertions. Don Pacifico had never been at Constantinople, and had never been a bankrupt. He had three daughters, the eldest of whom married with his full consent, and the youngest, who was thirteen years of age, was still living under the parental roof. With regard to the second, to whom the libel was supposed to refer, she had been married to an officer named Lante. M. Pacifico, being a Jew, had objected to that marriage on the ground of Captain Lante's religion, and his daughter had been married without his consent; but as to her running away, or taking away with her any part of her father's property, there was no pretence whatever for the charge. The rule was granted.

Newmarket fair was infested by swarms of pickpockets and rogues of all kinds. Many persons were robbed in the street. James Betts, a young man from Snailwell, while defending his wife and sister from a gang of thieves, was struck down, and died in a little time. The murderers escaped detection. The crime so alarmed the people, that they would not leave the town but in large bands; and the first market after the fair was thinly attended, though it has been usually thronged; terror kept many away.

NARRATIVE OF ACCIDENT AND DISASTER.

The splendid steam-yacht called the Peterhoff, built at Blackwall, for the Emperor of Russia, has been *Lost* on her passage to St. Petersburgh. Her transmission was intrusted to an eminent firm on Cornhill, who took every care to supply her with an efficient crew. A master mariner, Mr. James Boniland, who had been employed in the Baltic for the last twenty-four years, was appointed to take charge of her, her crew being selected from men who had been trading in that sea. Some five or six weeks ago she took her departure from the Thames, having on board, in addition to her crew, Mr. George Rennie, the engineer, and Mr. Waterman, jun., who designed the yacht, and who, we understand, was charged with its delivery to the emperor, with Mr. Eschapper and one or two other gentlemen. She reached Copenhagen in safety, and having taken on board two ladies attached to the embassy there for conveyance to Revel, she resumed her trip on the 22d ult. Going up the Baltic, the wind blew a hurricane; and, while making for the island of Dago, at the entrance of the Gulf of Finland, she struck on a reef of rocks. By this time the weather had moderated to a calm, otherwise every soul on board would have perished. As soon as they were seen from the land, three boats were despatched to their relief, and the weather favouring their exertions, the wreck was gained, and the whole of those on board were taken off. On reaching the shore every relief was afforded them, and it appearing impossible to rescue the wreck with the means then at command on the island, Mr. Waterman, jun., with Mr. G. Rennie, proceeded on to St. Petersburgh overland, with a view of procuring assistance. The journey being one of considerable difficulty, much delay must necessarily take place ere any relief can be rendered the wreck. Very trying weather has since set in, and the last accounts speak of her loss.

A melancholy case of *Hydrophobia* has occurred at Lochend, near Edinburgh. About seven weeks ago, a boy named Weston, between eight and nine years of age, a farm-servant, was bitten by a little dog belonging to the neighbourhood, which had been observed on the day of the accident howling and roaming about the

place in a rather unusual manner. The boy's father, in consequence, cautioned him not to approach the dog, but, heedless of the advice, he stole out unobserved, and ran to caress the little favourite, when the animal immediately leaped upon him and bit him above the eye. Having told what had taken place, the dog was immediately killed, and medical aid having been procured, the wounded part was cut out of the boy's brow, and other measures taken to prevent the virus from spreading. The wound healed up, and all seemed well, but on the 13th symptoms of hydrophobia began to appear, and although the most eminent of the medical faculty of both Edinburgh and Leith were consulted, all was unavailing, and the unfortunate sufferer died two days afterwards.

On the morning of the 15th, an explosion took place in a coal-pit at Singing Clough, near Manchester, belonging to Messrs. Knowles and Stott. Two men were killed on the spot, and two have been so much injured that but little hope can be entertained of their recovery. There were sixteen colliers in the pit, and these had descended between five and six o'clock on the above morning. At the bottom they met the underlooker, who had examined the workings to try the air, and reported all of them free from danger except the furthest point of the level, in which he directed that no one should begin to work. Shortly before seven o'clock, however, a young man, named Peter Tonge, declared his intention of going there for a tub of "slack" (small coal), and persisted in doing so, despite all remonstrance from the other workmen. Two of his fellow-workmen, named John Stone and John Lever, went with him, and so incautious were they, that although provided with safety lamps, they used a naked candle. On reaching the end of the bay, Stone is said to have "flashed" the light up to see if there was any danger, and in an instant a loud explosion took place. Lever was in the direct way of the current, which the explosion of course followed, and his life was sacrificed in an instant, the top of his skull being blown off, and his brains scattered about. Tonge was suffocated, and Stone was so fearfully scorched with the flash of the explosion that his life is in great danger. The other workmen, with one exception, were all in bays off the main level or drift way, and the ventilation of the mine being good they received no injury.

On the evening of the 15th, *a Frightful Collision* took place on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, near the Huddersfield Junction. An engine which had been undergoing repairs in the engine shed, was being replaced on the line on which it was to be worked, when it came into violent collision with the passenger train from Bradford. The shock was so violent as to smash completely the engine and tender, as well as the engine belonging to the passenger train, bringing the train itself to a dead stop. The passengers in alarm jumped out of the carriages, but had hardly time to become conscious of their fortunate escape when a goods train dashed into the standing train, doubling up all the carriages in a moment and knocking them to shivers. The scene that presented itself after this second catastrophe is described as terrible, the entire line being blocked up with a huge mass of fragments of broken carriages and engines. It was remarkable that none of the passengers were killed or injured by the flying splinters. The line was completely choked up, and men were immediately set to work to make a temporary line of rails for the usual traffic. This affair is to be made the subject of an inquiry.

On the evening of the 21st, *an Extensive Fire* broke out in the premises of Mr. Hynam, chemical light manufacturer, in Prince's Square, Finsbury. The property formed two sides of the square, and stretched across the entire length of the public road. The flames were first perceived bursting through that portion of the building between the two wings, and so high did they rise as to illuminate the principal portion of the city. The engines of the London Brigade and West of England Company speedily attended, but by that period the principal portion of the manufactory, a building 74 ft. long by 32 ft. wide, was, with the exception of a fire-proof apartment, wrapped in a general blaze. The firemen, however, kept to their work, and by carrying the hose from the engines on to the roofs of the surrounding buildings, were enabled to cut off the fire from the two wings, which contained a vast quantity of property, and also the steam-engine; and at length the fire was extinguished: but by that time part of the works where the fire began was nearly burnt out, and the adjoining buildings severely damaged. Their occupiers were poor people, who had the whole of their humble furniture removed into the street to save it from the ravages of the flames. None of the property destroyed was insured.

A young man was *Injured by a Lion*, while visiting Wombwell's menagerie, at Durham. He laid his hand on the lion's paw, which was protruded through the bars of his cage,—a familiarity which the brute resented in a fearful manner. With the quickness of lightning the animal laid hold of the young man's hand, and, drawing him close against the bars of the cage with his other paw, he fastened upon his head. The cries of the lad instantly attracted the attention of the keeper, who flew to the spot, and, after severely beating the infuriated brute upon the paws, compelled him to relinquish his hold. The whole proceeding was the work of a moment, but the unfortunate lad retains traces of his fearful rencontre which he will bear with him to the grave.

An *Explosion of Fire-damp* has taken place in a coal-mine at Haydock, in Lancashire, by which nine men were killed and many others severely burnt. Four ponies were also found dead. Thirteen lives were lost in the same pit in 1845. At the inquest, it appeared that the system of supervision in the mine was very defective. The underlooker said there was great difficulty in preventing the men from working with unprotected candles, and ascribed the explosion to their negligence. But some of the miners stated that they had never been interdicted the use of candles, and that the underlooker did not visit the mine for intervals of a fortnight together. The underlooker admitted that several days might have passed without his going over the mine. The Coroner thought it was usual to inspect coal-mines every morning before the men entered to work. Mr. Tremenheere, the Government Inspector, was present; he questioned the witnesses, assisting to elicit information on the defective management of the colliery, and made some observations before the jury gave their verdict. Their finding was "Accidental death." The owner of the mine, Mr. Evans, was then sent for, and the Coroner advised him to adopt an improved system.

Houghton Pit, near Newbottle, in Durham, the property of the Earl of Durham, has been the scene of a *Similar Accident*, still more fatal. The colliery is said to have been considered in a good general condition. On the 11th, while one hundred and fifty miners were in the workings, a very violent explosion of fire-damp occurred; many of the people were blown to pieces or destroyed by the flames, but the great majority were in a safe spot. They occupied a position where the air was respirable, while they were hemmed in on all sides by the fatal choke-damp. Some who attempted to gain the shaft perished by suffocation, and others with difficulty regained their refuge. Here one hundred and twenty persons remained for hours in utter darkness, and momentarily expecting to be suffocated by the foul air. Fortunately a communication was at length opened, and all the living miners were got to the shaft. It was found that no fewer than twenty-six men and boys had been killed.

A fearful *Explosion of Naphtha* has occurred at the Roman Catholic school and reading-room at Seacombe in Cheshire. Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, was filling a lamp from a can of the liquid, six of the boys standing around, one holding a lighted candle; Mr. Johnson poured too much naphtha into the lamp, and it ran over, caught fire at the candle, and then the whole quantity exploded with a report like that of a cannon. Mr. Johnson and the boys were enveloped in flames, and were all much burnt; one boy died next day, and others were thought to be in danger. The people in the reading-room above were so much alarmed by the explosion that several of them jumped from the window. A number of accidents have lately happened from the incautious use of this dangerous substance.

An emigrant ship, the Edmond, of London, was *Lost During the Storm* which raged on the Irish coast on the night of the 19th. She had sailed that evening from Limerick, and went ashore on a dangerous point called Kilkee, near Kilrush. She soon went to pieces; and, of the two hundred and sixteen persons on board, ninety-six perished.

SOCIAL, SANITARY, AND MUNICIPAL PROGRESS.

The *Registrar-General's Quarterly Returns* of the births and deaths, and of the marriages, in England and Wales, are favourable in a high degree. The return of the births and deaths extends to the 30th September; that of the marriages to the 30th June last. The deaths were but 86,041; whereas the deaths in the same quarter of 1849 were 135,358. The last number is of course swelled by the mortality from the cholera; but the provincial returns generally concur in declaring that sanatory measures have increased the chance of life throughout the kingdom. The Registrar thus sums up the results of his tables:—"The mortality is much below the average, and the public health has never been so good since 1845 as in the present quarter. The rate of mortality is 1·901 per cent. per annum. At this rate one in 211 persons living died in three months. The chances of living through this quarter were 210 to 1; the average chances of living through three summer months (1840, 50) for persons of all ages, being 192 to 1. The rate of mortality in 506 districts, comprising chiefly small towns and country parishes, was 1·693 per cent. per annum in the quarter: the average summer rate (1840, 50), being 1·832 per cent. The rate of mortality in 117 districts, comprising the large towns, was 2·206 per cent. per annum; the average rate (1840, 50) being 2·517 per cent. The juxtaposition of the figures in the table suggests the melancholy reflection that more than seven millions of people, inhabiting the Metropolis and all the cities and great centres of industry, are still exposed to a mortality which is not inherent in their nature, but is due to the artificial circumstances in which they are placed. The waters, the sewers, the soils, the churchyards, the houses, emit poisons. To every 10 natural deaths, 4 violent deaths—deaths from these poisonous exhalations—are superadded."—The marriages are returned by more than 12,000 churches or chapels, 2869 registered places of worship connected with the Established Church, and 623 superintendent registrars' offices. The results are given collectively, and in groups, showing the special movement of particular districts. It is, that the average increase of marriages invariably accompanies prosperity, and the average decrease attends a reverse of prosperity in manufacturing and commercial pursuits: the remarkable exception of agricultural Lincolnshire may be held to prove the general rule:—"The marriages in all England in the quarter ending June 30, 1850, were 39,018. The numbers in the spring quarter declined rapidly from 1846 to 1848, and rose still more rapidly up to 1850; thus following and pourtraying the state of the country. London, Cheshire, Lancashire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and South Wales, presented the greatest fluctuations, and the greatest increase of marriages in the June quarter 1850. The marriages increased in Middlesex, Hertford, and Buckingham; in Essex and Suffolk the marriages declined, as they did also in Devon and Cornwall; in Shropshire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Warwickshire—the coal and iron regions—the marriages increased; they increased also in Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, and Derbyshire—the seats of the thread, lace, and other manufactures. In the great agricultural county of Lincoln the fluctuation was in an opposite direction; the marriages rose from June 1846 to June 1848, and then declined. In the East and North Ridings, Durham, Northumberland and Cumberland, and Westmoreland, in Monmouthshire, and North Wales, the marriages increased in 1850. The marriages in Portsmouth and Plymouth declined; in Bristol and Cheltenham they increased; in Stoke-upon-Trent (the Potteries), in Coventry, and in Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester, the increase was considerable. It was still greater in Leeds; Halifax and Sheffield shared in the general advance. Hull, Wolverhampton, and Salisbury—where cholera was exceedingly fatal in 1849—have little more than the average marriages."—Of births, 146,970 were registered. "The births are invariably more numerous in the first and second than in the third and fourth quarters of the year; and they are in the last fewer by 8,757 than in the previous June quarter. the number and the proportion to the population are, however, greater in this than in any of the corresponding quarters since 1839. The increase of births is greatest in London, in the West Midland Counties, and in the North Western Counties, Cheshire, and Lancashire." The bearing of these details on the statistics of our population, is thus shown —"The excess of births registered over deaths in the quarter was 60,926; which, if all the births were registered, would be the natural increase of the population. In the same time, 53,703 emigrants sailed from three ports of England; 1394 from Plymouth, 7684 from London, and 44,625 from Liverpool. This leaves a narrow margin for the increase of population; but many of the emigrants entered at the English ports are from Ireland, which has been for many years diffusing a stream of natives over England as well as America. The progress of the whole fixed and moving population of the country can only be determined accurately from a comparison of the returns of births and deaths, of emigrants and immigrants, with periodical enumerations."

The *Lancashire Public Schools Association* held a conference at Manchester on the 27th ult. Mr. Alexander Henry, M.P., presided; Mr. Cobden, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. J. B. Smith, and most of the prominent friends of the movement in London, Liverpool, and Leeds, and in Scotland and Ireland, together with the Rev. Dr. Bacon, a gentleman of learning and personal weight from Newhaven, in the American State of Connecticut, were present. Letters of regretful excuse were read from Mr. C. P. Villiers, Mr. Hume, Mr. Ewart, Colonel Thompson, and some other members of Parliament, and from the Archbishop of Dublin, Mr. John Stuart Mill, Mr. Carlyle, and the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, and other friends of the movement.—The principal speakers were Mr. Samuel Lucas, of London, Mr. Absalon Watkin, the Rev. Mr. Thorp, rector of Burton Overy in Leicestershire, and Mr. Cobden. A change in the title was suggested by Mr. Cobden—from *Secular* Schools to *Public* Schools Association; on the ground (he said) that Dr. Samuel Johnson defines "secular" to be not merely non-sectarian, but a great deal more—"not spiritual—relating to the affairs of the present world—not holy—worldly." Now he did not think that this School Association was unspiritual; he did not think it deserved the name of irreligious. There was no greater foe to religion than vice, and no greater support to vice than ignorance. In fact, ignorance was the great parent of vice. The association sought to promote knowledge. They were promoting religion by promoting knowledge in its highest form, and that form of religion, too, which when understood must have the support of all classes. The suggestion caused a good deal of verbal criticism; but in the end Mr. Cobden's suggestion was adopted, and the title of the new organisation will be the National Public School Association.

The annual election of children to *the Asylum for Idiots* took place on the 31st ult., when 15 of this unhappy class were elected out of no fewer than 170 eligible candidates. Previous to the election, a general meeting of the subscribers was held, at which Alderman Sir George Carroll presided. In advocating the claims of the charity, he observed that two great fundamental objections had met them at the very threshold of their undertaking—one was, that they could do nothing for the idiot; and the other was, that there were comparatively no idiots. The first objection had been fully answered by the patient efforts of the last two years, for though they were unable to point to any positive instance of a perfect cure, there were at this moment many cases exhibiting a considerable state of improvement. A poor laundress, whose child had been at the asylum, was so struck with the great improvement that had taken place in him, that with tears in her eyes she had

recently called upon the secretary, and had insisted upon his accepting half a guinea as a mark of her gratitude. As regarded the second objection, it was not at that time, perhaps, known that a multitude of these cases were hidden, from shame or sorrow, not only from the eye of the world, but from the observation of social intercourse; for it was now ascertained from correct statistics that the number of idiots exceeded that of lunatics. The report stated that the board had taken two houses of great capacity—one at Highgate, and the other at Colchester. Those establishments at present contained 129 inmates, which, with the 15 elected on the 31st, made a total of 144. There was ample accommodation for additional inmates, but though the receipts of the past year had amounted to beween 4000*l.* and 5000*l.*, additional support was necessary to enable the board to extend to any sensible degree the benefits of the institution.

The principle of *Singing Classes* is beginning to be introduced into the army. The United Service Gazette says—We observe that singing classes have been introduced into the 76th Foot. We learn that the general officer commanding the Portsmouth district intends inviting Mr. Hullah to the garrison for the purpose of inoculating the troops with his admirable system; and we hear from a corps in Ireland that not only are the men encouraged to glee and part singing, but are now in the habit of chaunting the whole of the service in the parish church of the town in which they are quartered. We hope to hear of the extension of the rational and harmonious pastime. Not only should singing classes be instituted, but music might be taught and facilities afforded for its cultivation at a very moderate expense.

The *Common Law Commissioners* are prosecuting their labours with great diligence. It is believed that their report will be ready before the meeting of Parliament, and that it will contain some valuable recommendations. The attention of the Commissioners has been especially directed to the effects of the County Courts Extension Act upon the business of the Courts at Westminster Hall. It is apprehended, not without great reason, that, in addition to the inducements of a cheap tribunal and a speedy administration of justice in the local courts, the existing costly and complex mode of proceeding by action in all courts of common law will continue still further to crowd and increase the popularity of the inferior tribunals. To remedy this evil, it is expected that the report will enforce the necessity of the utmost simplification, economy, and despatch, in all future proceedings in the common law courts, and the abolition of all technicalities which impede a speedy trial on the merits.

An association for *Improving the Social and Moral Condition of Labourers and others residing in the Parishes of Windsor, Eton, and the neighbouring districts*, has just been formed at Windsor, under the immediate auspices and patronage of the Queen and the Prince Consort. The Duchess of Kent has consented to become the lady patroness, and Prince Albert to be president of the society. The vice-presidents include Major-General Wemyss, Sir George Couper, the Dean and Canons of Windsor, the Mayor of Windsor, and many of the most influential residents of the vicinity. The Hon. Colonel Phipps, the Hon. Colonel Grey, the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Wellesley, and the neighbouring clergy, are members of the provisional committee. The design of the association is to encourage among labourers and their families, and domestic and other servants, habits of morality, good order, providence, and industry, by the annual distribution of rewards in money and appropriate medals. Medals will also be presented by the royal president in special cases to the most deserving.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has resolved to send a commissioner to India, at its own cost, to inquire into the obstacles which prevent an increased *Growth of Cotton in that Country*. Mr. Alexander Mackay, author of "The Western World," is the gentleman selected for the duty.

The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have completed the arrangements for carrying into effect the projected *Park in Battersea Fields*. They have purchased, for the sum of 11,000*l.*, the shooting-grounds and pleasure-gardens of the famed Red House, on the river-bank; and will commence without delay the erection of the iron suspension-bridge which is to cross the Thames immediately below Chelsea Hospital.

At a court held on the 12th, the Goldsmiths' Company unanimously decided *to award One Thousand Pounds for Prizes* to be given to those artists of the craft, of the United Kingdom, who can produce works of the highest design and merit in gold and sliver plate, for the Exhibition of 1851. The sum of 1000*l.* is to be divided into prizes varying in amount from 300*l.* to 20*l.* and 10*l.* for works of the most costly description, which it is more than probable will be eventually purchased by the Company. There will be services, candelabra, church plate, and smaller objects, even to a salt-cellar; so that the most humble artisan in the craft shall receive his impulse, to encourage him in honourable exertion, as much in proportion as the first goldsmith in the land. The various works for competition are to be forwarded to the Goldsmiths' Hall without the name of the owner; when each piece will be rigidly scrutinised, and those possessing the highest standard of merit in both design and workmanship will be accepted and forwarded to the Exhibition of 1851, and take their stand in competition against the whole world.

A meeting of the *Peace Society* was held at Wrexham, on the 12th. An announcement that Mr. Cobden was to be present had doubtless the effect of increasing the attendance. About 2000 persons were present, though the admission was by ticket at one shilling and sixpence each. Townsend Mainwaring, Esq., formerly member for Denbigh, was in the chair. Mr. Sturge gave a detail of the recent endeavours of Messrs. Burritt, Wheeler, and himself, to put a stop to the war between Denmark and Schleswig-Holstein. Mr. Cobden entered fully into the objects and history of the Peace Society; and, in the course of his speech, adverted to the fact that in 1841 Sir R. Peel was the very first to recommend that agitation in which the peace party and himself were engaged. That statesman spoke of the enormous standing armaments, and of the dangers of the governments of Europe, and he showed that the English government ought to endeavour to come to some terms by which they might effect a mutual reduction of armaments. They could therefore claim for their movement the sanction and approbation of the most practical statesman that had lived in our age. Mr. Cobden then briefly adverted to the Peace Congress doctrine; and said that the society wished, if possible, to prevent the people from lending their money to bankrupt governments, and those governments keeping up great military establishments. With reference to the scorn cast upon them that they were enthusiasts or Utopians, let people not think that he was dreaming of the Millennium, but let them think that he entered upon this work with the impression that he would never see the Millennium, but that the sword would continue to be drawn and war waged long after his time. He did not believe that they were going to bring about any sudden and instantaneous change in the policy of states, but he firmly believed that they were engaged in a work in which conscience and holy Heaven would find cause of approbation. Mr. Williams, M.P. for Macclesfield, moved a resolution to the effect that this meeting, having heard the explanations of the objects of the Peace Congress, was of opinion that every effort should be made to induce the government to substitute reason for physical force in deciding international disputes, and that it is the duty of Great Britain to set an example to the civilised world by greatly reducing its present extensive armament. Mr. T. Edgeworth, of Wrexham, seconded the resolution, which was carried.

The imperfect protection afforded by the existing law of patents, and the injurious costliness of obtaining that protection, have lately led to the formation of a *Patent-law Reform League*. On the 13th, a deputation from this body had an interview, by appointment, with Sir George Grey and Mr. Labouchere, at the Home Office. The deputation having reporters with it, Sir George Grey guarded himself, and also warned Mr. Labouchere, when he entered the room, against expressing any opinion. He remarked that the society had presented a memorial to the Queen, and asked had they any state-

ments to add to that memorial: or had they any suggestions to make beyond those contained in the report of the committee on the Privy Seal and Signet Office. Mr. Campin replied, that "the suggestions of the committee's report are good, but they do not go far enough: the main object is to have an immediate reduction of the cost of the patent from its present prohibitive amount of 100*l.* for each of the three United Kingdoms, and to have preliminary registration at no cost. In America the cost of a patent is about 6*l.* or 7*l.* to a citizen; to an Englishman it is 500 dollars, because we charge so much in our country." Mr. Price stated that he had been secretary to a society formed to assist poor inventors; but the society fell to the ground, from inability to meet the immense charges of the Patent Office; if a society was so beaten, how fatally must the poor inventors themselves be repressed? Mr. Campin, Mr. Waller, and Mr. Fownley said, that if something be not done immediately, a number of persons intending to prepare models for the exhibition next year must hold back. Mr. Labouchere observed, that what the applicants wanted seemed to be not so much a general measure of Patent-law as an immediate measure to reduce the expenses. Mr. Campin assented; and Mr. Labouchere expressed his wish to receive a written communication stating how it was proposed to accomplish this object.

At the yearly meeting of the *Burton-on-Trent Farmers' Club*, on the 14th, Mr. Adderley, M.P., Mr. Evans, M.P., and Mr. W. Gisborne, gave expression to their views on the difficult position of the agricultural interest. Mr. Adderley urged on proprietors the necessity for meeting, in a temporary manner, the depression of the present transition state. Mr. Evans acknowledged that if prices continue as they are, there can be no doubt that the relations of landlord and tenant must undergo considerable alteration. Mr. Gisborne declared his opinion, after giving the whole subject his most impartial consideration, that the landed interest is unequally and unfairly burdened in respect of local taxation: nevertheless, with respect to burdens, he was little sanguine of a reduction; he did not blame members of parliament, nor the ministry, on this subject; for the real fact was, the constituencies themselves cared nothing at all about economy. He ascribed the fall of prices to the fact that commodities have for many years increased faster than gold: larger supplies of gold, especially those from recently-discovered sources, would check this. And on the whole his opinion was, that the lowest point was passed, and that there were signs of improvement.

The Board of Health has published a report by the Honourable William Napier on the gathering-grounds of the proposed *Water-supply to the Metropolis*. Mr. Napier had been commissioned to gauge the streams and make a careful re-examination of the capabilities of the country for the purpose intended. He states that, at first view, he rather feared he should not find sources that would yield as much as the present supply—equal to a canal nine feet wide and three feet deep, flowing two miles an hour throughout the day and night; but a month's search has produced the result. He gives a table of forty springs which yield at their source nearly forty millions of gallons per day, of a quality at and under one degree of hardness, equivalent to the supply of more than half a million houses, at the rate of seventy-five gallons for each house per day; and he can answer for at least ten more millions of gallons per day at and under two degrees of hardness. He gives the names of these springs, in a table showing the yield and hardness of each. Mr. Napier's researches, however, have thrown so much doubt into his mind in reference to the plan of gigantic reservoirs for storing the supply for months, that he proposes a plan of tile-drains which shall catch the waters as they issue from the earth, and lead them to a main trunk that shall flow into a covered reservoir on Wimbledon Common, large enough to contain two days' supply against any emergency, and throwing its waste into the Thames. He promises in a future report to give the details, and estimate the cost of his proposed plan.

A correspondence, respecting *the Boys who were expelled from Woolwich and Carshalton*, has taken place between Mr. J. Leveson Gower (on the part of the parents and guardians of the boys) and the Master-General of the Ordnance. Mr. Leveson Gower urges Lord Anglesey, amongst other points, to revoke the sentence passed upon the boys, and re-investigate the case, which the Master-General declines to do on various grounds—one of the most cogent being, that to do so would involve a publication of the whole evidence; which Lord Anglesey not only deprecates, but warns the parents and guardians against having recourse to. Lord Anglesey further denies that his circular ordering the removal of the boys can justify the assertion that it tended to impute the worst of crimes to a single individual implicated. Mr. Leveson Gower closes the correspondence by stating that such further measures in the conduct of the case will be adopted, as upon consideration may be deemed to be expedient.

The Admiralty have determined to put an end to the practice of having "*Mess-men*" in the Navy. No person is in future to be entered on board her Majesty's ships, or to be employed in the service, as a "mess-man," whether in the gun-room mess or the ward-room mess; it having been found that most of the extravagance, and nearly all the intemperance, with their concomitants—ruin, disgrace, degradation, and loss of position in the service, and society—are attributable to the practice of the gun-room mess of large ships appointing a regular "messman," from whom any quantity of spirits or wine could be procured by paying for it.

At a meeting of the *Law Amendment Society*, on the 18th, Mr. Dudley Field, one of the Commissioners who prepared the Amended Code for the State of New York, was introduced, and gave an account of the improvements made by that code in the system of legal procedure. He stated, in the first place, that the courts of justice in the State of New York were originally modelled on the old system of England. They had a Chancellor and a Vice-Chancellor, whose jurisdiction was modelled on the English Courts of Equity; they had a Supreme Court, like the Court of Queen's Bench; they had a Court of Appeal, consisting of the Senate, answering to the House of Lords; and when an appeal came from the Court of Chancery, the Judges of the Supreme Court sat with the Senate; when, on the other hand, the appeal came from the Supreme Court, the Judges of the Court of Chancery sat in the Senate. Thus they had two systems—that of Common Law, and that of Equity; and suitors were bandied about between both till their patience or their purse was exhausted. They had also different forms of procedure in actions at common law, which added to the difficulty and uncertainty of obtaining justice. Such were the intolerable evils of the system, that the first thing the Convention did was to abolish the Court of Chancery in toto, and to create one supreme tribunal, which should administer all the laws of the land, whether in law or in equity; and that testimony should be taken, whenever the witnesses were within the State, *vivâ voce*. This was in 1847, and three commissioners were appointed to carry their recommendation into effect. The commissioners reported from time to time; their first report being made in February 1848, and their recommendations passed into a law on the 1st of July in the same year. In the next year some additional portions of the code were prepared, which were passed into a law in the course of last session; and on the last day of last year the whole code, civil and criminal, was given in by the commissioners, but that had not yet been passed into a law. What had been made law comprised nearly all the provisions relating to civil actions, by which all the previously existing rules of pleading were abolished, and one uniform course of procedure for all kinds of actions was established. They had adopted such a system of pleading as parties would naturally adopt in a case of private arbitration. The plaintiff, in his first pleading, stated in plain and ordinary but precise language what was the nature of his complaint, and what the ground of his remedy. Then the defendant put forth his answer, specifically denying those portions of the plaintiff's allegation which he meant to controvert, and admitting those which he did not, besides stating any new matter on which he might rely. To that new matter the plaintiff was allowed to reply, and then the proceedings closed and the cause was ready for trial.

This was the whole system; and it was found completely to obviate the whole difficulties that might be expected to arise in fusing the legal and equitable proceedings. With regard to the practical results of the system, he might state that he had not found the slightest difficulty in the world, and he did not know of a single person at the bar of New York who asserted that the union of the two practices was attended with any difficulty. Of course there was great clamour at first, and many prophecies of failure; but in practice no difficulty had been found. The code had been copied, in whole or in part, by the States of Missouri, California, and Mississippi; and conventions for adopting it were about to be held in Kentucky, Iowa, Tenessee, and Massachusetts.

In answer to questions put to Mr. Field respecting the working of the new system in New York, he said, that the parties in a cause are sworn to the truth of their statements according to their knowledge and belief; with this exception, that if the plaintiff dispenses with the oath of the defendant, he is not called upon to give his own. They may also be brought before the jury. One effect of this rule is, that a plaintiff sometimes at once proves his case without the expense of other witnesses, and at other times he learns immediately that which shows him that he cannot prove his case at all. As to costs, between the lawyer and client, the old fee-table has been abolished: the law does not interfere with bargains for remuneration between the lawyers and client; and if no specific bargain is made, the court decides according to the custom of the profession—as it does on the fees of doctors, and of gentlemen in other professions. Between party and party, the scale of costs is regulated by stages of the proceeding—so much up to preparation for trial, so much more for the next stage, and so on. Any cause may be got ready for trial in forty days—an ordinary one in twenty days; and, when the heavy arrears of the old system shall have been cleared off, it will be possible to carry a case wholly through in a single year, including a first appeal before three or four judges, and a second appeal before eight judges. The meeting cordially thanked Mr. Field for the valuable information he had given.

The *Dangers of the Navigation of the Channel* are strikingly exhibited by an important document just published, compiled by Mr. J. Young, of the Underwriters' room at Lloyd's, giving a list of the wrecks and casualties to shipping which have been officially reported to have occurred between Dungeness and London during a period of eighteen months, from January, 1849, to June, 1850, inclusive. To each casualty is affixed the extent of damage sustained, estimated as nearly as could be ascertained. The result is, that during the eighteen months in question the amount of property destroyed by known wrecks and casualties, is between 400,000*l.* and 500,000*l.*, besides the sacrifice of a great number of lives. The object of the compiler is to show the enormous annual destruction of property occasioned by the dangers of navigation between the Isle of Wight and the Thames, which would be avoided by homeward-bound ships discharging in the Southampton docks, besides the saving that would be effected in the rate of insurance, time occupied between the island and London, and the extra cost of wages, provisions, and incidental expenses. It is a remarkable fact that few wrecks ever take place in that part of the British Channel to the westward of the Wight, but that the real dangers commence after passing the back of the island to proceed to the Thames. To this document is subjoined an abstract of the loss of shipping and life, between the Isle of Wight and London, for the seven years from 1837 to 1843 inclusive, by which it appears that during that period 499 vessels lost anchors and cables, were partially dismasted by bad weather or being run foul of, or sustained other damage; 560 vessels took the ground, but were got off again; 260 vessels entirely wrecked or foundered, of which the crews and passengers were saved; 56 vessels were totally lost, with all or several of the crews or passengers; the total number of casualties being 1375. Amongst the ships lost in 1842 and 1843 were those splendid Indiamen, the Reliance and the Conqueror, nearly every soul on board of which, amounting to little short of 200, perished. In the latter year the ship Burhampooter, with emigrants from London for New South Wales, was, a few hours after leaving the Thames, utterly wrecked near Margate, on which occasion the people on board had a hair-breadth escape with their lives, losing all the property they had. The loss of the Amphitrite is also too recent to be forgotten; she was riding at anchor in the Downs, was driven out by violent weather, and totally wrecked near Boulogne; she had on board nearly 200 female convicts, bound to Australia, all of whom, with the whole of the crew, were drowned, and the vessel scattered in fragments on the shore. During the first six months of 1850 it appears that no less than eight vessels have been lost between London and the Wight, with all on board; and the number of lives so sacrificed is estimated as little short of 500.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

The Queen and the Royal Family returned from Osborne to Windsor Castle on the 1st instant. Her Majesty's private band, which had not played before the Court since the death of Sir Robert Peel, resumed its rehearsals on the day before her Majesty's arrival.

Mr. George Arbuthnot has been appointed *Auditor of the Civil List*, one of the most important offices in the Treasury. Mr. Stephenson succeeds Mr. Arbuthnot as private secretary to Sir Charles Wood.

At a Court of Directors, held in the East India House on the 13th, Lieutenant-General Sir John Grey, K.C.B., was sworn in *Commander-in-Chief of the Company's forces*, and second member of Council on the Bombay Establishment.

The Right Honourable Richard Lalor Sheil has been appointed her Majesty's *Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence*, in the place of the late Sir George Hamilton.

It is understood that Sir John Herschel will succeed Mr. Sheil as *Master of the Mint*. This appointment will no longer be held by a member of parliament, and the salary will be reduced to 1500*l.* a year.

The *Gazette* of the 5th announces that the Queen has granted to Sir Robert Monsey Rolfe, late Baron of the Exchequer, the office of a *Vice-Chancellor of the Court of Chancery* in England.

The Queen has granted a *Pension* of 100*l.* a year to Mr. John Payne Collier, the editor of "Shakspere," and author of the "History of the English Stage." The warrant expressly mentions that the pension is given "in consideration of his literary merits."

Mr. (now Sir Charles) Eastlake has been elected *President of the Royal Academy*, and has received from the Queen the honour of knighthood.

Obituary of Notable Persons.

The Dowager Lady Suffield died at Blickling Hall, in Norfolk, on the 27th ult.

Dr. Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia, died in Curzon Street, May Fair, on the 27th ult., in the 73rd year of his age.

Sir Donald Campbell, Bart., Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island, died at the Government House, Charlottetown, on the 18th ult., aged 50.

Mr. Commissioner Harris, of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, died at his residence in Chester-place, on the 25th ult., in his 77th year. He had been a commissioner of that court for nearly thirty years.

Lord Rancliffe died on the 1st inst., at Bunney Hall, near Nottingham. He was in his 65th year; the title is extinct.

Anne Lancey, widow of the late Thomas Lancey, Esq., died on the 9th, at Greenwich, in her 101st year.

The Countess of Crawford and Balcarres died at Haigh Hall, Lancashire, on the 16th, in her 67th year.

Alexander Raphael, Esq., M.P., died at Surbiton, on the 17th, in his 75th year.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Roman Catholic Bishop of Killaloe, died at Parsonstown, King's County, after a protracted illness, in his sixty-third year. Dr. Kennedy had attended the synod at Thurles, where he had taken an active part in opposing the condemnation of the Queen's Colleges; and he was one of the thirteen prelates who subsequently signed a memorial to the Pope, with respect to those institutions. The deceased prelate had been most earnest and successful in his exertions to discourage the "Young Ireland" movement during the excitement of 1848.

The Right Hon. Lord Nugent, M.P. for the borough of Aylesbury, at his seat, Lillies, on the 26th.—

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

THE intelligence from India contains no item so interesting as the commencement of the Bombay railway. From the Australian Colonies there is as great a void of political news; but we have tidings, which to many will be extremely welcome, of the landing of the first batch of female emigrants sent out by Mr. Sidney Herbert's Committee. Thirty-eight had been landed at Port Philip; sixty-five at Adelaide; and all had been placed in excellent situations within a few days after landing. The Sidney paper tells us much of Doctor Lang, and the doctor adds a little from himself. He has fulminated a sort of bull or allocution against the new constitution, and has given formal notice of a motion in the Council Chamber which is to do nothing less than annihilate Lord Grey. We shall see.

The *Overland Mail* bring dates from Bombay to the 17th ult. British India was quite tranquil. The civil war in the Nizam's territories still lingers on, and another affair has taken place in the neighbourhood of Elichpoor between the troops of its Newab and those of the Nizam, in which the latter were defeated, and lost two guns, but no particulars have yet transpired.

The Governor-General was expected at Simla on the 5th or 6th instant. His party were all in excellent health. Lord Falkland was at the Mahableshwar hills; he had had another severe attack since the departure of the last mail, but was better. His state of health, however, continued to occasion serious apprehensions of his being ultimately obliged to resign his post for the same cause as his two predecessors, Sir G. Arthur and Sir G. Clerk. The works of the Bombay Railway had commenced.

The accounts from *Hong Kong* are to the 29th of September. There had been a very great improvement in the health of the men belonging to the 59th Regiment. The fever had greatly abated. There were still many in the hospital, but the deaths latterly had only averaged about three a week. The insurrection in one of the adjoining provinces to Canton had become of such magnitude, that a body of Government troops had been defeated, and the rebels were said to be already in the Canton province. The authorities there were preparing all the force they could muster to march against the rebels. The movement is said to be directed against the Tartar dynasty, but it is impossible to obtain correct information.—The alarming state of the country occasioned much uneasiness to the Chinese population in Canton.

A *Piratical Mutiny* had taken place on board the ship Kelso, which arrived at Hong Kong on the 14th of September from San Francisco. About three weeks before the vessel's arrival Captain Innes was informed by two of his crew that a mutinous feeling prevailed among part of the ship's company, who had determined to murder him, the steward, and carpenter, and seize upon the vessel, in which they expected to find a large amount of treasure. Captain Innes, with the energy and coolness which mark the true sailor, adopted the requisite means to insure the safety of the ship. The plot had been hatched by some sailors shipped in San Francisco to replace men who had left the vessel after her outward voyage. On the evening on which the piracy was attempted, Captain Innes, having previously had information of the intention of the ringleaders, retired—not to the cabin he was accustomed to use, but to an adjoining one—the steward also, by his orders, changing his sleeping place. Under the dread of momentary attack sleepless vigilance was called for. The night progressed, the mutineers broke open the arms' chest and possessed themselves of its contents; but, fortunately, it contained no powder. One of the mutineers crawling on his hands and knees into the cabin which had been vacated, gave intimation to Captain Innes that the moment for action had come. He fired at the ruffian and shot him dead. He then made his way through the skylight to the poop, where he found the mutineers all armed. Calling upon them to lay down their arms, his order was obeyed by all but one, who endeavoured still to intimidate and approach him. Captain Innes told the man he would call upon him three several times to lay down his weapon and go forward; and that, failing his doing so, he would shoot him. He persisted. The captain fired, mortally wounding him, when the mutiny was quelled. The man, at the date of the account, was lying at the point of death in the Hong Kong hospital, and his fellow-criminals were under examination before the police magistrates.

The accounts from *Jamaica* are highly important. The cholera was raging fearfully in Kingston, Port Royal, and St. Catherine's; and, up to the time of the packet's departure, the deaths in Kingston averaged at least 30 a day. The latest official accounts published up to the morning of the 27th of October showed a total of 266 deaths in Kingston alone. In Port Royal and St. Catherine's the actual numbers were less; but, compared to the population of Kingston, the mortality has been far greater, particularly in Port Royal, where about an eighth of the population has been cut off. The deaths in all parts, with two or three exceptions, occurred among the lower orders of the black people, some of whom resided in miserable hovels and damp localities. An order has been issued by the Governor in Council forbidding communication coastwise between Port Royal and Kingston, and the uninfected ports, under certain restrictions. In all districts the want of medical men was much felt. Kingston, with a population of some 40,000 inhabitants, contains only ten doctors, who, in addition to their private business, have in various instances to attend the public prisons and institutions. Spanish Town contains but three doctors, and Port Royal none at all. At the latter place the services of the surgeons attached to the Royal army were secured through the influence of the Kingston authorities. The House of Assembly met on the 22d of October, and passed a short act, appointing local boards of health in the different parishes, and authorising the issue of 5000*l*., or less, in island notes, to put such boards in funds to carry out the sanatory regulations. After the enactment of this law, the Legislature, with the sanction of the Governor, adjourned until the 19th of November. Commercial matters were quite unsettled; indeed, a general gloom was spread over all interests and all classes. The Governor had issued a proclamation, ordering that a day of general prayer and humiliation should take place on the 1st of November.

From the other *West India Colonies* the news is not important. In Trinidad, Barbadoes, and Antigua the weather is described as remarkably fine, and the crops extremely promising.

The city of Fredericton, *New Brunswick*, was desolated by a dreadful fire on the 11th instant. Upwards of one-half of the city, it is stated, is burnt, and above 3000 people rendered houseless. Few particulars have as yet been given.

The intelligence from the *Cape of Good Hope* is to the 26th of September. The arrival of the Queen's letters patent for constituting a Local Government had excited much dissension.

The Legislative Council was opened on the 6th September. Sir Andries Stockenstrom, Mr. Brand, Mr. E. W. Reitz, Mr. Fairbairn, and Mr. Godlonton took their seats as five of the six members nominated in conformity with the votes of the municipalities and the divisional road boards of the colony. Mr. Cocks took his seat as the Governor's nominee. The election qualification of the members of the Council afforded the first point for discussion. The officials proposed a property qualification of 2000*l*. above all encumbrances; the popular members rejected any property qualifica-

tion, and proposed that the members of the Council should be chosen by "the combined votes of all persons possessing the electoral franchise in the whole colony," arguing that the possession of the confidence of so vast and varied a constituency would be a qualification higher than the ownership of 2000*l.* or even 4000*l.* fixed property. The popular proposal was supported only by the elected members, Stockenstrom, Fairbairn, Brand, and Reitz: Mr. Godlonton joined the officials, and made the division against it one of seven to four. By a similar vote the property qualification was affirmed; and it was resolved that the members of Council should be elected for ten years. On the 20th September, the secretary of government having presented some drafts of ordinances for consideration, Sir Andries Stockenstrom moved as an amendment, that the ordinances for constituting the local parliament should be proceeded with till completed and passed, before any others be taken up. He was supported by the same three popular members who before sided with him: Mr. Godlonton again joining the officials, he was beaten by seven to four, and a resolution the reverse of that which he had moved was affirmed. Sir Andries handed in a paper of "reasons for dissent," signed by himself, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Brand, and Mr. Reitz: he and those gentlemen then tendered the resignation of their seats in the Council, and retired.

On the 21st September, the representatives who had resigned issued a joint letter to their constituents, assuring them, that within a few days some proposal would be publicly submitted for bringing their wishes explicitly before the Queen, the parliament and the people of England.

The accounts from *New South Wales* reach the 30th of July. The Legislative Council at Sydney was in full session, and applying itself to measures of a useful and practical character, some of them rendered necessary by the exigency of peculiar circumstances, and others consequent upon the rapid advancement of the colony in population and commercial prosperity. The question of steam communication with England was brought before the Council by Mr. Donaldson, in a series of resolutions which excited an animated and interesting discussion, in the course of which the several speakers were unanimous in condemning the tardiness of her Majesty's government in completing the necessary arrangements. The subject was referred to a select committee, with an instruction to report upon the propriety of withdrawing the vote of 6000*l.* per annum, already placed at the disposal of the Executive, and offering it as a bonus open to private competition. A select committee of the Legislative Council was also appointed to inquire and report upon the expediency of forming a settlement at Cape York, on the north-west coast of New Holland, or in the immediate neighbourhood. Its eligibility has long been the subject of investigation and favourable recommendation by naval surveyors, and it is expected that a staff of government surveyors will be speedily despatched to the projected colony. The geographical position of Cape York is such as is said to render its occupation an object of paramount importance. The mover of the resolution in reference to the proposed settlement was Mr. Nicholls, a native of New South Wales, born of European parents; and the conclusion of his speech affords gratifying evidence of the feelings entertained by that class of the community towards the mother-country. Such a settlement (he observed) would undoubtedly be another step in the progress of civilisation—another outpost of the great Australian nation which was destined to perpetuate the religion and the language of the Anglo-Saxon race in the southern hemisphere. It was by such steps as these—by pacific triumphs—by establishing educational institutions, and by fostering commercial enterprise, that Australia would become great, and never by the arms of its children being turned against their forefathers.

Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein, travelling as Lieutenant Gronwold, and accompanied by Captain [illegible] Carr, a British officer, had arrived at Sydney from Port Philip, and was a guest at Government House. It was expected that the young prince would shortly return to Europe by the way of India.

The *New Zealand* papers have been received to the 12th of June. They announce the return of Capt. Imprey and party to the Wairau, from an expedition undertaken with a view to find a road to Port Cooper. They went about 120 miles up the country in a southerly direction, crossing several streams, all falling into the river between the White Bluff and Cape Campbell. They discovered an opening into the Port Cooper plains, but a heavy fall of snow compelled them to return. They entertain no doubt, however, that a fair road for drays may be made between the Wairau and Port Cooper. The party saw two birds standing each five feet high, supposed to be emus, and made several interesting botanical discoveries. They report the country over which they travelled as eligible for sheep runs and cattle stations, and some of it as well wooded.

A letter, dated Nelson, 16th May, states that the accession to the population of the settlement, received by the Lady Nugent, had been most opportune.

PROGRESS OF EMIGRATION AND COLONISATION.

The work of *Emigration* goes on rapidly from the west and south of Ireland. In the end of October a crowd of peasants passed through Athlone on their way to the New World. The local paper states that they came from the village of Clonoron, about two miles distant, and had been but a few days previously evicted from their holdings. While going through the town they were cheering and shouting, and appeared in the best possible humour. On inquiry as to the cause of their unusual mirth, it was ascertained to have arisen from the circumstance of their having received a large sum of money from their friends in America, which came to hand on the very morning they were ejected from their cabins.

A remarkable case of *Successful Emigration* is that of Mr. James Wilson, a native of Caithness, who lately arrived in England from Australia. Two-and-twenty years ago he landed as a young emigrant at Van Diemen's Land with 50*s.* in his pocket; fifteen years ago he crossed over to Port Philip, when there were only two huts in that now flourishing colony, and there he has remained ever since. He is the largest individual sheep farmer in the colony, being the owner of 30,000 sheep, and land sufficient, reckoning, as he does, an acre to a sheep, to feed 60,000. He is now worth 3000*l.* a-year. His visit to England is to see the old country once more, when he purposes to pass the remainder of his life in South Australia.

Intelligence has been received of the arrival in Australia of the first parties of *Female Emigrants* despatched by the Committee of the Female Emigration Fund. The ship Culloden, with a party of 38 girls, arrived, all well, at Port Philip on the 6th of July; the ship Duke of Portland, with 65 on board, arrived, all well, at Adelaide, on the 2d day of August. The young women are stated to have behaved with great propriety during their passage out, and to have had good health throughout their voyages. The most favourable testimony is borne to the good conduct of those in charge of the emigrants, and to the well working of the arrangements which were made by the committee here on their behalf. Both at Melbourne and at Adelaide this immigration appears to have been very favourably regarded by the colonists. Of the 38 landed at Port Philip on the 8th of July, it appears by the Melbourne papers that 31 were engaged as servants at wages varying from 12*l.* to 20*l.* a year before the evening of the 10th, and subsequent advices state that every one of the girls had obtained employment. All the girls landed at Adelaide had secured employment at fair wages within four days after arrival. The ladies' committee, who provided for the reception of the young women at Port Philip, appear to have been most favourably impressed by their appearance and demeanour; and one of the Melbourne papers says, "They appear to belong to a class of immigrants peculiarly adapted to this country, being young, healthy, and intelligent, and apparently possessed of that happy buoyancy of mind, and that hearty determination of purpose, that will enable them to act well their part in any of the many situations of usefulness which lie so invitingly before them."

NARRATIVE OF FOREIGN EVENTS.

PRUSSIA with twice three hundred thousand men has accomplished the great feat of marching up a hill and marching down again. She has shown all her teeth, that the world may perceive she is unable or indisposed to bite with them. Industry and commerce have been suspended, the workshop and the farm have been deserted, all the ordinary hopes and avocations which make up the everyday life of Prussia have received a check of the most disastrous kind; and, as far as yet appears, for no earthly object but to show how eager the king is to obtain the domination of Germany, and how utterly unable and imbecile to accomplish his desire. It remains to be seen whether the people, thus bodily dragged into the conflict, may not take upon themselves at length the authority of ending it.

The French President has delivered a message as meek as Cardinal Wiseman's appeal. He promises nothing less nor more but that he will be a good boy in future, and attend to all the tasks which the Assembly may choose to set him. He is delighted that France should be so prosperous, and is preparing all kinds of things to make her more so. Will the Assembly be so hardhearted as to turn him off when he is so good a boy?

Pio Nono, after dispatching his bull to England, favoured Sardinia with an "allocution." In this document his Holiness adopts all the acts of the Cardinal Archbishop Franzoni, formerly commemorated in this narrative; and distinctly approves of the refusal of the holy sacrament to a dying statesman, who had been active in promoting a law hateful to the Roman See, because favourable to the equal civil rights of priest and layman! Let Lord Beaumont, and other Catholics in England, take warning in time.

The man-hunts continue in America; and a real rebellion has broken out in China. The earth is full of portents of which the issue must be waited quietly. Mr. Webster preaches not only the sacred duty of obedience, but the infamy of resistance, even to the law which creates a property in the bodies and souls of human creatures; but even in quiet and stationary China, it would seem, and with little more than tariffs and duties at issue, a termination is apt to come, sooner or later, to these duties of obedience and penalties of resistance; and Mr. Webster may yet live to discover that there are inhuman laws which carry with them no obligation of human acquiescence or submission, even for a day.

The *National Assembly of France* met on the 11th. On the following day it chose its officers. M. Dupin was elected President, by 383 votes out of 594 present; the other votes being divided between M. Mathieu de la Drome and two or three more. M. Dupin took the chair, and immediately declared M. Baroche, the Minister of the Interior, to be in possession of the tribune. M. Baroche proceeded at once to read the "Message of the President of the Republic; presenting, in virtue of the 52d article of the Constitution, the *exposé* of the general state affairs of the French Republic, addressed to the Legislative Assembly in the session of the 12th November, 1850." The Message treats its subjects under the headings of Interior, Finances, Public Works, Agriculture and Commerce, Justice, Public Instruction and Religious Worship, War, Marine, and a concluding *Resumé*.

Under all these branches the view given of public affairs is highly favourable. In the Interior, confidence and tranquillity have been restored. The finances progress favourably; international commerce has been raised; and everything concurs in warranting the hope that the deficit of 1850 will be sensibly diminished, and that the equilibrium announced for 1851 will be realised. Great reductions are making both in the army and navy. Foreign relations are satisfactory. The benefit to the French flag of the liberalised navigation-law of England is acknowledged; and hopes are expressed that pending negotiations will end in arrangements still more in conformity with the interests of the two countries.

The reading of the Message was listened to with fixed attention, and the closing passages called forth loud applause. The favourable impression made by the Message had even increased on the 13th. Twelve hundred copies were posted up in the different quarters of Paris, by orders of the Prefect of Police; and 37,000 copies were sent to the provincial communes.

At the commencement of the sitting on the 13th, the result of the ballot for the vice-presidents was announced. MM. Daru, Léon Faucher, Benoist d'Azy, and General Bedeau were all re-elected and proclaimed vice presidents. The old secretaries, MM. Arnauld (de l'Arriège), Lacase, Chapot, Heckeren, Beraud, and Peupin were also re-elected. The business transacted was not of public interest, except perhaps the motion made by M. Antony Thouret, who proposed that the prorogation committee should deposit what it has drawn up on the incidents which have created so much agitation in the course of the vacation, and that the minutes of the different meetings of the committee should be printed and distributed. The motion was seconded by another Montagnard (M. Baudin), but was received with loud expressions of disapprobation by the majority. M. Odilon Barrot then rose and said that the prorogation committee did not consider it necessary to present a report, and that he had therefore no further explanations to give on the subject. He terminated by moving the order of the day, which was voted by an immense majority. The House then rose.

The subsequent business of the Chamber has hitherto been of little interest.

A serious occurrence has taken place in a small town of about 5000 inhabitants, called Bourg St. Audéol, in the Ardèche. On the morning of the 18th the Attorney-General of the department, accompanied by 90 men, comprising gendarmerie and troops of the line, proceeded to effect the arrest of a person named Morrice, Deputy-Mayor of the town, on a charge of being implicated in the Lyons affair. The arrest was effected; but as they were escorting him the troops were followed by a large crowd, and when they were about to issue from the streets to the country, they found their way stopped by barricades, from behind which they were received with a volley of stones and some musket shots. The soldiers fixed bayonets and moved steadily on, while those who were mounted were preparing to leap the barricade, when the lieutenant who commanded the gendarmerie was struck by a bullet which broke his under jaw. The troops halted for an instant, loaded with ball, fired a volley at the assailants, charged, swept in an instant the barrier before them, and scattered the infuriated rabble in all directions. One of the insurgents lay dead behind the barricades, and several wounded. The gendarmes arrested seven, and led them off with the prisoner to rescue whom the revolt was got up.

The intelligence from *Germany* during the past month has constantly fluctuated between peace and war; and the innumerable conferences and negotiations between Prussia, Austria, Russia, and the smaller German states, have as yet led to no ascertained results. In consequence of the failure of Count Brandenburgh, the Prussian Minister, to effect an amicable arrangement with Austria, the whole Prussian army has been placed on a war footing and the landwehr has been called out.

The Prussian chambers were opened on the 21st by the King. The following is the portion of the Royal

speech which relates to the different branches of the German question :

"A full account of the use made of the credit of 18,000,000 thalers, voted for military purposes, will be laid before you.

"The dangers by which you were induced to grant that credit have not yet been removed. My pacific relations to the great Powers of Europe have not indeed been interrupted; but, unhappily, it has not been possible to carry into effect my intention to create for the German States a Constitution equal to their necessities. I cling to the idea which was the foundation of my efforts, in firm hope in the future; but I will only again attempt its realisation on new grounds, when a decision has been come to on the future organisation of the German Bund.

"I hope that the negotiations on this subject will soon lead to a successful result.

"The peace with Denmark is concluded and ratified; but it has not been possible as yet to carry it in all points into effect.

"In a neighbouring German State disputes of the most irreconcileable character have taken place. An attempt to interfere, made from one side only, threatened to violate the rights of Prussia, and has led to misunderstandings in which we are directly involved. Our representations, founded on the conditions of our geographical and military position, did not meet with proper attention on the part of the Sovereign of the State and his allies. Besides this, concentrations of troops were made close on our frontiers, in places distant from the scene of those embarrassments, by which the security of the monarchy was menaced. Then I could no longer defer what had been long postponed. I have called out the whole warlike power of the land, and I see with pride and joy that all my people capable of bearing arms have risen like one man, and joined themselves to my brave and faithful army.

"In a short time we shall stand more strongly armed than at any period of old or modern time. We do not seek war; we wish to lessen no one's rights, or force our proposals on any one: but we require an organisation of collective Germany, consistent with our present position in Germany and in Europe, and commensurate with the sum of the rights that God has placed in our hands. We have a good right; that we will defend, and we will remain in powerful preparation, under our weapons, till we are certain it has obtained recognition.

"This we owe to Prussia and to Germany.

"I hope that our rising will be sufficient to assert our right; if this is attained, it is without danger to the peace of Europe, for my people are reasonable in the same degree as they are strong.

"It is for you, gentlemen, to furnish me with the means by which this end is to be secured. I lament the sacrifices which on this account must be imposed on the nation, but I know, gentlemen, that your zeal will not be behind that of the whole people. You will furnish a proof that our Constitution, to which I inviolably adhere, hinders not, but on the contrary promotes strength of action in Prussia.

"And as all party spirit has been merged in the enthusiasm of the moment—as the people and the army feel themselves united with me and each other—you too, the representatives of this admirable people, will stand by me, unanimous and firm, in the dangers of the present.

"Well then, let our watchwords be, union in fidelity, confidence with God in one spirit—in the real old Prussian spirit.

"God has often and largely helped us with it, and will help us still further.—Such is my trust."

The latest accounts from Berlin state that the Emperor of Russia has reiterated his demand for the immediate intervention in Schleswig Holstein, and threatened Prussia with his army if she opposes it. The Czar would not object, however, to the pacification being accomplished by Prussia.

The Austrians are reported to be in Saxony.

Letters from Munich state that the Hessian question will be settled by mutual declarations.

The sending of provisions from Lower Hesse to the neighbourhood of Fulda has been forbidden by the commander of the Prussian troops.

The *Queen of Spain* in person opened Cortes on the 31st October. The royal speech was of unusual length. It announced the happy resumption of diplomatic relations with Great Britain in a manner worthy of both nations; proudly referred to the brilliant results of its intervention on behalf of the Pope, and to the expedition of foreign pirates in Cuba, who had been obliged to fly before the loyalty of the population and the resolution of the forces; it referred to considerable reforms in the administration of roads and institutions, in the conduct of prison discipline, and in the removal of obstacles to agricultural and commercial industry; and it promised schemes for the definite settlement of the public debt, and for the settlement of the fueros of the Basque Provinces.

The accounts from *Constantinople* mention the *Destruction of the Flag-ship* of the Turkish Admiral, with the loss of 500 men. She was a beautiful ninety-gun ship, and was moored in the harbour, near the Arsenal; on either side of her lay a three-decker or a ninety-gun ship. At half-past 9 on the 24th of October, without any kind of warning, or anything having occurred to excite suspicion, the powder in her magazine ignited, no one knows how, and she blew up; nor were there more than a dozen barrels of powder on board. The explosion was just sufficient to separate her sides and lift her decks. She opened forwards, broke in the middle, and sunk bodily. It was all over in three minutes. Five hundred men perished with her, including 16 officers; 163 men have been saved, of whom 43 are badly wounded. Her band was playing when the explosion took place.

A letter from *Aleppo*, of the 26th of October, gives an account of *a Dreadful Massacre* of the Christian population by the Moslems; a sudden outbreak, it appears, of fanaticism. On the night of the 16th numerous armed bands of Moslem people forcibly entered the dwellings of the Christians inhabiting three-quarters of the town called Sulibi and Fedida, plundering every house of what it possessed; and, whenever the least resistance was shown, wounding and murdering the inmates. On the 17th the same scenes continued to be perpetrated. The roads everywhere leading from the above quarters were thronged with Christians, men, women, and children all hurrying away in the terror with which they were inspired by the burning of their churches, the desecration of their homes, the spoliation of their wealth, the destruction of their property, the dishonour of their wives and maidens, and the ruthless slaughter of their relatives. All these atrocities were committed in broad daylight, and under the eyes of Turkish soldiery; there were none to prevent these ruffians from accomplishing their horrible designs on an inoffensive people. Three handsome churches, worth upwards of 25,000*l.*, were burnt; five churches have been plundered; an invaluable library, containing ancient Syrian manuscripts, destroyed: three priests and several other Christians were killed; many, among whom is the Syrian Bishop, a highly respected octogenarian, were wounded, and some of them afterwards died. The principal Christian quarters, such as Sulibi, Fedida, Toomayat, Haret, Il Un Kabobt, Tudrebee, Bowabet, Butrosse, Bowabel Aset, Essa il Khul, were sacked. The loss of property is estimated at nearly a million sterling. In the space of 24 hours several hundred families, comprising the most respectable native Christians of Aleppo, and consisting altogether of about 7,000 individuals (Rayahs) have been rendered houseless.

On the morning of the 17th the Pasha hastily removed to the military barracks, where, surrounded by the troops, he remained an almost passive spectator of what was going forward in the town beneath. General Bem pledged his life to stop the persecution if he were allowed a few pieces of artillery and 500 soldiers, but the Pasha would not grant them, on the plea that they would prove insufficient. He rather preferred to yield to popular fanaticism than set Moslem to fight Moslem in defence of the Christians. At the date of the account, ten days had elapsed since the Christians fled from their houses, and none had yet ventured to return to them. The khans were full of the fugitives—680 in one, 2200

in another, 700 in a third, 400 to 500 in a fourth; and in the other 11 or 12 khans there were as many as made up the number of 7000. Honourable mention is made of the conduct of M. Lesseps, the French Consul, who distinguished himself in his unceasing endeavours to provide for the wants of the distressed, of whom he received in his Consulate upwards of 200, and the personal requirements of about 600 others he daily supplied. An account three days later states that a reinforcement of troops had arrived, that the fugitives were beginning to return to their homes, and that an appearance of tranquillity was restored, though there was still a strong undercurrent of evil.

The latest accounts from *New York* are dated the 15th instant. The excitement caused by the operation of the Fugitive Slaves Bill still continued, and serious disturbances had taken place at Philadelphia and other places. On the other hand, a great meeting had been held in New York, at which leading citizens expressed their regret that a measure regarded by the greatest statesmen as a portion of a fair compromise, and declared by them to be strictly constitutional, should now be denounced as unjust and unconstitutional, and as warranting resistance by physical force. A letter from Mr. Daniel Webster gave his warm adherence to the resolutions.

"The measure," he said, "is not such a measure as I had prepared before I had left the Senate, and which, of course, I should have supported if I had remained in the Senate. But it received the proper sanction of the two Houses of Congress and the President of the United States. It is the law of the land, and as such is to be respected and obeyed by all good citizens. I have heard no man whose opinion is worth regarding deny its constitutionality; and those who counsel violent resistance to it, counsel that which, if it take place, is sure to lead to bloodshed and to the commission of capital offences. It remains to be seen how far the deluded and the deluders will go on in this career of faction, folly, and crime."

This demonstration at New York is said to have had much influence on public opinion in the Northern States.

NARRATIVE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Laurel has been bestowed on Alfred Tennyson, and could not have had a worthier recipient. It would be well if the *detur digniori* could be as certainly put in practice in every office. It is understood that the offer was accompanied with an intimation that the usual birthday odes had been now for some years discontinued; and whether or not this implies that they will not in future be expected, it is yet satisfactory to feel that an ancient office which directly connects the highest person in the realm with its literature is not altogether abolished. Certainly the salary was not worth saving. Originally it was a hundred marks, which James the First raised to a hundred pounds and a tierce of canary, for poor old Ben Jonson's sake. The tierce of canary is now commuted to some five-and-twenty pounds; but, nevertheless, what with income-tax, land-tax, pension-fees, and other fees and taxes, the whole remuneration is little more than ninety pounds. Another appointment of the past month has given equal satisfaction. Sir Charles Eastlake is the new president of the Royal Academy, his talents and accomplishments having marked him out without a competitor for that distinction.

The publication of new works has been more active than usual, but very few books of importance are discoverable among them. Not a small proportion have been pamphlets and treatises connected with the current agitation against popery, of which it would be a waste of space even to transcribe the titles.

Miss Strickland has commenced a series of *Lives of the Queens of Scotland* in the manner of her book about the English queens, and with promise of an equal amount of gossiping detail. A certain Baroness Von Beck has published *Personal Adventures in Hungary* during the late civil war, proving herself a heroine of some of the most daring attempts and most marvellous escapes on record. Another lady has given us a novel of earnest and highly-wrought incident called *Olive*. Nor will it be much out of place to conclude this list of feminine achievements with the mention of a book which Sir Francis Head has dedicated to the ladies, on the *Defenceless State of England*. Its object is to show what Lord Ellesmere formerly demonstrated, that if a French army resolves to invade England, it can easily do it; and when it reaches London, which there is nothing to prevent, it will only have to walk in at one end while everybody else is marching out at the other.

Lord Ellesmere himself has been meanwhile engaged in the less alarming work of writing an agreeable introduction to a translation of Michel Amari's *War of the Sicilian Vespers*. Southey's *Life and Correspondence* has been brought to a completion. A clever little compilation of *Narratives of Shipwrecks of the Royal Navy*, between 1793 and 1849, has been issued in one volume. Another book has been added to the many that may now be consulted for the terrors and enjoyments of *Sierra Leone*. A treatise on the *Distribution of Wealth*, by a Mr. Thompson, has been disinterred from its sleep of a quarter of a century to show (which was quite needless) that the French Socialists have had English precursors. And from a profound rest of nigh fourteen hundred years the *Makamet* of Hariri has just been awakened by the translation of Mr. Preston, an able English scholar. The design of this Eastern classic was to display the vast resources of Arabic in a series of rhythmical and metrical anecdotes containing all the riches of the language, and illustrating its rare words, proverbs, and figurative and enigmatic expressions. From this the character of its interest may be estimated, as well as those difficulties of translation which Mr. Preston has mastered admirably.

The fact that the *Keepsake* has appeared once more may still interest some readers. A sort of ghost of the book of beauty in the shape of *A Court Album* which visits us at the same time, and another volume of *The Drawing-room Scrap Book*, are all of the once gay and crowded ranks of "Annuals" which appear to have survived the revolution in this kind of literature. Its passing away leaves nothing to regret.

Mr. Macready is giving a series, or rather completing the series which was interrupted by ill-health last year, of farewell performances at the Haymarket Theatre. He has appeared, during the month, in all his principal characters, and has been received by crowded audiences with the utmost enthusiasm.

The principal dramatic novelties produced during the month have been Marston's play, *Philip of France and Marie de Meranie*, at the Olympic; Slous's play, *The Templar*, at the Princess's; Mr. Lemon's farce, *The School for Tigers*, and Messrs. Brough's melo-drama, *Jessie Gray*, at the Adelphi; and *The White Hood* at the Lyceum.

Webster's tragedy, *The Duchess of Malfi*, has been revived at Sadler's Wells, adapted to the modern stage by Mr. Horne.

The Marylebone Theatre has re-opened under the management of Mr. Joseph Stammers.

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

BANKRUPTS.

From the Gazette of Oct. 29. WILLIAM ALSOP, Plymouth, potter.—ANDREW LITTLE, York, draper.—MICHAEL LORD, Lower-Bagden, Lancashire, sheep salesman.—JAMES PORTER, High-street, Camden-town, upholsterer.—HENRY GEORGE STAHLSCHMIDT, Fenchurch-street, City, merchant.—THOMAS WOODROFFE, Webb's-county-terrace, New-Kent-road, druggist.

Nov. 1. WILLIAM GIBBS, Throgmorton-street, City, stockbroker.—EPHRAIM GWALTER, Plaistow, Essex, horse dealer.—ADOLPHUS MILLER, Emsworth, Hampshire, rope-maker.—HENRY BROOKE MURIEL, Brighton, Sussex, chemist.—THOMAS SKAM, Wandsworth-road, and Battersea, Surrey, builder.—HUGH SNELLING, Brighton, Sussex, grocer.—SAMUEL ALFRED WARNER, Southampton-street, Strand, projectile manufacturer.

Nov. 5. JOHN BEEBY, Luton, and Dunstable, Bedfordshire, salt merchant.—CHARLES BRADBY, Rood-lane, Fenchurch-street, City, merchant.—JAMES CLARKE, Old-Broad-street, City, coal merchant.—WILLIAM COLES, Harmer-street, Milton-next-Gravesend, pastrycook.—ALFRED FRENCH, East-Grinstead, Sussex, plumber.—JAMES GILSTON, Leeds, woollen-draper.—ABRAHAM HOOLEY, Macclesfield, silk manufacturer.—JOHN LIVESEY, and JOHN PRIMM, New-Lenton, Nottinghamshire, lace makers.—ROBERT DUTTON REEVES, and RICHARD HERDMAN DAWSON, Liverpool, wine and spirit dealers.—WILLIAM TAYLOR, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, auctioneer.

Nov. 8. ALEXANDER BLACK, Wellington-street-north, Covent-garden, bookseller—WILLIAM COLES, Milton-next-Gravesend, pastrycook.—ROBERT GARTON, Kingston-upon-Hull, boot and shoe maker.—JOHN ROWBOTHAM, Sutton, Cheshire, silk manufacturer.—GEORGE CLIVE SEARLE, Tyndale-place, Islington, apothecary.

Nov. 12. THOMAS BROWN, Preston, Lancashire, draper.—JOHN LIPTROTT FINDLEY, jun., Birmingham, tailor.—WILLIAM HARRISON, Tynemouth, Northumberland, merchant.—HENRY HIGGINS, Bilston, Staffordshire, grocer.—GEORGE STILWELL JENKS, Hammersmith, cheesemonger.—WILLIAM SIMPSON, Manchester, starch manufacturer.—ROBERT STORR, Corby, Lincolnshire.—WILLIAM TREGO, Coleman-street, City, builder.—SILVANUS VICK, Brecon, victualler.

Nov. 15. JAMES AMOS, Coventry, Warwickshire, trimming manufacturer.—JOHN FREDERICK BRETT, Gateshead, Durham, tailor.—WILLIAM CARTER, High-street, Southwark, boot and shoe maker.—GEORGE HAND, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, grocer.—WILLIAM FRANCIS HARRIS, Friday-street, Cheapside, City, Manchester warehouseman.—WILLIAM RANDALL, Manchester, calico printer.—JOSEPH WATKINS, Belmont-row, Vauxhall, draper.—JOHN WHITE, Birmingham, hay and straw dealer.

Nov. 19. WILLIAM BENNETT, jun., Worley Wigan, Worcestershire, brick-maker.—EDWARD BREWSTER, Hand-court, City, printer.—JAMES BUTTFIELD, Newbury, Berkshire, grocer.—ABRAHAM CHADWICK, Burnedge and Fair View, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.—EDMUND CHADWICK, Manchester, starch manufacturer.—ANN ELIZABETH HICKMAN, Cannon-road, St. George's in-the-east, and MOSES JOHN HICKMAN, Princes-place, St. George's-in-the-east, undertakers.—WILLIAM NEGUS, Bagnigge-wells-road, victualler.—JOSEPH SMITH, Liverpool, haberdasher.—THOMAS TUFFIELD, Hoxton-old-town, tallow-chandler.

Nov. 22. ARTHUR BEARD, Liverpool, wine merchant.—WILLIAM BRADBURN, Shiffnal, Shropshire, corn-dealer.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS CLARE, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, house decorator.—ROBERT GIBSON, York, ironmonger.—EDWARD KEDGES, Chilton Foliatt, Wiltshire, builder.—WILLIAM HUZE, Stockport, Cheshire, draper.—WILLIAM KING, Gravesend, Kent, draper.—EDWARD LEIGH, Glossop, Derbyshire, cotton-manufacturer.—ROBERT MILES, Pontypridd, Glamorganshire, grocer.—JOHN SIMPSON, Manchester, grocer.—FRANCOIS FELIX VOUILLON, Princes-street, Grosvenor-square, court milliner.

Nov. 26. EDWARD BREWSTER and EDWARD WEST, Hand-court, Dowgate, printers.—ROBERT DEVER, Cornhill, City, cook and confectioner.—WILLIAM GOODCHILD SHIPLEY, Market-row, Oxford-street, corn dealer.—HENRY JOHNSON, Bishopsgate-street-without, City, tea-dealer.—WILLIAM SMITH, Canal-road, Kingsland, timber merchant.—JAMES HOPEWELL BROWN, Norwich, wine and spirit merchant.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS DAVIES, Skinner-street, City, distiller.—RICHARD PEACOCK, Ladbroke-grove, Notting-hill, plumber.—CHARLES MACKENZIE, Lower-Crown-street, Westminster, bookbinder.—HENRY RICHARD HOLLOWAY, Ryde, Isle of Wight, bookseller.—DAVID DOUGLAS, Charlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, draper.—JAMES MATHISON, Ferry-hill, Durham, builder.—WILLIAM STARKEY, Huddersfield, woolstapler.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.

Oct. 21. JAMES VILLAR, Leckhampton and Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, maltster.

Nov. 12. GEORGE PRICE HILL, Fleet-street, City, common carrier, Sept. 11.

THE STOCK AND SHARE MARKETS.

City, Nov 28.

The Stock Markets have been subject to a good deal of movement this month, principally owing to considerations arising out of the aspect of Continental politics. On the 29th ult., Consols were depressed to 96⅛, and though the price afterwards recovered, and touched 97⅜ on the 6th; the uneasiness caused by the extensive military preparations on the Continent caused a further heavy fall, the price receding to 96 on the 11th. More firmness then became apparent, and the quotation on the 22nd stood at 97¼; but the market has since been heavier. To day's quotation is 96¾ to ⅞.

The Railway Share Market has been steady, with a fair amount of business going forward; this description of investment appearing to attract more attention of late. As regards prices, the quotations ruling to day, show a rise over last month of from 2 to 4 per cent. for most of the leading stocks.

STOCKS.

	Prices during the Month.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
Three per Cent. Consols	9⅝	96	96⅞
Three per Cent. Reduced	9⅞	95¼	96⅛
Three and a quarter per Cents.	9¾	97	97⅞
Long Annuities, Jan. 1860	⅞	7¾	7¾
Bank Stock	21½	211	211
India Stock	27	268	268¼
South Sea Stock	10⅞	105¾	106¼
Exchequer Bills	71s. prm.	64s. prm.	68s. prm.
India Bonds	91s. prm.	85s. prm.	86s. prm.

RAILWAYS.

Paid.		Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
100	Bristol and Exeter	70	66	70
50	Caledonian	10¼	8	10
20	Eastern Counties	6½	5⅞	6
24	Great Northern	15	13¼	15
100	Great North of England	245	242	242
100	Great Western	73¼	68½	72½
50	Hull and Selby	98½	98	98
100	Lancashire and Yorkshire	49⅜	45¼	49
50	Leeds and Bradford	95	94½	94½
100	London and Brighton	85¼	83¾	85¼
100	London and North Western	119½	116½	119¼
100	London and S. Western	69¾	67	69¼
100	Midland	43	40¼	42⅞
17½	North Staffordshire	8½	7⅜	8½
30	South Eastern	20½	19¼	20⅛
25	York, Newcastle, and Berwick	17½	16	17
50	York and North Midland	23½	21½	23

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Nov. 26.

The arrivals of English wheat have been upon a limited scale during the month, and in consequence holders have been firm, and have obtained rather better rates, though no quotable advance has been established. Of foreign wheat the supplies have also fallen off. The London weekly averages last announced are as follows:—

Wheat, per quarter, 43s.
Barley, 26s. 9d.
Oats, 18s. 1d.

Flour, Town made, delivered per 80 lb., 37s. to 40s.

PROVISIONS—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Bacon, per cwt.—Waterford, 44s. to 45s.; Belfast, 42s. to 44s.
Beef, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2s. to 2s. 10d.
Butter, per cwt., Dorset, 82s. to 86s.; Cork, 74s.; Friesland, 82s. to 94s.; Fresh, per lb., 10d. to 1s.
Cheese, per cwt., Cheshire, 50s. to 74s.; Wiltshire, double, 50s. to 58s.; Edam, 44s. to 45s.
Eggs, English, per 120, 8s. 6d.;

Hams, per cwt.—York or Cumberland, 74s. to 84s.; Irish, 60s. to 68s.;
Lamb, per 8 lbs., 5s. 4d.
Mutton, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2s. 4d. to 3s. 4d.
Potatoes, per ton.—Yorkshire Prince Regent's, 70s. to 80s.; Scotch, 50s. to 65s.;
Pork, per 8 lbs., 2s. 8d. to 4s.
Veal, per 8 lbs., 2s. 6d. to 3s.

GROCERY.—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Cocoa, per cwt.—Grenada, 40s. to 48s.
Coffee, per cwt.—Good ord. native Ceylon, 54s.; good ord. Jamaica, 44s. to 46s.; Bahia, 40s. to 48s.
Rice, per cwt.—Carolina, 21s. to 28s.; Bengal, 9s. to 11s. 6d.

Sago, per cwt.—Pearl, 20s. 6d. to 26s.
Sugar, per cwt.—Brown lumps, 50s. 6d. to 51s.; good brown Jamaica, 37s. 6d. to 38s.
Tea, per lb.—Good ord. Congou, 1s. 1d.; full flavoured Souchong, 1s. 4d. to 2s.; Hyson, 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.

Candles, per 12 lbs., 4s. 6d. to 5s.; Coals, per ton, Wallsend, 13s. 6d. to 15s. 9d.

OILS.

Pale Seal, per ton, 39l.
Sperm, 87l. to 88l.

Olive, Gallipoli, 44l.
Linseed, 31s. 9d. to 32s.

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Monthly Supplement to "*HOUSEHOLD WORDS*," *Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.*

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

1850.] FROM THE 29TH NOVEMBER TO THE 28TH DECEMBER. [PRICE 2*d*.

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

THE Religious Agitation has continued during the month with little abatement, but the pretensions of his Holiness at Rome have not shared so largely in it as those of some smaller popes here in England. Mr. Bennett has been turned out of St. Barnabas by the Bishop of London. Not, however, for denying the supremacy of the Crown in spiritual affairs or discipline; not for asserting the Church's infallibility and supremacy; not for calling the Protestant Establishment a statesman's tool; not for the identification, in short, in all material respects, of the teaching of the church of St. Barnabas with that of the Church of Rome: but for a certain indiscreet excess in gestures, postures, ceremonies, forms, and intonations, which seemed to the Bishop to be "carrying things too far." There is nothing in the decision pronounced against this refractory teacher by his diocesan, which in any manner touches the questions most gravely in issue between the Protestant Church and her Romanising ministers. If other than the mere forms are to be grappled with, it must be by a mode of censure far other than Doctor Blomfield's. Happily, however, it is the substance of the thing called Tractarianism, and not its mere "limbs and flourishes," against which the people generally are now eager and aroused; and a beginning of the work most needful to be transacted at the present time has been already made. A lay society has been formed in Plymouth, to promote and bring about a reformation of the Church services, a better administration of ecclesiastical revenues, and improvement of the discipline of the Church. Such societies should be formed everywhere; and their invariable bases should be a reassertion of the right of private judgment, and a claim of increased power for the laity in matters ecclesiastical.

These are the views and efforts which will alone save us, as Protestants, from the mischiefs incident more or less to all religious agitation; and without which there is even yet a danger that the present excitement may leave us exposed to a worse intolerance than that against which it has protested. In regard to Roman Catholicism itself, whatever legislation may be found expedient or necessary, it will be assuredly not less so to keep in mind the just distinction between what may fairly warrant interference, and what cannot without danger be meddled with. That distinction is, not to prohibit the spiritual authority of the Pope in any extent of unrestricted communication that may be called for by full toleration of the profession and exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in England; but at the same time so to legislate, that this papal authority shall be kept really and strictly spiritual, that its mandates shall not be suffered to run co-ordinate in civil matters, such as that of education, with those of the head of the state, and that all its missives which in any manner trench on the temporal province shall be rendered subject to the temporal laws.

Sir Edward Sugden has decisively pronounced that the Papal brief of September exposes its promulgators to legal penalties, though he has failed to explain what they are; but be they small or great, it is a different kind of protection that true Protestants in England now sorely need. They pray for sound education; and against all "high" priests who would oppose it, whether English or Roman. It may be true that Pio Nono impertinently claims spiritual headship in England, and that his emissaries convene synods of Thurles practically to enforce his claim; but it is not less true that Henry of Exeter insolently refuses to address the Queen as the "earthly head of the Church in this kingdom," and defies and obstructs her Privy Council in their exertions for popular education. The legislation that reaches not both these evils, will leave the most deeply-felt practical grievance untouched. Now or never, guarantees must be obtained for educational as well as religious freedom. Now must be commenced, if ever, that good work, of which a thorough reform of both universities will go far to the glorious completion.

Mr. Sewell, well knowing this, has made a feint to draw off the University Commission of Inquiry from Oxford by proposing to turn Oxford itself into a travelling Commission of Instruction. He is not for letting Manchester go to college, but for carrying college to Manchester. He won't have any one come to Oxford to reform its abuses, but he'll consent to carry Oxford anywhere, abuses and all. His scheme is to set up Oxford lecture-rooms all over the country, subject to the control of the far-famed Hebdomadal Board; and, opening these lecture-rooms to people of all sorts of opinions, to reward dutiful attendance thereupon by degrees from travelling examiners. Of which mission the expected advantage evidently is, that it may in time reclaim the barbarous from their objections to Oxford systems and teachers, while it leaves the hallowed place itself quite unpolluted by the heathen, and keeps sacred the mysteries of Isis to Mr. Sewell and his friends. But the bait has not caught; and Mr. Sewell has taken nothing by his motion but the disadvantage of having let slip the not unimportant admission that "the university possesses a large amount of available resources and machinery with which the present state of education conferred by it is by no means commensurate." It is to be hoped that the Ministerial Commission will not relax in its exertions till it bring these means and ends into better correspondence.

Even amidst the religious hubbub have been heard some faint Protectionist cries. Messrs. Spooner and Newdegate have protested at Sutton Colfield against sinking to the condition of the foreigner, to which chawbacon, pondering between his seven shillings a-week and the union next door, cries out Amen!

Mr. Muntz has called attention to the remarkable fact that the manufacturing interest gobbles up a farmer for its supper every night. And Mr. George Frederick Young has vowed at the London Tavern that his neck shall not be bent to the yoke "unresistingly," which seems to promise a tough job to the manufacturing interest if it thinks of gobbling up Mr. Young. However, there is no saying now-a-days what any amount of resistance is worth, seeing that it needs but a square inch of damp sponge to bring even a grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains under the knife of an operator as merciless as a Bright or a Cobden.

An incident of the month, which deserves record in even this brief retrospect, has been the defeat of the Tenant League agitation in Ireland, at the election for the county Limerick. It is too decisive to admit of any doubt. Failing their own candidate, the Leaguers would gladly have assisted the Protectionists, but the latter was also turned to the right-about, and the Free-trader chosen. This result is important in so far as it goes very unexpectedly to prove that there is some limit to impracticable and mischievous agitation, even in Ireland.

NARRATIVE OF POLITICS.

THE Repeal Association has been *Rebaptised*, and is now denominated the "Royal Catholic and Repeal Association." In the course of the proceedings on the 2nd, Mr. John O'Connell announced that the word "Catholic" was to remain as a prefix until the intended persecution of Lord John Russell and the bigots of England was effectually repelled. In a financial point of view the additional cognomen of "Catholic" appears to have been, so far, a failure, the rent having declined from 14*l.* odd shillings, the previous week's receipts, to 9*l.* 19*s.* 1*d.*

The Enthronement of Cardinal Wiseman took place on the 6th, at the church of St. George's, Southwark. The choir commenced chaunting the Hallelujah, and the procession moved up the nave in the direction of the central altar. Foremost was borne the cross, with lighted candles on either side. Then came the Roman Catholic clergy subject to the new Archdiocesan's jurisdiction, two by two, habited according to their respective ranks and orders. At length the Cardinal himself appeared, wearing a gorgeous mitre and pallium. A canopy, fringed with silk and gold, was borne over his path by the "converts" exclusively. Lastly came the Very Rev. Dr. Doyle, robed in the usual sacrificial vestments, preceded by the Very Rev. Dr. Cox, the Rev. Mr. Cotter, and the Rev. Mr. Daniel, as masters of the ceremony, deacon, and sub-deacon. Having reached the screen which fronts the sanctuary, the Cardinal was led to a small compartment at the left of the principal altar, called the chapel of the Blessed Eucharist, whence, after a brief interval, the procession moved within the sanctuary, Cardinal Wiseman kneeling at the foot of the altar, and the celebrant clergyman ascending its steps, assisted by the deacon and sub-deacon. The customary form of prayer having been read, the mitre, which had been exchanged for a scarlet cap a short time before, was formally placed upon the head of the new Archbishop, whilst the crozier, emblematic of his authority, was also placed in his hands. He was then conducted to the archiepiscopal chair, at the foot of which the whole of the clergy made the usual obeisance—kissing the Cardinal's ring in recognition of his spiritual authority. The solemnities of high mass were then proceeded with, after which the Bull was publicly read, in virtue of which Cardinal Wiseman assumes the archiepiscopal jurisdiction of Westminster. The proceedings closed with the presentation of an address to the new "Archbishop," and an exhortation, in which he impressed upon his clergy the duties and obligations incidental to their important mission.

The following is a translation of *the Papal Bull establishing a Romish Hierarchy in England.* This important document is entitled "Apostolic Letter of our Most Holy Lord by Divine Providence Pope Pius IX., by which the Episcopal Hierarchy in England is restored."

"Ad perpetuam rei memoriam."

"The power of governing the universal Church intrusted by our Lord Jesus Christ to the Roman Pontiff, in the person of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, has maintained for centuries in the Apostolic see the admirable solicitude with which it watches over the welfare of the Catholic religion in all the earth, and provides with zeal for its progress. Thus has been accomplished the design of its Divine founder; who, by establishing a chief, has in his profound wisdom insured the safety of the Church unto the uttermost time. The effect of this solicitude has been felt in most nations, and amongst these is the noble kingdom of England. History proves that after the first ages of the Church, the Christian religion was carried into Great Britain, where it flourished until towards the middle of the fifth century: after the invasion of the Angles and Saxons in that island, government as well as religion fell into the most deplorable state. At once our most holy predecessor Gregory the Great sent the monk Augustine and his followers; then he created a great number of bishops, joined to them a multitude of monks and priests, brought the Anglo-Saxons to religion, and succeeded by his influence in re-establishing and extending the Catholic faith in all that country, which then began to assume the name of England. But to recall more recent facts, nothing seems more evident to us in the history of the Anglican schism of the sixteenth century than the solicitude with which the Roman pontiffs our predecessors succoured and supported by all the means in their power the Catholic religion, then exposed in that kingdom to the greatest dangers and reduced to the last extremities. It is with this object, apart from other means, that so many efforts have been made by the Sovereign Pontiffs, either by their orders or by their approbation, to keep in England men ready and devoted to the support of Catholicism; also that young Catholics endowed by nature might be enabled to come on to the Continent, there to receive an education, and be formed with care in the study of ecclesiastical science, especially in order that, being in sacred orders, they may on their return to their country be able to support their countrymen by the ministry of their word and by the sacraments, and may defend and propagate the true faith.

"But the zeal of our predecessors will perhaps be more clearly admitted as regards what they have done to give the Catholics of England pastors clothed with an episcopal character at a time when a furious and implacable tempest had deprived them of the presence of bishops and their pastoral care. First, the Apostolic letter of Gregory XV., commencing with these words, 'Ecclesia Romana,' and dated the 23rd of March 1623, shows that the Sovereign Pontiff as soon as possible deputed to the government of English and Scotch Catholic Bishops, William Bishop consecrated Bishop of Chalcis, with ample faculties and powers. After the death of Bishop, Urban VIII. renewed this mission in his Apostolic letter dated the 4th of February 1625, addressed to Richard Smith, and conferring on him the bishopric of Chalcis, and all the powers previously resting on Bishop. It seemed subsequently at the commencement of the reign of James II. that more favourable days were about to dawn upon the Catholic religion. Innocent XI. profited at once by the circumstance; and in 1685 he deputed John Leyburn, Bishop of Adrumedo, as Vicar Apostolic for all the kingdom of England. Subsequently, by another Apostolic letter, dated the 30th January 1688, and commencing as follows, 'Super cathedram,' he joined with Leyburn three other Vicars Apostolic, Bishops in partibus; so that all England, under the care of the Apostolic Nuncio in this country, Ferdinand, Archbishop of Amosia, was divided by that Pontiff into four districts; those of London, the West,

the Centre, and the North, which at first were governed by Apostolic Vicars furnished with proper faculties and powers. In the accomplishment of so grave a charge, they received rules and succour either by the decisions of Benedict XIV. in his constitution of the 30th of May 1753, which commences with the words 'Apostolicum ministerium,' or by those of other Pontiffs our predecessors and our Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. This division of all England into four Apostolic Vicarages lasted till the time of Gregory XVI.; who, in his Apostolic letter, 'Muneris Apostolici,' dated the 3rd of July 1840, considering the increase of the Catholic religion in England, and making a new ecclesiastical division of the country, doubled the number of vicarages, and confided the spiritual government of England to the Vicars Apostolic of London, the West, the East, the Centre, Lancaster, York, and the North. The little we have just said proves clearly that our predecessors applied themselves strongly to use all the means their authority gave them to console the Church of England for its immense disgraces, and to work for its resurrection. Having before its eyes, therefore, the good example of our predecessors, and desirous, by imitating them, of fulfilling the duties of the Supreme Apostolate—pressed, besides, to follow the movements of our heart for that portion of the Lord's vineyard—we proposed to ourselves, from the commencement of our pontificate, to pursue a work that was so well begun, and to apply ourselves in the most serious manner to favour every day the development of the Church in this kingdom. For this reason, considering as a whole the state of Catholicism in England—reflecting on the considerable number of Catholics, which keep still increasing—remarking that every day the obstacles are falling off which stood in the way of the extension of the Catholic religion—we have thought that the time was come when the form of ecclesiastical government should be resumed in England such as it exists, freely exists, in other nations, where no particular cause necessitates the ministry of vicars apostolic. We have thought that by the progress of time and things, it was no longer necessary to have the English Catholics governed by vicars apostolic, but, on the contrary, that the changes which had already been made necessitated the ordinary episcopal form of government.

"We have been confirmed in these thoughts by the desires expressed to us by the vicars apostolic in England, as well as by numbers of the clergy and laity distinguished by virtue and rank, and by the wishes of the great majority of English Catholics. In maturing this design, we have not failed to implore the aid of the Almighty and most gracious God, and that he would grant us grace in this weighty affair to resolve upon that which should be most suitable to augment the prosperity of the Church. We have further besought the assistance of the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God, and of the saints whose virtues have made England illustrious, that they would deign to obtain by their intercession with God the happy success of this enterprise. We have since commended the whole business to the grave and serious consideration of our venerable brothers the Cardinals of the holy Roman Church forming our congregation for propagating the faith. These sentiments having been found completely comformable to our own, we have resolved to sanction them, and carry them into execution. It is for this reason, after having weighed the whole matter most scrupulously, that of our own proper motion, in our certain knowledge, and in the plenitude of our apostolic power, we have resolved and do hereby decree the re-establishment in the kingdom of England, and according to the common laws of the Church, of a hierarchy of Bishops deriving their titles from their own sees, which we constitute by the present letter in the various apostolic districts. To commence with the district of London, it will form two sees,—to wit, that of Westminster, which we hereby elevate to the metropolitan or archiepiscopal dignity; and that of Southwark, which we assign to it as a suffragan, together with those which we proceed to indicate. The diocese of Westminster will include that portion of the aforesaid district which extends to the banks of the Thames, and comprehends the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Hertford; that of Southwark, on the south of the Thames, will include the counties of Bedford, Southampton, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent, with the Isles of Wight, Jersey, Guernsey, and others adjacent. In the district of the north there will be but one episcopal see, which will take its name from the town of Hagglestown, and have for its circumscription that of the existing district. The district of York will also form a diocese, whose capital will be the town of Beverley. In the district of Lancaster there will be two Bishops; of whom one, the Bishop of Liverpool, will have for his diocese the isle of Mona, the districts of Lonsdale, Amounderness, and west Derby; and the other, the Bishop of Salford, will extend his jurisdiction over Salford, Blackburn, and Leyland. The county of Chester, though belonging to this district, will be united to another diocese. In the district of Wales two episcopal sees will be established,—that of Salop, and that of Merioneth and Newport united. The diocese of Salop will contain the counties of Anglesea, Carnarvon, Denbigh, Flint, Merioneth, and Montgomery: to which we join the county of Chester, detached from the district of Lancaster, and that of Salop from the centre. To the diocese of the Bishop of Merioneth and Newport are assigned the counties of Brecknock, Glamorgan, Carmarthen, Pembroke, and Radnor, also the English counties of Hereford and Monmouth. In the district of the west we create two sees, Clifton and Plymouth: the first comprehending the counties of Gloucester, Somerset, and Wilts; the second those of Devon, Dorset, and Cornwall. The district of the centre, from which we have detached the county of Salop, will have two episcopal sees, Nottingham and Birmingham: to the first we assign the counties of Nottingham, Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, and Rutland; to the second, the counties of Stafford, Buckingham, Oxford, and Warwick. In the district of the east there will be one see: which will take its name from the town of Northampton, and retain the present circumscription of the district, except the counties of Lincoln and Rutland, which we assigned to the diocese of Nottingham.

"Thus, in the very flourishing kingdom of England there will be one single ecclesiastical province, with one archbishop and twelve suffragans, whose zeal and pastoral labours will, we hope, by the grace of God, bring new and daily increase to the power of Catholicism. For this reason, we reserve to ourselves and successors the right to divide this province into several, and to increase the number of its bishoprics as new ones may be required; and in general, to settle their boundaries as it may appear meet before the Lord.

"Meanwhile, we enjoin the archbishop and bishops to furnish, at stated seasons, reports of the state of their churches to our congregation of the propaganda, and not to omit informing us on all points concerning the spiritual good of their flocks. We shall continue to avail ourselves of the aid of the congregation of the propaganda in all that concerns the affairs of the church in England. But in the sacred government of the clergy and people, and all which concerns the pastoral office, the archbishop and bishops of England will enjoy all the rights and faculties which bishops and archbishops can use, according to the disposition of the sacred canons and the apostolic constitutions; and they will likewise be equally bound by all the obligations to which other bishops and archbishops are held by th common discipline of the Catholic church.

"Their rights and duties will not be in any case impaired by anything that is at present in vigour, whether originating in the ancient form of the English church, or in the subsequent missions instituted in virtue of special constitutions, privileges, or customs, now that the same state of things no longer exists. And in order that no doubt may remain, we suppress, in the plentitude of our apostolic power, and entirely abrogate, all the obligatory and juridical force of the said special constitutions, privileges, and customs, however ancient their date. The archbishop and bishops of England will thus have the integral power to regulate all that belongs to the execution of the common law, or which are left to the authority of bishops by the general discipline of the church. As for us, most assuredly they

shall never have to complain that we do not sustain them by our apostolical authority; and we shall always be happy to second their demands in all which appears calculated to promote the glory of God and the good of souls. In decreeing this restoration of the ordinary hierarchy of bishops in England, and the enjoyment of the common law of the church, we have had principally in view the prosperity and increase of the Catholic religion in the kingdom of England; but we have also desired to gratify the desires of so many of our reverend brethren governing in England under the style of vicars apostolic, and also of a great number of our dear children of the Catholic clergy and people. Many of their ancestors presented the same prayer to our predecessors, who had begun to send vicars apostolic to England, where no Catholic bishop could exercise the common ecclesiastical law in his own church, and who afterwards multiplied the number of vicars apostolic, and of districts, not because religion was submitted in this country to an exceptionable rule, but rather because they would prepare the foundation for the future rebuilding of the ordinary hierarchy.

"This is why we, to whom it has been given by the grace of God to accomplish this great work, declare here that it is not in any manner in our thoughts or intentions that the Bishops of England, provided with the name and rights of ordinary Bishops, should be destitute of any advantages, of whatever nature they may be, which they formerly enjoyed under the title of Vicars Apostolic. It would be contrary to reason to allow any acts of ours performed at the earnest prayer of the English Catholics, and for the benefit of religion, to turn to their damage. Rather we cherish the firm hope that our dear children in Christ, whose arms and largesses have never been wanting to sustain in England religion and the prelates who govern there as Vicars, will exercise a still larger liberality to the Bishops who are now attached by permanent bonds to the English Church, in order that they may not be deprived of temporal aid, which they will require, to ornament their temples and adorn the divine service, to support the clergy and the poor, and for other ecclesiastical services. Finally, lifting the eyes to the Almighty and gracious God, from whom comes our help, we supplicate him with all instance, obsecration, and action of grace, to confirm by Divine grace all that we have decreed for the good of the Church; and to give of His grace to those whose it is to execute these decrees, that they may feed the flock of God committed to their care, and that their zeal may be applied to spread the glory of His name. And, in order to obtain the most abundant succour of celestial grace, we finally invoke as intercessors with God, the holy Mother of God, the blessed Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, with the blessed patrons of England, and especially St. Gregory the Great, in order that the solicitude we have displayed, notwithstanding the insufficiency of our merit, to restore the episcopal sees of England, which he founded in his days with so much advantage to the Church, may likewise redound to the good of the Catholic Church. We decree that this Apostolic letter shall never be taxed with subreptice or obreptice, nor be protested for default either of intention or any defect whatever, but always be valid and firm, and hold good to all intents and purposes, notwithstanding the general Apostolic edicts which have emanated from Synodal, Provincial, or Universal Councils, the special sanctions, as well as the rights of former sees in England, missions apostolic, vicarages constituted in the progress of time, notwithstanding—in one word, all things contrary whatsoever. We likewise decree, that all which may be done to the contrary by any one, whoever he may be, knowing or ignorant, in the name of any authority whatever, shall be without force. We decree that copies of this letter, signed by a notary public, and sealed with the seal of an ecclesiastic, shall be everywhere received as the expression of our will.

"Given at St. Peter's, at Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman, the 24th of September, 1850, and in the fifth year of our pontificate.

"A. CARDINAL LAMBRUSCHINI."

The Queen gave audiences on the 10th to deputations from the Corporation of London, the City Lieutenancy, and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and received the addresses adopted by them in reference to the Papal measures for establishing a Romish hierarchy in this country. The deputation from Oxford was headed by the Duke of Wellington; that from Cambridge by Prince Albert. The following was her Majesty's reply to the Corporation of London:—"I sincerely thank you for your renewed assurances of unaltered attachment to my person and throne, and to the constitution of this country. Your tried and consistent advocacy of the equal enjoyment of civil rights by all classes of your fellow-subjects entitles the expression of your sentiments on the present occasion to peculiar consideration. You may be assured of my earnest desire and firm determination, under God's blessing, to maintain unimpaired the religious liberty which is justly prized by the people of this country, and to uphold, as its surest safeguard, the pure and Scriptural worship of the Protestant faith, which has long been happily established in this land." To the University of Oxford her Majesty replied:—"I accept with much satisfaction the renewed proof afforded by your address of your attachment and loyalty to my person and government, and of your steadfast adherence to the principles of the constitution. It has ever been, and ever will continue to be, my endeavour to promote the efficiency and maintain the purity of our Reformed Church, the supreme government of which, under God, is by law confided to me; and it is highly gratifying to me to be assured of your faithful adherence to its principles, doctrine, and discipline. While I cordially concur in the wish that all classes of my subjects should enjoy the free exercise of their religion, you may rely on my determination to uphold alike the rights of my crown and the independence of my people against all aggressions and encroachments of any foreign power. Your earnest endeavour, in the discharge of your important duties, to train up the youth intrusted to your care in faithful attachment to the truths of holy Scripture, cannot fail, under God's blessing, to have a powerful effect in strengthening the defences of our Protestant faith, and in preserving inviolate the privileges which are justly dear to the people of this country."

The Commission of the Church of Scotland have adopted strong resolutions, moved by Mr. Hill, upon the *Romish invasion*; and the Commission of the Free Church have taken a similar step. The resolutions were moved by Dr. Candlish, who referred with contempt to the opposition of Tractarians, as meant to beguile the public; but confessed that he has great apprehensions of a large outbreak of Popery in a circle of individuals of the highest and most cultivated minds in Scotland.

An address from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the whole of the suffragan bishops (with the exception of the bishops of Exeter and St. David's,) on the subject of the papal aggression, has been presented to the Queen. The omission of the bishop of Exeter's name is explained in a correspondence which appeared in the newspapers. A copy of the address as originally drawn up having been transmitted to him] by the Archbishop of Canterbury's secretary, he returned it, refusing to give his name, and objecting to several passages, particularly the phrases "insult to your majesty's prerogative," "inconsistency with the constitutional laws of the country," and "defiance of the principles of the constitution;" phrases which concerned the relations between the queen and her subjects, of which a foreign potentate could not be supposed to be cognisant; and further, among other things, demurring to the designation of Her Majesty as "the earthly head of the church in the kingdom." The address was revised, and again sent to the bishop with some alterations; but he again declared it unsatisfactory, and refused to sign it. He drew up a separate petition from himself, and transmitted it for presentation, but it was returned to him by the Secretary of State, as being informal.

The Rev. Mr. Bennett has *Resigned* his perpetual curacy of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and his ministration at St. Barnabas, Pimlico. This step followed a long correspondence with the Bishop of London, which has been published. It appears from this correspondence that, as far back as the beginning of 1847, the bishop's attention was drawn to the peculiar observances or "excessive ritualism" of Mr. Bennett, and these deviations were pointed

out, with the request that they might be discontinued. It would seem, however, that the remonstrance produced no effect; for two years later a parishioner of Mr. Bennett's wrote to the bishop, complaining of the forms which the former persisted in adhering to. Later in the same year (1849) came the consecration of St. Barnabas, and with it not only a repetition, but an augmentation, of the obnoxious practices referred to. The bishop then became more earnest in his remonstrances, to which Mr. Bennett replied by defending his practices and declaring his intention to persist in them. On the 16th of November the bishop declared the practices in question to be inconsistent with the duty of a minister of the English Church, and formally called on Mr. Bennett to relinquish them. Mr. Bennett having continued to justify the course he followed, the bishop, on the 27th, concluded his answer by saying—"Upon the whole, if you are not prepared to comply, *simpliciter* and *ex animo*, with the requisition contained in my letter of the 16th inst., I must call upon you to fulfil your offer of retiring from a charge which I deliberately think you could not in that case continue to hold without great injury to the church." Mr. Bennett states, in reply to this, that being unable conscientiously to comply, "*simpliciter* and *ex animo*," with the bishop's requisition of the 16th of November, it follows, he says, that he must submit to the "call" made upon him in that of the 27th, which, as it involves the continued opinion that he is guilty of unfaithfulness to the Church of England, he considers it his duty to submit, and therefore sends in his resignation of the perpetual curacy of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bishop closed the correspondence by accepting the reverend gentleman's resignation.

The meetings throughout the country on the subject of the *Papal Aggression* have been so many and so similar in character, that it would be useless to enumerate them.

The meeting of the County of Surrey was marked by the appearance of Sir Edward Sugden, who gave his view of the present state of the law as applicable to the case. Sir Edward was clear and unhesitating in his opinion that the "illegality" of denying the queen's supremacy, and of introducing "bulls" into this country, remains untouched by the minor Relief Act passed in 1817, which only repeals certain of the severer "penalties" enacted by the 13th Elizabeth. Sir Edward stated, that though he voted for Catholic Emancipation, with doubt and hesitation, in 1829, he has never repented of that vote, and would repeat it to-morrow if occasion called for it.

The Roman Catholic Peer Lord Beaumont has been joined by the hereditary head of his English co-religionists in a pronouncement against the *Aggressive Reorganisation of their Hierarchy*. The Duke of Norfolk has written the following letter to Lord Beaumont, with leave to make what use of it he likes; and the latter has sent a copy from his residence in Ireland for publication in London:—

"Arundel Castle, 28th Nov.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I so entirely coincide with the opinions in your letter to Lord Zetland, that I must write to you to express my agreement with you. I should think that many must feel as we do, that ultramontane opinions are totally incompatible with allegiance to our sovereign, and with our constitution.

"I remain, my dear Lord, faithfully yours,

"To the Lord Beaumont." "NORFOLK."

An address has been presented to the Bishop of London, signed by a large number of Mr. Bennett's congregation, some parishioners and some non-parishioners, entreating the bishop to reconsider his decision respecting Mr. Bennett's offer of *Resignation*. The bishop, in his answer to the address, stated that he is under the painful necessity of adhering to that decision.

The Bishop of London has directed the archdeacons of London and Middlesex to visit all the churches and chapels in which it is alleged that *Romish ceremonies* are practised, and to report to him every case in which any ceremonies or forms are used not authorised by the rubric, nor sanctioned by established custom.

St. Barnabas Church, Pimlico, was again opened for divine service, on Sunday the 22nd, the suspending notice having been removed in the course of last week. Mr. Bennett took no part in the conduct of the service, which was performed by the Revs. G. F. De Gex and W. Fyfe. The rites and symbols appear to have undergone no modification, save that the candles on the altar remained unlighted after the chanting of the Litany. Mr. Cowie, of Putney College, preached the sermon, in which the peculiar views of the Puseyite party on baptism were advanced.

The Election for the County of Limerick took place on the 10th, when W. Goold, Esq., was returned in preference to Captain Dickson and Mr. Ryan. The last, the Tenant League agitator, was the lowest on the poll.

The Cattle Show of the Smithfield Club in Baker Street, which was opened to the public on the 10th, was remarkably large and excellent. The first prizes were generally won by breeders or farmers. The greater number of secondary prizes were gained by amateur noblemen and gentlemen—Prince Albert, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Warwick, and others. The usual dinner took place on the 13th. The Duke of Richmond presided, and was supported by a miscellaneous body of members from all shades of party; including the Earl of Hardwicke, Colonel Sibthorp, Mr. J. Villers Shelly, and Mr. Mechi. The Chairman congratulated the society on the honour done to them by the Queen and Prince Albert in visiting the show on Monday; and stated that affairs are so prosperous that the prizes can be paid out of yearly subscriptions without encroachment on capital, and yet a considerable fund be appropriated for a large extension of the show next year. The Earl of Hardwicke struck out an innovating plan of competition, believing that the present mode of awarding the prizes does not select and compare the true criteria of excellence. He said, that it cannot at present be told with certainty how long the animals have been under feeding, how they were fed, or what was their real age. The proper method would be, to take the animals when they are lean, put them up together, and feed them upon the same food; and then it will be ascertained by the speed with which they fatten which animal is of the best blood. He was prepared to put up his animals under that system, though he was aware it might be attended with some difficulties; and he challenged all England to compete with him.

The *National Association* held a general meeting at the London Tavern on the 12th. The attendance was very small. Mr. George Young presided, and Major Beresford was the sole M.P. present. The tone of all the speakers was one of very great hostility to landlords. Mr. Young stated the society's programme to include now the equalisation of poor-rates, and its imposition on personal as well as real property, abolition of malt-tax, non-renewal of income-tax, a just revisal of tithe-commutation, reduction of local rates, and a law to enable tenants to revoke leases made before 1846. Mr. Young himself declared his belief that "the day of high prices is over."

Parliament has been further *Prorogued* from the 17th inst. to the 4th of February, when it will meet for the despatch of business.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE men who committed the *Burglary* in the house of Mr. Holford, in the Regent's Park—Dyson, Mitchell, and Mahon—were tried at the Central Criminal Court on the 30th Nov. Dyson and Mitchell pleaded guilty, and Mahon was convicted by the jury. They were sentenced to transportation for life.

The magistrates of Cambridge have fined the Reverend John Fenwick, M.A., a proctor, and his two attendants, or "bull-dogs," Robinson and Boning, for an *Assault* on Emma Thompson. While the three defendants were out at night searching for improper persons in the streets, they encountered Emma Thompson, a respectable modest girl; and she was detained for some time, and questioned. When Mr. Thompson waited on Mr. Fenwick respecting his behaviour to his daughter, the proctor made some very lame excuses or explanations.

He was fined 20s., and his assistants 10s. each, with costs. But the fines were not paid by the proctor and his assistants till the form of capturing them had been gone through. An arrangement was made, by which the superintendent of police formally arrested them at the office of Mr. Fenwick's solicitor, and the fines were paid. This was done to form the basis of an action for false imprisonment by the University authorities against those of the town.

Mary Ann Doe, the girl who told two such different stories respecting the conduct of the Rev. R. A. Johnstone, was brought before the Brentwood magistrates on the 2nd, on a charge of *Perjury*. The information was laid by Superintendent Coulson. The girl's solicitor objected, that it was incompetent for any one but the person injured, or a Judge of Assize, to lay an information of the kind. The bench overruled this objection. Another objection was about to be raised, when the chairman made an inquiry as to the amount of evidence at present obtained; and the answer of Mr. Coulson induced the magistrates to stop the case. The chairman said—"This case is dismissed, on the ground that there is insufficient evidence to support the complaint. The bench have come to this decision with the less reluctance, in consequence of their confident belief that subornation of perjury has been committed; and they are determined that the matter shall be fully investigated." Some difficulty was anticipated in the apprehension of the girl, and an artifice was adopted to place her in custody. A man dressed in rustic attire, with a gun in his hand, was sent into a field at the back of the cottage where her parents reside. He fired off the gun several times, and the girl presently came out of the cottage to see what he was shooting at. She walked up to him; and as soon as she came within reach, the disguised officer intimated to her that she was a prisoner, and immediately took her to Brentwood.

A *Burglary with Violence* was committed at Frenchau Common, near Farnham, on the evening of the 30th ult. About eight o'clock, Mr. Marshall, who lives with his sister alone, was aroused by a loud knock at his front-door. On opening, he found a group of seven men standing round it; and as soon as he presented himself, one of their number inquired the road to Guildford. Mr. Marshall was in the act of stepping out to direct them, when he was suddenly knocked down, it is supposed by a life-preserver. The men immediately entered the house; but they were encountered by Miss Marshall, who, with great presence of mind, rushed up stairs to procure a gun which her brother always kept loaded, calling out at the same time, "I'll fire at them." The villains caught her upon the staircase, and presenting pistols at her, dragged her to the front-door, where they pointed out her brother lying in an insensible state on the ground, and cautioned her to be quiet. They then ransacked the house of everything of a valuable character it contained, taking off amongst other property a number of old guineas. Before leaving, they abused Miss Marshall in good set terms for not having more property in the house. Mr. Marshall was insensible for two hours, and has suffered much since.

Mr. Thomas Waters, a gentleman of Bedminster, while staying at Wrington in Somerset, made a very determined attempt to *Murder his Wife*, in a fit of delirium. He sharpened a knife, went into his wife's room, locked the door, and endeavoured to cut her throat; she struggled with him, and they fell on the floor; he there persevered in his efforts, but she held down her chin on her neck, and so preserved herself from a mortal wound, till relatives, attracted by her screams, burst open the door and saved her life. She was terribly disfigured on the face, and had one of her fingers cut off. Her husband was removed to an asylum; he sank into a state of prostration, and died after three days of reaction from the intensely excited state in which he had been.

The Consistory Court gave judgment on the 7th, in the divorce case of *King* v. *King*, promoted by the Honourable Robert King, eldest son of Lord Lorton, on the ground of the adultery of his wife with a French gentleman called Vicomte de Saint Jean; and resisted by Mrs. King on the grounds of her husband's connivance at her immorality, and of his own adultery with Madame de Saint Jean and other persons. The Judge, Dr. Lushington, held that the wife's unfaithfulness was proved; that the proof of the husband's connivance failed, but that the husband's own unfaithfulness was established; he therefore dismissed both parties, and refused to pronounce for a divorce.

At the Liverpool Winter Assizes, on the 9th, William Threlfall pleaded guilty to *Forging a Bill of Exchange for 1,000l.* It was stated for the prosecution, that the prisoner had uttered forged bills by wholesale. His forgery of thirty, for 32,811l., and his guilty knowledge with respect to a hundred and fifteen others, for 133,000l., could be proved. It was said in defence, that in nearly every instance the bills had been taken up before they became due—113,801l. in all. Others would have been met but for the breaking up of his business by the discovery of the forgeries; still his estate would pay from 12s. to 15s. in the pound. Morally speaking, he had no intention to defraud. Mr. Justice Talfourd said that, morally speaking, as well as legally, he considered a person who should commit forgery with the intention of taking up the bill before it was due was guilty. When the offence was punishable by death, many persons had been executed who, no doubt, intended to do what it was said had been the prisoner's intention. He had no doubt that Dr. Dodd never intended to defraud Lord Chesterfield when he forged his name. It was quite impossible that he could adopt a notion that, in such cases, there was not a moral as well as a legal guilt. The prisoner was sentenced to be transported for life.

An action of *Libel*, at the instance of Captain Aaron Smith, against Captain Cook, formerly in the Merchant Service, and now the agent in London of the Scotch Equitable Association, was tried before the Court of Queen's Bench on the 9th inst. It arose out of some statements made at a public meeting held in January last, on the subject of piracy in Borneo. Captain Smith having spoken of circumstances which, from his own personal knowledge, placed the existence of the alleged piracy beyond a doubt, was at once accused of having been one of the very miscreants he denounced, and Mr. Cobden afterwards stated in the House of Commons that Capt. Aaron Smith was an ex-pirate. A hostile correspondence ensued, in which Capt. Smith demanded satisfaction, which was refused; and, in the course of the correspondence, Capt. Cook came forward, and adopted the full responsibility of the charge affecting Smith by distinctly reiterating it in a letter to the "Times." This letter was the subject-matter of the action. It appears that as far back as 1823 Capt. Smith was formally put upon his trial for his share in the capture of two vessels (one being Capt. Cook's), and he was formally acquitted. In 1829 he was again tried for supposed complicity in a similar act perpetrated by the same band. His defence on each occasion was, that he was a prisoner, completely in the power of the pirates, and that he acted by compulsion. Capt. Cook was examined as a witness at the first trial, and was present at the second, when the jury, after hearing a single witness for the prosecution, stopped the case. On the present trial the whole of the former evidence was recapitulated, and at its close Lord Campbell summed up. Capt. Smith, he said, was placed in a situation of great hardship in this trial, the occurrences with which he was charged having taken place thirty years ago. It was true that the law did not recognise limitation to charges of crimes; but men would not fail to see that after a certain period a charge could not be brought without pressing with undue hardship on the accused, and especially in a case like this, when the party had already three times successfully answered it. By this libel Capt. Cook charged Capt. Smith as a pirate and a murderer. Now the question for the jury to consider would be, first, whether there was any evidence at all of murder; and secondly, whether he had voluntarily taken a part in the piratical transactions. There was no evidence either that the pirate captain was dead, or that Captain Smith took his place. If the jury believed that he had voluntarily joined the pirates, and voluntarily remained with them, when it was said he might have escaped, they would find their verdict for the defendant; but if the contrary, for the plaintiff; and in this latter

event, it would be for them to say what amount of damages they considered him entitled to. The jury retired, and after a short absence returned into court, and gave a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 10*l.*

An extraordinary charge of *Domestic Cruelty* was investigated at Guildhall police court on the 7th. Mr. George Sloane, a special pleader in the Temple, was accused of having starved and maltreated Jane Wilbred, a young girl in his service, as maid of all work. The girl's weak and emaciated condition had been observed by the neighbours, and they had learned from herself that she was nearly dead from starvation and ill usage. Two gentlemen, who had chambers adjoining, called on Mr. Sloane, and insisted on obtaining the custody of the girl, and with some demur he gave her up. She was found to be in a dangerous condition, and conveyed to the Royal Free Hospital. On the above day she was brought to Guildhall, a summons having been issued against Mr. Sloane. The girl's appearance, as she was carried into the court in an easy chair, excited groans and exclamations of horror. She was described by witnesses as having been eighteen months ago a comely girl, plump and healthy. The surgeon of the hospital thus described her appearance when she was brought there: "The pulse was scarcely perceptible; the extremities very cold and livid; the respiration feeble; and she was almost unable to speak." There was no disease: the appearances resulted entirely from want of food; and this must have been the case for many months. There were marks of violence about her neck and shoulders; but they had not been inflicted by anything hard, such as a stick, for if that had been used the bones must have been broken. She could not have existed in that state many days longer. "I have been," he said, "in the constant habit, during the last twenty years, of seeing cases of extreme distress, in many of which the persons have died in a few hours after their admission into the hospital; but I never saw a case at all approaching the appearance presented by that girl. I could not have believed a person could be so reduced and live. She was certainly the most perfect living skeleton I had ever seen in the course of my life." The girl herself was then examined.—Placed beside the alderman, her voice was inaudible to any person but himself: he questioned her aloud, held his ear close to her mouth, and catching her replies repeated them aloud. She stated herself to be going on for eighteen, and to have been taken from the West Union Work house by Mrs. Sloane, "on the 19th July going on for two years." She received no wages. At first they treated her pretty well; but after three months they took away the clothing from her sleeping-mattress, and stinted her meals. At last they gave her only "a little bit of bread and mustard for breakfast, with coffee and carraway seeds"; and it was often noon or later before she got that, though she rose at six. For dinner she had a "little bread and broth, with a quantity of mustard in it." "The last time I had meat was about a month before Mr. Phillimore saw me; then I had a little beef, but not nearly so much as I could eat. It was generally six or seven o'clock in the evening before ever I got any dinner, sometimes before and sometimes after Mr. and Mrs. Sloane dined. I used then to have for tea a little bread and pepper or mustard; but they would not allow me anything to drink with it. I was not even allowed to take any water. I could not get at it without Mrs. Sloane seeing me, and she would beat me if I attempted it." She was often beaten—nearly every morning, by Mrs. Sloane, for wearing the sleeves of her shift on her arms when it was cold. "Once when Mrs. Sloane had gone out and boiled some meat for her cat, when the meat was boiled and the cat had the meat, the water it was boiled in was put in a basin, and she accused me of drinking a little of the water. I said I had not, but she beat me very much for it." The girl then revealed an almost incredible instance of obscene cruelty. Mrs. Sloane once ordered her to eat some of her own excrement, and actually called Mr. Sloane to aid her while she forced the revolting substance into the girl's mouth. [The whole of the persons in court here burst into a yell of indignation: the officers made no attempt to repress the manifestation, and Alderman Humphery declared that his feelings would hardly allow him to continue the examination.] The girl went on to give further details of beatings, and of the precautions taken to prevent the participation of any food not given by the hands of Mrs. Sloane herself. Alderman Humphery now found that her voice was growing inarticulate; she murmured something in which the word "Hospital" was alone distinguishable. Mr. Clarkson (who appeared for Mr. Sloane) rose to cross-examine her, and asked, "When did Mr. Sloane beat you?" After a long interval, she whispered, "Mr. Sloane beat me about a month ago"; and then she seemed to become unconscious. The surgeon found that she had not fainted, but had fallen asleep; and he forbade any further questioning, as impossible to be borne. Mr. Clarkson, with evident feeling, bowed to the interdict; but stated his belief that "when the case came to be further investigated, it would present a different aspect." Alderman Humphery (with emphasis) —"There shall indeed be another inquiry, and Mrs. Sloane must also appear to answer this serious charge." — Mr. Sloane was liberated on bail to the amount of 400*l.*, for his reappearance next week.

Mr. Sloane appeared again on the 13th, when further evidence, corroborative of the above, was taken. Mrs. Sloane was excused from attendance, having met with an accident. A witness swore to having seen Mrs. Sloane beat the girl and drag her by the hair of her head. Alderman Humphery censured the authorities of the West London Union for their lukewarmness in not prosecuting. Mr. Pontifex, the clerk, excused the officers by reference to difficulties respecting the expenses: but, after an indignant demonstration from the Alderman, he took up the case for the Union. Mr. Clarkson again, out of humane consideration for the weak state of the girl, abstained from any questions; but re-stated that Mr. Sloane's friends rely with confidence on his exculpation in the sequel. The investigation was continued on the 20th, and particulars even more disgusting than those already disclosed were elicited. Mr. Sloane appeared alone. Mrs. Sloane had evaded the search of the officers, and it appears intends to remain in concealment till the day of trial at the Old Bailey, when it is said she will surrender. Mr. Huddlestone appeared for the West London Union, who now intend to prosecute with vigour. He applied, however, for a further remand, in order to make himself fully master of the case; and intimated that if Mrs. Sloane does not appear when he shall prosecute the examination in full detail, he shall oppose the permission of Mr. Sloane to be at large. Alderman Humphery adjudged that the bail be increased, and required two sureties for 250*l.* each, and the recognizances of Mr. Sloane himself for 500*l.* Mr. Sloane, after the examination was adjourned, requested permission to leave by one of the private entrances to the court; and, having first sent out the gaoler to ascertain if the coast was quite clear in Church Passage, peeped round the corner of the door in every direction, and, feeling satisfied that no one saw him, made a sudden rush, and at the top of his speed made the best of his way into Gresham Street, where he was recognised by a person who had seen him in court during the proceedings. It was soon passed from one to another, until a mob collected round him so dense, that he was quite unable to escape. Mud was heaped upon him from all sides, and his ears were greeted with various shouts: "Down with the wretch who starved the girl!" "Death to the cruel monster!" "Give it to him; show him no mercy; he had none for Jane Wilbred!" and such-like phrases. In order the more effectually to prevent his escaping, one of the mob knocked his hat over his eyes, and it was not until he was dragged and pulled about in a very rough manner that he was able to get away from them, when he ran towards the Post-office, with the mob in full chase after him, yelling and hooting at his heels at every step, until he fortunately met a policeman, who took him under his protection, and hurried him into a public-house in Gresham Street, where he remained until a cab was called, and he was got into it with great difficulty and conveyed to his chambers in the Temple. On arriving there, however, a fresh surprise awaited him, for there were from 500 to 600 persons collected round the house in Pump Court, anxiously waiting for Mr. Sloane. The officer who had accom-

panied him in the cab then directed the cabman to drive along the Strand, but the mob who had followed the vehicle from Gresham Street so annoyed him by mud and other missiles, that Mr. Sloane expressed a wish that the cabman should cross Waterloo Bridge and put him down at the railway station, and he ultimately escaped without any serious injury.

Several cases have occurred of workmen being driven from their employment by *Combinations of their Fellows.* A labouring cooper complained at the Thames Police Court, on the 17th, that his trade association had fined him 10*l.* for entering a workshop where steam is employed, and that they now persecuted him, and got him turned out of work to such a degree that he must starve. The magistrate could only say that the association might be liable to an indictment.

A mill-sawyer was charged at Lambeth Police Office, on the 14th, with leaving his employment under threats by fellow-workmen, because the master, Mr. Woods of Nine Elms, employed men not members of the Sawyers' Society. The man was engaged to work eleven hours a day for 24*s.* a week; but after working a few hours, went "pale and trembling" to Mr. Woods, and prayed to be free, or his society would scratch him off their roll. The magistrate found that one rule of the society is—"That if any member of the society shall introduce his son into a situation as a saw-sharpener, thereby depriving another member who is qualified, or out of employment, of taking the same, he shall be excluded." This rule would prevent a man from performing his first natural duty of providing for his own child; and it must be wrong in morals. But it is also in clear contravention of the 6th George IV., commonly called Mr. Hume's Act, which declares, "That if any person shall, by threats, intimidation, or by molesting, in any way obstruct another, force or endeavour to force any journeyman, workman, or other person hired or employed, from his work or hire, all such persons so offending are liable to be sent to the house of correction for three calendar months." After conversation, Mr. Woods offered the sawyer constant work if he would give up the society; and the sawyer consented to stick by his master. On that understanding, the magistrate allowed the summons to stand over for a fortnight.

The persons *Charged with the Robbery* on the premises of Mr. Chapman, jeweller, in the Strand, were tried at the Central Criminal Court on the 20th. Clinton, the shop-boy, who admitted the robbers in the evening after the manager had gone, Shaw and Badock, the shoemaker's, Clinton's friends, with Gardner and Buncher, two reputed thieves, were tried as principals; Mary Buncher and Mary Cheroneau were tried as comforters and abettors. Clinton pleaded guilty. The trial of the others had an unexpected result: Clinton's former statements, incriminating the others, have been so contradictory, and his whole conduct so untruthful, that the Crown prosecutors would not put him in the box as Queen's evidence; and the other witnesses failed to make out a case against the other prisoners, who, except Clinton, were consequently acquitted. Clinton was sentenced to be transported for twenty years.

A *Melancholy Suicide* has been committed by Mr. Spence, Q.C., the eminent barrister. He was sixty-three years old, and had for some time been in declining health, and afflicted with a deep mental despondency. He became at last possessed by the delusion that he was dying from an internal disease which his father had laboured under; and his medical attendant was quite unable to remove the wholly ungrounded impression. On the 10th, his mind wholly gave way, and in the dead of the night he opened veins in his neck, his thighs, and his wrists; and his summoned household found him at the point of death from loss of blood. Still rational, he said—"My sufferings were greater than I could bear: you see what a dreadful thing I have done. I am pleased that I have been punished in this world; and I hope I shall escape hereafter." By medical skill his life was preserved till the 19th, when he died from exhaustion. A coroner's jury, at his house in Hyde Park Terrace, returned a verdict of "suicide under the influence of temporary insanity."

Another case has occurred of *Robbery attempted by means of Strangulation.* Mr. Adolphe Dubois, a dentist in Princes Street, was passing through Norton Street, near Portland Place, about half-past nine o'clock on the night of the 18th, when he noticed three men in a doorway, as if they were there to get out of the rain. As he was passing, one of them ran down the steps and rushed against him, at the same time throwing a rope or gag over his head, which was instantly forced round his neck, and tightened so as nearly to choke him. Mr. Dubois endeavoured to give an alarm; but the rope was twisted tighter, a man being at his back, using something like a lever to effect this compression. He contrived, however, to call out; upon which the other two men ran down the steps and held his hands. By the time he had nearly lost consciousness, he felt the pressure removed, and then saw the three men running off by different ways. He called out "Murder! Police!" and he then noticed that his outside coat was torn, and that his watch and chain had been taken from him. In a minute or two afterwards, a man who called himself William Thompson was brought to him, and he instantly identified him as the man who had used the gag or rope to him. The watch was soon afterwards produced in a shattered condition, having been found in an area close to where the prisoner was stopped. He had marks on his neck from the violence to which he had been subjected; and he suffered a kind of spasm every five minutes from the same cause. Thompson was brought before the Worship Street Police Court, next day, and remanded on a statement by the police that they expected to capture his accomplices.

A recent Trial for *Murder in France* has created a great sensation from the atrocity of the circumstances. The Abbé Gothland, a priest, and Madame du Sablon, the wife of a physician at Angoulême, were placed at the bar on a charge of having wilfully murdered a woman named Deguisal, who lived with Gothland as his servant. The corpse of the deceased had been exhumed upon suspicion, and was found to contain arsenic; in addition to which it was testified that the deceased had sickened suddenly, and had suffered from violent vomitings previously to her death. These facts suggested that she must have come to a violent end; suspicion fell upon the prisoners; and evidence was brought to show that Gothland had been living in adulterous intercourse with Madame du Sablon; that this illicit connexion had been discovered by Deguisal; and that the murder had been devised and perpetrated by the joint exertions of the pair to remove this witness of their guilt. Proof was brought that Gothland, in parishes where he had formerly officiated, had been notoriously inculpated with other married women, and that Madame du Sablon had maintained a similar connexion with Gothland's predecessor in the curacy. Evidence of a less direct kind was also taken to prove the criminal dispositions of both the accused parties. On the other hand, it is particularly remarkable that the defence was made to rest more on the probability of suicide, than the improbability of adultery and murder; nor was any testimony offered to the sanctity or innocence of the priest beyond the simple evidence, that, with the fate of his predecessor before his eyes, he had resolved to exercise greater caution in his intercourse with his female parishioners. The question of the "probabilities" was complicated by an incident so wholly French in character, that it is difficult to attach to it, according to the English notions, any decided purport. As soon as the accusation had become known to Dr. du Sablon, the husband of the female prisoner, he held a long "explanation" with his wife, the result of which was they both shut themselves up in a room with a little boy their son, kindled some pans of charcoal, and thus endeavoured to terminate at one stroke their existence and their difficulties. In the execution of this resolve they were interrupted, though not until their purpose had been nearly effected; and both the parties to the trial endeavoured to turn the fact to their own peculiar benefit. Madame du Sablon insisted that if her husband had considered her guilty, he would not have sacrificed his life with her; to which the prosecutor replied with more plausibility, that if he had been persuaded of her innocence he would not have proposed suicide at all, or, at any rate, would not have included his little son in the sacrifice. In the end, after a melo-

THE

HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE

OF

CURRENT EVENTS,

(FOR THE YEAR 1850,)

BEING

A MONTHLY SUPPLEMENT TO HOUSEHOLD WORDS,

CONDUCTED BY

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dramatic display protracted through a whole week the jury acquitted the woman, and convicted the priest, but with a reserve of "extenuating circumstances" in his favour, and he was condemned to the gallies for life; but it is said that he intends to appeal against the sentence.

An *Extraordinary Escape* from the Pentonville prison was made by a convict named George Hacket on the evening of Sunday the 1st inst. Having lately escaped from a cell at the Marlborough police court, and also attempted to escape from Newgate, he was removed to Pentonville, and placed under the surveillance of the prison officers. After service on the above evening he was missing, and it was by finding the sheets of his bed, a rope, and his clothing on the parapet-wall that his mode of escape was detected. It appears that he had wrested off the spring of the door of his cell, which he formed into a "jemmy," and concealed about him a weight and the sheets and rope of his bed, which he must have wrapped round his body under his clothes. As soon as he was conducted to his seat in the chapel he must have slipped down off it on to the flooring, and by the "jemmy" and weight forced out the boarding, thus enabling him to descend to a small closet beneath. A window with trifling protection afforded him access to the parapet-wall some few feet below. Gaining it, he proceeded along to one of the main walls, 50 or 60 feet long, communicating to the governor's house, on the north side of the prison. Reaching the end, he must have got on to the roof of the house, a height of more than six feet from the wall. He then must have divested himself of the prison clothing, save his trousers and blue shirt, and with the "jemmy," rope, sheets, &c. left them on the roof, and by sliding down one of the gable-end walls got clear of the gaol. The governor despatched officers to the different police stations with a full description of his person, and the inspector of prisons instituted an inquiry into the circumstances attending the convict's flight. Next evening the governor received by post the following note:—

"MONDAY, Dec. 2, 1850.

"George Hacket presents his compts. to the Governor of the Model Prison, Pentonville, and begs to apprise him of his happy escape from the gaol. He is in excellent spirits, and can assure the Governor that it will be useless for his men to pursue him; that he is quite safe, and in a few days intends to proceed to the continent to recruit his health."

All endeavours to discover and recapture him have been unavailing.

NARRATIVE OF ACCIDENT AND DISASTER.

Two fatal accidents have happened in the *Tunnelling Operations* now going on under the streets. To divert, or suppress, the stench of a sewer discharging itself near the New Houses of Parliament, a sluice-grated sewer has been in course of excavation at the bottom of Northumberland Street, Charing Cross, which would carry the sewage into the Thames below the low-water mark. On the 16th, there was a spring-tide; extra precautions had been taken to keep out the water, and they were thought to be sufficient. But while sixteen persons were employed in the subterranean works, the river suddenly made a breach through all obstructions, and flooded the works. The men strove hard for life; but two of them, Edward Gorman and William Gardner, were overwhelmed by the rush of waters, and drowned. The drowned men have each left widows and families destitute; for whom the contractors, Messrs. Humphreys and Thrist, declared their intention to provide. At the inquest held on Wednesday, it appeared that the contractors, without consulting the Sewer officers, for a temporary facility to their works, made an extra tunnel under the Regent Street sewer, with a roof of from four to six feet thickness of mud and earth, resting on timber supports. On Monday morning the men went down to work while a high tide was in the dock; the earthy crown of the tunnel could not bear the pressure, and the water rushed in. The inquiry was adjourned till the 23d, when the Jury found the following Verdict:—"Accidental death by drowning: and the jury cannot separate without expressing their opinion that great negligence is attributable to Messrs. Humphreys and Thrist, and their foremen, Messrs. Wheeler and Perrott, in not consulting the engineer connected with the Victoria sewer."

More disastrous accidents from the *Explosion of Engine-boilers* have occurred. At Halifax, on the 29th ult., the boiler of a manufactory exploded while the people were all at work in the afternoon: the boiler was the centre one of three; above was a part of the premises occupied by the workers, and this became a heap of ruins, which the fires of the boilers set in a blaze, that was with difficulty extinguished. Many were buried in the rubbish, and it was a long time before the débris could be cleared away to get at the unfortunate people. Nine were taken out dead, and others were found very much hurt. Another explosion subsequently occurred at Bilston, in Messrs. Baldwin's colliery. Though very violent, large masses of iron flying to a long distance and destroying buildings, no one was killed. The engineer was scalded, but is going on favourably.

The Duffryn mine, a new colliery in the valley of Aberdare, has proved fatal to at least two lives. Fifty-two persons were down a pit more than five hundred feet deep, when an explosion shattered the "bratishing" which lines the shaft, and closed up all means of escape, and apparently all means of ventilation. After an hour or two of painful suspense, a single bucket was got down the pumping-shaft; and by its slow instrumentality all the poor prisoners were drawn out but three. Two lifeless bodies were extricated.

In the Morfa pit of Messrs. Vivian and Son, at Taibach, Glamorganshire, at least two persons have been killed, and some thirty wounded, by an explosion.

In the Abergwydden colliery, Monmouthshire, the gearing of the lifting apparatus having gotten out of order, the heavy "carriage" ran down the shaft with frightful rapidity. A man stood beneath; panic rooted him to the spot, and he was crushed to death.

Two *Collisions on the Eastern Counties Railway* took place during the dense fog in London on the evening of the 23rd. They both took place at Stratford, near the Brick Lane goods station. The half-past four o'clock down train to Hertford was standing at the Stratford station, and on the eve of resuming its journey, when the Enfield express, which left Bishopsgate at a quarter to five, came in fearful contact with it, causing considerable injury to the passengers in the two rear carriages —a first and second class. The train, however, went on, and ran into the Hertford carriages. The first struck was a second-class, which was shattered in all directions; the unfortunate occupants, with fractured limbs and contused wounds, falling amongst the fragments. The next carriage, a first-class, was then driven in, and the escape of a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Head, connected with the firm of Charrington and Co., the brewers, who occupied the coupé, was most surprising. They were exposed almost to the full force of the collision. On being extricated, however, although much shaken and bruised, their limbs were not found to be fractured. The density of the fog tended much to the alarm and confusion, and during the period employed in removing the injured persons from the wreck of the carriages their cries for aid excited much sensation. At length they were all extricated, and, apparently, every one who was seated in the last two carriages was hurt, more or less. The second collision was of a similar character; the Norwich evening express overtaking the Colchester parliamentary train, near the Brick Lane goods station, and running into it. Both trains were overdue—the Colchester about half an hour, and the Norwich an hour; the fog and slippery state of the rails being the primary cause. As in the other case, many persons were hurt, some of them seriously, but no lives were lost. Investigation, in both cases, will take place.

A *Railway Accident* occurred on the 23rd on the Leeds and Selby line, near the Melford station. A heavily laden luggage train from Leeds, arriving at a rather steep ascent, the engine was unable to drag it up, and it recoiled down the incline, running into another luggage train coming from Leeds on the same line of rails. The engine and tender were smashed to pieces, and the

engineman, the stoker, and another man (employed as a pointsman) were all killed, or received such injuries as caused their death the same evening.

SOCIAL, SANITARY, AND MUNICIPAL PROGRESS.

EARL FITZWILLIAM, when his rent audit took place last month, announced to his tenants his intention to make an *Equitable Adjustment of their Rents*, in accordance with the circumstances of the times. He stated, that, in consequence of the legislative changes that had taken place, and their now ascertained effect, he did not think that the basis on which his rents had been hitherto fixed would be an equitable basis for the future. When the last basis was adopted, his private opinion was that it was a little too high, but it had been settled by others, on whose judgment he relied. And he was bound to say that the average prices since that settlement had justified the adoption of that basis in 1843. For the future, however, it would certainly be too high, and he intended, therefore, that his rents should be re-adjusted on a lower basis. What that would be he could not then say. He should leave the matter in the hands of persons competent to advise him, but the result, he was convinced, would be a general reduction of rents. This, of course, would not apply to accommodation land, which derived its value from peculiar circumstances.

At the Town-hall of Windsor, on the 3d, there was a *Distribution of Prizes by His Royal Highness Prince Albert*, to labourers and other deserving persons. A list was read over of twenty-one persons who had been selected from the parishes of New and Old Windsor, Eton, Clewer, Sunning-hill, and Sunning-dale, as the most deserving to receive rewards for cleanliness and tidiness in house and person, the best cultivators of gardens or allotments, being also persons of sober and good moral character. Each person was then called up separately, and presented by the Prince with a sum of money varying from 15*s.* to 30*s.*, and also a card bearing an inscription recording the fact, on which his name was written, and to which the Prince added his autograph.

The Magistrates of Surrey, at a large special meeting on the 2d, adopted the report of their Committee recommending the establishment of *a Rural Police* in those portions of the county without the limits of the Metropolitan Police district. The Committee concluded, after examinations of persons and documents, that the rural portion of the county, which contains ninety-six parishes, should be formed into three Police divisions; to be called the Chertsey, Dorking, and Godalming divisions. The Chief Constable should reside at Dorking, as the most central point. The various lock-up houses should be repaired, and stationhouses erected, at an estimated cost not exceeding 3000*l.*; "which would be raised upon the security of the police-rate, and repaid with interest in twenty yearly instalments." The total expenditure will be 6284*l.* 7*s.*, the total savings 2574*l.*; there will be a balance of 3710*l.* 7*s.* for the cost; and this balance will be so much further reduced when the proposed force shall have been a short time in operation, that the expense of maintaining the Police will, it is believed, be little felt by the rural portion of the county. A Committee is to select a fit person for the important office of Chief Constable; and the full Bench will elect the officer next Epiphany Sessions.

It has been determined by the Court of Directors of the East India Company that the appointment of Governor of their *Military Seminary* at *Addiscombe* shall in future be quinquennial—that is, to be vacated after five years—like the appointments to the Councils of India and to the General Staff and commands of the Army. This is a measure well calculated to secure efficiency in the performance of the duties. No officer has yet been selected as successor to Colonel Stannus, whose death was reported more than a month ago; but many very distinguished officers are reported to be candidates for the situation.

A return of the number of *Cotton, Woollen, Worsted, Flax, and Silk Factories*, subject to the Factories Acts in each county; of the aggregate of steam or water power by which they are worked; of the number of persons employed in them, distinguishing children under 18 from adults, and males from females; which has been made under an order issued by the Crown, in compliance with the prayer of an address agreed to by the House of Commons on the 10th of June last; gives the following general results. Total number of factories for the different processes of manufacture in silk, cotton, woollen, and flax in England and Wales, 3089; working 22,850,010 spindles, and 272,588 power looms, by means of steam power and water power equal to 91,610 and 18,214 horses respectively. The number of persons employed, 495,707, of whom 216,464 are males, 279,243 females, 130,259 of the former being above 18, 57,453 between 13 and 18, and 260,378 of the latter above 13 years of age. 19,042 male and 15,113 female children under 13 years, and 1710 male and 3752 female children between 11 and 13, are employed in silk throwing mills. In Scotland the number of factories is 550; spindles, 2,256,403; power looms, 23,811; steam power, 13,857 horses; water power, 6004 horses; children between 11 and 13, in silk throwing mills, 27 males and 164 females; children in other factories under 13, 351 males and 578 females; males between the ages of 13 and 18, 6982; females above 13, 52,806; males above 18, 14,780; total number of males, 22,140; females, 53,548—grand total, 75,688. In Ireland the number of factories is 91; spindles, 532,303; power looms, 2517; steam power, 2646 horses; water power, 1886 horses; children under 13 years of age, males 7, females 31; males between 13 and 18 years old, 3429; females above 13, 16,393; males above 18, 4827; total, males, 8263; females, 16,424—grand total of persons employed in factories in Ireland, 24,687. Total for the United Kingdom: factories, 4330; spindles, 25,638,716; power looms, 298,916; steam power equal to 108,113, and water power to 26,104 horses; children between the ages of 11 and 13 in the silk throwing mills, 1737 males, and 3916 females; children under 13 in other factories who attend the schools, 19,400 males, and 15,722 females; males between 13 and 18, 67,861; males above 18, 157,866; females above 13, 329,577; total, males, 246,867; females, 349,215—grand total, 596,082. These returns show the great seats of the various manufactures in England to be Lancaster for cotton, York for wool and flax, and Chester for silk. In Ireland, Waterford for cotton, Cork for wool, Dublin for worsted, and Antrim for flax. In Scotland, Lanark for cotton and silk, Clackmannan and Stirling for wool, and Forfar for flax.

The fifth annual *Report of the Commissioners of Lunacy*, now issued, gives the following summary of the number and classes of insane persons confined in asylums, hospitals, and licensed houses on the 1st of January last:—Asylums: private patients, males 120, females 112; paupers, males 3150, females 3758, total 7140. Hospitals: private patients, males 412, females 453; paupers, males 175, females 168, total 1208. Metropolitan licensed houses: private patients, males 574, females 546; paupers, males 737, females 1038, total 2945. Provincial licensed houses: private patients, males 800, females 757; paupers, males 1106, females 1123, total 3786. Grand total of sexes and classes 15,079; of this number 238 have been found lunatic by inquisition, 264 are criminals, and 1036 are chargeable to counties or boroughs.

The Electric telegraph now gives notice of the *Approach of Storms*. This property of the invention has been discovered in America. The telegraph at Chiago and Toledo makes ship-masters at Cleveland and Buffalo, and also on Lake Ontario, aware of the approach of the north-west storm. The result is practically of great importance. A hurricane storm traverses the atmosphere at the rate of a carrier pigeon, namely sixty miles an hour. A vessel in the port of New York, about to sail for New Orleans, may be telegraphed 20 hours in advance, that a south west-storm is advancing on the coast from the Gulf of Mexico. In Great Britain and Ireland the advantages to the shipping interest by the announcement of approaching storms, would be incalculable, by preventing them leaving safe harbours until after they had passed, or by signals on various parts of the coast, directing them to take shelter at the nearest port.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

On the evening of the 12th, the Queen gave the first of a series of *Dramatic Entertainments* at Windsor Castle, under the direction of Mr. Charles Kean. The play was the First Part of King Henry the Fourth. The veteran Bartley, after a long retirement from the stage, re-appeared in the character of Falstaff.

Viscount Ponsonby has *Resigned the Embassy at Vienna*, and Mr. Magenis will continue to act as Chargé d'Affaires until the arrival of his Lordship's successor.

The Honourable George Jerningham, now Secretary of the Embassy at Constantinople, is appointed Secretary of the Embassy at Paris.

The place of Deputy Ranger of Windsor Park, vacant by the death of Sir Thomas Fremantle, has been conferred on Captain F. H. Seymour, one of the Equerries in Waiting to Prince Albert.

The Rev. R. J. Butler, M.A., of Brasenose College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, was received into the Catholic Church at Rome on the 23rd of November last. This gentleman was formerly Warden of the House of Charity in Rose Street, Soho.

Sir Robert Monsey Rolfe, Vice-Chancellor, has been raised to the Peerage of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Cranworth, of Cranworth, in the county of Norfolk.

Mr. Joseph Hume having visited Southampton on the 3rd, to start a son for the West Indies, the Mayor of Southampton and about four hundred citizens of the town gave him a public entertainment. It was remarked that the admirers of the veteran economist were not solely of the Radical class, but included a good sprinkling of frugal Conservatives. Mr. Hume made a speech of encouragements, founded on the reminiscences of his long political experience; a marked feature of which was his declaration of opinion that Lord John Russell would willingly be a more liberal minister if supported by a more liberal house of commons.

Pensions on the Civil List of 100*l.* a-year each have been granted to George Petrie, Esq., LL.D., and to J. Kitto, Esq., M.D. Mr. Petrie is a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, and Vice-President of the Royal Irish Academy of Sciences. He is author of the well-known treatise on the "Round Towers of Ireland," and of many other antiquarian works. Dr. Kitto has been deaf and dumb from an accident when a boy, in spite of which difficulties he travelled through many lands in connection with the Missionary Society. With his physical failings he has done much for the cause of biblical literature, and is the author of many works, such as the "Pictorial Bible," "History of Palestine," "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," &c.

The committee of subscribers to the monument to the memory of the late *Lord Jeffrey* have decided that the memorial shall be a work of sculpture. The subscriptions in the hands of the committee amount to 2200*l.*, a sum which, it is hoped, will suffice to defray the cost of the statue, and to leave enough besides for the erection of a slight monument over the grave in the Dean Cemetery, at Edinburgh. The statue will probably be placed in the Outer Parliament House.

At a *Sheriff's Sale at Derrynane* some time since, the whole of the splendid furniture and other household goods were sold for the sum of 364*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*, and were bought in by the National Bank of Ireland. The purchase has been impeached as fraudulent, and on application to the court, an issue has been granted to try the fact by a jury. The prices at which the National Bank bought the furniture may be imagined from the fact, that the entire furniture, &c., of the "Liberator's Room," state bed, &c., sold for 3*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A young lady has *Escaped from the Convent at Banbury*. She was known there as sister Antonia; her "worldly name" is unknown, but she is understood to be very highly connected. The local newspaper gives the following particulars:—"Her dissatisfaction with a conventual life was first made known out of the house by letters, which she contrived to have conveyed by children in the school, to parties of the Protestant faith in Banbury. An English New Testament, which by chance came into her possession, disturbed the opinions in which she had been educated; she determined on getting away from St. John's, and resolved to do so early on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday morning; but at the moment of the contemplated escape her heart failed her. Shortly after nine o'clock, the school hour, on Tuesday, while the other inmates were engaged, she took an opportunity of getting away unobserved; and, for some reason, instead of going to the parties in Banbury, with whom she had been in communication, and who had offered her shelter, set off on the road for Oxford. At Adderbury, three miles from Banbury, she became tired and inquired for a Protestant minister; she was taken to the house of the Rev. Mr. Crickett, an Independent minister, where she was kindly received, both by Mr. and Mrs. Crickett, with whom she was remaining yesterday. She has been supplied with clothing, and the garments peculiar to the sisterhood, in which she went away, have been returned to the convent. Before she left St. John's, we believe, an application was made by the parties with whom she had been in communication, to a neighbouring magistrate, for his aid to remove her; and he wrote on the subject to Sir George Grey, the Secretary of State; but she did not wait for their interference, but took an opportunity of acting alone, as we have described."

The *Will of the late King of the French* has been proved at Doctors' Commons. The personal property is sworn at under 100,000*l.* The will is dated at Claremont, October 16, 1848, and is very concise. He bequeaths his house and gardens at Palermo to Queen Marie Amelie for ever. He gives all his property in England and America to the Queen, for her life, with reversion to her children, subject to such provisions as her Majesty may make in her life-time, and in the case of any informal or incomplete bequest of it by the Queen, it is to be divided into nine shares. Two of these shares go to the Duc de Nemours, and one to the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres—to be held by them as joint tenants—that is to say, to be divided between them. The remaining shares are divided, one each to Louise, Queen of the Belgians, the Prince de Joinville, the Duc d'Aumale, the Duchess de Saxe Coburg Gotha, the Duc de Montpensier, and Philip Alexandre (a grandson), Duc de Wurtemberg. The ex-monarch bequeaths all his money in the house at Claremont, and in the bank, at his death, to his Queen, subject only to the payment of his just debts and funeral expenses. The Queen is appointed executrix of this will during her lifetime; and after her decease, Mr. W. E. Marjoribanks, Sir E. Antrobus, Bart., Mr. W. M. Coulthurst, Mr. E. Marjoribanks, jun., and Mr. J. Parkinson, of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, are to act as trustees. The dispositions of his property in France are not proved in England.

Obituary of Notable Persons.

Colonel R. M. Johnson, Vice-President of the Republic under the Van Buren administration, died on the 19th ult., at his residence in Kentucky state, in the 70th year of his age.

Lieutenant Lorimer, one of the senior military knights, died at Windsor on the 25th ult. He entered the army in 1805, and served in the Peninsula, at Walcheren, and at the siege of Flushing. He was severely wounded at Corunna and Flushing, and had received the war medal and clasp for Corunna.

Sir William Whymper, M.D., died on the 28th ult. at Dover, aged 65 years. He served in the Coldstream Guards as Surgeon, throughout the Peninsular war, and was present at Waterloo. He had received the war medal with five clasps. In 1825 Dr. Whymper became Surgeon-Major of the Coldstream Guards, and in 1836 he retired on half-pay. He was in 1832 knighted by the late king.

Mr. R. Gilfillan, well known as the author of several beautiful songs in the Scottish dialect, died suddenly on the 4th inst. from a fit of apoplexy, with which he was seized while in attendance at his office as Collector for the Commissioners of Police in Leith.

General The Hon. Sir William Lumley, G.C.B., died on the 15th inst., aged 82 years. He was son of the fourth Earl of Scarborough. At the age of eighteen he entered the cavalry service, in 1787, as a cornet in the 10th Dragoons, and served in

Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, in Egypt, South America, and the Peninsula. The colonelcy of the First Dragoon Guards is vacant by his death.

Admiral Payne died of apoplexy on the 9th inst. He was hunting, when he fell from his horse in a fit, and died in a few minutes. He was between 70 and 80 years of age, and, on account of the tendency which he had exhibited for such attacks, had been warned by his medical attendants to avoid the excitement of the chase.

Mrs. Bell Martin died recently at New York, after a short illness, within ten days of her arrival in the United States. She was, previous to her marriage, Miss Martin, of Galway, and her husband took the family name when she married. Her estates were the largest in Ireland, her tenantry amounting to twenty thousand, and her lands extending over two hundred thousand acres; but the property on her succeeding to it was so heavily mortgaged that she was obliged to relinquish all, and trust to her literary talents for her support. It was with this object she went with her husband to the United States. A premature confinement was the immediate cause of the illness which terminated in her death. Mrs. Bell Martin was a large contributor to the "Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde." She was the author of "St. Etienne," a tale of the Vendean war, and of "Julia Howard," a novel recently published.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

THE principal and most unhappy feature of the month's Colonial news, is the almost utter desolation of the southern shores of the island of Jamaica by the scourge of cholera. Its ravages began with the opening of October; and, when the last accounts left, in the middle of November, had not perceptibly abated. The chief mortality had been at Port Royal, Spanish Town, and Kingston. The deaths in the latter place (a town of forty thousand inhabitants, of which nine-tenths are Negro) averaged a hundred and fifty a-day, and on some days greatly exceeded two hundred. Resources had failed both for the dead and living; neither doctors nor medicines were procurable; it was impossible to supply coffins in any proportion to the demand; and crowds of dead bodies, carried in carted heaps to the graveyards, and exposed for want of hands to bury them, lay poisoning the panic-stricken survivors, till at last flung into trenches opened by convicts and soldiers. The accounts read like pages torn out of De Foe's History of the Plague; and it is well worthy of note that the previous condition of the island confirms all that has been lately ascertained of the sanitary laws that govern the disease, and the causes that contribute to its virulence. It is another lesson for ourselves,—with none of our metropolitan graveyards yet closed by the Extra-mural Act! with even some re-opened that were shut in sheer fright at the cholera last summer! and with the imminent prospect before us of enormous additions to our London population without approach to any means of accommodation at all adequate to the increase!

The last *Overland Mail* from Bombay brings no political intelligence of interest. The greatest tranquillity prevails in India. The Governor-General was preparing to proceed to Lahore and the Peshawur frontier. The Nepaulese Ambassador arrived at Bombay on the 6th ult. from Suez. The Nimrod government iron steamer has been wrecked. The late rumour of the Affreedees having made a descent upon the salt-mines of the Kohat frontier remained without confirmation. Piracies were of frequent occurrence in the waters of the Indian Archipelago; Java is tranquil. The Chinese on the Western coast of Borneo have discontinued their resistance against the Dutch. At Hong Kong the fever has declined among the troops. The gangs of Chinese robbers in the province of Kwangse are gradually dispersing. A fearful occurrence took place at Macao on the 29th Oct., when the Portuguese frigate the Donna Maria blew up, and officers and men, about 200 in number, perished, with the exception of one officer and fifteen men.

The accounts from *Jamaica* are to the 1st instant. The ravages of the cholera have rendered the island a scene of desolation. On the 7th of October last, Mr. Watson, the surgeon of the naval hospital in Port Royal, announced that Asiatic cholera of a malignant type had made its appearance in that town. The inhabitants were at first incredulous, but facts soon convinced them of the truth, and plans were devised to stay the plague. A cholera hospital was established, and some of the surgeons of the fleet were sent ashore to assist. Government medical stores were distributed freely, but it was soon found that both the quantity of medical stores, and the number of medical men, were totally inadequate to the frightful extent of illness and suffering that prevailed. Upwards of 5000 persons have died in Kingston and Spanish Town alone. Numbers were so panic-stricken, that they would not apply for assistance, and no one knows that they have been ill and died. Some were found dead in cellars, where they had been lying dead for days. One of the most distressing things is the number of orphans, both black and white children, and their condition and future provision are now occupying the serious attention of the Jamaica authorities. Hundreds of children of tender age are left utterly destitute; for fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters have been swept away by the pestilence. They are to be seen in houses, forlorn and helpless. Infants are found lying on the floor, forsaken by friends and relatives, for they are sleeping in death, and these innocents are kept from perishing by the visits of the benevolent. The dread of cholera seems to have destroyed the social affections. Some of the poor blacks have been found to place their dead relatives before the doors of their neighbours, to avoid the infection, or because they were unable to pay the expense of burial. It was urgently suggested that trenches should be dug, and that corpses should be buried without coffins, in order that the expense of the latter should be saved, and go towards providing an orphan fund. On the 23rd the cholera abated in Spanish Town, Port Royal, and Kingston, but broke out in other places. On this day Dr. Macfayden, an eminent physician, died. As there was not above one medical man to 5000 persons in Jamaica, and as four medical men had already fallen victims to their unremitting exertions in the cause of suffering humanity, it may easily be imagined how ill he could be spared.

From *Canada* we learn that there is a rumour that the seat of government is about to be removed 500 miles down the St. Lawrence in June or July next.

A *Temperance Meeting* at St. Hyacinthe, Lower Canada, recently excited the people so much against drunkenness, that a mob collected, proceeded to a building occupied as a brewery and distillery, owned by Mr. Phillips, of Laprairie, and entirely demolished it, smashing everything they could lay their hands on. Similar ourages were committed at a neighbouring tavern, and further mischief was threatened.

The *Sydney* journals contain reports of a great public meeting on the 12th of August, to consider Governor Fitzroy's despatch to the Colonial Office on the meetings in June last, on the subject of transportation. The following chief resolution was carried unanimously—"That this meeting having had under its consideration a despatch from his excellency Sir Charles A. Fitzroy, dated 30th June 1849, transmitting to Earl Grey the great protest of the inhabitants of Sydney, in public meetings assembled, against the renewal of transportation, hereby declares, that in that despatch his Excel-

lency has, in a case of the utmost importance to the general welfare of this colony, grossly misrepresented a series of facts of public notoriety, traduced the character of a large majority of the colonists of all classes and in all parts of the territory, and betrayed the interests of the colony into the hands of its enemies."

The papers also contain reports of the great debate in the Legislative Council, which ended on the 21st of August, on Dr. Lang's own motion inviting inquiry into the charges preferred against him by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Council unanimously resolved, that there were "foundations for the charges," and particularly for the one which accused Dr. Lang of pledging the duplicates of land-orders representing land of which he was only the trustee—the said pledging "was a fraud upon his cestui que trusts, and highly discreditable."

The *Hobart Town* papers describe, what some of them declare to have been, an attempt to escape to California by Mr. Smith O'Brien. So far as they agree, they state that a rowing-boat approached a sandy cove; that Mr. O'Brien ran up to his waist to get to it; that a soldier rushed and knocked a hole in the bottom of the boat with his gun, and so took possession of Mr. O'Brien and the men. But the different accounts are at variance with each other; and it seems agreed by all that the Government has made no difference in the treatment of Mr. O'Brien.

PROGRESS OF EMIGRATION AND COLONISATION.

A meeting of the *Colonist Society* was held at the rooms of the Canterbury Association on the 4th inst., to promote arrangements for the simultaneous departure of the next or main body of the Canterbury colonists. Captain Simeon presided and gave the necessary explanations. The main body of the substantial colonists will sail the first week in next June in a fleet of ships; but in the mean time there will be no intermission of the arrangements for pouring out a constant stream of labouring emigrants. The Rev. Dr. Rowley, who is going out to the colony as "head of the chapter," read a correspondence between the society and the association on the subject of the coming departure, and also on a proposal to give the colonists some additional facilities in dealing with the grants of land which they buy in this country.

NARRATIVE OF FOREIGN EVENTS.

PENDING the new "Congress of Vienna" which is about to be held under the name of the "Conferences of Dresden," the interest of Continental politics is almost wholly suspended. France is so marvellously quiet, that there is nothing better worth mention than the fact of M. de Montalembert's introduction of a bill against the desecration of the Sabbath, founded doubtless on the principle which he naïvely expressed in his report, namely, that though the State is not strong enough to govern the Church, the Church is abundantly so to govern the State. And Prince Schwarzenberg has found himself with so little to do, that he has been publishing his correspondence with Lord Palmerston in the matter of hangman Haynau's mustachios, and the damage they received at Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's brewery. From these documents it would seem that, because the English Government refused to institute any inquiry into the details of this alleged outrage other than by the usual forms and processes of English law, the Austrian Government "reserves to itself the right to consider, *in a similar case*, whether it should or should not act reciprocally towards a British subject in Austria." We transcribe the warning, for the benefit of British tourists, especially such as may not think Haynau a hero.

The anniversary of the election of the President of the *French Republic*, the 10th instant was celebrated in Paris by a splendid fête. The Prefect of the Seine was the nominal host; and besides the chief guest, there were gathered round him, in the Hôtel de Ville, ministers, ambassadors, and distinguished politicians, nearly two hundred. The programme prescribed the single toast "To the President of the Republic," and relied on a calculated spontaneity for the President's complimentary return of a toast "To the City of Paris." M. Berger, the Prefect of the Seine, in proposing the toast, congratulated his hearers on the fact that now the noise alone of its fêtes interrupts the laborious calm of the Hôtel de Ville; and then ascribed it to the President Napoleon's efforts and devotedness, that citizens were at length permitted to set aside all the interests of politics and speak of the interests of Paris only. The President replied in a dexterous speech which was well received. One passage in it, however, gave rise to much comment: "To tell me," he said, "that France has beheld her prosperity increase during the last two years, is to address to me the eulogium which touches me the most. At present I am happy to be able to admit that calm has returned to men's minds; that the dangers which existed two years back have disappeared; and that, notwithstanding the uncertainty of matters, a future is reckoned on, because it is felt that *if modifications are to take place*, they will be accomplished without trouble." After the banquet, the magnificent salons of the Hôtel de Ville, which are unique in Europe, were thrown open to between five and six thousand guests. Bands of music were stationed in the Salle des Fêtes, the Salle du Trône, and the great ball-room; and the dancing was kept up with great spirit till four o'clock in the morning.

General Schramm, the Minister of War, has demanded an extraordinary credit of 3,218,501 francs, for the expenses during the first six months of 1851 of the army of occupation in Rome. He stated, that it was impossible as yet to predict the precise moment when the presence of the French troops may be dispensed with.

A Bill has been introduced into the Assembly by M. de Montalembert, for the better observance of the Sabbath.

A Bill introduced into the National Assembly by the Minister of War, for an extraordinary credit of eight millions and a half of francs to meet the expenses of the levy of 40,000 men which is to compose the army of reserve on the north-eastern frontier of France, was referred to a committee, who made a report, drawn up by M. Remusat, proposing that the Bill should be adopted, but at the same time proposing that the Assembly shall adopt a resolution declaring its convictions that in the questions which divide Germany at this moment, the policy of neutrality, such as is expressed and defined in the Message of the President of the Republic, is the only policy suitable to France. On the report being made to the Assembly, the proposition was adopted without any debate.

The affairs of *Germany* have been greatly tranquillised by a convention concluded at Olmutz on the 29th of November, between the ministers of Austria and Prussia. It was agreed that the Prussian troops should co-operate with the Federal armies for the restoration of the electoral authority in Hesse; that a Prussian commissioner should proceed with a Federal commissioner to the Duchy of Holstein to summon the insurgents to lay down their arms; and that in the event of refusal, a body of Prussian troops would join with the Federal forces in the necessary coercive measures. The question of the internal constitution of Germany was reserved for the Free Conferences of Dresden, which commenced on

the 23rd inst. This convention was ratified by the King of Prussia on the 1st inst., and about the same day by the Imperial Government. Advices from Berlin, of the 10th inst., state that the reduction of the army has been decreed. The Prussian troops were still in the positions of Hersfeld. The Austrian forces continued to advance, having occupied Marburg, where they command the railroad from Frankfort to Cassel. General Von der Horst had been appointed Commander in Chief of the Holstein army, *vice* Willisen, who has resigned. Herr von Manteuffel, who has been appointed the Prussian Minister for foreign affairs, has left Berlin to attend the Dresden conference. It is not known what are his plans, nor what arrangement respecting the future was come to at Olmutz between him and Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Minister; but it has been asserted in Vienna that the admission of the whole of the Austrian provinces into the confederation will not be proposed, but merely a sufficient portion to equalise the power of Austria to that of Prussia; and the province of Galicia is mentioned for this purpose. The incorporation of Posen, and Prussian Poland, in 1848, increased the extent of Prussian territories within the confederation, and therefore, it is believed, Austria will demand a corresponding increase of her German territories. The commercial relations of Germany will probably form one of the topics of discussion, and it is expected that Austria will propose the same plans for a commercial system which she put forth last year. It is even stated that a provisional arrangement will be proposed which is to last until 1856, when the definitive arrangements are to come into existence.

The *Sardinian* Chambers were opened by the King in person on the 23rd of November. The following passage of his speech, referring to the differences with the Holy See, was greatly applauded by the Chambers and the people:—"The efforts of my government have not succeeded hitherto in overcoming the difficulties which have arisen with the Court of Rome, in consequence of certain laws which the powers of the state could not refuse to introduce in the new political and legal organisation of the country. The rule of our conduct has constantly been the respect we all profess for the Holy See, in conjunction with a firm resolution to uphold the independence of our legislation. Faithful to our duties, and persevering in the exercise of our rights, we hope that time and the happy influence of religion and civilisation will enable us to establish that harmony which is one of the first wants of the social state."

The Senate of *Piedmont*, in its sitting of the 16th, passed the bill abolishing the laws on primogeniture, by a majority of 34 votes to 49.

The most remarkable news from *Spain* is that M. Bravo Murillo, the Minister of Finance, has resigned his office in consequence of a difference with the Minister of War, relating to reductions in the expenditure of his department.—The municipality of *Seville* has decided that the portrait of Cardinal Wiseman should be placed in the hall of the chapter, as being one of the most illustrious sons of the capital of Andalusia.

Accounts from *Aleppo* state that a dreadful chastisement has been inflicted on the rebels who were the perpetrators of the massacre of the Christians, which we recorded last month. On the evening of the 7th ult., Kerim Pasha invited the principal chiefs of the insurgents to come to him. They accepted his invitation, persuaded that the fear of fresh disturbances would make them respected. Kerim Pasha had them placed under arrest. The insurgents, finding their chiefs did not return, rushed to arms, to the number of about 10,000, and insolently demanded their liberation. The Ottoman General replied by charging them at the head of 4000 Imperial troops, whom he had assembled in the inside of some barracks. The combat was desperate, and lasted more than twenty-four hours. Three Mussulman quarters of the city, which were the seat of the revolt, have been almost entirely destroyed; 1800 of the rebels fell in the struggle, and the remainder, with the inhabitants of the above quarters, have fled from Aleppo, the Turkish cavalry pursuing them. Not a single Christian fell in this terrible affair. All the property of the rebels will be devoted by the authorities to indemnify the Christians for their losses on the 14th and 15th of October, and to rebuild the three churches which were burnt.

The Message of the President of the *United States* to Congress, on the commencement of the session, was presented on the 3rd inst. It is a temperate document, and appears to have given general satisfaction. Its tone with reference to the foreign relations of the United States is decidedly pacific. With respect to the new territories, he urges a prompt adjudication on the Mexican land titles in California, and presses for the extension of the land laws to Utah and New Mexico. He recommends that the gold lands should be sold in small quantities, and that a branch mint should without loss of time be established in California. He also calls attention to the necessity that exists for organising one or more regiments of mounted men for the protection of the frontiers of New Mexico, and to help to repress the predatory Indians. The message contains important suggestions respecting the revision of the republic's naval code, rendered necessary by the recent abolition of flogging; the establishment of lighthouses and improvement of harbours; and the appointment of a tribunal to adjudicate all claims upon government. Not less interesting is the president's recommendation that an uniform rate of postage, of three cents for prepaid letters and five cents for unpaid letters, should be adopted, whatever the distance that they are conveyed. The most unsatisfactory parts of the message are those which relate to customs duties and to the Fugitive Slave Bill. Respecting the former, Mr. Fillmore's views are decidedly protectionist. He is of opinion that the federal revenue should be raised mainly by import duties; that these duties should be as far as possible specific, *ad valorem* rates when unavoidable being estimated on the home instead of the foreign valuation; and that those rates should be so levied as to benefit incidentally home industry by shielding it from destructive foreign competition. On the subject of slavery, the president takes his stand on the Fugitive Slave Act, the principle and policy of which, in every particular, he strenuously defends.

Since the meeting of Congress, no business of importance has been transacted in either house. With respect to the revenue and expenditure of the Union, it is stated, that the receipts for the last year into the United States Treasury were 47,421,748 dollars;—expenditure, 43,002,168 dollars; and that the public debt has been reduced 495,276 dolars.

Mr. George Thompson, the Member for the Tower Hamlets, attempted to deliver an anti-slavery lecture at Boston, on the 14th of November, but was not allowed a hearing. He was attended on the platform by William Garrison, Frederick Douglas, and other representatives of the anti-slavery party. The assembly determined to drown the voices of the orators: they began with groaning and hissing; then they cheered for "the Union," "Daniel Webster," "old Briggs," and "Jenny Lind;" they groaned for "John Bull;" a ring was formed on the floor, and one or two commenced dancing; the gas was turned down, and the proceedings terminated with the canticle "We won't go home till morning," in general chorus.

The existence of a third ring around Saturn, which has been some time suspected, has been positively ascertained by the astronomers at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is interior to the two others, and, therefore, at less distance from the planet.

Submarine electric telegraph wires have been laid down on the bed of the Hudson, above Fort Lee, so as to give a free communication with the south and west.

A temperance demonstration on a large scale was held at the Tabernacle, New York, on the 18th of November; 1700 dollars were collected, including 250 dollars from P. T. Barnum. Life memberships of the society were bestowed on Mdlle. Jenny Lind, President Fillmore, Hon. Henry Clay, Hon. Mr. Clayton, General Cass, Hon. W. H. Seward, Governor Hunt, &c., &c.

According to the report of the chief of the police in New York, there were more than 10,000 persons arrested for misdemeanours and felonies in that city during the past three months, where there are also 4267 licensed drinking-houses, and 718 unlicensed ditto!

There are at present seventeen lines of submarine telegraph at work in the United States under the Hudson, Harlem, Connecticut, and Delaware rivers.

The number of immigrants who arrived in New York during the month of October, amounted to upwards of 36,000.

At Queensborough, North Carolina, a man named M'Bride was lately sentenced to receive twenty lashes and to be exposed in the pillory—*because he was an abolitionist.*

Near Victoria, Texas, the Indians have committed several murders of late, and carried off two daughters of Mr. Thomas, who were fearfully outraged, and afterwards found nearly dead in the woods.

An instance of summary justice by *Lynch Law* has taken place at Georgetown, in California. A man, named Devine, had taken to gambling, and as he was in the habit of losing his money, his wife hid all that came into her possession. One day, having lost all his money, he demanded the money she had hid. She refused to deliver it if he intended to use it in gambling, whereupon Devine threatened to kill her. As he seized his gun, she blew out the candle and fled into another room. He, however, discharged it at her. The contents passed through the door, and killed her. An enraged crowd, several hundred strong, assembled forthwith, set Devine on a horse, and rode him off to a tree. Here they made him kneel upon the horse's back, put the rope around his neck, and drove the horse off, leaving him hanging from the branch of the tree.

A terrible steamboat disaster occurred at San Francisco on the 29th of October, by which a number of lives were destroyed, variously estimated at from seventy-five to a hundred. This was caused by the explosion of the boiler of the steamer Sagamore, which took place just as she was leaving her wharf for Stockton. A large number of passengers were on board. Human bodies and masses of timber were at once scattered in every direction. The boat was a complete wreck, and from her fragments were taken the dead and dying, mutilated in the most shocking manner. The master of the boat was blown a distance of fifty feet into the water. He escaped with his life, but not without considerable injury. The cause of this dreadful waste of human life has not been ascertained.

An attempt was made on the life of General Belza, President of *Bolivia*, on the 6th of September, while walking with Colonel Laguna, President of the Senate, Don Augustine Morales, and others, when a student named Sotomayer fired a pistol, which wounded Belza in the face. As he fell, another pistol was fired by Morales, but the ball only slightly grazed him. Some slight attempt at a revolution appears subsequently to have been made, but without success. The President of the Senate was implicated in the conspiracy, condemned to be shot, and executed on the 13th of September. Morales and Sotomayer have also been condemned to death.

NARRATIVE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE question of a possibility of English copyright in books by foreign writers has again been raised in the courts, and a decision pronounced in the very teeth of that which was last recorded. Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce has declared that the object of the Act of Anne *must have been* to promote literature in general. The Court of Exchequer has declared that the object of the Act *could only have been* to protect the rights of British authors exclusively. Between these two decisions a Court of Error will shortly have to pronounce, when there surely can be little doubt that the strict construction of the Copyright Act will be adhered to, and the decision of the Exchequer affirmed. In such case it will be hardly possible to avoid the necessity of fresh legislation on the subject, and it is desirable that the opportunity should not be lost of placing the entire law affecting an author's rights in England on a more satisfactory basis than it rests upon at present.

There have been few books of the higher class among the publications of the past month. The most prominent have been an excellent translation of Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe;* a treatise on the diffusion of *Christianity in Ceylon,* by Sir James Emerson Tennent, with the opportune and valuable moral that general education is the only sound basis or preparative for intelligent religion; a somewhat elaborate dissertation on the *Dynamical Theory of the Earth,* by Mr. Tucker Ritchie; a republication of Disraeli's *Commentaries on the Reign of Charles the First,* revised by the author, with a preface by his son; and a volume of *Correspondence of Sir Isaac Newton and Professor Cotes,* curiously illustrative of the philosopher's life and history.

But Christmas has brought its usual supply (though somewhat less abundant than in former years) of pictorial volumes, and gift-books adapted to the season. The most rich in point of engravings is Mr. Alaric Watts's *Lyrics of the Heart,* which comes nearer to the graphic wealth of the Stothard and Turner illustrations of Rogers's poems, than any book which has been published recently. Another pretty present is *Christmas with the Poets,* with woodcuts by Mr. Birket Foster. Another is *Winged Thoughts,* being a series of illuminated pictures of birds, by Mr. Owen Jones. The author of "Mary Barton" has given us *The Moorland Cottage,* Mr. Thackeray *The Kickleburys on the Rhine,* and Mr. Leigh Hunt a volume of *Table-Talk,* to promote the good feeling and mirth of the season; Mr. Richard Doyle, with the same praiseworthy purpose, has illustrated afresh the *Story of Jack and the Giants,* with very marvellous and peculiar knowledge of the wonders of nursery and fairy land; and Mr. Ruskin has had the help of the same ingenious pencil in setting forth a not less marvellous or delightful *Legend of the King of the Golden River.*

To enumerate the mere titles of the pamphlets which have been suggested by the *Papal Aggression,* would more than fill the whole of the present sheet. But we must not omit to record that Doctor Pusey has come forward with a Letter, vindicating the practice of confession, asserting that whenever it is freely sought he administers it, that he has done this most extensively, and that he looks upon the popularity of the practice, since he moved in it, as the manifest work of God.

The tales called *Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey* have been republished, with a preface by the author of "Jane Eyre," in which she avows herself a woman, states that the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, were assumed by three sisters, daughters of a clergyman in Yorkshire, and that of these she is now herself the only survivor. The brief narrative of the early ambition and premature death of Ellis and Acton Bell is a very sad one.

The month has produced no dramatic novelty, the theatres being occupied with preparations for their Christmas entertainments, produced as usual on "boxing night" the 26th, and consisting of burlesque extravaganzas and pantomimes.

Mr. Bartley, after appearing in his old character of Falstaff before the Queen at Windsor, has repeated it several times at the Princess's Theatre.

The "Grand National Concerts" at Her Majesty's Theatre have been brought to a close, after having, it is understood, been attended with considerable pecuniary loss to the body of amateurs by whom they were carried on.

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

BANKRUPTS.

From the Gazette of Nov. 29.—Joseph Curl, East-Winch, Norfolk, grocer.—Thomas Dyson, Bradford, Yorkshire, linen-draper.—Morgan Powell Edwards, Tredegar, Monmouthshire, linendraper.—Ann Graves, Snaith, Yorkshire, innkeeper.—William Harknett, Courland-grove, Clapham, and Lavender-hill, Wandsworth-road, builder.—William Stranger, sen., Navarino-grove, Dalston, bookseller.—Robert John Wallis, Loughborough, Leicestershire, wine and spirit merchant.—Christopher Ware, York, saddler.

Dec. 3. Numa Berton, Princes-street, Hanover-square, tailor.—Henry Matthew East, Mark-lane, City, stationer.—John Firth, Leeds, linen-draper.—John Gollop, Beaminster, Dorsetshire, builder.—John Moore, Nottingham, cabinet-maker.—Richard Northover, Skinner-street, Bishopsgate-street, and Cheapside, City, lint-manufacturer.—Robert Rising, Frith-street, Soho, and Lower Berkeley-street, bookseller.—Henry Smith, Woolwich, Kent, linendraper.—James Smith, Darlington, Durham, boot-maker.

Dec. 6. Herbert Tewson Baines, Camden-road, Camden New Town, linendraper.—George Blakey, Lincoln, dealer in perfumery.—Henry Bysh, Brighton, builder.—James Carter, Manchester-terrace, Kilburn, builder.—Mary Ann Collinson, Middle-road, Brixton, milliner.—William Solomon Cowper, Bishopsgate-street without, and New-street, Dorset-square, grocer.—Thomas Davey, Liskeard, Cornwall, seedsman.—John Davies, Kingston, Herefordshire, grocer.—Antonino Guiseppe Gaudiano, and Enrico Cicopieri St. Clair, Great St. Helen's, City, merchants.—Richard Green, jun., Brighton, ironmonger.—Joseph Harper, Ponsonby-place, Vauxhall-bridge-road, coal-merchant.—William Heygate, Watford, Northamptonshire, and Chardstock, Dorsetshire, brickmaker.—James Jolley and William Jackson, Wigan, Lancashire, acetic acid manufacturers.—Richard Kaye, Liverpool, butcher.—Frederick Geale Monserrat, Cheltenham, wine and spirit merchant.—Samuel Pearse, Topsham, Devonshire, coal-merchant.—Abraham Provost, Peterborough, linendraper.—William Stanton, Buckingham, watchmaker.

Dec. 10. Adolph Berend, and Isidore Bloomenthal, Weymouth-place, New-Kent-road, cigar-merchants.—John Palmer Burnell, Moorgate-street, and Coleman-street, City, earthenware dealer.—Gerard Burton, Whitechapel-road, linendraper.—Edward Caldwell, Manchester, share-broker.—Edmund Chadwick, Manchester, starch manufacturer.—John Curd, Grove-street, Camden-Town, cheesemonger.—Nathaniel John Hone, Reading, Berkshire, common-brewer.—Alexander Honeyman, Deptford, builder.—James Kite, Crewkerne, Somersetshire, wine and spirit merchant.—William Simpson, Manchester, starch manufacturer.—George Mortimer Smith, Ironbridge, Shropshire, bookseller.

Dec. 13. Simon Bernard, Warwick-street, Regent-street, embroiderer.—William Cousins, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, coach-builder.—Henry Matthew East, Mark-lane, City, stationer.—Giles Eckersley, Tyldesley, Lancashire, victualler.—Christopher Grindell and James Grace, Jermyn-street, St. James's, licensed victuallers.—Saul Ingamells, March, Cambridgeshire, machinist.—George Johnstone, Newbury, Berkshire, publican.—James Letts, Leamington Priors, Warwickshire, miller.

Dec. 17 George Bonny, Gravesend, licensed victualler.—George Lea, Upper Belgrave-place, Pimlico, and Nunhead-lane, Peckham-rye, coal-merchant.—Thomas Matthews, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, licensed victualler.—George May, Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane, builder.—Samuel Moyer, Old-street, St. Luke's, linendraper.—John Pullen, Powis-place, Great Ormond-street, lodging-house keeper.—George Steele, Durham, grocer.

Dec. 20. James Mayhew, Cansdale, Norwich, draper.—Thomas Evans, Fen Ditton, Cambridgeshire, innkeeper.—Samuel Jefferyes, Eltham, Kent, maltster.—William Laycock, Liverpool, iron merchant.—John Lindsay, Neath, Glamorganshire, grocer.—Septimus Frederick Martyn, Bishop Auckland, Durham, draper.—Charles Robinson, Liverpool, sail-maker.—John Voller, Landport, Hampshire, builder.—Samuel Willett, sen., Cheltenham, plumber.

Dec. 24. John Barber, Eaton Locon, Bedfordshire, builder.—Henry Hamer, Blackfriars-road, linendraper.—John Nix Harlow, Ramsgate, wine merchant.—Charles Marson, Newmarket, Cambridgeshire.—George Milton, Elizabeth-terrace, Liverpool-road, Islington, contractor.—John Burgoyne Pillin and George Alfred Pillin, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn, sword-cutlers.

Dec. 27. Frederick Young, North-place, Kingsland-road, cheesemonger.—William Mitchell and William Binns, Barnsley, Yorkshire, iron-founders.—Joshua Unwin, Bradford, stuff-manufacturer.—John Barker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.

Nov. 28. John Robert Wright, Leeds, currier.

Dec. 6. Joseph Nye, Milkpond wharf, Park-road, Old-Kent-road, machinist.

Dec. 13. William Mayer, Bateman's-row, Shoreditch, timber merchant.

Dec. 21. Charles Middleton Kernot, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, chemist.

THE STOCK AND SHARE MARKETS.

City, Dec. 27.

A steadily improving tendency was manifested in the English Stock Market at the commencement of the month. A good many operations, chiefly based upon the more favourable aspect of Continental politics, were entered into, and the price of Consols went gradually up from 96⅝ to ⅞, at which it stood on the 29th ult., to 98¾, which it reached on the 12th inst. On that day the dividend of 30*s.* was taken off the price, making the quotation 96⅞ to 97. The market then remained very steady till yesterday, when the unexpected intelligence of the Bank of England having raised its rate of discount from 2½ to 3 per cent. caused a fall from 97½ to 96⅝. To-day the market leaves off with a steadier appearance at 96⅞ to ⅞ ex. div.

The Railway Share Market has been the scene of great activity. Very extensive speculations have been entered into, besides a large genuine business, and prices of all descriptions have experienced a marked rise. The Bank measure of yesterday, above referred to, caused a rapid fall in this market also, but prices to-day are recovering.

STOCKS.

	Prices during the Month.		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
Three per Cent. Consols	98¾	96⅞	96⅞ ex. div.
Three per Cent. Reduced	97⅛	95¾	97⅛
Three and a quarter per Cents.	99½	97¼	96¼
Long Annuities. Jan. 1860	7 13/16	7¼	7 13/16
Bank Stock	214½	211	213½
India Stock	271	268	271
South Sea Stock	108½	108	108½
Exchequer Bills	68s. prm.	63s. prm.	64s. prm.
India Bonds	88s. prm.	80s. prm.	83s. prm.

RAILWAYS.

Paid.		Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
50	Caledonian	11½	9⅞	10½
20	Eastern Counties	6⅜	5¼	6
25	Great Northern	18⅝	14¾	17½
100	Great Western	80	71¼	77
100	Lancashire and Yorkshire	60¼	49	57
50	Leeds and Bradford	96½	94½	96
100	London and Brighton	88	84½	87
100	London and NorthWestern	128½	118½	123
100	London and S. Western	80¾	69	76
100	Midland	50¼	41¾	47
17½	North Staffordshire	10⅛	8¼	9¼
60	South Eastern	24¼	20⅛	22⅝
25	York, Newc., and Berwick	19⅞	16⅞	18⅜
50	York and North Midland	24⅝	22½	22⅝

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Dec. 27.

There has been scarcely any fluctuation in this market during the month. During the first fortnight prices were held firmly, but since then the market, both for English and Foreign Wheat, though the quantity of the former on sale is far from large, has been a shade weaker. The London weekly averages last announced are as follows:—

Wheat, per quarter, 43*s.* 4*d.*
Barley, 26*s.* 8*d.*
Oats, 18*s.* 8*d.*

Flour, Town made, delivered, per 280 lbs., 37*s.* to 40*s.*

PROVISIONS—Latest Wholesale Prices.

Bacon, per cwt., Waterford, 38*s.* to 46*s.*; Belfast, 42*s.* to 44*s.*
Beef, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2*s.* 4*d.* to 3*s.* 4*d.*
Butter, per cwt., Dorset, 84*s.* to 98*s.*; Limerick, 72*s.* to 78*s.*
Cheese, per cwt., Cheshire, 50*s.* to 74*s.*; Wiltshire, 40*s.* to 44*s.*
Eggs, English, per 120, 9*s.* 6*d.*

Hams, per cwt.—York or Cumberland, 74*s.* to 84*s.*; Irish, 60*s.* to 68*s.*
Mutton, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2*s.* 10*d.* to 3*s.* 10*d.*
Potatoes, per ton.—York Regent's, 90*s.* to 100*s.*; Scotch, 65*s.* to 80*s.*
Pork, per 8 lbs., 2*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.*
Veal, per 8 lbs., 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*

GROCERY—Latest Wholesale Prices.

Cocoa, per cwt. — Grenada, 44*s.* to 47*s.* 6*d.*
Coffee, per cwt.—Good ord. native Ceylon, 56*s.* to 56*s.* 6*d.*; Bahia, 40*s.* to 48*s.*
Rice, per cwt.—Carolina, 21*s.* to 26*s.*

Sago, per cwt.—Pearl, 20*s.* 6*d.* to 28*s.*
Sugar, per cwt.—Good brown Jamaica, 38*s.* to 39*s.*; Yell Havana, 17*s.* 6*d.* to 22*s.*
Tea, per lb.—Good ord. Congou, 1*s.* 1*d.*; full flavoured Souchong, 1*s.* 4*d.* to 2*s.*

Candles, per 12 lbs., 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.*; Coals, per ton, 13*s.* 6*d.* to 17*s.*

OILS.

Pale Seal, per ton, 39*l.* | Sperm, 88*l.*

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Monthly Supplement to "*HOUSEHOLD WORDS;*" *Conducted by CHARLES DICKENS.*

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

1851.] FROM THE 29TH DECEMBER TO THE 28TH JANUARY. [PRICE 2*d.*

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

THE second half of the Nineteenth Century having at length begun, men are very prone to ask themselves what new or hopeful prospect it opens with. What with the daily advances of science, and the applications of the arts to the purposes of life, in all that relates to material progress the answer can hardly be doubtful. We have built up two great empires during that part of the century which has passed away, in compensation for the empire we lost at the close of the century preceding: but a range of far wider dominion stretches out for days that are to come, in the triumphs of future acquisition held forth by scientific discovery; in the steamboat, the railway, the telegraph, the telescope: in the steady march of astronomy, chemistry, electricity, and steam; in the wondrous development of practical energy in every department of practical utility. It is neither possible nor desirable that politics and morals should keep pace with the consummation of physical change thus altering the face of the earth: but even in this direction the world does not seem likely to come to any sudden stand. If no very new discoveries have been made of late, several very ancient fallacies have at least been exploded. The period may hereafter be emphatically remembered as that in which a great many valuable things were *found out*. It has been found out, for instance, that a King Mob enthroned by street barricades may be quite as egregious an imposture as a King Louis Philippe crowned by the same process. It has been found out that when a people lose their wits, the best form of government is a military bedlam; but that when they recover their senses in the smallest degree, soldiers are worse than useless in the business of governing them. The abominable absurdity of such phrases as German unity and American equality has been found out. Mr. Hudson and Mr. Feargus O'Connor have been found out. The general unwholesomeness of dirt (marvellous to say) has been found out. Puseyism has been found out. And, to conclude, it has been found out that what Popery was in the fourteenth it would fain claim to be in the nineteenth century: and free states have been put upon their guard against it.

Nevertheless his Holiness Pio Nono exhibits certainly no sign of retreat at the approach of our British parliament. He has issued a fresh brief under the seal of the Fisherman, severing the united sees of Cloyne and Ross into two separate sees of Ross and Cloyne, and appointing one of the worst of the Irish bigots to rule over the new see. He has also clapped poor harmless Mr. de Vericour into the Index Expurgatorius. Contemporaneously with which events the Irish Protestant bishops have been loudly complaining of their brother bishops in England for not having invited them to take part in the recent Episcopal protest against such papal aggression. They declare that the Church of the United Kingdom being one and indivisible, no separate branch of it ought to move alone; they insinuate broadly the suspicion that it is the fact of the Irish branch being the most exposed to danger which had thus impelled the English prelates to get out of its company; and they avow, for the same reason, their own resolve of cleaving all the more closely to the main trunk, "with which it is our happiness *and we hope our safety* to be identified." This is frank; and very accommodating, as well as soothing, was his grace of Canterbury's answer; but nevertheless an impression prevails that the omission was not wholly accidental, and that in protesting against the Roman Catholic Church for its insolent encroachment on Protestant England, it was best to keep out of sight that Protestant Church which has so long been a grievance and unjust burthen on Roman Catholic Ireland. If the Protestant faith could have been diffused by the maintenance of such an establishment, it might have been well to keep it up even exclusively as a fortress militant for the gradual subjection of Rome. But the direct contrary has been the result. It has long been useless, even as a barrack. Gold and iron may be, as Milton calls them, the nerves of war; but, plentifully applied as they have been in the case of the Irish Church, they have certainly not proved to be the sinews of religion. Protestantism has constantly dwindled under the evil auspices of a system which has spoken less from the altar in accents of peace and charity than in powder and shot out of mouths of iron. Such an eternal trouble, indeed, has this Establishment been to the state; so fatal to the religion it was meant to promote; so much has its manifest injustice scandalised Christianity, scared away tranquillity, and wasted and consumed its own congregations; that, viewing all these effects, and seeing how nothing so much as Popery has been promoted by such so-called enthusiastic Protestantism, it would have taxed the serpentine cunning of the school of Loyola to devise a more subtle or successful scheme for retaining Ireland within the pale of Rome. A more effective imprecation under cover of a pious aspiration could not have been invented by the Reverend Doctor Biber himself, who curses so readily and zealously; and who has just given fresh proof of the quality of his Christianity by denouncing every form of worship but that of the Protestant communion, and declaring his utter abhorrence of all religious sentiments except those of the Church of England.

This curious sample of Protestant Popery was exhibited on the occasion of a meeting of the highflyers at Freemasons' Hall, when the Church of England was declared to be in such a condition of "torpid paralysis," so "deserted and crippled," so "degraded and impotent," that nothing but Convocation could restore her: and a very pretty sample of the sort of Debating Club so invoked for the salvation of the Church was this meeting of its advocates. The means were noisy discussion, bitter altercation, unscrupulous banning and proscribing; and all for ends no better than the erection of a sort of Protestant Holy Office and Index Expurgatorius. The "censuring of books and persons," and the enforcement of "spiritual discipline," are alone, forsooth, according to these orators, what will save the Church. It is the vulgar cry for power—more power; when the remedy sorely needed is peace—more peace. The struggle has been long enough in progress

between the tendency on the one hand to contract the ritual in every direction but that of Rome, and on the other to bring within its embrace every form of spiritual Christianity. "I wish," said the good bishop Shirley, "to see the doors of the Church made as wide as the doors of Heaven." "I utterly abhor," cries Doctor Biber, "all religious sentiments, except what I declare to be those of the Church of England." This is the issue broadly put; and can any one believe the final determination of it doubtful, who believes in the tolerant origin of the Church, and has taken part in her simple comprehensive services? Show me the Christian who would fain get to heaven *alone*, exclaimed the pious Richard Baxter, and I will show you one who will never get there.

Greatly is it therefore to be deplored, in a state of feeling so rapidly approaching to extremes, that the Archbishop of Canterbury should have publicly deprecated any such revision of the prayer-book as would have a tendency to shut out Romish agreement, and embrace more largely Protestant difference. He does so on the ground that it is not a work to be undertaken in a time of excitement, when the settlement would be in accordance with one of two extreme views, and thus tend to give a triumph to one over the other. But men do not think of remedies when there is no complaint; and what in effect is such an opinion propounded from the highest place in the Church, but an encouragement to the prime movers of Tractarian disaffection to continue their agitation and disturbance. Nor truly do they seem disinclined. "Dear Dr. Pusey" passes half his time in writing letters to prove that he is anything but Puseyite; and hardly a day passes that does not exhibit some new move in a Jesuitical and quite desperate struggle to keep Mr. Bennett at St. Barnabas. Correspondences between Mr. Bennett's churchwardens and Mr. Bennett's bishop, showing a wondrous change of tone since his Holiness of Pimlico put the Premier to the question, have been oozing out in the *Times* continually. The *in terrorem* is dropped, the *ad misericordiam* takes its place; and the bishop is piteously reminded of the "deprivation of the means of subsistence," which perseverance in his resolve of accepting Mr. Bennett's resignation will entail on the unhappy minister. To which, the bishop, having fortified himself by prayer, responds, that not finding in the churchwardens' statement any suggestion calculated to change or modify his opinion of the principles which Mr. Bennett maintains, and on which he has declared himself unalterably determined to conduct the services in his churches, he, the Bishop, must persist in accepting his resignation. Whereupon the churchwardens, with a kind of blunt humility ask the bishop what he means by "principles," and the bishop warily declines reply. Then, after a few days' interval, steps forward Mr. Bennett himself, full of pious horror at the notion that *he* should be thought capable of evading his own voluntary proffer to resign. His bishop had pronounced him guilty of unfaithfulness to the Church of England, therefore he must resign. Is it conceived possible that he would take advantage of any point of law to make a bishop amenable to the state, to drag a bishop within the civil jurisdiction? Far from him be the profane thought of such spiritual disobedience. To be sure, the same objection would not apply to the dragging even of a bishop within Courts *Ecclesiastical*: but it was not for Mr. Bennett to suggest such a thing. Morally, he is under pledge to his bishop; and if it is sought to make a legal question of that moral obligation, it was not for Mr. Bennett to do it. Neither was it for Mr. Bennett, however, to obstruct the zeal of his churchwardens: and that they, therefore, may "pursue any further course in the matter which they may deem advisable," he will hold over his resignation till the 25th of March.

Such is faithfully the substance of these curious letters, from which any one who would study the art of at once keeping and evading a promise, and blarneying and bamboozling a bishop, may derive valuable hints. It would, nevertheless, have been well that the instruction should not have come from such pre-eminently holy men, who are not, as in their judgments other men almost universally are, insensible to the higher ethics of religion and morality; irreverently regardless of episcopal authority, and impatient of that stringent discipline which is the very life of the Church. For one must confess, that, applied to the ordinary affairs of life, the policy of Mr. Bennett would have marvellously resembled the morality of a Tartuffe grafted on the practice of an Old Bailey attorney.

It is a gratifying contrast to turn to another class of ministers of the Church, who have come spiritedly forward in Manchester with a proposition for the establishment of schools on a large and liberal foundation. It is very possible that this plan has originated in fears, caused by the success of the National Public School Association, that the conduct of the bigoted party in the Church may end at last in some total exclusion of the Church element from the public education of the people. The basis of the new scheme is that of the National Association, its most characteristic feature is that of a general local rate, and it is no doubt in the nature of a compromise between what is called "secular" and mixed education, churchmen and non-churchmen. But the compromise is at least statesmanlike and bold. By adoption of a general rate it rests upon a large popular basis; its admission of lay control is not less valuable; and its inclusion of free schools in which a daily reading of the Scriptures is to be provided, but no special religious creed or formulary taught, distinctly affirms the principle in educational efforts which churchmen have been most reluctant to sanction, and towards the full acceptance of which their co-operation is at present most valuable. But the scheme is in two parts—the one for rendering existing schools more efficient, the other for establishment of new schools where voluntary efforts have been insufficient; and it is objected to on the ground that employment of a general rate for existing schools would tax the dissenter for support of what he conscientiously disapproves. There is, however, no devisable scheme into which some part of this objection does not creep; and the present plan by no means proposes to dispense with those voluntary contributions by which existing schools are maintained, but simply to strengthen and complete such efforts. The evil, incident to the proposition, seems to us accidental and not great; the good, enormous and vital. It encourages individual effort; it admits the just interference of the state; it invites the large and liberal control of laymen; it respects the principles of every sect; it can offend only the prejudices of any. Above all we think it to be immediately practicable, which is not to be said of any other similar project.

Let but the experiment be made. Once put to trial, we believe that all which is doubtful in it would soon drop off, leaving only its advantages; and that the blessing of such a result would be quite inappreciable in future arrangements and discussions. For this is the question of questions. It includes Socialism, and Chartism, and all the other *isms* that are dangerous; and is the only conceivable method of finally determining the doubt which is now so sadly disturbing Downing Street, of how finally to deal with the Pope and his Cardinals.

A legion of tracts and pamphlets that might be counted by hundreds have rushed vainly to the ministerial rescue. The doubt is as great and distressing as before Mr. Ridgway let them loose. The two great reviews have also entered the lists of religious controversy: and it is an odd exemplification of the probable effect of the coming discussion on political parties, that the *Quarterly* should be recommending the state to consent to a concordat, with a view to peace with Rome; while the *Edinburgh* is declaring with horror that no state ever signed a concordat without signing away some of its rights, and legalising usurpation to the advantage of Rome. When established old doctors thus change sides, what hope of agreement is there among people of no authority? Nevertheless it may be worth while to mention what a third doctor remarks in one of the pamphlets—probably the only one worth separate mention. Doctor Twiss declares conclusively that the Papal Brief constituting the new hierarchy entails in one of its provisions a direct violation of the statute law of the land in reference to the see of St. David's; and that in its general object of erecting sees for bishops in ordinary, within the dominions of an independent sovereign without the consent of the crown, it involves a departure from long established practice which in such matters constitutes the law. The law therefore, it is presumable, will have to apply itself to those points; and it is more than probable that a fourth (this time a Right Reverend) doctor has hit accidentally, yet precisely on the head, the legislative nail now shaping in the forge of St. Stephen's, when he tells one of his "dear Mr. Archdeacons" in his diocese of Durham that it may probably be necessary to apply some restrictions to the future introduction and circulation of Papal bulls in this island, to forbid the existence of monastic institutions strictly so called, and to prohibit the assumption of episcopal titles conferred by Rome and deriving their names from any locality in the kingdom. It would not be unsafe to predict that somewhat after this design will be the plan of ministerial legislation against popery in the forthcoming session of the British Imperial Parliament; and that great will be the difficulty, and manifold the discontents, in legislating even thus far.

NARRATIVE OF POLITICS.

The leaders of the Irish *Tenant League* having abandoned the idea of holding county meetings in Down and Antrim, the plan of the campaign underwent revision, and it was agreed to hold district meetings in various portions of the two counties. The first of these took place on the 30th December. The attendance was very thin, and in Newtownards, part of the northern estates of the Marquis of Londonderry, the proceedings did not present a single feature of novelty. Mr. Sharman Crawford was unable to attend, but wrote a letter expressive of his views on the question, which fully coincided with the objects of the meeting.

The Irish Poor-law Commissioners have dismissed the Ennistymon Board of Guardians, on the grounds of *General bad management and repeated acts of inhumanity to the paupers.* A shocking instance of the conduct of these Guardians will be found in the "Household Narrative" for October last, page 224.

The Great Meeting of the Ulster *Protestant Association*, on the 2nd, from which Irish Protestants expected such a vigorous and influential demonstration against the Roman aggression, proved a failure in point of numbers: an extremely thin attendance throughout the day is apologetically admitted, and the Northern Whig ascribes the circumstance mainly to the fact that in Ireland the agitation has been too exclusively clerical. The resolutions were in character, and passed of course.

The *Encumbered Estates Commissioners* carry on their proceedings in Dublin with much activity. Within the week ending on the 2nd instant absolute orders for sale were made in eleven cases, and conditional orders in twelve others. Further orders for the payment of money out of the proceeds of sales were made in fifty-five matters, the amount paid being 29,128*l.*, which, with 349,665*l.* previously paid, makes the total sum distributed by the commissioners 378,793*l.* During the same week eighteen new petitions have been filed, in fifteen of them the owners being also the petitioners, and the total number of petitions filed in the court to the 2nd instant is 1,477. The fresh batch of petitions present the same melancholy array of enormous liabilities and inadequate assets exhibited by the vast majority of those which have hitherto been brought under the operation of this court.

A numerous meeting, on the subject of the *Duty on Paper*, was held at the London Tavern on the 2nd instant. Mr. Cowan, M.P., presided, and, in his opening speech, forcibly sketched the oppressive limitations which clog the manufacturer—

"At the beginning of the century there were twenty-seven exciseable articles; of which there remain but six or seven at the present time. Of these there is but one article which bears on the face of it primâ facie evidence of the duty having been charged by means of the label fastened on it: that article is paper. The absence of this label subjects the manufacturer to a tax of 10*l.*; it used to be 100*l.* There is but one article subject to detention for a single moment after the duty has been charged: that article is paper. Yet one would think that it should be the other way, in consequence of paper bearing the label on the face of it. But the contrary is the fact, for the Excise obliges the manufacturer to keep his paper twenty-four hours before he can send it out; and this time is calculated from the period when the officer visits his work. The process of charging the paper is also a peculiar one, for the paper label which is pasted on must be dry before the duty is charged. When this has to be done with regard to every description of paper and on every ream, and when moreover it has to be weighed and wrapped up by the officer, it imposes an amount of labour and consumes a quantity of time, which is very singular in this so-called free-trade country. If so much time were uselessly expended in the manufacture of any other articles—such as gloves, for instance—it would not be allowed to continue a week, for the voice of the country would be instantly raised against it. It is because the paper-manufacturers are a small body scattered over the country, and are not concentrated in a particular locality like the manufacturers of Birmingham and Sheffield, that these unfair restrictions are allowed to continue. Mr. Cowan showed the meeting some paper made in Gloucestershire from wheat-straw; the cost of the raw material was 2*s.* a hundredweight, and the tax on the manufactured result is 14*s.* 9*d.* per hundredweight. Sir Robert Peel took off a duty on cotton which was only five-sixteenths or rather less than a third of a penny per pound; but here the tax is more than a penny-halfpenny per pound; the tax is 700 or 800 per cent. on the original value of the article; it is therefore a tax on labour. In Paris, 30,000 females find employment in making paper boxes; so that in that metropolis small purchases are presented, not in white-brown paper, but in elegant little boxes; those boxes come into this country at 10 per cent. on their value, but if they were made in this country they would be taxed 200 per cent. on the value of the material." Mr. Cassell, a publisher, showed the injurious manner in which the tax affected cheap literature; he was publishing a history of England for the working classes, which was brought out in sixpenny volumes; and when the work was completed the tax paid to the Government would not be less than 200*l.* If the tax were repealed, it would enable the publishers of cheap literature to employ and pay the first authors of the day, and to issue their publications in a neat and handsome garb that would adorn the shelves of the working classes. He could tell them that there was nearly 300*l.* of taxation upon every impression

of the *Working Man's Friend.* It had been alleged that if the tax were taken off, the country would be flooded with the vilest publications: but his opinion was precisely the reverse, for he believed if the tax were taken off that the people of England would not be bamboozled with cant and balderdash; they would demand good and sound literature, and if it were given to them they would understand it. As it is they prefer the translation of French literature to our own bad and trashy writing. In his own case, he had given in the *Working Man's Friend* an opportunity to the working classes to write in that periodical for themselves; and the result had been, that 596 articles had been furnished by the working men of England in the course of ten months. He had not been able to insert the whole of those articles, but he had printed and published 130 of them, all of which had been contributed by blacksmiths, colliers, and almost all sorts of working men. To those men he had awarded prizes and 130 books in payment of their writing, and 130 volumes had been given away. In no case had he been called upon in the distribution for a low class of literature, but on the contrary for the very highest that could be commanded. It was evident, therefore, that if the working classes possessed a cheap and healthy literature they would buy their magazine or newspaper to read at home instead of going into all sorts of places to spend their money."

Mr. Holyoake moved, as an amendment, an addition to the original resolution, to the effect of adding the repeal of the newspaper stamp and advertisement duty to that of the duty on paper. Mr. Milner Gibson supported the enlarged proposition, which was put and carried by acclamation.

There have been several other meetings *on the same subject* in the provinces. In the Town Council of Birmingham, on the 7th, Alderman Baldwin moved the adoption of a petition to Parliament against the taxes on paper and advertisements, and the stamp-duty on newspapers; especially founding his case on the grievances in connexion with the paper-tax, which he himself as a manufacturer effectively pointed out. Mr. Baldwin stated that if the paper-tax were repealed, he alone could give employment to five hundred additional persons within twelve months. Mr. Charles Sturge seconded the motion, and spoke especially against the penny-stamp. Alderman Smith and Alderman Martineau opposed the motion, as more fitting for the consideration of the Chamber of Commerce. Alderman Muntz declared against the principle of giving up altogether the discussion of such subjects: the town of Birmingham pays a larger proportionate share of the paper-duty than any community in the empire. The motion was carried almost unanimously; Alderman Martineau and Mr. Cox alone holding up their hands against it.

There was a meeting of Yorkshire paper-manufacturers, at Leeds, on the same date, at which resolutions against the tax were unanimously passed.

The Prelates of the *Established Church in Ireland* have addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury complaining, that in the recent addresses of the English prelates to her Majesty, they designated themselves the archbishops and bishops "of the Church of England," in place of "the united Church of England and Ireland," according to the act of George the Third, uniting the Churches of England and Ireland into one Protestant establishment. The complainants say:—"We have painfully felt that, of late years, as well in legislating on ecclesiastical affairs as on many public occasions, a disposition has been manifested to regard the Irish provinces of the United Church as if they did not form an integral portion of the one Church of the nation. We are conscious that the Irish branch of the Church is peculiarly exposed to the attacks of its enemies; and we are on that account the more apprehensive of any step being taken which has a tendency, even in appearance, to dissociate our provinces and bishoprics from that great community with which it is our happiness, and, we hope, our safety, to be identified. We therefore not unnaturally fear the effect which may be produced by a movement on the part of our English brethren against a common adversary, in which they have not only acted without any concert or communication with us, but have styled themselves by a name which would seem to intimate that they are Prelates of a separate Church from ours, and wish to appear so before her Majesty. We beg to assure your Grace, that, in submitting this statement to your consideration, we are not actuated by any wounded feeling of disappointment or of dissatisfaction; but we deem that we owe it to the Church in which we bear office, to guard, as far as is in our power, against a separation being made between the component parts of the National Church, which were most solemnly and authoritatively united together in one. We confidently hope that the form of designation employed in your address was adopted inadvertently, and not from a design to disclaim a connection with the provinces of Armagh and Dublin. And we trust that we may reckon on having the aid, the sympathy, and the prayers of the Archbishops and Bishops of the provinces of Canterbury and York in whatever difficulties and dangers may yet await our portion of the Church."—The Archbishop of Canterbury in his answer, dated the 31st of December, and addressed to the Archbishop of Armagh, says:—"I am anxious to assure your Grace, and my other Right Reverend brethren in Ireland, that this designation did not originate in any desire to represent ourselves as a separate body, but was employed solely because in the present instance 'the movement of the common adversary' was immediately directed against ourselves. It did not appear to any of the Bishops whom I had the opportunity of consulting, that we could properly invite the Irish Bishops to complain of an aggression which only affected the Church in England. At the same time, I am ready, for my own part, to acknowledge that the document would have been more correctly worded if it had been written in the name of the English Archbishops and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland. It would have been better to have indited an inharmonious sentence, than to have given ground for the apprehensions expressed in your Grace's letter. I will take an early opportunity of communicating the letter to my episcopal brethren, who at present are dispersed in their various dioceses. But I can venture to say, in their behalf, that we all consider the Irish branch of the United Church to be so closely identified with our own, that if one member suffers the other cannot fail to suffer with it; and that in all cases where co-operation is desirable or practicable, we shall be ready to act with your Grace and the other Irish prelates as an united body."

The Irish Prelates have since presented an address to the Queen, chiefly relating to the above subject. In conclusion they pray that, "whatever may be the defensive measures determined on for securing the National Church against injury, the two portions of it may not be regarded or treated as having separate interests, but that one and the same legislative protection may be extended to both branches of the Church in common."

A meeting of the lay members of the Church of England, in the districts of St. Paul's and St. Barnabas, in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, was held on the 8th, for the purpose of addressing the Bishop of London against the *Romish Practices* still carried on in those churches. Mr. J. G. Harris, the chairman, after going into the details of those Romanising practices, concluded by stating, that all of them were still carried out, save the lighting of candles, and it behoved them to request the Lord Bishop of London to at once exercise his authority in removing evils utterly repugnant to the true principles of Christianity. Mr. Freeth, in moving the adoption of an address to the Bishop of London, observed that the doctrines of Mr. Bennett had caused amongst his own family much unhappiness and estrangement. He moved an address, thanking the bishop for "the firm and decisive manner" in which he had persisted in his acceptance of Mr. Bennett's resignation; stating, that the ceremonies introduced by Mr. Bennett were still continued, with the exception of lighting the candles; and praying the bishop to restore "that pure and simple form of worship which is especially adapted to the capacity and understanding of the poor, and which has been supplanted by an excess of ritualism, by tones and gestures, by bowings and crossings, and by other mummeries of superstition." Several speakers warmly denied the charges against

Mr. Bennett, and one of them, Mr. Gibson, as a member of Mr. Bennett's congregation, regretted that so good a man should have been spoken of in such unchristian and bitter terms by persons professing themselves to be members of the Church of England. He had been a constant attendant at St. Barnabas, and he declared that he never witnessed what were called Romanising mummeries. The proceedings were repeatedly interrupted by noise and uproar, but ultimately the address was adopted by a large majority.

A letter from the Bishop of Durham, on the subject of the *Papal Aggression*, has been published. It is addressed to the Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, and indicates the measures which, in the writer's opinion, are called for at the present time. On this head the bishop says:—"I am persuaded that no wish exists generally for any measure but what self-defence requires. An outrageous attack has been made upon us; but I trust adequate means may be devised for our own security without disturbing the free exercise of religion by others or infringing their rights of conscience. It surely cannot be necessary to the maintenance of these great ends that a foreign potentate should be permitted to insult a great nation, trample upon the rights of the sovereign as secured by law, and disturb the peace and good order of the Established Church. In order to prevent such evils, it may be necessary to provide some restrictions upon the introduction and circulation of Papal bulls in this island; and to prohibit the assumption of episcopal titles conferred by Rome and deriving the name from any place in this country. It may also be desirable to forbid the existence of monastic institutions, strictly so called; nor can the residence of any Jesuits appear otherwise than injurious among Scotch and English Protestants. That order is well known to have shown itself so dangerous, that it was suppressed by Clement XIV. in 1773, with the approbation of all wise and good men. What species or amount of merit may have brought them again into favour at Rome, I profess myself unable to determine: but I am sure you will agree with me, that a body of men whose principles and conduct have been so justly reprobated in Catholic countries cannot be looked upon as desirable neighbours among Protestants like ourselves."

A *New Romish Bishopric* has been formed in the south of Ireland, the late united diocese of Cloyne and Ross having, at the earnest prayer of Dr. Murphy, the present bishop, been divided by the Pope into two; Dr. Murphy to remain Bishop of Cloyne, and the Rev. Dr. Ryan, parish priest of Middleton, having been appointed to the diocese of Ross. The bull for the consecration of the new bishop has arrived, and is in the hands of Dr. Slattery, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel.

A correspondence, on the subject of *Mr. Bennett's resignation* of the incumbency of St. Paul's and St. Barnabas, has been published. Sir John Harington and Mr. Gibson, on behalf of the Congregation, wrote to Mr. Bennett on the 7th instant, objecting to his resignation, on the ground that it was not valid in law; that it was a mere promise, inadvertently made, and should not be followed up. Mr. Bennett, in reply, declared that he repudiated the temporal law as binding on the conscience in spiritual matters; that though he should be found wrong in temporal law, he would not forego his obedience to the far higher court of God, and to the Bishop's judgment that he is guilty of unfaithfulness to the Church of England: and that he would therefore sign the legal documents of resignation on the 25th of March. The congregation then applied to the Bishop of London, proposing that he should "specify what, in the administration of the services at St. Paul's and St. Barnabas, he wished to be altered, omitted, or supplied." They said that they desired to try in the Ecclesiastical Courts those questions for which Mr. Bennett had been pronounced unfaithful to the Church of England; and to raise those questions with the least possible delay and expense, admitted the facts in an amicable spirit, contending not for victory but truth. The Bishop, however, closed the correspondence by declining, through his secretary, to accede to the request.

A numerously attended meeting, having for its object *the Revival of Convocation*, was held at Freemasons' Hall on the 14th. Mr. Henry Hoare presided. An address to the Queen was moved by Mr. Dudley Perceval, and seconded by Dr. Biber, praying, upon a variety of considerations, stated at great length, that her Majesty, "agreeably to the solemn pledge given at her coronation, would issue her royal licence to the Convocations of Canterbury and York, on their next assembling according to custom at the commencement of the session of Parliament, in order, that, upon their advice, and her Majesty's assent, such steps might be taken as should be best calculated not only to vindicate the Church of England from the recent aggression of the See of Rome, but to provide for the suppression within the Church of unsound doctrine of every description, by reason of which the Church is grievously divided, as well for the development of her internal resources in such wise as might best enable her to do her proper work in promoting the salvation of souls, and in dispelling the mists of ignorance, error, and superstition, by the bright beams of Christ's holy gospel." An amendment was moved by the Rev. W. Cox, and seconded by Mr. J. J. Cummins, to the effect that the independent action of Synods or Convocation is not sanctioned by the laws of England; that it is the prerogative of the Crown to convene both Houses of Convocation, to deliberate upon such matters as may be committed to them, but that it is equally the right of the Crown to prevent them from being made the arena of party discussions, as they have heretofore been, and would undoubtedly become again; and that in the present agitated state of the Church, it would not conduce to peace or concord, were the Houses of Convocation to be permitted to discuss any question of faith or discipline of the Church of England, as already settled by her articles and formularies. After a long debate the amendment was negatived, and the original address carried by a great majority.

A great meeting of the friends of the Liberal and Free-trade interests in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire was held on the 23d at Manchester, mainly for the purpose of hearing addresses from the representatives of the largest of those constituencies upon *the present aspect of public affairs* previously to the opening of Parliament. The chief speakers were Messrs. Milner Gibson, Cobden, and Bright. Mr. Milner Gibson drew attention to the successful issue of the policy supported by Mr. Cobden and his friends, in reference to the national finances, and attributed the leaning towards reduction of taxation shown by the present government to the influence of the Council of the Free-trade party. He declared himself opposed to dealing with taxation upon the narrow grounds of whether there was a surplus or a deficiency, and wished to see it based upon well-considered principles. He then enumerated several taxes which might be reduced without losing revenue. He instanced the taxes on tea and coffee; and, referring to the rumoured abolition of the window tax, he censured the proposed substitution of a house tax. He then gave an eloquent summary of the arguments in favour of the abolition of taxes upon knowledge, and advocated the removal of the stamp, advertisement, and paper duties. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Bright dwelt chiefly upon the panic about Papal Aggression; and Mr. Bright stated that all the most widely-circulated local papers in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the adjacent counties of the East and North, have refused to give any countenance to the cry, and in many instances have boldly and resolutely opposed it. Mr. Cobden marked the difficulty and incongruity of legislation on the subject, by a prominent statement of the qualification for a spiritual war with the alleged aggressor, of our House of Commons—containing its forty or fifty Roman Catholics, (and more of them coming from Ireland,) an Independent or two, three or four Unitarians, a Quaker, and the prospect of a Jew. He concluded by a reference to his own public career. Alluding to his having been called a disappointed demagogue, he said: "This disappointed demagogue wants no public employment: if I did, I might have had it before now. I want no favour, and, as my friend Bright says, no title. I want nothing that any government or any party can give me; and if I am in the House of Commons at all, it is to give my feeble aid to

the advancement of certain questions, on which I have strong convictions. Deprive me of that power; tell me I am not to do this, because it is likely to destroy a government with which at the present moment I can have no sympathy; I say, then, the sooner I return to printing calicoes, or something more profitable than sitting up in the House of Commons night after night in that way, the better both for me and my friends."

NARRATIVE OF LAW AND CRIME.

WILLIAM Henry Marshall, a servant out of place at Brighton, *attempted to Murder his Wife*, and afterwards committed *suicide*, on the 30th of December. At three o'clock in the morning his wife was awoke by a knocking at the door, on opening which she observed that her husband was almost in a state of nudity. "Why did he return home in that state?" she inquired. He replied "To kill you," and suiting the action to the word, he seized her by the shoulders, and then grasped her throat. Nearly naked as she was, she rushed into the street, followed by her husband, who caught her in the middle of the road. They then struggled together till she fell, and he upon her. She raised the cry of "Police" and "Murder," and then effected her escape. As she ran off she saw a razor in his hand, and he having raised himself again fell. She then returned to him and found the blood gushing from his throat and a razor lying beside him. By the time that several persons, alarmed by her cries, reached the spot, the man was dead. A coroner's jury gave a Verdict of Temporary Insanity.

On new year's eve *a horrible Murder was committed in Paris*. Two old ladies, Madame Ribault and Mademoiselle Lebelle, jointly occupied an apartment in the Rue Bourbon Chateau, Faubourg St. Germain. The former has published several successful works on education, but has latterly devoted her time to writing articles for periodical publications, and more particularly for the "Journal des Demoiselles." The directors of this publication are always in the habit of sending one of the clerks to settle the monthly accounts of the parties who contribute articles to the work. A man named Laforcade, who was sent to settle the old lady's account, had some months since a violent altercation with her, he having made a mistake on his own side of 5f. On this occasion the amount due to Mme. Ribault was 400f., when Laforcade offered her 200f., saying that she had already received 200f. on account. This she denied, when the clerk presented her with a receipt for that sum with her name affixed to it, but which signature she immediately declared to be a forgery. On this a violent altercation ensued, when the clerk suddenly attacked Mme. Ribault, and struck her several blows on the head and chest with a sharp instrument, which he had concealed about him. She fell to the ground senseless, and apparently dead. The noise of her fall attracted the attention of Mdlle. Lebelle, who was in another room, and she hastened to ascertain the cause of it. The moment she entered the room, the clerk flew at her, and in a few moments she was lying on the floor a corpse. The murderer then returned to his residence at Montmartre. Madame Ribault, after some time, recovered from her state of insensibility, and although exhausted from loss of blood, managed to crawl to a table on which was a small bell, with which she hoped to bring assistance. The noise of carriages in the street prevented the bell from being heard, and it was not for some hours after that some persons ascending the staircase entered the apartment. The commissary of police was immediately sent for, and received from the lips of Madame Ribault a recital of what had taken place. A warrant for the arrest of the murderer was immediately issued, and he was taken at the office, to which he had gone as usual, in the belief that no one could appear against him. It appears that after the assassin had gone away, Madame Ribault, whilst lying bleeding on the floor, feared that she would die before assistance should arrive; she accordingly attempted to trace in blood on her chemise characters which would indicate the assassin; but, reflecting that they would not be legible, she, by a great effort, managed to crawl to a chimney-board, where she traced with her finger, dipped in blood, the letters "Commis de M. T——." These letters are very irregular, but are perfectly legible; some others that follow the letter T. are illegible. After this Madame Ribault began to make as much noise as her failing strength would allow, in order to attract assistance, and at last the door of her apartment was forced open. The courage displayed by this old lady was extraordinarily great; for eight hours she remained lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and every hour became weaker and weaker, and, during all this time, the corpse of her murdered companion was lying near her. After Madame Ribault had been stabbed by the assassin in different places, he attempted to thrust a piece of cloth into her throat, but she succeeded in dragging it away. The cloth in question—a napkin—was found; it bore the marks of teeth and blood. It was believed that Madame Lebelle had been strangled; but, on examination of her throat by medical men, none of the contusions caused by strangulation could be discovered. In examining her mouth a black pin was found, and afterwards a piece of black riband was seen in the throat. By the aid of instruments this was pulled up, and to it was attached the cap which Madame Ribault had worn on the previous evening. It had been pressed into a sort of ball, and thrust violently into the throat of the deceased by a stick, or some such sort of thing. The assassin attempted suicide by opening a vein with a piece of glass which he took from the window; but he was discovered in time.

A *daring Robbery* was committed during the night of the 1st inst., at Downlands, in Sussex, the house of the Misses Farncombe. At three in the morning five men broke into the house, through a window of the dairy. They went up stairs and entered the bed-room of Thomas Wood, the man-servant. Aroused by the noise, he leaped from bed and seized his gun, but before he had time to present it he was knocked down by a blow from the butt end of a pistol. Each man had a lighted candle and a pistol. They were disguised and wore masks. Upon coming into the room some of them exclaimed, "There is the ——," and they threatened him with instant death if he did not remain quiet. One of them acted as captain, and he employed threats to his followers whenever they did not do as he requested. It is evident they were not quite strangers, for they called the servant by his name, "Tom," and one of the party demanded of the others that he should be quieted (killed) for having a gun in his hand at the time of coming in; and upon this two held guard over him, while the others went to a door at the other end of the room, and while there consulted whether they should kill him. Afterwards they burst in the panels of this door, and entered a dressing-room which led into Miss Susan Farncombe's bed-room. She screamed, but was compelled by the threats of the burglars to be quiet. When Wood heard his mistress scream, he implored the two fellows who guarded him to prevent their companions from injuring her or his other ladies, and one of them went away for such purpose. They demanded money, and commenced ransacking the boxes, cupboards, &c., passing quickly from room to room, and guarding the different passages of the house. They held possession of the house for two hours without being disturbed, and, after they had regaled themselves plentifully from the larder, and the wine-cellar, at length departed with their booty—a considerable sum of money and much valuable plate. At one o'clock on that night, some persons returning home from a party had noted seven men on the road near Downlands; at half-past five the brother-in-law of Wood met seven men near Ringle's Cross-gate. Wood's sword was found near the Cross-gate, his gun was found in the river near Maresfield tan-yard, and one of the masks worn by the burglars was picked up on the road.

Six of the robbers have been arrested and committed for trial. The apprehension of three of them was accidental, and took place on the evening of the burglary, on another charge. The names of these three are John Hamilton, John Smith, and James Smith. They were at a village called Groombridge, where Hamilton gave John

Smith into custody on a charge of having taken a sovereign from him. In the meantime, the Police of the Tunbridge Wells district having received intelligence of a burglary committed at a Mr. Kenward's at Hartfield, and thinking the whole party suspicious characters, proceeded to search them, and found upon them a five-pound note of the Lewes bank, a coat, umbrella, and mask. These were taken to Downlands, and the coat and umbrella were at once recognised by the butler and housekeeper of the Misses Farncombe. Two more, named Hillyer and Morgan, were captured, after a desperate resistance, by the Guildford Police, in a beer-shop in that town, and several of the articles stolen from the house at Downlands found upon them. Another man, named Joseph Carter, was taken at Woking; on whose person was also found part of the stolen property, and a pistol loaded with slugs. Morgan was identified by the butler as the man who knocked him down with the pistol, and Carter as the man who kept guard over him. During the investigation, evidence was given of four other burglaries with which the prisoners appear to have been connected.

At the Warwickshire Sessions, on the 2nd, Holloway, a turnkey in the County Gaol at Coventry, was found guilty of *procuring a key* to be made which would fit ninety of the locks in the gaol, with the object of facilitating the escape of Thompson, a prisoner awaiting trial for forging Bank-of-England notes. Thompson had promised Holloway 100*l*. if he should escape. The treacherous turnkey is sentenced to transportation for fourteen years.

The Mountfield Police, in Tyrone, having lately discovered *an illicit Distillery* in the country, made three[illegible]een prisoners. While conveying them away, the officers were fired upon from some heath, and one of them was wounded in the thigh. The Police replied with a running fire from their rear rank, and succeeded in carrying off their prisoners. It was found necessary to amputate the wounded man's leg.

In the *Insolvent Court*, on the 4th, Thomas Wallis, described as a "doctor of music," was opposed by several creditors, on the grounds that the debts had been improperly contracted, and that the insolvent's arrest was a friendly one to enable him to obtain the benefit of the act. The insolvent said he was a professor of music, and had been made a "doctor of music" by the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and was known as "Dr. Wallis." He denied that he obtained his diploma of doctor through his interest with the cook of the archbishop. Mr. Commissioner Phillips expressed his surprise that the Archbishop of Canterbury could confer such a degree. The insolvent's counsel said that the archbishop had the power to confer degrees, and the insolvent said he had not been examined by the archbishop but had been recommended by Sir H. Bishop. The insolvent denied that the arrest was a friendly one, but the arresting creditor, who was present, admitted that it was. The insolvent was remanded to prison; the commissioner declaring that he would never entertain a petition founded on false evidence.

A middle-aged married woman, named Elizabeth Poole, committed *Suicide* on the 4th. From an inquest held on her body, in University College Hospital, it appeared that she and her husband, who had been twenty-one years married, were mutually jealous of each other, and that during those jealous ebullitions she had frequently threatened suicide. On the above day one of those love quarrels between them took place, during which the husband struck her. Soon afterwards she went to a female friend named Hancock, to whom she related the circumstance of the quarrel, gave her some money to hand to her husband, and told her that when she was next seen it would be a corpse in an hospital. The same evening she was found insensible and dying on the steps of a gentleman's house in Seymour Street, Euston Square, whence she was conveyed to the hospital, and it was found that she had swallowed oxalic acid, of which she died the following day. A verdict of insanity was given.

A Den of Juvenile Thieves was discovered by the police on the Monday of the 5th, under one of the arches of the South Western Railway, nearest the vacant piece of ground in the York Road. The cave, which had a fireplace in it, was most ingeniously fitted up, having a cooking apparatus, and nearly every article required for domestic purposes. A place to keep the victuals in was sunk in the ground, and secured from dirt by a lid similar to the iron-grating over the area coal-vaults in the public streets. By fastening boards and canvas to the cave, they succeeded in keeping out the weather, whilst a quantity of straw served the gang for a bed. How it was possible for any one to live in the place seems incredible, for neither of the officers were able to stand upright in the cave, and to enter it they were obliged to force their way backwards, the opening being too small to admit of their going in, in the regular way. Five of the youths were apprehended and conveyed to the station. Next day they were brought up before the Lambeth Police Court, and sentenced to terms of imprisonment from six to three weeks.

On the 6th, a respectable looking young woman was charged at the Southwark Police Court, on her own confession, with *Stealing a Gold Watch* from a gentleman in the city. On the previous night she had come up to a policeman on duty, and confessing the crime, told him she was impelled by remorse to give herself up to justice. On inquiry, it appeared that there was no foundation for this self-accusation; and the girl, questioned by the magistrate as to her motive in making it, said that she was out later than she was in the habit of being, and unwilling to disturb the family with whom she lived, and rather than remain in the streets, walking about all night, and subject herself to insult, she brought the whole accusation against herself, with a view of being taken to the station house. The magistrate dismissed her with a lecture on the folly and impropriety of her conduct.

A little boy, named Joseph Neville, was charged at the Mansion House on the 6th, with having picked a *Gentleman's Pocket* of a handkerchief. The prisoner was not expert in the office, and was caught in the act by the prosecutor, who seized and held him. The Lord Mayor: How long have you been picking pockets? Prisoner; I have been at it just three months, sir. The Lord Mayor: And how many pockets have you picked in that time? Prisoner (shaking his head) I really don't know. The Lord Mayor: Do you mean that you don't know because they were so many? Prisoner: I do, your lordship. The Lord Mayor then sentenced the wretched child to be imprisoned for one month, and gave some particular directions respecting him to the principal gaoler.

Moses Barnett, a Jew dealer, was convicted at the Central Criminal Court on the 7th, of *Feloniously Receiving a quantity of Indigo*, knowing it to be stolen. The principal witness was Henry Sellers, a lad of fifteen, by whom the indigo had been stolen, from whose evidence it appeared that the prisoner was one of those persons who carry on a systematic plan of getting hold of young boys in service, and tempting them to rob their employers. He was sentenced to transportation for ten years.

At the Bristol Quarter Sessions on the 7th, James Simpson was indicted for having *Stolen a Purse* in a railway carriage from a young woman. The prosecutrix was journeying to Bristol by the express train, when the prisoner took his seat in the same carriage. She felt him force himself up against her three or four times, and at length, in consequence of a communication made to her by a lady who sat on the opposite seat, she was induced to search her pockets, when she missed her purse and its contents. Upon the arrival of the train at Bristol she gave an alarm, and the prisoner made a desperate effort to escape, but a hue and cry having been raised, he was pursued and seized by some of the company's officers, who found upon him various sums of money, evidently the proceeds of robberies, and a purse of gold, which was identified by a lady named Powell, as having during the day been abstracted from her pocket. The prisoner having been found guilty, the court ordered him to be transported for ten years'; upon hearing which he fell down at the bar as if fainting, but upon being roused again by the gaolers, he thrust out his tongue in recognition of some friends in the gallery, and then left the court.

At the Reading General Quarter Sessions, Robert

Dace, a well-dressed young man, who had been a teacher of music at Abingdon, was indicted for having stolen a *Gold Pencil-case*. It appeared that on the 3rd of August the prisoner visited the house of a Mr. Davis, for the purpose of tuning a pianoforte. He was left alone some time in the room where the pencil-case was. He left as usual, and on the following morning it was missed from the work-box where it had been deposited. About the middle of the month the prisoner offered it for sale to a Mrs. Beckinsall, and she bought it of him for 10*s*. Some days after he had sold it he applied to have it returned, as he feared that "the person from whom he had had it had come by it dishonestly." The police then got a knowledge of the affair, and the prisoner was apprehended. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and evidence was then gone into of two previous convictions for felony, upon which the prisoner had been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. The chairman, in passing sentence, observed that the court did not think that the prisoner, occupying such a position as he had, would be likely (having been previously convicted of felonies) to reform and become an honest man. They therefore deemed it necessary to inflict a severe sentence, and that was, that the prisoner be transported for the term of his natural life. The prisoner seemed astonished at the sentence, and a feeling of surprise appeared to be felt by the crowd which had assembled in the court.

William Strange, bookseller, in Paternoster-row, came up before the *Bankruptcy Court* on the 10th, on the question of passing his last examination. His name had acquired considerable notoriety in connexion with certain proceedings in the Court of Chancery, known as the Royal Etchings case. It may be remembered that Strange having been imprisoned for debt, his wife wrote to Prince Albert requesting a remission of the costs for the non-payment of which her husband was incarcerated. His Royal Highness acceded to the prayer of Mrs. Strange in a generous manner, and has since then acted towards the bankrupt in a still more munificent spirit. Prince Albert is a creditor under this estate for 200*l*., law costs, but has, through Colonel Anson, intimated his intention to forego this claim. An application on behalf of the bankrupt, for an adjournment, as the balance-sheet was not yet in readiness, was made and agreed to.

Several cases of *Violent Assault with intent to Rob* have occurred in the streets of London.

Mr. Henry Francis Seymour, a retired military officer, was walking homewards to Hackney through Shoreditch late on the night of the 18th, when four men set on him at the corner of a street and tried to overpower him. He was struggling desperately when a policeman scared them, and they fled; but Mr. Seymour caught one, and held him fast. When the constable came up this ruffian audaciously charged Mr. Seymour with odious conduct; but the constable knew the accuser too well, and took him to prison.

As Mr. T. C. Wigs and his little son, a boy of twelve, were returning home on the night of the 13th, through Walworth Road, Mr. Wigs was *Attacked from behind*, and beaten heavily on the head; but his assailant presently ran away. A policeman shortly came up with the offender in custody; and at the police station it was found that he was Charles Wood, an omnibus driver, an associate of thieves, and brother of a "proprietor of omnibuses," who has just completed a term of imprisonment in Paris for a felony committed there. Close to the spot where the policeman caught Wood, a whip made of gutta-percha with a heavily leaded butt was picked up,—evidently the weapon employed in the assault. Mr. Wigs has been in a dangerous condition.

As Mr. Leffler, the singer, was going along the Kennington Road, about 12 o'clock at night on the 16th, he was run up against by a woman, and a man behind her, exclaiming, "What do you mean by insulting my wife?" immediately made a violent attack on him, in which the woman joined. He defended himself with his umbrella till a constable came up, when they were both taken into custody. Next day they were brought before the Lambeth Police Court, and remanded.

A gang of *Swindling Bill-discounters* has been discovered by the Police, and a person of gentlemanly appearance and manners, calling himself Capt. Routledge, has been arrested as being their chief. They have for some years carried on their practices with impunity, under a variety of designations; Wigram and Co., Taylor and Co., Hill and Co., Green and Co., Hankey and Co., Gurney and Co., and lastly Bruce and Co. Mr. Richard Johnson, of the flint-glass works, St. Helen's, Lancashire, was induced by the promising circulars of "Messrs. Bruce and Co." to apply for their pecuniary aid; and he received in the way of their business a bill of exchange for 213*l*. 16*s*., drawn by them, and accepted and endorsed by other imaginary persons; for which he paid 10*l*. commission. Mr. Johnson got it discounted, and at the time of its maturity forwarded to "Messrs. Bruce" the funds to redeem it from the London banker at whose place of business it was made payable: but the bill was not taken up, and on inquiry no parties could be found who answered the description of "Messrs. Bruce;" so that Mr. Johnson had to pay a second time. The police traced the swindlers to their retreat in Stoke Newington, and bursting into the house, discovered Captain Routledge in the midst of all the paraphernalia of his fraudulent occupation. Bills of exchange were found amounting to 3517*l*.; money to the amount of 150*l*. in gold and half-notes; a vast number of pawnbroker's tickets for pieces of broad-cloth and other goods; and more than a truck-load of the circulars by which the Messrs. Bruce offered their pecuniary aid on easy and confidential terms. It appears from the investigations of the Police, that the address of the swindling firm has been successively in several of the suburban streets; that no number was ever given with the address on the circular; and that the address given was never that of the street at the time inhabited, but of one occupied some time before; and yet that the letters always found their way by regular course of post to the actual place of business of the swindlers. These circumstances had afforded them great additional means of concealment. The prisoner has been remanded, in expectation that a mass of additional charges will be made against him.

The protracted and important cause of *Thewles* v. *Kelly* was brought to an issue on the 11th, in the Court of Delegates at Dublin, when an unanimous judgment was given in favour of the appellant, Miss Thewles. The case arose out of the will of the late Mr. Edmond Kelly, a Galway solicitor and land-agent, who had accumulated an enormous fortune in real and personal property, to the amount of 3,000*l*. a-year in landed estates, and 250,000*l*. in the funds, which was left by the disputed will to the respondent, who, it is alleged, was married to him. On the part of the appellants, it was contended that the will was the result of undue influence, and the delegates were unanimous in annulling that instrument. Heretofore, in this long litigated case, the decisions have all been in favour of Mrs. Kelly, who had meantime made arrangements for lending 200,000*l*. to the directors of the Midland and Great Western Railway, charged as a mortgage on the new line from Athlone to Galway. There had been a previous suit between Mrs. Kelly and the heir-at-law for the freehold property, which was abandoned in consequence of an arrangement; and then the next of kin, Miss Thewles, instituted a suit for the invalidation of the will. The respondent was also condemned to all the costs of the proceedings, amounting to 15,000*l*.

An act of *Horrible Cruelty*, by which the whole live stock of a farmer was destroyed, was perpetrated on Sunday the 12th, at Dagnell near Dunstable. Mr. Cutler, a small farmer residing in the above village, was roused from sleep during the night, by the moaning noise of one of his pigs, and on going into the yard found the poor animal mutilated in a most shocking manner, being, in appearance, chopped in two across the loins with a bill or axe. Fearing that more mischief had been done to his stock, he went round his premises, and discovered, to his horror, that all his cows, six in number, had been cruelly cut about the hind-legs, the hamstrings completely separated, and the tail of one of the animals cut off. Mr. Cutler immediately sent for a butcher, and had the poor animals slaughtered. Suspicion fell upon a man who had recently been working for Mr. Cutler. This man

had disputed with his employer at the time of settling on Saturday night, and when he left the premises held out a threat that he would serve him out for it. Information was given to the police, who went to the cottage of the man and apprehended him while in bed. His clothes were marked with blood, and there were other suspicious appearances. He was taken before the magistrates and remanded for further examination. After the hearing, the man, whose name is Norman, and described as a labourer, was taken to Ivinghoe cage, but on the police officers going to the place on the following morning it was discovered that he had fled. It is supposed the prisoner had been assisted to escape from his confinement by persons on the outside, for, on examining the building, the wall was found to have been undermined, and a hole made large enough to admit a man's body.

Charles Gomez, a South American, was charged at Guildhall on the 14th, with *assaulting* Antonio Gomez, a Spaniard. The assault having been proved by a policeman, the prisoner told his story. I am (he said), a bow and arrow maker, and used to live in Liverpool-street. Antonio Gomez came to me and told me he could get me a great deal of custom among his connexions in England. He often came to my house, and soon afterwards I found him with my wife in a dark room. I forbid him my house. I have often met them since arm in arm. Upon the last occasion I told him I would kill him if ever I caught them together again. After all this, last night I was walking through St. Paul's churchyard, and there I saw him walking with my wife again, and they were laughing and talking together; I was enraged at it and struck him, and I could not help doing so. Alderman Farebrother—And I think you served him right. If I had caught a man with my wife in the same manner, I would have broken every bone in his skin. You were wrong to attempt to make use of a knife though; and as for you (turning to the complainant, who was preparing to sneak out of the court), the sooner such disreputable characters as yourself return to their own country, the better. Such tricks as these may do there, where the people are not so particular; but in a Christian country like this we don't allow them. Now go away, and never let me see you here again under similar circumstances, or I shall place you where the prisoner now stands. I shall dismiss this case; and (to prisoner) I would advise you, if ever you find that man with your wife again, to give him a good thrashing, but use no knives.

In the Inland Revenue Court, on the 15th, a number of tradesmen were convicted of *Adulterating articles in which they Dealt.* Thomas Christie, a grocer, in an extensive business at Whitechapel was fined 300*l.* for adulterating pepper with rice. Thomas Shelton Little, Pultney Street; Edward Shellis, Bedford Place, Commercial Road; William Lawson, Commercial Road; G. Johnston, Whitechapel; E. F. Lelle, and B. Taylor, Whitechapel Road, were each fined 200*l.* for a similar offence. Others were fined in smaller amounts.

Mrs. Kinder, a farmer's widow, residing in the neighbourhood of Hattersley in Cheshire, was *Murdered* on the evening of the 16th. She had been left for a short time alone in the house, and was found by the maid-servant lying in the parlour, dead and covered with blood. The drawers in the room were open, and had been ransacked. The murderers have not been discovered.

The Rev. R. A. Johnstone, Rector of Ingrave, who was charged before the magistrates at Brentwood with a *Criminal Assault* on a servant-girl (see "Household Narrative" for November last, page 251), having received notice from the bishop of the diocese of his lordship's intention to issue a commission of inquiry into the scandal and evil report arising out of the proceedings in the case, has presented a petition to the bishop, praying that he may be allowed to withdraw from the charge of the parishes of Ingrave and West Horndon. The bishop has appointed a curate to reside in the rectory house.

Mr. Richard Randell, a gold-beater in Norton Street, *Committed Suicide* on the 17th in Kensal Green cemetery. He was found by a policeman, lying on his face in a pool of coagulated blood, on the north side of the cemetery, close to the shrubbery which divides the grounds. A razor was found at his side, with which he had inflicted two frightful gashes in his throat. The body was quite cold and stiff. In deceased's pocket were his name and address. At the inquest on his body, a lady deposed that at twelve o'clock on Friday she was in the cemetery, when deceased rushed towards her, and standing in front of her stared wildly at her a few seconds. He then rushed behind the monument where he was found, and cut his throat; the blood gushing out. A labourer stated that he saw the deceased walking towards the shrubbery where the body was found, with his note-book in his hand, as if sketching the monument. A verdict was found of Insanity.

At the Worship Street Police Court, Susan Nunn, a showily-dressed young woman of thirty, was charged with *Robbing Young Children of their Clothes* in the streets of St. George's-in-the-East. A swarm of little girls and boys, "estimated by the gaoler to be nearly fifty in number," and varying in age from six to thirteen, appeared under the care of their parents or friends to establish two or three score of cases. The prisoner had been placed in a room with several other women, and a number of the children brought in: they all consecutively and without the slightest hesitation identified Nunn as the person who robbed them. The officers arrested her by stratagem. Six cases were proved, and she was sent to Newgate for trial.

A woman named Elizabeth Bainbridge, was *Murdered* on the 20th, near Bury St. Edmunds. She was a married woman, but for some years had lived apart from her husband. She was about 30 years of age, and appears to have borne an exemplary character. Her parents, with whom she had resided since her separation from her husband, are in comfortable circumstances, living at a small farm, and are much respected in the neighbourhood. On the afternoon of the day on which she met with her death, she had been on a visit at her brother's house, the Harrow Inn. She left there between 3 and 4 o'clock to return to her father's, about a mile and a-quarter distant; George Carnt, a man who had been lodging at her brother's for some days past, following her, as is believed, across the fields. It is evident, from the tattered condition of her dress and the state of the ground near the pond where the body was discovered, that a fearful struggle must have ensued between the victim and her murderer. It is conjectured that a refusal to comply with some improper overtures on his part led to a struggle, and that in a moment of revenge he forced her into the pond, where, from the shallowness of the water and the position in which she was found, she must have been held down with considerable violence in order to destroy her life. The pond is in a very lonely situation, and the banks are thickly studded with bushes. On the following day an inquest was held on the body. It presented the appearance of a fine healthy woman of ordinary stature, possessing rather pleasing features, and, with the exception of a slight bruise on the side of the head, there was nothing to indicate that she had met a violent death. Both arms, however, bore marks of having been tightly gripped, evidently inflicted while the poor creature was being held under the water. The evidence of the woman's father, of an officer in the constabulary, of a servant in the inn, and of the surgeon who had examined the body, made a strong case of suspicion against Carnt, who was committed to the county gaol, for trial at the next assizes.

Three children named Daniel Smith, John Watson, and Richard Haines, two of them under nine, and the third under eleven years of age, were brought before the Lord Mayor on the 20th, charged with having *Attempted to Pick Pockets.* They had been followed by a lad, who, to his surprise, saw one of them introduce a piece of stick into the pocket of a gentleman, open the pocket, and upon looking in and ascertaining that it contained nothing, push the stick into the pocket of another customer, while the two others followed closely in readiness to receive whatever luck should turn up. The smallest of the boys said, "Don't you believe a word he says, my lord. It's all nothing but out and out lies." The Lord Mayor: What did you carry that

stick for? Boy: What for? why, to keep away any boys that might want to whack me, to be sure. The police said that the borough, however, where the children lived, was crowded with little creatures who were regularly brought up to the business of alternately begging and robbing. The eldest of the boys said he had neither father nor mother, but he lived with a woman in Mint Street, to whom he paid a penny a night for his bed, and he grubbed about for his victuals in the day. The Lord Mayor: I shall cause inquiries to be made about you, and send you to the House of Occupation. Boy: Don't do that. If you let me go you shan't have me any more, I'll promise you. The Lord Mayor: No. You shall have some protection. As for the other two, they shall be whipped in the presence of their parents, who are here, and discharged.

Several *Poor Orange Venders* were brought before the Clerkenwell Police Court on the 20th, charged by Mr. James, the clerk to the Holborn Union, and several parish officers, with obstructing the streets and creating a nuisance by their cries. Mr. Combe, the magistrate, after hearing some of the cases, in which it was merely proved that the accused had called out "Two a penny oranges," and carried their baskets before them, asked what law was there to prevent parties selling their fruit in the street? Mr. James said they were in the habit of standing two or three together, and surely that was an obstruction. Mr. Combe: Certainly not. Placing their baskets upon the footway must be proved against them so as to cause obstruction, but there was no law to prevent parties selling oranges in the street on Sunday. Mr. James: They ought to walk on the carriage way. Mr. Combe: Oh, no! the foot pavement is free for everybody, and there is no act of parliament to compel people to walk on the carriage way. An overseer of the parish said the calling out of oranges on Sunday was an intolerable nuisance. Mr. Combe: They may call oranges all over the country if they like. Overseer: I am an overseer, and the inhabitants expect protection from me. Mr. Combe: You are not an act of parliament; you are an overseer. What nuisance is it to call out "Two a penny oranges?"

A young man was charged with *Selling his Fruit and Assaulting a Policeman*. The officer saw the prisoner selling his fruit, but there was no evidence of any obstruction, and on the officer taking him into custody he resisted and struck him. Mr. Combe said that the constable had no right to interfere with the prisoner. As he had said before, they had no right to meddle with poor persons for selling oranges. If not in the commission of an illegal act the police had no right to interfere with any one; if they did so they ought to expect resistance and assault. The charges accordingly were dismissed.

William Bristol, a young ruffian, was tried on the 21st, at the Middlesex Sessions, for having *Attempted to Steal* from a person unknown. The prisoner in company with a notorious thief and prostitute, had been detected by a police officer one evening, in Gray's Inn Lane, putting his hand into the pocket of a pen on passing by, but before he had time to take anything his companion gave the alarm and they ran away, but the man was captured. From the evidence given by the police officer it appeared that the prisoner was a member of a gang of daring thieves, and the "deputy" or sub-landlord of a notorious den in Fox Court, Gray's Inn Lane, which was known as the "Thieves' Kitchen," and which was the rendezvous of burglars, pickpockets, prostitutes, and pot stealers; a regular receptacle of stolen property, and where nightly could be seen thieves, prostitutes, and beggars, of all ages and of both sexes, huddled together indiscriminately, there being in some instances eight or ten men, women and children, all in one bed together. Some short time before, the officer had been on duty near Fox Court, and on contriving to peep into the "Kitchen" through a window, he saw the prisoner in a room with a line tied across it, and from this line was suspended a coat, in the pockets of which were placed pocket-handkerchiefs. A dozen little boys surrounded the prisoner, and each in turn tried his skill in removing a handkerchief without moving the coat or shaking [illegible]. If he performed the manœuvre with skill and [illegible]ity, he received the congratulations of the prisoner; if he did it clumsily or in such a manner as would have led to detection, had the operation been performed in the usual manner in the street, the prisoner beat them with severity, having on the occasion in question knocked down and kicked two of the boys for not having exhibited the requisite amount of tact and ingenuity in extracting the handkerchief. The learned judge said he regretted that the court had not the power of passing such a sentence as would rid the country of the prisoner, but sentenced him to be kept to hard labour for eighteen calendar months.

Iacchimo Guiccioli, who stated himself to be a *Natural Son of the late Lord Byron*, was placed before the Marylebone police magistrate on the 25th, very nearly naked, and shivering from head to foot; charged with being *Drunk*. He told the magistrate he had but just returned from the Archipelago, and had fallen in with some land sharks, who had stripped him of all his worldly goods and garments. The magistrate cast a pitying glance at the unfortunate man and dismissed the case.

On the 27th an inquest was held in Horsemonger Lane Gaol, touching the death of George Foster, who committed *suicide* by hanging himself in one of the cells in which he was confined under remand from the Southwark Police Court. The prisoner was charged with neglect of and cruelty to his child. The Jury returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased did destroy himself by hanging himself, but that the jury consider they have not sufficient evidence as to his state of mind."

A well-dressed man, who gave the name of Clarke, but who is known to the Mendicity Society as a begging-letter writer of the name of Bath Joss, was charged on the 27th, at the Marlborough Street Police Court, with having attempted to obtain money from the Marquis of Anglesey *by false and fraudulent representations*. The Marquis's secretary stated that during the previous week several letters were received by the Marquis purporting to come from one Robert Clarke, and asking for pecuniary assistance. The letters were sent to the Mendicity Society for investigation. Captain Wood, of the Mendicity Society, called at Uxbridge House, and it was arranged that a letter should be written to the applicant, Clarke, to be called for at the Post-office in the Blackfriars Road, as requested by the applicant. The secretary wrote a letter, enclosing a shilling, and stating that the money was in aid of the applicant's present wants, but if the case turned out to be one worthy of consideration further assistance should be given. A mendicity constable went with another constable to Blackfriars Road, and kept watch at the post-office. A woman called and asked if there were any letters for Mr. Robert Clarke. The post-office keeper said there was a letter, but as it was a registered letter it could only be delivered to the person to whom it was addressed. The woman, who was the wife of the prisoner, said she would inform Mr. Clarke, who would probably call in the course of the day. Shortly afterwards the prisoner came into the shop, and representing himself to be Robert Clarke, the letter was given to him. The constable recognised the prisoner as an old acquaintance; and when the prisoner left the shop he followed him. The prisoner opened the letter and went down a by-street. Apparently suspecting something, he threw the letter away and ran off, but was pursued and secured. He was committed to prison for two months as a rogue and a vagabond.

A singular case of *Affiliation* has occurred at Whitehaven. A woman appeared before the magistrates to affiliate, not, as in ordinary cases, a child, but in this case two children upon the same father, the woman having been delivered of twins! The magistrates conferred together upon this rather uncommon case. The clerk suggested it to be actually necessary to make two distinct orders upon the putative parent, as in case one of the children died, the other would be left unprovided for. In answer to a question from the magistrates, the woman said the children had been duly baptised and christened, the one named William and the other Nicholas. The bench awarded 1*s*. 6*d*. a week for each child, distinguishing them by name, with the usual costs.

Mrs. Sloane has been apprehended and brought to London. The statement that she had left this country immediately after the examination of Mr. Sloane, turns out to have been correct. Since the finding of the true bill by the Grand Jury against Mr. Sloane, the police have been indefatigable in their exertions to trace her whereabouts. In consequence of the reports that she was residing at Boulogne, two superior officers of that force proceeded to that port, where, however, they did not succeed in finding her; but they learnt that she had left for England. They immediately returned to this country; and on the morning of the 28th, early information reached the Lord Mayor that they had succeeded in the object of their search, and had apprehended her. It appears that, on the police officers arriving at Boulogne, they ascertained that Mrs. Sloane was actually residing there, and in consequence of the representations made to the French authorities, an order was issued that she should quit France by the next packet sailing for Folkstone. The police officers also returned in the same packet, and on their arrival at Folkstone, took her into custody, and brought her to London. She was immediately conveyed to Westminster-hall, and introduced into the judge's room, when Mr. Justice Erle attended for the purpose of taking the surrender and signing the order of committal. On her being introduced to the Judge, she was unable to stand, and was accommodated with a chair. The necessary evidence having been given, Mr. Justice Erle asked the prisoner if she was prepared with bail? she feebly said she was not. The Judge then signed the order of committal, and she was conveyed to Newgate. She was dressed in an old black silk bonnet and thick black veil, the lower part of her face being covered; she also wore an old and faded black silk cloak; and altogether her appearance was most pitiable.

John Moules, a young man, was charged on the 27th, at the Clerkenwell police-court, with having committed a *Murderous Assault* upon police-constable Hayes. The prosecutor was in so weak a condition and in such pain that he was allowed a seat while he gave his evidence. It appeared that on last Sunday night week, about 12 o'clock, the policeman was on duty in College Street, St. Pancras, when he found the prisoner in a state of intoxication, and was good-naturedly assisting him towards his place of abode, when he suddenly turned upon him and gave him a tremendous kick in the belly. He fell down and became insensible. A gentleman who witnessed the outrage stopped the prisoner, and gave him into the custody of an officer, who took him to the station-house, while the prosecutor was carried away for medical assistance. Mr. Smelly, a surgeon, said he was called upon to attend the injured officer, whom he found in considerable pain and injured severely on the abdomen. His life was then in great danger, but he had now materially recovered, but was unable to perform his duty. The prisoner said nothing in his defence, and was fully committed for trial.

NARRATIVE OF ACCIDENT AND DISASTER.

THERE have been *Disastrous Floods in Cumberland*. On New Year's night, a violent gale from the south west was accompanied with heavy rain. The effect was that the waters of Ullswater Lake (augmented by the downpouring upon the mountain range amid which it is situate) were forced into the channel of the Eamont and thence into the Eden. The Caldew and Petteril also rose far beyond their wonted volume; the latter, in particular, so much overflowed its wonted bounds, that the fields, right and left, and the high road to Warwick on the eastern side of the Petteril Bridge, were laid under water, in some places several feet in depth, cutting off all communication with the city on that side except on horseback, or in carriages, carts, or other high-wheeled vehicles. All the low and level grounds bordering the Eden for miles, both above and below Carlisle Bridge, were covered with a body of water which had the appearance of a vast lake. When the tide of the Solway began to retire, the flood also began to fall. Many sheep and cattle were lost; more would have perished had they not been taken off from elevated spots, to which they had found their way, by persons in boats.

On Christmas night, a *Dreadful Occurrence* took place near Kilrush, in the county of Limerick. Bridget Haugh dressed herself in man's clothes, and, having blackened her face, went to her father-in-law's house to have some diversion. Her brother-in-law was taking care of the house, as his father was not at home; he had a loaded gun in his hand, and when he saw, as he thought, the man blackened, he presented his gun at his sister-in-law and fired, and lodged the contents of it between her shoulders. She died at once. There was an inquest held on her body, and the verdict returned was manslaughter against Michael Haugh, her brother-in-law.

A *Canoe with nineteen naked Savages* was picked up on the 7th of September, by the Jeremiah Garnett, Captain Daly, on her voyage from Shanghai to Liverpool. They had, thirteen days before, been blown out to sea from the islands of St. David's, which lie off New Guinea. One of the poor wretches died the same evening. Captain Daly landed the others at St. David's from whence they had been driven.

An accident happened on the *North Western Railway* on the 4th. Near the Boxmoor station an express-train ran into a goods-train, which had drawn up on account of the lameness of its engine. The driver and guard of the express-train saw the goods-train when nearly a thousand yards from it; but their pace was great—thirty-five miles an hour, and the rails were slippery from a shower that had just fallen; so they could not do more than slacken their rate to about eight miles an hour at the moment of coming in contact with the standing carriages. The driver and the stoker of the express-train leaped off their engine at the instant of collision: the first escaped without material hurt, but the second entangled his foot, fell on the road, and was taken up insensible; he revived under the application of stimulants, but has been dangerously bruised. Twelve or fourteen passengers were injured, some of them severely: one lady lost her teeth.

In the course of erecting some large granaries at the King's Cross terminus of *the same Railway*, an iron girder was lifted by shears to the top of a column that is to form one of the supporters of the roof. At the moment the girder was at its greatest height, the shears slipped, a gye-rope gave way under the vibratory strain, and the ponderous mass fell into a canal, carrying everything with it in its course. James Kendal, carpenter, was killed on the spot, and Green has since died in the University Hospital. A coroner's inquest on the body of Kendal found that the cause of death was accidental.

Several *disasters at Sea* took place in the channel during the heavy gale on the night of the 8th. A schooner was wrecked on the Nass Sands, and every soul on board perished; the name is unknown. The brig Hazard, from Messina, drove ashore. The sloop Anna Maria, from Bulla, foundered in the gale; the crew were saved.

Two fatal accidents have taken place on the *Eastern Counties Railway*. On Wednesday the 8th, a special train was engaged by a son of Professor Haviland of Cambridge, to hasten him to the side of his father's deathbed. The train started from Shoreditch at 5.50 A.M., at such a distance after the Hertford luggage-train as that it would overtake it somewhere about the Ponder's End station. At 5.55 the electric telegraph was put in motion to clear the line in front of the special-train; and after nine minutes of calling the Tottenham Road station sent its answer of obedience. But ten minutes of similar calling on the Ponder's End station proved vain; and at 6.14 the message was passed onwards direct to the Waltham station. It appears that the collision must have occurred in this ten minutes during which the attention of Ponder's End station was vainly solicited. Vincent Lodwick was the night-inspector at the Ponder's End station: his duties were "to attend to the telegraph, the gates of the level crossing, the signals, the trains and their shunting." Within the quarter of an hour after six o'clock, three ordinary trains, and the special train, arrived at Ponder's End. Two of these accomplished "shuntings." While one of the

shuntings was going on, the special-train ran up, and crushed Lodwick so that he died in a few hours afterwards. He had not heard the electric bell; he had no possible time to run six hundred yards back on the line and place explosive signals behind the Hertford train and before the express-train; and he had not, as he should have done, sent the guards of the waiting trains to do it. The express-train had approached at twenty miles an hour, and then "run on easily," probably not much under ten miles an hour. An inquest was held, and the jury found a verdict of manslaughter against Roland Baxter, the driver of the express-train; and they added this expression of their general opinion:—"The jury cannot separate without expressing their unanimous opinion, that the duties assigned to the deceased, who was killed during their proper performance, were more multifarious than a person in his station of life and with his emoluments could reasonably be expected to perform, and that greater precautionary measures, by means of the electric telegraph, might have been adopted. They think it right also to add, that the regulations of the Eastern Counties Railway Company appear to require modification, and that punctuality should be more strictly enforced." In the other case, James Wilson, the driver of a goods-engine, had been killed on the 7th, by his own engine, while it was under the care of his stoker at the Ingatestone station. Wilson had gotten off his engine, and his stoker, Henry Hampshire, was with it shunting a truck, when Wilson was crushed; nobody having seen him approach. The stoker considered himself acting under the orders of the guard of his train; but the guard asserted that in some respect he did not act on the orders given. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Hampshire.

A *Little Chimney Sweeper has Perished* at Manchester in the flue of a manufactory. It appeared at the inquest that there was a great want of caution in the engineer and the master sweeper: the flue had not been sufficiently cooled and ventilated, and the poor boy was suffocated by the heated gases, as well as burnt by falling on the hot soot. The coroner's jury directed that a copy of the depositions be sent to the Watch Committee, with a request that the parties concerned should be prosecuted for using climbing-boys contrary to law.

A young man named Crook, a nailmaker at Birmingham, *Accidentally Shot his Wife* on the 9th. Having returned home in the evening from his work, he affectionately saluted her, and asked her to get him a nice cup of tea. She was busy in this duty, stooping before the fire toasting some bread, when her husband took up a gun that had just before been placed against the wall by Lockley, their fellow tenant in the house, who had been shooting birds in the garden. As Crook lifted the gun the charge exploded, and his wife sank quietly forward as if fainting; Mrs. Lockley ran and clasped her in her arms, and found her dead—the shot had entered her brain. The poor husband, who had been married only a fortnight, became frantic with grief; tearing his hair and uttering self-accusations. A coroner's inquest was held, and found that this lamentable occurrence was entirely accidental.

A most *Melancholy Shipwreck* has taken place near the Land's End. Early on the morning of Saturday, the 11th, the brig, New Commercial, of Whitby, in a thick fog and strong gale, struck on a ledge of rocks adjoining to the headland of Cape Cornwall, and immediately went to pieces, but the people on board,—the Master, Sanderson, his wife, and eight men, got upon the rocks. They were discovered from the shore as soon as day broke, but no assistance could then be possibly rendered them. In this condition they remained until about nine o'clock, when they were all washed off by one wave, and seven of them perished. Of the remaining three—one, a mulatto, contrived to get on a portion of the floating wreck, and for some hours, clear of the broken waters, till five fishermen, belonging to Sennen, a small fishing cove close to the Land's End, determined, with that resolute spirit for which these men are distinguished, to launch their boat through the breakers, and at length, after encountering great risk, they rescued the poor mulatto from his perilous situation. The master and his wife, when they were carried off the ledge, were thrown upon the Little Brisson Rock. The master first gained a footing, and saw his wife struggling in the waves, but sufficiently near to enable him to stretch out his hand and pull her in. While the Sennen fishermen were occupied in rescuing the mulatto, her Majesty's revenue cutter Sylva, commanded by Mr. Forward, was seen working round the Land's End, having been ordered to the spot by Captain Davies, the commander of the coast guard of this district. On reaching the point Mr. Forward launched his boat, and attempted, with a crew of four men, to get near the rock, but the attempt was fruitless; and it was only with great difficulty that he regained the cutter. It was now growing late, and nothing more could be attempted in the way of rescue for the day, so Mr. Forward hoisted his colours and hove to his craft, to encourage the poor sufferers, who were now to be left to spend the wretched night without food or shelter, exposed to the wind and rain upon the desolate rock. On Sunday morning the wind and sea abated a little, and all hands were on the alert. At one o'clock four boats were seen approaching from the Sennen Cove—three manned by fishermen and one by the coast guard; at the same time Captain Davies arrived, having embarked in a preventive boat with five men, taking rockets with him. The cutter's boat also was manned by Mr. Forward, so that six boats were quickly on the spot. By this time the people upon the cliffs could not have numbered less than 5000 or 6000; and as each boat arrived at the spot, the cliffs rang with the cheers of the multitude. The sea ran so high that no boat could approach the rock, and Captain Davies therefore proceeded to use his rockets. The first discharge failed; the line which was thrown having been cut by a sharp ledge upon which it fell. Another rocket was discharged, and this time the cord fell upon the rock, close to the unfortunate pair. The husband was seen to fasten the line around the waist of his wife, and to encourage her to take the fearful leap, while she lingered and hesitated to jump into the foaming waters; at last, however, his persuasions prevailed. They took an affecting leave of each other, and, amid the breathless expectation of all, she made the awful plunge from a height of about twelve feet. At this moment three immense waves broke in rapid succession, perilling the safety of all. For a time the boats were entirely hidden from the view of the spectators, and the loud cry broke forth from thousands of voices, "They are gone." But soon again the boats were seen above the waves, and the cliffs once more rang with approving cheers. The cord was drawn with great judgment, and after about three minutes the poor woman was taken into one of the boats; but the blows from the waves were more than her exhausted frame could bear. No attention that could be shown her was spared. The men took off their own clothes to cover her, and used every effort to restore her. She breathed, but by the time the boat reached the cove life had fled. After the master had persuaded his wife to leave him, he fastened the cord round his own waist, and was drawn, greatly exhausted, into one of the other boats. It is impossible to speak too highly of the conduct of those who were employed on this occasion. All who witnessed it agree in declaring that a more gallant and humane act has seldom been recorded.

Mr. Bent, a green-grocer of Newington, driving his grocery cart along the road at Newington Causeway, was *Killed* by being thrown out of the vehicle, one of the wheels having gone into a hole. It appears that, pending a dispute between conterminous parishes as to their boundaries and liabilities to keep the roads in repair, this road has been neglected till it has been worn into such ruts and chasms that carriages cannot drive along it without danger. A coroner's inquest was held on the 13th, and, after hearing evidence as to the liabilities of the contending parties, found a verdict of "Manslaughter against Mr. Pocock, chairman, and the five trustees of the south district board of St. George, Southwark."

A *Fire* broke out in the public-house kept by Caunt, the pugilist, in St. Martin's Lane, just after the inmates had retired to rest at two o'clock in the morning of the 15th. Caunt was in the country. Mrs. Caunt and a

niece slept on the second floor, just over the room first on fire; in one of the attic rooms slept her children, and Ruth Lowe, a relative; in separate attics were the barman and other servants. Mrs. Caunt and her niece escaped down stairs; the fire had laid hold of the staircase when the barman discovered it, so there was no retreat from the attics except over the roof. He got everybody on the tiles except Ruth Lowe and two of the three children with her; these, as he could not see them through the smoke in their room, he hoped had escaped earlier, or by means of the fire-escape; but when the fire was extinguished, their bodies were found in the room—they had been suffocated by the smoke.

On the 17th two men were *Killed in a Sewer* at Islington. The commissioners are driving a large tunnel-sewer from Church Street to Cross Street, at a depth of twenty-four feet, and under the tunnel containing the New River, which is at a depth of twelve feet. A Mr. Cox desired to make a drain into the new sewer, and applied to the commissioners for authority, which they refused him. Nevertheless, he set a man at work to make the drain; this man, in the course of his operations penetrated the tunnel of the New River; the waters of the river burst into the sewer when six men were there and carried away George Ellis and William Bone, the others escaping with extreme difficulty. The body of Ellis was recovered at the mouth of the great sewer where it enters the Thames; that of Bone has not been recovered.

Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent of the London fire-engine establishment, has made his *Annual Report*, from which it appears that the fires during the past year have been 868—an increase of 30 beyond those of the preceding year. The buildings totally destroyed or considerably damaged were 247—nine less than the year before; those slightly damaged 621—39 more than the year before. The chimnies on fire were 79, the "calls for assistance" were 1038, the "false alarms" 91. The "fatal fires" were 17, and the number of lives lost 18. Nearly a hundred houses were seriously damaged by exploding fireworks.

The United States mail steam-ship Atlantic, which left Liverpool for New York on the 28th of December, has been *Driven Back* to Cork harbour. She met with uninterrupted gales from the West, but sped her way with power and safety till the 6th instant, when she was equidistant from Cape Clear and New York—1400 miles from each; on that day her main shaft broke, and her machinery became useless. She was put under canvas, and tried to reach Bermuda; but the winds continuing adverse, she turned home on the 11th, and arrived in Queenstown harbour on the 22nd. The Liverpool agents of the owners of the United States mail-steamers, have chartered the British mail-steamer the Cambria to proceed to Cork at the earliest possible moment, and take on board the cargo, and such of the passengers as choose, to carry them to New York. From the arrangements of the mail service, and the delay that must occur before the Cambria can join the Atlantic and proceed on the voyage to Cork, coupled with the fact that the disabled vessel did not sight a single outward-bound vessel on the whole of her run out and home, the news of her safety will not arrive in America till a month after her expected arrival in New York. Throughout the Union, therefore, there will be almost a certain belief that she has been lost on the voyage.

Two *Fires*, one of them very destructive, broke out in London on the 27th. The large premises belonging to Messrs. Bousfield and Sons', wholesale clothiers in Houndsditch, (a firm who employed 1500 hands) were almost entirely destroyed, with loss of property to the amount of above 30,000*l*. The cause of the fire has not yet been discovered. The other fire was at the New Houses of Parliament. It was discovered about two o'clock in the afternoon, in a story of the clock-tower on the side facing Westminster Bridge. For a time it caused great alarm, but was soon extinguished without any serious damage.

A singular accident happened lately at the *Eddystone Lighthouse*. On the morning of the 13th of December, James Dillon, who has been connected with this lighthouse for the last 19 years, being about to leave his situation to take another, a man named William Graham, who had been engaged on the Breakwater, was sent to relieve him. Graham had been landed at the lighthouse, and Dillon had just entered the boat, in which were two other men, to row to the yacht Trinity, not far distant, when two very heavy seas, one coming over the flat, and the other over the Sadler Rock, careered towards one another; they met near the boat with fearful violence, the sea boiled with agitation, the boat was capsized, and the three poor fellows were left struggling in the waves. Intelligence of the circumstance was communicated by the men in the lighthouse to the people on board the Trinity yacht, who came to the rescue of the drowning men as soon as possible, and picked up two of the sufferers; but before they arrived at the scene of the disaster the men in the lighthouse had succeeded in getting James Dillon out of the waves, with which he had been buffeting a quarter of an hour: he was nearly dead. This is the first time such an accident has occurred since the erection of this invaluable lighthouse; and what makes it still more singular is, the fact that it was the last trip which Dillon was to make to the shore from his old habitation. He was placed on board the yacht, which was not able to effect a landing until the 20th of December, when Dillon was at last taken on shore and put under medical treatment. He has since entirely recovered, and has gone to Hasborough to enter on his new situation.

SOCIAL, SANITARY, AND MUNICIPAL PROGRESS.

An important meeting, connected with the subject of *Education*, has been held at Edinburgh. Dr. Gunn, an eminent and successful teacher, had been recently nominated by government to the office of inspector of dissenting schools in Scotland. That appointment the Free Church Election Committee thought proper to *veto*. This extraordinary step against a respected member of their own section of the Presbyterian Church gave rise to a public dinner, given to him at the Waterloo Rooms, and attended by the leading promoters of education in Edinburgh, lay and clerical, and by many who sympathise with them, some even from England. Mr. Sheriff Gordon presided; and the whole proceedings of the meeting were an emphatic expressing of esteem for Dr. Gunn's character, and approbation of his conduct.

The first soirée of the *Printers' Dramatic Society* was held at Anderton's Hotel on Saturday evening, the 28th ult., and was attended by above seventy persons (including a fair proportion of ladies), chiefly in connexion with the printing profession. Mr. W. H. Wills, who presided on the occasion, described the origin and rise of the society, and explained its object to be to assist the funds of the charitable institutions of the printing trade from the proceeds of amateur dramatic performances. To commemorate the success of the society, it had been determined to hold this social meeting. The party were entertained throughout the evening by the vocal and dramatic efforts of a number of amateurs, male and female, in a style which, in many instances, would have done no discredit to regular professionals. Some madrigals and glees were charmingly sung, and altogether, the vocal department was most creditably sustained. Several appropriate sentiments were given during the proceedings, and a vote of thanks to the chair closed a pleasant evening's entertainment.

The business of the Executive Committee of the *Great Exhibition* was on the 30th of December formally transferred from Palace Yard to the Building in Hyde Park. Professor Cowper gave a lecture, in the building, on the following day, when a great number of the members of the Society of Arts assembled to inspect it. He gave a most interesting account of its construction, and conclusively demonstrated its perfect safety.—A meeting of the council of appeal of the Metropolitan Commissioners was held on the 21st inst. at the rooms of the Society of Arts. Some preliminary discussion took place as to certain points of arrangement of the objects in

the Exhibition, turning upon the proper application of the terms "wall" and "counter" space, and upon the construction and dimension of counters, and it was agreed that a letter should be addressed by the honorary secretaries to the executive committee, requesting a more exact definition of the phrases, to be given with official authority, to rectify errors, and prevent any future misapprehension of their technical meaning. The appeals were then one by one considered, and some of them immediately adjudicated upon, whilst a greater number were referred to the re-consideration of the respective sectional committees, to be reported upon at the next meeting of the council on the 28th instant.

An important step towards a system of *Local Education*, has been taken at Manchester. A large and influential meeting was held on the 6th, to consider a scheme proposed by the Rev. Mr. Richson, for promoting education in Manchester and Salford by means of local rates. Mr. Richson bases his plan upon the fact that there is a vast amount of unoccupied school-room within these towns, which might be turned to useful account. Its leading points are stated to be these: The right of free education to be secured to every inhabitant of the two boroughs; the cost to be levied by local rates, which are never to exceed fivepence in the pound per annum; and the management is to be given to committees elected by the Municipal Councils out of their own members. A guarantee is given that the religious convictions of "all parties are to be respected and equally protected" by the arrangements that, in all *existing* schools admitted into union, "no creed or formulary shall be taught to the children to which their parents or lawful guardians may in writing object;" and in all *new* schools, "no distinctive creed whatever is to be taught within the ordinary school-hours, although the daily reading of the Scriptures is to be provided for:" "the management of the latter class of schools is to be in the hands of exclusively lay persons." But the official features of the plan are the fundamental principles, "that the assistance of her Majesty's Inspectors is to be obtained in estimating the educational wants of any locality; and that no school is to be erected by the District Committees, and no land to be purchased for such purpose, without the sanction of the Committee of Privy Council on Education." The meeting adopted a resolution in favour of the plan, and appointed a general committee and a sub-committee to carry it into effect. The committee includes the names of the Bishop of Manchester, Mr. Heywood, M.P., Mr. Kershaw, M.P., the Dean of Manchester, the Rev. Hugh Stowell, and several other clergymen, both churchmen and dissenters.

A public meeting was held at Manchester on the 8th, for the *Establishment of a Free Library and Museum in that Town*. The chair was occupied by the Mayor, with whom the plan originated, and who has for some time exerted himself to obtain its accomplishment. He was supported by the Bishop and the Dean of Manchester, and there was a large assemblage of the most influential inhabitants. Resolutions for immediately carrying the scheme into effect were unanimously passed.

The committee of the *Association for Promoting the Relief of Destitution* in the Metropolis, and for improving the condition of the poor by means of parochial and district visiting, under the superintendence of the Bishop of London and the clergy, have made a report of the progress of the various provident societies in connexion with the association. During the past year, the deposits of the poor so aided were, 36 societies, 28,552 depositors, and the amount 13,366*l*. In 1845, there were only 12 societies, 3744 depositors, and the amount 1451*l*.

The *Annual Report* of Mr. Simon, the medical officer of the City of London, to the Commissioners of Sewers, published recently, is an interesting and valuable document. The following are some of its leading facts and suggestions. The rate of mortality for the City population of 125,000 has been just below 22 deaths (21·92) out of every 1000 living persons, in the year ending Sept. 28; in the preceding year it had been 30 in 1000. Some large share of the reduction has been due to circumstances beyond human control; but a sensible diminution of the causes of disease has been effected by the Commission, and a considerable portion of the improvement may be ascribed to sanitary works effected under its auspices. Over the country under the survey of the Registrar-General, the extreme rates of mortality are 14 per 1000 the lowest, and 33·5 per 1000 as the highest; the low average belonging to a district in Northumberland, the high one to Liverpool. For the whole south-east division of England the rate is 19 per 1000. Mr. Simon asserts that "few competent persons will doubt that the mortality of London might speedily be reduced to the level of any district mortality yet recorded by the Registrar-General;" and he concludes his reasons for this belief by the statement, that during the last year "there was one sub-district of the City of London Union—one comprising from 12,000 to 13,000 inhabitants—in which, after including a due proportion of deaths which had occurred in the union workhouse at Mile End, the mortality stood at only 15 in the thousand; one in which, if those extramural deaths had been excluded, the local death-rate for the year would have been only 13·32." A detailed consideration of the sickness and mortality of his reports discloses some points of interest in respect to the ages at which death occurs, the particular causes of death, and the very important local differences of death-rate. The City of London appears to be peculiarly fatal to infant life. Of the whole 3799 deaths last year, 1318 occurred under the age of five years; of the whole 2752 deaths this year, 1032 occurred under the age of five years. In the City of London Union, the deaths of infants under five years old was 1-2·66 of the whole deaths, though their class numbers only 1-11·09 of the whole population; so that they died at more than four times (4·17) the rate which should have befallen them as participators in the average mortality of their district. This rate is not caused by inappropriate diet, for it is highest during the first year of birth, while the child depends for nourishment on its mother. Inasmuch as the few days of these children are passed chiefly within doors, their high mortality gives the least fallacious index of the unwholesomeness of the dwellings in which they die, and affords the correctest material to judge the sanitary condition of a district. Upwards of 1200 of the deaths in the past two years have been due to cholera and epidemic causes which were unavoidable; a large number beyond were referable to local and removable causes. It is notable that "the proportionate mortality from scarlatina, measles, and hooping-cough, is greatest where the general death-rate is greatest." Among infants, too, under similar circumstances, other diseases not commonly accounted specific, assume a frequency and mortality warranting the belief that they are of endemic and avoidable origin. The hydrocephalus, convulsions, diarrhœa, bronchitis, and pneumonia, often referred to the irritation of teething, "prevail in district localities, with so marked a proportion to the causes of other endemic disease, that we may be sure of their partial and considerable dependence on those local causes." The local differences of death-rate are strikingly exemplified by comparison of the healthiest with the unhealthiest wards of the city. In Cordwainers' Ward not a single death, and in Cornhill Ward only two deaths, occurred from epidemic, endemic, or infectious diseases; in the ward of Cripplegate Without there were 299, of Bishopsgate Without, 329, of Farringdon Without, 845. The local predilections of cholera are marked and obstinate; they are not identical with those of fever. Many of the worst fever-nests were unaffected by it, while it visited spacious and airy houses along the main thoroughfare of the City, and inhabited by opulent tradesmen, members of the professions, and officers of assurance companies,—as along the lines of Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, Farringdon Street, and New Bridge Street. The conditions of its local preference seem to be these:—"A peculiar condition of soil, of which dampness is one sure and invariable character, and organic decomposition (promoted by dampness) probably another. Its local affinities have much analogy to those of ague, and often appear identical in their range with the sphere of malarious infection." These conditions are exactly supplied by Farringdon and New Bridge Street—the line of the Old-bourne (whence Holborn) or river Fleet, now converted into a great sewer, and by the districts on the other side of London Wall from Bishopsgate to Aldersgate—a district described by Stow

as in olden times "moorish, rotten ground, impassable but for cawswaies purposely made to that intent"—"a fenne or moore, made maine and hard ground by divers sluices." In the second division of his report, Mr. Simon offers suggestions under the head of drainage, water-supply, offensive and injurious trades, burial-grounds, and the habitations and social condition of the poor. With respect to drainage, Mr. Simon, upon the authority of Stow, supported by professional observation of the nature of the prevalent diseases in those localities, thinks it highly probable that some of the sanitary defects of Cripplegate and Bishopsgate "depend less on defective house-drainage than on a still marshy undrained condition of the ground itself; and that these defects, including the liability to cholera, would be removed by an efficient application of subsoil drainage." He therefore recommends the adoption of measures to relieve the parts where the subsoil drainage is imperfect, and for protecting the house-foundations, and sewers, and subsoil adjacent to the river, from being soaked or flooded by the tide. He considers how far the offensive exhalations from sewers, which are not and cannot be entirely prevented by the best sorts of stench-traps, can be nullified by chemical means: he believes chemical means are not available to abolish the annoyance, but that the observance of some good cardinal principles would greatly abate it. The third and last division of his report gives a connected series of suggestions for embodiment in the act of parliament under which the commission has its powers.

The War Office has adopted a measure calculated to encourage *Intelligence and good Conduct in Private Soldiers*, by affording them the means of obtaining situations as clerks in the several military offices on foreign stations. A circular has been issued to the generals or other officers in command, containing the following instructions:—"That, on the occurrence of a vacancy among the clerks in the several military offices within your command, you will apply to the commanding-officer of any regiment on the station, to recommend to you a steady and intelligent soldier capable of filling the same. After a period of probation not exceeding three months, this soldier, if confirmed as fit for the situation, shall be removed from his regiment and be attested for general service, in order that while holding his office he shall continue to be a soldier in the army, and liable, if removed from his appointment for irregularity or incapacity, to be ordered to military duty with any regiment then on the station. Any man so confirmed in his appointment will have the rank and pay of serjeant, with clothing, rations, lodging, and fuel, and light, or with money allowances in lieu thereof; and will have the chance of rising in some of the offices, by succession, to the senior clerkship, in which event he will be entitled to the rank, pay, and allowances of serjeant-major. The service, as clerk, of any soldier confirmed in the appointment, will be allowed to reckon towards pension as non-commissioned officer."

The seventh anniversary meeting of the *Union Mews Ragged School* was held on the 21st at the Hanover Square Rooms, Lord Dudley Stuart in the chair. The report for the last year gave an interesting account of the progress of the school. The following are some of its chief points:—The income of the school had enabled the committee to liquidate the debt owing to the late treasurer, and also to effect much good in the school by engaging a more competent master for the week-day classes, and in establishing a shoemaker's class in addition to a tailoring class; and they hoped that an increased subscription would soon permit them to commence a day school and an infant school, for which there was not at present sufficient funds. The attendance on Sundays for the past year had been, for the six summer months, 81; for the six winter months, 145; average for the year, 113; namely, 70 boys and 43 girls. The decreased number was probably owing to the stricter discipline which was now kept, and which prevented idlers from entering only for the purpose of annoying the others and having what they called "a lark." The number of children whose names had been placed on the books after an attendance of three Sundays was 370. Of these 110 could read in various degrees of proficiency; 146 could read imperfectly, and 114 could not read at all; while many knew not how to spell their own names. The total number that had passed through the school was 636, out of which there were 169 who had only attended once during the year. The average attendance for the week evenings had been 33 boys and 37 girls; total, 70. The rule was more strictly enforced, which gave value to the weekly evening instruction, by making admission to the school dependent upon good behaviour on Sundays. The children so admitted were those really desirous of learning; and, consequently, were not disturbed by the misconduct of others, who came with very different intentions when all comers were promiscuously admitted. Here the report contained details tending to disprove the supposition that parents able to avail themselves of other sources of education, and to pay the charge of it, availed themselves of the ragged schools. Many instances had occurred of girls having obtained situations from the school. There were on the books the names of ten girls between the ages of seven and ten years who, when admitted, could not hold a needle, and were now able to work very neatly. The library, though scanty, was valued by the scholars, and donations of books would be thankfully received. The number of Bibles sold to the children during the last year was 23; of prayer books, 5; and of hymn books, 7; besides a great number of small publications at a halfpenny each. The committee of the Ragged School Union, although the government still refused to encourage emigration among the attendants at these schools, had raised a special fund to aid the different schools in effecting so desirable an object. Still the funds were inadequate for so important an object. The report here gave an account of the successful progress of a boy belonging to this school, who had been enabled to emigrate, and who was the fourth scholar who had been sent out from the school.

Mr. W. Locke, the honorary secretary of the Ragged School Union, entered into many details respecting the progress of the system, describing the founding of schools in different parts of the country, and the advantages which had been derived from them to the district; as in Aberdeen, Dublin, and other places. There were now from 90 to 100 ragged schools in existence, and about 150 paid teachers. London alone had about 1000 voluntary teachers, and, not only that, but a large number of highly influential persons actively employed themselves on behalf of these schools. He related instances of some who had received education in them, and had emigrated, and were now earning 4s. 6d. per day wages; and when he pictured the state of comparative prosperity to which these poor creatures had been raised through the means and agency of ragged schools, he exhorted the meeting to remember that those unfortunate children had been the very scum and refuse of society, picked, as it were, out of the gutters and kennels. The schools, he said, were all generally flourishing, and nothing was wanted but increased funds. The following gentlemen were appointed the committee for the year:—Messrs. Barnard, C. Compton, Dart, Godsell, Luke J. Hansard, Harvey, Hepburn, D. D. Hepham, Lowe, Murray, C. W. Priestly, Short; Mr. J. G. Priestly being the secretary.

The *Cultivation of Cotton in India* was the principal subject which engaged the attention of the annual meeting of the Manchester Commercial Association on the 21st. Two gentlemen, Mr. Mackay and Mr. Lees, the one sent out by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce and the other by the above association, are now in India, actively employed in the necessary inquiries and experiments. Mr. Lees, who has taken up his position on the south-eastern coast of the Peninsula; has made detailed reports respecting the fitness of the climate, the amount of taxation and other burdens on cultivation, the cost of carriage, the willingness of the natives to engage in a new species of cultivation, and the prospects of profit; and, from the information gathered from these reports, there was reason to believe (in the words of Mr. Aspinall, the chairman of the meeting) "that from the district of Tutecorin, within 50 or 60 miles of Cape Comorin, up to Madras, there was absolutely a cotton California."

The *National Public School Association*, recently

founded at Manchester, on the basis of the late Lancashire Public School Association, held its annual meeting on the 22nd; and Mr. Cobden and Mr. Milner Gibson, having accepted invitations to be present, there was a very large attendance of members and friends of both sexes. Mr. Cobden, in moving the first resolution,—"That the present aspect of the educational question gives high testimony to the value of the efforts of this association, and promises a complete and speedy triumph," addressed the meeting at great length in support of the principles of the association. He contended for the necessity of separating religious education from secular instruction, and that if there was a time when it was especially desirable to try the experiment it was the present. "We have arrived," he said, "at that period when all the world is agreed that secular education is a good thing for society. All agreed that it is a good thing that English boys and girls should be taught to read and write and spell, and as much grammar as they can possibly imbibe. There is no difference of opinion about putting the elements of knowledge into the minds of every child in this land, if it can be done. But while we are united on that point, can any one who moves in society for a moment conceal from himself that we have also arrived at a time when we have probably more religious discord impending over us than at any other period of our history? When I speak of religious discord, I don't mean merely the dissensions between the Roman Catholics and Protestants; I will not allude to them except so far as they lead to schisms and controversies in the internal state of other religious bodies. But I think there is, no doubt, at this moment looming in the distance, and not in the very remote distance either, a schism in the Church of England itself. You have two parties in that Church, the one perhaps stronger than the other in numbers, but the other far more strong in intellect and logic, which are going to divide the church. Then I see the Wesleyan body also torn asunder by a schism which the most sanguine can hardly hope to see healed. I do not think several other religious bodies are perfectly tranquil in their internal organisation. Now, while we have the prospect of these great internal dissensions in religious bodies, and while we are all agreed that secular education is a desirable thing, would it be desirable if it could be effected, if it were practicable—which I believe it is not—that our national system of education should be one united and bound up with the religious organisations, and by which the schisms which prevail in the churches must necessarily be transferred with increased virulence to the schools? For bear in mind, that what you see now pervading the churches in Scotland, where you have an irreconcilable dispute with regard to the appointment of masters to the parochial schools of Scotland—a dispute between the old kirk and the free kirk—recollect, if what I say be correct, when you have an impending schism in the Anglican church, you will have precisely the same difficulty in the appointment of masters. In one parish the high church party will predominate, and will dwell upon the necessity of the master observing all the old forms of our church, and enforcing all the old ritual and observances prescribed by the Liturgy and Canons; and, on the other hand, you will have the low church party dwelling upon the more vital essence of religion, and encouraging the discontinuance of those forms which the other party regard as of greater importance. And depend upon it, that while these discords pervade the church, you will have them in the schools also; you will have to fight the battle again and again to reconcile the various religious bodies, and in the end you will find yourselves obliged to return to the secular system which has been adopted in the United States and in Holland." Mr. Cobden proceeded to show the increasing application of these principles in the formation of schools throughout the country, and concluded by advising the association to pursue its own course steadily, showing no opposition to anybody, but inviting the concurrence of every one.—Mr. Milner Gibson afterwards addressed the meeting in seconding the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The executive committee, in anticipation of the immense addition to the *Population of London during the Exhibition*, and with a view to the necessary precautions on that account, have been in communication with the city police, to ascertain the exact traffic of foot-passengers and vehicles under ordinary circumstances. Their inquiries have given the following remarkable results:—The number of vehicles which pass daily Bow Church, Cheapside, is not less than 13,796, which contain not fewer than 52,092 persons; and within the same period of time there are not fewer than 67,510 foot passengers. Of this number of carriages it may be considered that the greatest number in one hour is about 1103, and of foot passengers in the same space of time about 5750, giving a total number of persons who pass Bow Church, Cheapside, in and with vehicles and on foot about 119,602 persons per day. The number of vehicles which pass daily to Aldgate by the Minories is 9332, containing not fewer than 20,804 persons; and during the same period the number of foot passengers is 58,430. Of the carriages the greatest number in one hour may be computed at 795; of foot passengers in the same period, 4600: the total number of persons, therefore, who pass through Aldgate by the Minories is 79,234 per day. During the month of May, the number of persons who enter the city daily on foot and in carriages is little short of 400,000.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

On New Year's Day, the *Queen made a liberal Distribution* of gifts to the poor of Windsor, of food, clothing, and coals, to the value of 250*l*.; gifts made the more acceptable by her Majesty's kindly presence at their distribution. The band of the Horse Guards performed a serenade on the New Year's morning.

The good effects of the *Queen's beneficence to the Poor in the neighbourhood of Balmoral* are thus described by a local newspaper—the Arbroath Guide:—"The Queen, the Queen-mother, the Prince, and their interesting family, have, like summer birds, taken wings and fled to a more genial clime. Their residence amongst us, however, has done much good. A school has been founded and a school-house built at Strathgirnoch, on the Abergeldie estate, and male and female teachers are to be placed there and provided for. The poorer description of children in the district, and those at a distance from the parochial school, are to be the pupils; and the whole at our gracious Queen's expense. A number of neat cottages are also in course of erection near Balmoral, and at Knocks, on the Birkhall estate. The mansion of the last-mentioned property is to be enlarged for Prince Albert."

The Queen has granted the dignity of a *Baronet of the United Kingdom* to Major-General Walter Raleigh Gilbert, G.C.B.; to Mr. James Matheson, of Lewis, in the county of Ross, and of Achany, in the county of Sutherland; and to Mr. Richard Tufton, of Appleby Castle, in the county of Westmoreland, Skipton Castle in the county of York, and Hothfield Place, in the county of Kent. General Gilbert served with distinction in the war of the Punjaub; Mr. Matheson was formerly head of the great firm of Eastern traders—Matheson, Jardine, and Co.; Mr. Tufton is the inheritor of the vast estates of the late Earl of Thanet.

Colonel Hugh Rose, Consul-General for Syria, has been appointed Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople.

Cardinal Wiseman has received autograph letters of congratulation from the Queens of Spain and Portugal; completing the number of the Catholic Sovereigns of Europe who have addressed his Eminence on occasion of his appointment.

The *Order of the Garter*, has been conferred upon the Marquis of Normanby, in consideration of his important services as Ambassador in Paris, and in several other high offices of State.

The *Queen has granted Pensions on the Civil List* of 100*l*. a-year each to Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the celebrated traveller; and to Mr. Poole, the author of Paul Pry, and of several contributions to periodical literature, who is a great sufferer from bodily infirmities.

The Queen has appointed Sir James Emerson Tennent, Knt., to be Governor of St. Helena.

The trustees of the *Owen's College, Manchester*, have appointed Dr. Edward Frankland, Ph. D., F.C.S., to the chair of Chemistry.

Lord and Lady Camden made a *Public Recantation of the Protestant faith* at Rome on New Year's Day, and were received into the Roman Catholic Church, a ceremony at which Lord and Lady Feilding were present.

The Rev. Mr. Dodsworth entered the Roman Catholic Church on New Year's Day.

The Rev. Sir Frederick Ouseley, Bart., and Sir John Harington, Bart., both of Oxford, have, it is stated, seceded from the Established Church. Sir John Harington was Mr. Bennett's churchwarden.

Father Gavazzi, an Italian priest, has been delivering, at the Princess's Concert-room, a series of lectures on *The Abuses of Popery*, which have excited much attention. His first oration, which was delivered on Sunday, the 5th inst., had for its subject the part which the Italian clergymen were called upon to play in the great drama now in course of performance in his native land; the second oration dwelt on the present position and attitude of the Popedom, and the corrupt elements of which it was composed; and the third, on Sunday, the 19th, treated of the "Holy Inquisition." He speaks in Italian with extraordinary force and eloquence; and his lectures have attracted crowded assemblages, comprising not only the exiled Italians in London, but many English auditors.

Obituary of Notable Persons.

MR. DAVID WEBSTER OSBALDISTON, the well-known theatrical manager, died on the 29th December, at his residence, Brixton.

MR. WILLIAM SEGUIN, the eminent singer, died on the 29th December, after a short illness. He was a sound musician, of pure and cultivated taste, and especially distinguished as a performer of sacred music.

MR. MAXWELL, the Irish novelist, and author of many humorous sketches in the periodical literature of the day, died on the 29th December, at Musselburgh, near Edinburgh.

MISS MARCIA FREDERICA LANE FOX, granddaughter of the late and niece of the present Duke of Leeds, died at Hornby Castle, on Christmas day. Miss Fox had been in a declining state of health for some months past. She was in her twenty-first year.

VISCOUNT ALFORD, M.P. for Bedfordshire, died on the 2nd inst. at Ashbridge Park, in his 39th year.

CAPTAIN G. W. BINGHAM, R.A., died on the 10th of October, at Ceylon, where he was acting in command of the Royal Artillery at that station. He had nearly completed twenty-six years' service.

GENERAL BEM died at Aleppo on the 11th December, after a short illness. He died a Mussulman, and thus received all the honours due to his rank.

MAJOR GRAEME, the Governor of Tobago, died on the 14th December, of paralysis.

VISCOUNT DA TORRE DE MONCORVO, who has so worthily filled for many years the important office of Ambassador of Portugal at this Court, died on the 11th inst., after a painful illness.

CAPT. SIR HENRY MARTIN BLACKWOOD, in command of her Majesty's ship Vengeance, 84, at Portsmouth, died suddenly on the 7th, in his 50th year.

PRINCE PAUL ALEXANDER LEOPOLD, of Lippe Detmold, died on New Year's day, in the 56th year of his age. He is succeeded by the Crown Prince Paul Frederick Leopold, aged thirty, a major in the Prussian army.

GENERAL SIR JAMES WILLOUGHBY GORDON, G.C.B., G.C.H., the Quartermaster-General to the Forces, died on the 4th. He had held the above situation nearly forty years.

JOHN WILMOT, ESQ., the eminent horticulturist, and President of the Market Gardeners' Society, died on the 2nd inst., at the Union Hotel, Cockspur-street.

T. S. DAVIES, ESQ., F.R.S., London and Edinburgh, and F.A.S., died at Broomhall College, Shooter's Hill, on the 6th inst., in the 57th year of his age.

MR. GEORGE DRUMMOND, one of the partners in the banking firm at Charing-cross, died suddenly on Sunday the 5th. He had attended Divine service, and remained to partake of the sacrament; after which he returned to his residence in Wilton-crescent. On entering the drawing-room, he sat down in an arm chair, and was about to partake of some luncheon, when he raised his hand suddenly to his head, and exclaiming, "Oh, my God!" sunk down in an unconscious state. Medical assistance was instantly sent for, but he had ceased to live before the arrival of the family surgeon. He was in his 49th year.

DR. HAVILAND, Regius Professor of Medicine at Cambridge, died on the 8th, at his residence in that city, in his 66th year.

The REV. LORD WILLIAM SOMERSET died at Clifton on the 14th inst., in the 67th year of his age. He was son of the fifth, and uncle to the present duke of Beaufort.

FIELD-MARSHAL THOMAS GROSVENOR died at his house, Mount Ararat, near Richmond, on the 20th inst., in his 87th year. He was the son of Thomas Grosvenor, Esq. (who was brother to the first Earl Grosvenor), and consequently first cousin of the late Marquis of Westminster.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, K.G., died at Clumber Park, Nottinghamshire, on Sunday, the 12th inst., after a long and painful illness. He was born on the 30th January, 1785, and succeeded to the family honours as the fourth duke, on the death of his father, in 1795.

THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS died in Dublin on the 17th, at the age of 19.

LORD BURGHERSH, the eldest son of the Earl of Westmoreland, died on the 22nd inst., in the 27th year of his age.

LORD ROBERT TAYLOUR died at the barracks, Fermoy, on the 19th, in consequence of the breaking of a blood-vessel on the lungs. It appears that his lordship was walking in the town of Fermoy, when he saw a man beating a dog. On remonstrating with him, the man struck Lord Robert a blow, which he instantly returned, and then said, "I am choking with blood." After lingering some days, he died without pain or suffering. Lord Robert was the second son of the Marquis of Headfort, and had only recently exchanged from the Guards to the 49th Regiment.

LORD DALMENY, eldest son of the Earl of Rosebery, died on the 23rd inst., at Dalmeny Park, Linlithgowshire, in his 42nd year.

REAR-ADMIRAL RYE died on the 18th inst., aged 86. He was one of the few survivors of the battle of the Nile, which took place while he was Lieutenant of the Orion.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

THERE is nothing very notable in the Colonial news of the month, but the last mail from India seems to indicate a strong renewal of the old agitation against the judicial courts of the East India Company. The cholera in Jamaica is not yet known to have abated; but the packet which left England at the commencement of the month took out not only ample stores and remedies, but six surgeons from the Admiralty, and three medical inspectors from the Board of Health. It is very sad that such provisions should have succeeded instead of anticipating the event provided for, and it will be well if we apply the warning to our sanitary affairs at home.

The *Bombay* mail has brought accounts to the 17th of December. They are politically unimportant, tranquillity prevailing throughout our Indian empire. The health of the troops in the Punjaub and Upper Provinces is but little improved. According to the published returns for the week ending the 21st November, there were 1204 men in hospital out of the 7448 composing the garrison of Lahore; nearly half of one regiment (the 1st European Fusileers) were on the sick-list; and in the 4th Punjaub Infantry, 406 out of 894 were in hospital.

A Court-martial on Major Bartleman, of the 44th Native Infantry, had found him "guilty of conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, in having at Barrackpore, in pursuance of an endeavour to seduce the affections of Mrs. Shelton, wife of Lieutenant Shelton, 38th Light Infantry, written to her on or about the 22nd of August, 1850, a highly unbecoming note." The Court had sentenced him to be cashiered, but had recommended him to mercy on the ground of Major Bartleman's long services, and on the ground that his fault, "however reprehensible, has still not always been considered as necessarily subversive of military discipline." Sir Charles Napier had confirmed the sentence, with sharp animadversions on the recommendation to mercy, as an endeavour by the Court "to

throw upon the Commander-in-chief the odium of refusing that which its own sentence renders impossible for him to grant without insulting the officers of the Bengal Army in general and those of the 44th in particular."

Sir W. Gomm arrived at Calcutta and assumed command of the Indian Army on the 6th of December. Sir Charles Napier was at Loodiana on the 30th of November, and was expected at Bombay about the end of the year. During his eighteen months' administration, forty-five officers of the Bengal Army have been brought to trial, of whom fourteen have been cashiered, six dismissed, seven have lost rank, five have been suspended, and ten reprimanded; only two have been honourably acquitted, one simply acquitted, and four pardoned or their sentence commuted.

The accounts from *Ceylon* are to the 12th of December. The new Governor, Sir George Anderson, met the Legislative for the first time on the 4th. His address made a favourable impression. He spoke with satisfaction of the prevailing tranquillity, and of the prospect of a prosperous revenue; and expressed his hope of being able, at no distant period, to lessen the burdens of the people by lessening taxation; "the imperative duty," he said, "of all governments." It is generally understood in the island, that the governor has received orders to reside frequently in Kandy, instead of making Colombo always his residence. Almost all the Europeans reside there, on coffee estates, and most of the European capital has been expended there. This province is also the latest of our native possessions. These reasons combined, added to the coolness and salubrity of the climate, point it out as the most eligible seat of government.

The intelligence from the *Cape of Good Hope* is important. In consequence of an apprehended inroad of the Kaffirs, Sir Harry Smith proceeded rapidly to King William's Town, and was unexpectedly present at a Kaffir meeting held there on the 26th of October. A number of chiefs were assembled, but the celebrated Sandilli was absent. The chiefs protested that they preferred being under the British rule, and having their property protected, to living like monkeys in the bush. Sandilli's brother said that he had not come because a fall from his horse had hurt him and made him unable to rise. Sir Harry Smith answered—That was a lie; Sandilli was afraid. "But," said Sir Harry, "tell him I do not wish to hurt him; let him come in as my son; I will protect him." On mentioning the rumours that were spread abroad in the colony, Sir H. Smith wished to know who had thus alarmed the colonists; he understood they had originated with the native Gaika tribes. He was surprised that they should be such fools as to believe in such a fool—a boy prophet who was covered all over with grease, and as black as a coal. If they were not happy, continued his Excellency, and wanted war, he would make war (holding up a long stick with a brass nob at the end, called generally the stick of peace). "I will make war, and bring my troops from Cape Town in four days, as I came myself; and I will drive you all over the Kei, and get Krili to drive you to the Umzimvoobo, and I will be there too—I was there once; and you know it—and then get Faku to drive you further; and then you will be scattered over the earth as beasts of the field and vagabonds. But the good I will protect and assist, and be their father. I will kill every one that will not fight on my side. There is a God above; he knows all things." There were about 350 Kaffirs in all; and the meeting separated peaceably, his Excellency inviting the chiefs into the house. The chiefs were very humble, and came forward at His Excellency's request to shake hands with him, as a token of peace and allegiance to the Queen, as British subjects. A few days after this meeting, Sir Harry Smith issued a proclamation deposing Sandilli from his rank and authority as a chief, and appointing Mr. Charles Brownlee, commissioner for the Gaika tribe, to assume the direct control of Sandilli's tribes, under the instructions of Colonel M'Kinnon, the chief commissioner of British Kaffraria.

The *West India Mail* has brought intelligence from the different colonies to the end of December. In Jamaica the cholera was committing fearful ravages on the north side of the island—particularly at Montego Bay and Falmouth. On the south side it was abating, and had almost entirely disappeared from Kingston. In the agricultural districts in all parts of the country the greatest mortality had taken place, whole properties having become almost entirely depopulated. The injury that must result to the agricultural interest is incalculable. Crops on the ground, some of which promised to yield abundantly, cannot be taken off for the want of labour. The Boards of Health of the different places were meeting regularly for the purpose of adopting measures for the relief of the sufferers and to prevent the spread of the scourge. The legislature stood adjourned to the 14th of January. The council, as well as the house had decided on memorialising her Majesty, praying for the introduction of African immigrants.

In *British Guiana*, the Court of Policy had been engaged on several important measures, but stood adjourned to the 13th of January. Among other business transacted, bills establishing a new department of the public service, the office of Auditor-General of Accounts, for the examination of the litigated accounts of the courts of justice, and of all public accounts generally, and providing for the holding of inferior criminal courts in Essequibo by one of the puisne judges, were advanced a stage. An ordinance had also been passed for constituting boards of health for Georgetown and New Amsterdam, to guard against the contingency of a visit from cholera.

A serious military riot had taken place at *Berbice*. The police arrested some soldiers, and took them to the station-house; a body of the companions of the prisoners came down on the station-house, attacked the police, and the inhabitants who joined them, and were only prevented from effecting a rescue by the arrival of the Commander-in-chief and the officers of the corps. Many persons received serious wounds.

The accounts from the other colonies are unimportant. In most of them sanitary measures had been adopted in anticipation of the cholera.

Throughout the *Australian Colonies* there is a growing agitation against the transportation system. In New South Wales, large meetings upon the subject have been held, both at Sydney and in the interior. In Van Diemen's Land there have been meetings in all the districts of the island, at which the public feeling has been strongly and unanimously expressed. The course of action agreed to by all the meetings is to remonstrate with the Colonial Office against the continuance of transportation, and the system of misrepresentation of colonial sentiment in the imperial parliament which had been systematicaly pursued by Earl Grey; and also to pledge themselves, in example of the people of the Cape, not to employ convicts. Meanwhile, the government partisans and pro-transportation party was not inactive. An attempt had been made to get up a petition in favour of the continuance of transportation in a modified form, but the manœuvre was promptly met by the anti-transportation association issuing an address, cautioning the colonists against attaching their names to any document of the kind until it had been printed and publicly discussed.

The session of the legislative council of *New South Wales* was adjourned on October 2nd. During its sittings the principal acts passed were those for establishing and endowing a university for Sydney, for improving the organisation of the police, for regulating the corporation of Sydney, and for confirming certain presbyterian marriages. The result of the transportation debate was the adoption of measures with the view of pledging the Secretary of State that convictism should not be resumed.

The news that *Port Philip* was to be erected into a distinct and independent colony had been joyfully received at Melbourne. It was not decided whether the event should be commemorated by illuminations, or by the establishment of an orphan or female emigration asylum, or of a college. A cathedral church has been founded, and it is proposed to erect a town-hall in Melbourne, at a cost of 2000*l*.

John Wroe, the founder of a sect called the "*Beardies*," from their partiality to hairy barbarism, has arrived in Melbourne. He is described as a man of eighty years of age, but hale and strong; and announces that he has a divine mission to preach in the colonies. He commenced operations by preaching in the "Sanctuary" on Sunday, the 15th September, whither all the members of this new sect resorted.

A species of Thuggism, it appears, exists among the blacks of the Darling, by which numerous wayfarers and stragglers, as well as shepherds in isolated situations, have been sacrificed. An aboriginal had made revelations which led to the discovery and exhumation of five bodies, all of white men, and each in the last stage of decomposition, the identity of their persons being completely obliterated. The squatters of the colony had been completely startled by a recent land purchase. For the first time since the passing of the Crown Land Sales Act, the power thereby given of purchasing by private contract 20,000 acres, or more, at the minimum price, had been brought into play by W. J. T. Clarke, Esq., who bought up a tract of 20,000 acres of land at Mount Macedon, including the principal stations of several eminent squatters, utterly destroying the tenure of these parties, who must either purchase or abandon their stations. The squatters are resolved to litigate the matter, conceiving that the imperial act (5 and 6 Vict., c. 36) only empowers the governor to sell any block of "unsurveyed land" comprising 20,000 acres, or more, and that the land in dispute does not come within that definition.

The Adelaide Journals show the rapid progress of *South Australia*. As exhibiting the growing commercial importance of the port of Adelaide, the following analysis is made of the shipping on the 25th of October last. The ships and vessels from British, extra-colonial and foreign ports, amount to 12,750, and are manned by 556 officers and seamen. The vessels employed in the coasting trade of the colony are 955 tons, navigated by 84 men; and the vessels employed by the local government are 730 tons, with 47 men. The last-mentioned service includes a steam-tug, which is of incalculable advantage to the mercantile interests of the colony by expediting and facilitating the larger arrivals and departures. At the port only the population numbered about 6000 souls. The Burra Burra had published their half-yearly report of the mining association, and declared a dividend, making 3 dividends of 200 per cent. for the year. It is stated that at no time have the mines been in a more flourishing condition, or have the general prospects of the company afforded such ground for congratulation.

From *New Zealand* the principal article of news is the death of the celebrated native chief, Heke, the ever active enemy of the Europeans, which took place in August last. The following letters, the last written by him to the governor, will be read with interest; they are characteristic of the old chief, who, on the eve of death, charged the young men to "sit in peace for ever," as war was a game at which all parties were losers.

Kaikohe, 30th of the days of May, 1850.

O Friend the Governor!—Salutations to you. Your loving or affectionate letter has reached me. Lo! this is my loving letter to you. Yes, my illness is great, but do not be dark or sorrowful: this is not the permanent place for the body. The thought is with God as regards us both, or we are at the disposal of God. My words to you will not be many more, as I am very ill. Present my love to your companion, Lady Grey. Salutations to you and to your companion.—From your loving friend,

(Signed) HONE WIREMU HEKE POKAI.

Tautoro, 4th of the days of July, 1850.

O Friend the Governor!—Your letter of the 1st of July has reached me; I have seen it. Are you not willing to have a vessel sent hither, so that I may ship some cattle for you? If the vessel comes, and a letter from you, I will send you four head of cattle. It will not be safe to ship the cattle on board Kanara's vessel, as I got myself into difficulty on a former occasion in sending you my pigs. I went to Paihia, and conversed with the Major, but he would not provide a vessel. I therefore say to you, arrange this matter yourself, because your love to me is very great: but as regards my love to you, it has not been openly shown, or you have not had any token of my love to you. This is the reason why I say let me give you four head of cattle, as a proof of my love to you.—From your friend,

(Signed) HONE WIREMU HEKE POKAI.

PROGRESS OF EMIGRATION AND COLONISATION.

A *Female Emigration Association* has been formed at Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. At a preliminary meeting (held on the 28th of August last) a committee was appointed, with power to add to their number, for organising the Association. It is called the Tasmanian Female Emigration Association, and it was resolved, "that its primary object shall be to co-operate with the association formed in England by the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert; that a home be at once provided for the purposes of this association; that the home shall, so far as may be consistent with the primary object of this association, be made available for all female emigrants of good character; and that subscription lists be opened to receive the contributions of the colonists for carrying out the objects of this association." A general meeting of the committee was held on the 2nd of September, when Lady Denison, Lady Pedden, and Mrs. Nixon, were named patronesses; steps were also taken to form a ladies' committee, to engage a suitable building, and to make the other necessary arrangements. The committee numbers no less than 54 influential gentlemen; and on the 20th of September the amount of 161*l*. 16*s*. of annual subscriptions had been contributed by 35 individuals.

The following statement has been published respecting *the Emigration from the River Clyde in the year* 1850, from which it appears that it has nearly equalled that of 1849, which far exceeded any previous year. The total numbers emigrating from the Clyde in 1850 were 14,206, and their destinations were—

To the United States	11,230
To Canada	2,388
To the Australian Colonies	300
To Port Natal	121
To other Ports	167
	14,206

The greater portion of the Scotch emigrants were small farmers and tradesmen, particularly working engineers, and, generally speaking, they were able to secure a comfortable passage, and take some little means with them. The great majority of the Irish emigrants went out under apparently very wretched circumstances, but nevertheless there were some of them known to carry out amongst their rags sums varying in amount from 10*l*. to 50*l*. and upwards. The emigrants for Australia, Canada, and the Cape were of a vastly superior class to those going to the States. The amount of money taken to the States by these emigrants was nearly 40,000*l*., to Canada about 10,000*l*., and to Australia about 2,000*l*. The number of emigrants from the Clyde in 1849 was 14,986, of whom the destinations were as follows, viz.:—

To the United States	10,636
To Canada	3,391
To Australia	691
To the Cape of Good Hope	124
To the East and West Indies, &c.	114
	14,986

We have the peculiarity now that the emigration continues regularly throughout the winter, although it was formerly confined to the summer. The emigration from the Clyde during the last seven years has been at the following rate:—

1844	3,568	1848	10,035
1845	3,445	1849	14,968
1846	2,820	1850	14,206
1847	7,728		

A meeting of the friends of the *Ragged Schools* was held at the Juvenile Refuge in Westminster, on the evening of the 17th, for the purpose of taking leave of 11 boys, selected from the various ragged schools in the metropolis, who are about to be sent out to Australia, at the cost of the Ragged School Union. The ceremony took place in the presence of the children, 100 in number, taught in the Refuge, who were regaled with tea and cake in company with the friends who attended. The eleven intending emigrants were arranged on a form on the left of the chair, and were neatly and cleanly attired. Each was provided with a capacious chest, for the purpose of containing their clothes and other necessaries, which had been supplied by the Ragged School Union. Mr. Gent, of the Ragged School

Union, gave some particulars respecting the boys. Of the eleven, who were all well recommended, three were from the school held in that place; three from the school in Grotto Place, Marylebone; two from the school in John Street, Mint; two from North Street, Mile-end; and one from the Ann Street Dormitory. Five of these would be landed at Port Adelaide, the other six at Port Philip. The cost of sending them out would be upwards of 200*l.*, the whole of which had been raised and paid over to the parties who would send them out.

NARRATIVE OF FOREIGN EVENTS.

THE great incident of the month in continental politics is the split between Louis Napoleon and the French Assembly. It is possible that good may come of it, on the principle of the old proverb about rogues falling out; but it requires a large amount of hopefulness to discover any kind of prospect of good for France just now. One thing is certain however, and as certainly was not anticipated by either of the combative parties in the recent strife—the Republican form established in '48 has received singular and unexpected reinforcement from the very measures devised to overthrow it. Even M. Thiers perceives it now to be the only system with a chance of durability in it, and M. Louis Napoleon has surrendered for the present his fitful Imperial dream.

There has been a curious clash of another kind between two angry foreign potentates, which it is impossible not to regard with yet greater satisfaction. Decrepit old Austria has shaken her fist at lusty young America, and received for her pains what the slang of the ring would denominate a "regular smasher." It seems that the late President of America had dispatched a diplomatic agent to Hungary during the troubles, accredited to obtain trustworthy reports of the state of the country and its prospects of resistance; and that Prince Schwartzenburg discovering this fact among the official papers published at Washington (wherein, also, the Austrian rule was called an "iron" one, and Kossuth an "illustrious" person), straightway let off an explosive mission against the American government, broadly hinting at retaliation, and affirming that if the agent in question had been discovered he would most probably have been hanged as a spy. To this Mr. Webster responds, that America had owed its existence as a nation to precisely the sort of resistance stigmatised by Austria as rebellion. That the father of the nation, Washington, had been exactly in the position of Kossuth. Further, that America most strongly sympathises in consequence, and means to continue to do so, with every struggle that has for its object the wresting of power from despotic governments. Also, that the dominion of the Republic, in the name of which he writes, is spread over the most rich and fertile region on the globe, and is of an extent in comparison with which the possessions of the House of Hapsburg are but a patch on the earth's surface. And finally, that supposing Prince Schwartzenburg should have thought proper to treat any American as a spy, his highness might assuredly have looked for immediate hostilities to be waged by the utmost exertion of the power of the Republic, military and naval!

This is language that one cannot but feel is not only likely to be beneficial in Austria but also much nearer home. It is true that America has a broader ditch between herself and her adversaries than is possessed by the older countries of the earth, and can the better afford to be prompt and loud in the expression of her anger. But the example is a noble one not the less; because the feeling of self-assertion is real and well-founded, and there is no doubt, that, if need were, the words would take the form of deeds as strong and brave.

The political intelligence from *France* during the past month consists of the progress of a "ministerial crisis," a series of party struggles and changes of administration, which has not yet come to a close. It arose out of the dissensions between the President and General Changarnier, whose assumption of power, it appears, Louis Napoleon could no longer brook. His determination to dismiss Changarnier from the command of the army, a measure adverse to the will of the Assembly, led to the resignation of the ministry, which took place on the evening of the 3rd inst., after a meeting of the Assembly, in which General Changarnier's proceedings had been the subject of debate. Some days afterwards a conference took place between the President and a body of the leading parliamentary chiefs, in which they demanded the maintenance of Changarnier in his command, a demand with which the President peremptorily refused to comply. The President then appointed a new ministry, consisting of M. Drouyn de l'Huys, for Foreign Affairs, General St. Jean d'Angely for War, M. Ducos for Marine, M. Magne for Public Works, and M. Boileau for Commerce. Of the old Cabinet, Baroche, Fould, Rouher, and Parrieu retained office. The post occupied by Gen. Changarnier was abolished; and Gen. Baraguy d'Hilliers was appointed to the command of the first military division, and Gen. Perrot of the National Guard.

The ministers met the Assembly on the 10th, and they, on the one hand, and Changarnier on the other, were loudly greeted by their respective partisans. M. de Remusat called upon the new ministers to come forward and explain why the old administration had withdrawn, and why they had replaced it. He called upon the Assembly to retire into their bureaux and devise measures commanded by the gravity of circumstances. M. Baroche entered into ministerial explanations in the midst of noisy interruptions; and, after a stormy debate, a ballot took place on M. Remusat's proposition, which was carried by 330 to 273. In the bureaux a committee was appointed, of which M. de Broglie was chairman; and on the 14th this committee made a report to the Assembly, recommending a resolution to the effect that "the Assembly, while acknowledging that the Executive power has made use of an incontestable right, but blaming the use which the present Cabinet has made of this right, declares that the former Commander-in-Chief has preserved all the esteem and confidence of the Assembly."

On the 15th a debate commenced on this report of the committee, which did not terminate till the evening of the 18th, when a coalition having taken place between the Conservative majority, the Republican party of General Cavaignac, and the Mountain, the ministers were defeated by a majority of 417 votes against 278, an absolute majority of 139. When the general debate had closed, the President of the Assembly read the several amendments. M. St. Beuve demanded the priority of his amendment, which was as follows:—"The Assembly declares that it has not confidence in the ministry, and passes to the order of the day." This amendment having been carried, the ministry had nothing for it but to resign.

For several days, various attempts were made to form a new ministry, but without success; till, on the 23rd, the Assembly and the public were startled by a message from the President, containing the following passages:—"In order not to prolong a painful difference, I accepted, after the late vote of the Assembly, the resignation of a ministry which had given to the country, in the cause of order, the most marked pledges of

its devotedness. Wishing, however, to form a Cabinet with a chance of duration, I could not take its elements from a majority having its origin in such exceptional circumstances; and, with regret, I found myself utterly unable to find a combination amongst the members of the minority, notwithstanding its importance. In this conjuncture, and after vain attempts, I resolved to form a transition ministry, composed of special men, not belonging to any fraction of the Assembly, and who have decided to devote themselves to affairs without any party views. The honourable men who accept this patriotic task will have a right to the gratitude of the country. The administration will consequently continue as previously. Prejudices will disappear at the remembrance of the solemn declarations of the message of November 12th. The real majority will be reconstituted; harmony will be re-established, without the two powers having sacrificed anything of the dignity which constitutes their force. France wishes above all for repose; and she expects from those to whom she has given her confidence a conciliation without weakness, a tranquil firmness, and an impassibility in what is right." The message was listened to in deep silence. There was no interruption of any kind. The uppermost feeling seemed surprise, although something of this kind was expected. Nevertheless the house was thin; but, when the circumstances got wind, many representatives thronged in from the *couloirs*. The new ministry, whose names were published in a supplement to the Moniteur, is as follows:—General Randon, War; Waiss, Interior; Germiny, Finance; Magne, Public Works; Brennier, Foreign Affairs; Royer, Justice; Vaillant, Marine; Giraud, Public Instruction; Schneider, Agriculture and Commerce. Not one of the new ministers is a representative of the Assembly,—a circumstance which is hitherto without a parallel in the constitutional history of France.

There has been a *Duel* between two editors of Paris journals. An article having appeared in the *Corsaire*, reflecting on M. Hugo, one of the editors of the *Evenement*, M. Hugo (who is the son of the celebrated Victor Hugo) challenged M. Viennot, one of the editors of the *Corsaire*. In consequence of the disparity of their ages, it was agreed that M. Viennot's son should fight in his father's place. They fought with swords in the wood of Meudon, and M. Hugo was slightly wounded. The duellists and their seconds were tried before the Tribunal of Correctional Police. Viennot and his two seconds were fined 100 francs each; and M. Hugo's two seconds, one of whom was Alexandre Dumas, were fined 200 francs each. M. Dumas said in his defence, that he only consented to act as second to M. Hugo on the express wish of his father, M. Victor Hugo, that he should fight.

Considerable agitation in the Assembly has been excited by the *Arrest of M. Mauguin, one of the members, for Debt*. M. Mauguin urged his non-liability to arrest as a member of the Assembly, and demanded to be taken *en référé* before the president of the Civil Tribunal. The president declared that the arrest was legal, the constitution of 1848 not having reproduced the provision of the charter of 1830, by which members of the legislative body were protected from arrest during the session, and for six weeks preceding and following it. In the Assembly M. de Larochejacquelin put questions to the Minister of Justice respecting the arrest of M. Mauguin, and proposed to the Assembly to order his immediate liberty. He considered that the arrest in question was a violation of the constitution, which declared all members of the legislature inviolable. M. Rouher, Minister of Justice, declared that the Assembly might make a new law to regulate such a matter in future, but could not now interfere in the decision of a judge without establishing a dangerous precedent. After some discussion, the Assembly decided the question in its own favour, by adopting the motion of M. de Larochejacquelin.

On the 27th a discussion took place in the Assembly respecting a credit of 488,000f. for expenses relative to the London Exhibition. M. Schœlcher had asked that the jury charged with examining the articles intended for the Exhibition should be selected by the manufacturers. M. Benoist requested M. Schœlcher to withdraw his amendment, the plan he proposed being impracticable for want of time; and he concluded by assuring him that the jury appointed was composed of most impartial and competent men. M. Schœlcher acceded to the request. The discussion then turned on the best and least expensive means of conveying the productions to and from London; and Messrs. Raudot and Dahirel opposed the bill, because the Minister of Commerce, M. Schneider, would not pledge himself that the expenses should not exceed 488,000f. The credit was ultimately voted by 603 to 70.

Spain also had a ministerial crisis. It was suddenly announced that General Narvaez had resigned on the 10th, and that the Queen had accepted his resignation. His motive was understood to have been that he felt himself unable to contend with the Court intrigues got up against him. On the same night he left Spain for Bayonne. The other Ministers also resigned, and have been replaced by a new Cabinet, consisting of M. Bravo Murillo, President of the Council and Minister of Finance; M. Beltran de Lis, Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Ventura Gonzalez Romero, of Justice; M. Fermin Arteta, of the Interior; M. Bustillos, of Marine; General Mirasol, of War. The Duke of Rivas having refused the Foreign Department, M. Beltran de Lis, who had been appointed Minister of Public Works, consented to accept it. It is stated that, the Queen having at first declined to accept Narvaez's resignation, he assembled his colleagues, and said to them, that, if the Queen persisted in her refusal, he was determined to blow out his brains. Terrified at these words, and the manner in which they were uttered, the Ministers hastened to the palace, and with difficulty prevailed on the Queen to accept his resignation.

The accounts from *Germany* remain confused and indistinct. The conferences at Dresden still proceed, but little or nothing is known of their proceedings. One account says that the new Executive Council will be composed of eleven votes, instead of seventeen; and that of these eleven, Austria and Prussia will have two each, the four minor kingdoms one each, and the thirty petty states the remaining three votes between them. By this process, says the same account, "the whole of the component parts will have a direct voice in the Executive; and if each series can agree among themselves, the fractional voice will have the greater weight, as it is understood that resolutions are to be adopted by absolute majorities." It is also believed that the Plenary Council will be entrusted with legislative powers, and be composed of plenipotentiaries nominated *ad hoc* by each of the thirty-six states of the confederation. "It is admitted at last by the Ultra-Constitutional journals, that all attempts at a nearer approach to unity at the present time are impracticable, and that years are requisite to pave the way to the realisation of that which has hitherto proved to be a mere dream."

The first trial by jury took place at *Vienna* on the 15th inst. The Minister of Justice, M. von Schmerling, and a crowded audience, attended this ceremony. The culprit—a girl accused of incendiarism and other offences—was found guilty, and sentenced to three years' hard labour.

On the 18th inst., the anniversary of the *Coronation* of the King of Prussia, the King held an extraordinary levee, and conferred various orders of knighthood on about 250 persons: M. Manteuffel was decorated with the order of the Red Eagle—first class. At the festival subsequently held in the palace, the King proposed the following toasts in the following characteristic speech: "Gentlemen, fill your glasses, for three toasts. The first draught we drink to the past, in which the princes and people of Prussia, bound together in faithful concord, have achieved such great things; the second to the present, especially to the whole people in arms, who, by their prompt rising up, have again proved that the disaster of the year 1848 has not infected the hearts of the people. To you, gentlemen, whom I have decorated with orders for your devoted loyalty, and have the pleasure to-day to receive as my guests, this draught is also devoted. The third is for the future. Few of us will outlive the next fifty years, but we all desire

that they may be years of pure blessing for this royal house and this brave people. Once again, gentlemen, 'The Past, the Present, and the Future.'"

It will be remembered that, some months ago, several Circassian cavalry soldiers deserted from the Russian army in Poland and came over to Prussia to serve in the war which, they heard, was about to commence. They were ordered to deliver up their arms and surrender till the Prussian authorities should decide as to sending them back. This they refused; and on force being used they shut themselves up in a farm-house, where they made an heroic defence, in which several Circassians and Prussians were killed. The survivors were at length made prisoners, and have been put on their trial on the 20th inst., at Bromberg, for resistance to the armed authorities. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the court sentenced them to two years' imprisonment in a fortress—a leniency giving great satisfaction to the crowded audience, who felt a strong sympathy for the men. The Circassians returned thanks to the judge, saying that sentence of death would in Prussia be more welcome to them than pardon in Russia. But at the expiration of their imprisonment they will, it is feared, be claimed by the Czar, and Prussia has bound itself by treaty to deliver up deserters.

Advices from *Berne* of the 21st inst. inform us of an insurrection which has broken out at Interlaken. A band of insurgents attacked the Government-house on the 20th inst. They were opposed by the troops, and an engagement ensued, in which the rioters were repulsed. The Stadtholder, Dr. Müller, was seriously wounded. Interlaken and the neighbouring passes have been occupied by the Bernese troops.

The accounts from *Rome* mention the case of a man who was brought to trial after eighteen months' confinement. As he was being conducted up to the tribunal he broke from his gaolers and threw himself out of a high window which happened to be open on the staircase, falling with such violence on the pavement as to be killed on the spot. He was a carpenter from Palo, whose crime was that of having marched with the Roman Legion into Lombardy, and subsequently aided in the defence of Rome against the French. Some of the Roman soldiers who recently fought with and wounded the French, in pothouse squabbles, have been condemned by a French court martial to fine and imprisonment for various terms.—The removal of General Changarnier from the command of the army of Paris, and the appointment of General Baraguay d'Hilliers to that of all the troops of the first military division, have produced great uneasiness in the ecclesiastical circles, since the sentiments so freely expressed by the latter officer, on his return to the Legislative Assembly, with respect to the Roman question, have disposed them to class him amongst the enemies of the Church, or, at any rate, only amongst her lukewarm supporters.

The *Turkish* intelligence contains an account of the *Punishment of a Rebellious Pacha*. Some disturbances in Bosnia having been suppressed, Omer Pasha, the Seraskier, made his triumphal entry into Bosna Serai on the 17th of December. Mahmud, the rebellious Pasha of Tuzla, rode on a miserable saddle affixed to the back of a peasant's sorry jade. After him rode the other prisoners, the musselims, the cadis, &c., each horse being attached to the saddle of its predecessor. Four Nisams (Christians), dressed as jesters, with cap and bells, and performing all kinds of antics, led on the mournful procession. After this Mustapha Pasha Babic was led on foot through the streets, and it is said that the sad spectacle drew tears from the eyes of many of the Turks who stood round. Mahmud Pasha had escaped to Vinkovze, in Slavonia, but for some reason unknown he returned to Tuzla, and voluntarily surrendered himself to the Seraskier, who has treated him as above mentioned, and paid the arrears of his troops with the 18,000 ducats which he found in the fallen despot's possession.

New York papers have been received, down to the 15th instant. They contain the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Corwin, which forms a supplement to the President's message on the opening of Congress, and is the basis of the President's financial recommendations. In the Senate, Mr. Benton had introduced a bill embodying a magnificent scheme for carrying a treble road from St. Louis on the Mississippi to the Bay of San Fransisco on the Pacific coast of California. The line would include a railroad, a plank-road, and a common highway, with military posts; the Indian titles would be bought, and a tract of 100 miles wide be granted for settlers and public purposes. The line would be 1600 miles in direct length; there would be one branch of 300 miles to Santa Fé, and another branch to Oregon of 500 miles: the whole amount of land granted would be 150,000,000 acres. In the House of Representatives, a Government measure for the reduced postage had been made a special order of the day for early discussion. A resolution had been adopted by the House of Representatives to refer to the Committee on Naval Affairs a proposition that the President should give notice to Great Britain of a desire to withdraw the squadron at present stationed on the West Coast of Africa to co-operate with us in suppressing the slave-trade.

The Anglo-Norman steamer had blown up, on the Mississippi, with three hundred persons on board: nearly a hundred were killed. Three editors of newspapers, M. Senator Junius Beebe, and a number of leading citizens, were among those who perished.

The steamer Knoxville, bound for Nashville, while pushing from the Levee, on the 18th December, burst all her boilers; killing and wounding about twenty persons, and damaging boats lying alongside.

The annual report of commerce and navigation gives the following aggregate of the number of steam-boats built in the United States since 1824, twenty-five years, in periods of five years each—From 1824 to 1829, 194; from 1829 to 1834, 304; from 1834 to 1839, 504; from 1839 to 1844, 522; from 1844 to 1849, 969; total, 2492. Two-thirds of these are built in the West, one-sixth of them in Ohio. The largest number of steamers built at one place are built in Pittsburg and its neighbourhood.

A correspondence has been read in the Senate between the Austrian Minister and the United States Government, touching the appointment by the latter of an agent to the *de facto* Government of Hungary during the struggle of that country with Austria. The Austrian Chargé, in his letter, assumes a very solemn tone, and treats the matter as one of the very highest importance. He very gravely remarks that the circumstance is one which the Austrian Government cannot overlook; that he solemnly protests against it as contrary to the comity of nations, and as a violation of the American doctrine of non-intervention. He further intimates that unless full satisfaction is afforded, ulterior measures will be resorted to. The reading of this bellicose document in the Senate caused considerable merriment.

The accounts from *Peru* are very distressing; bands of brigands from the interior were infesting the city of Lima and neighbourhood, committing the most outrageous robberies and murders, and the Government had not the power to put them down. A perfect panic existed among the inhabitants who had property of any value at stake, and they were barricading their houses, determined to defend themselves as well as they could against these ruffians.

The latest accounts from *California* attach immense importance to the recent discoveries of gold in the quartz rocks. If the amount of gold thus to be obtained turn out half as much as, it is said, every one believes, mining may be regarded as being yet in its infancy. The rapid progress of the city of San Francisco is one of the greatest wonders of modern times. Already its population amounts to 50,000. The place was never intended by nature as the site of a large town. Large hills and bluff rocks cover the principal parts, but man is doing what nature had not done—levelling enormous sand banks, and filling up immense cavities. Miles of rock, at least 40 feet high, are being levelled. The streets are being planked, and a planked road for four miles is going on. Wharves are extended into the bay, one of which is 2000 feet in length, and cost about 250,000 dollars. There are ten others nearly finished,

and altogether there are about two miles of wharf way, at a cost of 2,000,000 dollars. Harbours are constructed in which a 74 can lie. Piles are driven in 15 feet of water, and houses erected upon them in which a large proportion of the inhabitants reside and have their warehouses. In short (says a letter from which we take these particulars) any person who may leave the town for a month will scarcely know it again on his return, so rapid are the changes, so wonderful the march of improvement!

NARRATIVE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE remarkable feature in the literature of the past month has been the extraordinary influx of tracts on the question of the Papal Aggression. Their number makes it hopeless even to print their titles. From a city or county meeting to Mr. Ridgway's shop has been always a not unnatural transition; but the connection of platform and pamphleteering oratory has probably never had such curious and ample illustration as in the present Anti-Papal excitement. Let us add that platform oratory never proposed to itself a higher or worthier aim than that which animated a recent meeting in Manchester, to establish, for the benefit of the workingclasses of that great town, a free public museum and library. There were incidents connected with it which could not have been paralleled in any other city or country in the world. Its principal promoter was the Mayor of Manchester; and he produced to the meeting, no less a sum than between six and seven thousand pounds, already subscribed, and exclusively the result of the private contributions of the merchants of the town, aided by a donation from the overseers of the township! No sooner was the proposal started, than it was nobly completed. The matter had been in agitation not many months; yet, before the 1st of July in the present year, a library of reference containing eight thousand books will have been opened, freely accessible to all, and a supplementary or lending library of five thousand volumes more will have been collected in the same building, for the use of artisans and their families at home. Nor is it the least gratifying part of this extraordinary achievement to reflect that such exertions could only have been called forth by a class of men in all respects eminently deserving of them. There was not a speaker at the meeting who did not bear eager testimony to the marked improvement in the feeling of the working classes during the last few years, and to a singular increase in their desire for education, and the means of intellectual pursuits.

The current of general publication during the month has set less exclusively than usual in the direction of what is commonly termed light literature, and is so often literature of distressing heaviness. The *Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino*, by Mr Dennistoun of Dennistoun, a goodly work in three large octavos very abundantly illustrated, exhibits the quality of enthusiasm and zeal for a subject which is so desirable in an author; and the slight but expressive engravings of the Raffaelle portraits (executed by Italian gravers) are quite exquisite. In connection with this book may be mentioned a new edition of Sir Charles Eastlake's *Handbook of Italian Art by Kugler*, with upwards of a hundred outlines from the pictures of old masters, executed by Mr. George Scharf, which though necessarily minute, supply really a very vivid and interesting comment to the eye on the schools of Art respectively described.

To the department of history an agreeable contribution has been made by Mr. Manners Sutton, in the *Lexington Papers*, which deal chiefly with the men and manners, native and foreign, of the latter years of William, and the whole of Anne's reign, and to the general reader are principally interesting for several characteristic letters of Prior and Stepney. One of the manuscripts left by the late Lord Holland has also been published by his son, with the title of *Foreign Reminiscences*. It is slight in texture, but contains shrewd observation, and anecdotes remarkably well told An elaborate volume on the traces of the *Roman Wall* between the Tyne and the Border, by an enthusiastic and intelligent North Country clergyman and antiquarian, is a contribution to history somewhat more remote. For another contrast to which, upon the extreme modern side, let us add that Mr. Archibald Prentice has published *Historical Sketches of Manchester* during the last half-century.

Travellers and tourists have been active in their way. *Across the Atlantic*, is a rapid but keen glance at the manners and abodes of our transatlantic cousins. The *Golden Horn*, is an intelligent ramble in parts of Asia Minor and the less trodden country east of the Jordan, by a son of the Bishop of Gloucester. The *Bridal and the Bridle*, describes a honeymoon trip on horseback through the East. *Life in the Arctic Regions*, is an account of the last unsuccessful expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, by the second in command of the small but stout little ship fitted out by Lady Franklin herself.

In general literature we have to mention a tory survey of *England as it is*, by Mr. Johnston; a translation of Fourier's *Passions of the Soul*, by the Rev. Mr. Morell; a republication by Lord Mahon, from his history, of the account of the rising of *The Forty Five*, with curious original letters, descriptive of the character of Charles Edward; a narrative of the *Second Sikh War*, by General Thackwell's aide-de-camp; a republication, in single volumes, of the works of *Sir James Macintosh*, and those of *Joanna Baillie*: a volume on the order and physical structure of the *Planetary System*, by Doctor Nichol: new editions of Mr. Hogarth's *Memoirs of the Opera*, of Coleridge's *Table Talk*, and of Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia* and *Consolations in Travel*; a translation by an evidently superior hand of the *Professor's Wife* of Berthold Auerbach; a volume of original and somewhat startling investigation on *Social Statics* by Mr. Herbert Spencer; a new novel by Mrs. Marsh called *Time the Avenger*; a companion discovery to the *Historic Doubts* of Archbishop Whately, in the shape of *Historic Certainties*, having the same witty purpose, and very evidently by the same hand; and (to single out the one book relating to the Papal Controversy most worthy of mention for its vigour and originality) a volume entitled "*The Idol demolished by its own Priest*," by Mr. Sheridan Knowles, the author of "*Virginius*."

There only remains to be mentioned a volume of poetry by Mr. Chauncey Hare Townshend, called *Sermons in Sonnets, with a Text on the New Year*, a collection of poetical *Stories that might be True* by Miss Dora Greenwell, and the first volume of a new and valuable edition of *Robert Burns* by Mr. Robert Chambers.

The attention of the theatrical world, during the month, has been chiefly occupied with Mr. Macready's farewell performances at the Haymarket. They are now very nearly brought to a close, and in a few days this great actor will leave the stage for ever.

There is now on view at Mr. Hogarth's gallery in the Haymarket, a painting by Mr. Maclise, of which the subject is taken from Lord Byron's tragedy of *Werner*; and the principal figure is a full-length portrait of Mr. Macready, as the hero of the piece. A line-engraving of this picture is in preparation.

A new comedy in five acts, entitled *The Old Love and the New*, has been produced at Drury Lane. A three-act drama, called *All that Glitters is not Gold*, at the Olympic; and a melo-drama (taken from the French) called *Belphegor the Mountebank*, at the Adelphi: all of them with success.

COMMERCIAL RECORD.

BANKRUPTS.

From the Gazette of Dec. 31.—F. YOUNG, Silver Street, Golden Square, cheesemonger.—E. TRENT, Sherborne, draper.—J. GINN, Sudbury, builder.—J. HUGHES, Hacconby, Lincolnshire, beast-jobber.—J. SIMONS, Wibtoft, Warwickshire, horse-dealer.—J. HALEY and W. THOMPSON, Manchester, cotton-manufacturers.—W. ATKINSON, jun. Goole, shipwright.—E. LAKE, Okehampton, druggist.

Jan. 3.—E. POWNALL, Ipswich, shipowner.—E. and G. GODBOLT, College-place, King's-road, Chelsea, carpenters.—F. MASTERS, Reading, plumber.—J. C. C. MILLAR, Clifton Street, Finsbury, surgeon.—W. S. MERYWEATHER, West Ham, Essex, brick-maker.—W. PITCHER, Pershore, Worcestershire, corn-dealer.—P. TOOLE, otherwise P. O'TOOLE, Liverpool, provision-dealer.—E. HALL, Salford, Lancashire, smallware-manufacturer.

Jan. 7.—M. and L. ROWLANDSON, Whitechapel-road, drapers.—R. HILLS, Downham, Isle of Ely, grocer.—J. BRETON, King Edward-road, Hackney, insurance-broker.—C. LIGHTFOOT, Torquay, livery-stable-keeper.—G. F. ALLMEY, Sheffield, hosier.—ANN ROYSTON, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, brewer.—J. D. HARWOOD, Liverpool, ironmonger.

Jan. 10.—T. TOYNBEE, University Street, Tottenham Court-road, horse-dealer.—A. WILLSHER, South Island-place, Clapham-road, livery-stable-keeper.—A. MOORE, South Wharf, Paddington, stone-merchant.—J. SMITH, Kent-place, Old Kent-road, cheesemonger.—W. C. CRANWELL, Ely, potato-merchant.—C. G. JONES, Elizabeth Street, Hans-place, victualler.—H. CROSBY, Burnley, linendraper.—G. T. ROLLASON, Birmingham, china-dealer.

Jan. 14.—T. COX, Cambridge, chemist.—H. G. and J. MORTIMER, Nayland, Suffolk, builders.—E. HOBBS, Brighton, victualler.—W. B. HARRISON, Sunderland, draper.—J. H. STEVENSON, Sunderland, miller.

Jan. 17.—J. J. KEBLE and R. J. BIRDER, Riches Court, Lime Street, merchants.—J. PENFOLD, Marlborough-place, Old Kent Road, grocer.—P. MANCHEE, Curtain-road, cabinet-manufacturer.—T. NEWELL, Llansaintffraid, Montgomeryshire, horse-dealer.—W. WALKER, Preston, chemist.—J. JOWETT and Co., Preston, stonemasons.

Jan. 21.—J. BELL, Leyburn, Yorkshire, draper.—J. BLAIN, Liverpool, stationer.—W. H. CATTON and C. CATTON, Milnsbridge, Yorkshire, dyers.—L. P. GOLDSMID, King-street, Holborn, importer of watches.—F. G. JOHNS, New-yard, Great Queen-street, medical and general fixture-dealer.—J. LEMMON, Norwich, printer.—T. LOCOCK, jun., Weston-super-Mare, Somersetshire, builder.—J. RAWLING, Selby, Yorkshire, shoemaker.—J. ROBINSON, Stanwix, Cumberland, cattle-dealer.—P. VAN DEN ENDE, Strood, Kent, woolstapler.—W. WALKER, Preston, Lancashire, chemist.

Jan. 24.—J. M. BRODCLAND, Phoenix-street and Denmark-street, Soho, pianoforte-maker.—G. R. GALLOWAY, St. John's-street, brush-manufacturer.—J. GRAHAM, Ardwick, Lancashire, joiner.—J. JOHNSON, Coventry, Warwickshire, wine-merchant.—S. LEE, Loughborough, Leicestershire, bookseller.—J. H. LEMMAN, Malden, Essex, draper.

Jan. 28.—J. HAYWARD, Oxford Street, Whitechapel, watch-maker.—R. J. JOHNSON, Woolwich, plumber.—W. WATERMAN, Sheffield, grocer.—M. M'DONNELL, Liverpool, licensed victualler.—S. H. WATSON and J. KINGSTON, Rochdale and Burnley, Lancashire, mercers.—W. THOMPSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.

Jan. 7.—R. GARTON, Kingston-upon-Hull, bootmaker.

Jan. 14.—J. CURL, East Winch, Norfolk, grocer.

Jan. 17.—J. ROWBOTHAM, Sutton, Cheshire, silk-manufacturer.

THE STOCK AND SHARE MARKETS.

The slight rise which was felt in the market at the close of the past month has been maintained during the present. Three per cent. Consols did not sink to 96, with which our report closed (never having been lower than 96⅜), and the latest price at the time of our going to press was 96¼. At the opening of the month, the resignation of the French Ministry caused a sympathy in our market with that of Paris, and advancing prices received a check; but it was transient. After the opening of the bank books for private transfer on the 6th January, the re-investment of dividends was not so extensive as usual.

The Railway stock market was quiet during nearly the whole month. Towards the close a slight rise took place in the few transactions which were completed. Although, therefore, the amount of business has not been large, the market tendency has been firmness.

STOCKS.	Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
Three per Cent. Consols	97	96⅜	96¼
Three per Cent. Reduced	97⅜	96¾	97¼
Three and a quarter per Cents.	99	98⅝	98¾
Long Annuities, Jan. 1860	7¾	7 9/16	7 11/16
Bank Stock	214¾	213	214½
India Stock	268	266	266
Exchequer Bills	62s. prm.	56s. prm.	57s. prm.
India Bonds	78s. prm.	71s. prm.	70s. prm.

FOREIGN FUNDS—LATEST PRICES.

Belgian 4½ per cent., 90½
Brazilian 5 per cent., 89⅞
Chilian 6 per cent., 105½
Danish 3 per cent., 77
Dutch 2½ pr. cent. 12 guild., 58⅛
French 3 per cent., 56 f. 95 c.
" 5 " 94 f. 85 c.
Mexican, 5 per cent., 33¼ ex. d.
New York (1858) 5 per cent., 93
Pennsylvania 5 per cent., 81½
Peruvian 4½ per cent., 78
" (Deferred) 4 p. ct., 33½
Portuguese 5 per cent., 35
Russian 5 per cent., 112½
Spanish 3 per cent., 39½
Venezuela Bonds (Deferred) 11¼

Paid.	RAILWAYS.	Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
50	Aberdeen	10¼	10	10¼
100	Brighton and South Coast	95½	88½	95½
118	Blackwall	7½	6¼	7¼
	Bristol and Exeter	79	77	79
50	Caledonian	10½	10¼	10¼
20	Eastern Counties	6¾	6	6½
50	Edinburgh and Glasgow	30	28	30
25	Great Northern	18¼	16¾	17¾
100	Great Western, ex. div.	82½	78⅜	82½
50	Hull and Selby	103	100	103
100	Lancashire and Yorkshire	58¼	55¼	56⅜
100	London & North Western	125	123¼	124½
100	Midland	50¾	47⅝	50¼
25	North British	8⅝	8¼	8⅝
30	South Eastern and Dover	24	23	24
100	South Western	85⅛	77½	85¼
25	York, Newc., and Berwick	20	18⅜	19⅝
50	York and North Midland	23½	21½	23¼

FOREIGN RAILWAYS—LATEST PRICES.

Boulogne and Amiens, 9¼
East Indian, 12 ex. int.
Namur and Liege, 8¼
Northern of France, 14⅞ ex. int.
Paris and Rouen, 27¼
Paris and Strasbourg, 9⅝
Rouen and Havre, 11
Tours and Nantes, 4⅞

CORN MARKET—LONDON WEEKLY AVERAGES.

Wheat, per qr., 38s.; Barley, 22s. 8d.; Oats, 16s. 1d.; Rye, 24s. 8d.; Beans, 26s. 7d.; Peas, 26s. 11d.; Flour (town made), delivered, 40s. to 43s.; American barrel of 280 lbs., 22s. to 23s.

PROVISIONS—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Bacon, per cwt., Waterford, 40s. to 45s.; Belfast, 37s. to 40s.
Beef, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2s. 6d. to 3s.
Butter, Fresh, per lb., 10d. to 1s.; Carlow, 1st, 84s.; Waterford, 1st, 72s. to 78s.; Dutch Friesland, 98s. to 100s.; Limerick, 72s. to 76s.
Cheese, per cwt., Cheshire, 40s. to 60s.; Wiltshire, Double, 49s. to 58s.; Dutch, New Gouda, 29s.; American, 34s.
Eggs, per 120, English, 5s. to 5s. 6d.
Hams, per cwt.—York or Cumberland, 60s. to 76s.; Irish, 69s.; Westphalia, 48s. to 51s.
Mutton, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 10d.
Potatoes, per ton.—Kent and Essex Shaws, 60s. to 75s.; Kent and Essex Middling, 50s. to 60s.; Chats, 30s. to 35s.
Pork, per 8 lbs., 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.; American, New, per barrel, 46s. to 55s.
Veal, per 8 lbs., 3s. to 3s. 10d.

GROCERY—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Cocoa, per cwt.—Ord. to good red Trinidad, 40s. to 45s.; Brazil, 30s. to 31s.
Coffee, per cwt.—Good ord., Native Ceylon, 49s.; Mocha, 63s. to 85s.; Plantation, 56s. 6d. to 57s.; Bahia, 45s. to 47s.
Rice, per cwt.—Bengal mid. to fine white, 10s. to 11s. 6d.; Madras, 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.; Patna, 11s. 6d. to 17s.
Sugar, per cwt.—Lumps, 49s. 6d. to 51s. 6d.; British West India, good grocery, 37s. to 43s.; Mauritius, brown, 30s. to 43s. 6d.; Brazil, do., 34s. to 44s.
Tea, per lb. (duty 2s. 1d.),—Ord. Congou, 11½d.; Souchong, com. to fine, 1s. to 2s. 8d.; ord. to fine Hyson, 1s. 2d. to 3s. 9d.; Imperial, 1s. 2d. to 2s. 8d.

Candles, per 12 lbs., 4s. 6d. to 5s. | Coals, per ton, 18s. to 20s. 6d.

OILS.

Pale Seal, per 252 gals., 37l.
Sperm, 84l. to 87l.
Cod, 38l. 10s.
Palm, per ton, 29l. to 30l.
Olive, Gallipoli, 44l.
Linseed, 33l. 10s.

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Monthly Supplement to "*HOUSEHOLD WORDS*," *Conducted by* *CHARLES DICKENS*.

THE HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE OF CURRENT EVENTS.

1851.] FROM THE 29TH JANUARY TO THE 25TH FEBRUARY. [PRICE 2*d*.

THE THREE KINGDOMS.

THE Whig Ministry of 1846 has fallen. It has taken but three weeks of the first session following the death of Sir Robert Peel to put the policy of that great statesman into apparent peril. It is now that the country feels in its nearest interests the most deplorable public loss of our time. On the last night when Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell sat together in the House of Commons, the Premier avowed that it was by Sir Robert's support his Ministry had been sustained through all the perils of '48 and '49. It has not long survived the loss of those helping offices, of that guiding care.

It is not to be denied that the Ministry has fallen ingloriously. Their budget is a confessed and melancholy failure. It satisfied no friend, and conciliated no enemy. Without adding anything to the means of staving off a protectionist policy, it subtracted from the means of carrying out and completing the commercial policy. It was as little fair as it was generous. Sir Charles Wood even flippantly avowed that he had chosen to be rather unjust than just, in one part of the assessment proposed under it, because he did not choose to subject himself to the annoyance which justice would have been sure to occasion him. From the first moment that this notable plan was propounded, its contemptuous rejection was a matter of certainty. Men have not made up their minds to be saddled with the Income-tax, and all its inequalities, as though they were simply beasts of burden. Their reason desires to be satisfied that, in this matter of direct taxation, they are undergoing the temporary inconvenience for some certain ultimate advantage. It is quite clear what the course of Sir Robert Peel's reasoning was in the matter. Against every fiscal burden, he balanced so much expansion of each man's means to bear it. His object was the relief of industry and trade to the utmost conceivable extent, because he knew that the not distant re-payment from such sources back to the National Exchequer would be tenfold. No man was more sensible of the claims of the public creditor; but while duties and imposts still remained to obstruct employment and dishearten enterprise, he would have ridiculed the folly of flinging a million of surplus to the relief of the National Debt. There are but two intelligible modes of effecting such relief. There is Mr. Disraeli's for a sinking fund, the outlay of five millions a year, and re-imposition of the old burdens. There is Sir Robert Peel's for filling the National Exchequer by unrestricted freedom to National Enterprise. Sir Charles Wood has not had the courage boldly to encounter either; and he leaves not a man in the state to regret his downfall.

But the truth must be told in this as in other things. Bad as the budget was, it is not the budget by which Ministers have fallen. Signs and portents appeared within a few days of the meeting of Parliament which foreboded what has come to pass. The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, however short of its professed design, succeeded thoroughly in disaffecting the Irish Roman Catholics; and some twenty Free-traders, bent upon protecting the Pope, went about it in the Irish fashion of voting for protection to Agriculture. But for this Mr. Disraeli's minority would have fallen considerably short of last year's. As it was, the policy which our greatest statesman so recently and solemnly bequeathed to the continued care and support of the House of Commons, received but the scanty support of a majority of fourteen members of that House. Nobly did Sir James Graham, however, represent and vindicate his deceased chief: and, in a speech as impressive and remarkably eloquent as any statesman ever delivered within those walls, warn his old associates on the Conservative bench, that they might convulse the country, might endanger property, might shake to their foundations every institution of the State, but that they could not, with the help of any power now existing in England, permanently enhance by force of law the price of bread. Significantly enough, when the question which Mr. Disraeli would have passed off for that of merely relieving land of some millions of taxes, was revived a few nights after in the House of Lords under its older and plainer designation of Protection to British Industry, Lord Stanley sat ominously silent. He heard Lord Hardwicke first protest that the manufacturers were thriving on the ruin of every other interest in the country, and then proceed to describe how these same thriving manufacturers, having multiplied production beyond all reasonable bounds, had utterly failed to find a market, either here or abroad. Yet the Protectionist leader continued silent. He heard not only Lord Hardwicke, but Lord Malmesbury and the Duke of Richmond, threaten a coming invasion of French industry more appalling than French cannon or steel; and still said not a word. Probably he had better reasons for remaining silent when Lord Wodehouse rose, and, in one of the neatest and best arguments ever delivered on the question, put the simple truth before his fellow peers. He disposed of Mr. Disraeli's debate in the half-dozen words in which he said that the interest of each class of the community was dependent on the general prosperity of the country, and that particular interests could never be consulted or preferred except to the detriment of the rest. He reminded the House that traders both in silk and cotton had formerly clamoured for restriction to save them from ruin, just as loudly as the farmers were clamouring now; and he asked whether cultivators of the soil were to be the only class in the realm incapable of overcoming their difficulties without help from the public purse, modified as those difficulties were from day to day by infinite circumstances, and by the prominent and permanent fact that for British agricultural produce there was the best market in the world, that of domestic consumption. He overthrew Mr. Disraeli's statistics by acutely separating the agricultural from the non-agricultural land subject to parochial taxation, and by showing that the former represented but forty-five per cent. of the whole. He declared that such had been

the reduction in price of articles consumed in his own county of Norfolk, that, though the wages of the agricultural labourer were less, his comforts were considerably more, than they had been for many years past. Finally, he earnestly warned the tenant-farmer class not to be led away by any such delusion and snare as the least prospect of a return to Protection.

These truths are of the last importance at present, as probably Lord Stanley felt at the time, and since has had stronger assurance of. He cannot take office either on Mr. Disraeli's cautious pretence, or Lord Granby's more frank avowal. He cannot, on behalf of a section of the community alleged to be suffering, and never known within living memory to have been doing anything else, demand the reversal of a policy from which, to all other sections of the community, increased trade, increased commerce, increased employment, increased consumption, decreased expenditure, general tranquillity, and a large financial surplus, have confessedly arisen. He knows perfectly well that the very importation of foreign corn and flour so bitterly complained about, implies a consumption paid for by increased employment of the people; and that he might as well seek to restore the heptarchy as to bring back restriction. It is not necessary that what passed between the Queen and himself should be explicitly stated, events satisfy Mr. Disraeli's insolent questionings. It is enough that office has been within his grasp, and that, as yet, neither a party nor a policy has enabled him to take it. It will probably turn out that he really possesses neither; and that there will be imposed upon him and his followers much castigation, exercise devout, humbler indulgence of extravagant speech, and a posture recumbent for a considerable time longer, before either he or they can hope to resume any permanent share in a government which must henceforth be carried on for the general welfare of every class, and without exclusive regard to the particular interests of any.

Should the reconstruction of a Free-trade Ministry, by junction of the Whigs with Sir James Graham and his friends, lead to the reconstruction of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill into a measure better justifying, by effective provisions, the hostility inseparable from legislating on the subject at all, it will not be matter for regret. If, indeed, the explanation of the effect of the bill by the Attorney-General had turned out to be correct, a better measure could hardly have been devised. It would, in that case, not simply have made amenable to punishment and fine the assumption of territorial titles, and the assignment or conveyance of property to trusts under such titles; but would have secured the nullity of all such temporal interference, in the usurped characters expressed by those titles, as that of Synods protesting against education, and obstructing the ordinary course of civil government. But the bill itself fails to bear out Sir John Romilly's construction of it. "I attack the territorial title," said Sir John, "because the present constitution of the Roman Church makes such a title necessary to the Ecclesiastical exercise of the Episcopal office: by prohibiting the former, therefore, I effectually stop every evil that can follow on the latter." This is not so clear. For what are the provisions of the bill? The first clause prohibits the assumption of ecclesiastical titles taken from the name of any place or district within the United Kingdom, and subjects offenders to a penalty of 100*l*. The second clause declares all acts done or documents signed under any such territorial title to be null and void. The third clause substitutes the Crown, in place of the bearer of any such titles, as administrator of property conveyed in trust to the latter. And the fourth compels offenders against the act to give evidence on oath of their own share in any of the prohibited proceedings. Of these clauses, it is obvious that the Attorney-General had hoped to check what is called the Synodical action of the Roman Catholic church by means of the second. But surely a clause so easy of evasion generally, could not be made stringent against Synods particularly. Suppose Dr. MacHale to have flung all his virus into the proceedings of a Synod, and to be afterwards content to sign the decree, diffusing and giving effect to the poison, with the name of "John, Archbishop of the Roman Catholics in Tuam," it is just as certain that the decree would lose nothing of its potency as that Archbishop John would escape the mulct and penalty.

The error arises from the supposition that Romish bishops cannot be constituted without territorial titles; whereas in every circumstance and particular of authority within their church, they are independent of the territorial part of their title. Assuming, then, that the bill fails in this very important respect, it seems to us unwise to have extended its provisions to Ireland so far as the mere interdiction of usurped titles forms part of it. There will be continual difficulty, and unceasing exasperation, in resolving to proscribe by the external agencies of law what cannot be proscribed in the minds of the great body of the population. On the other hand, it is perfectly within the province of the legislature to apply to both countries the precautions framed by this bill against the endowment in either kingdom of any branch of the Romish church. Here the design of the Pope is fairly confronted and thrust back. One of the great uses of a hierarchy is to facilitate the acquisition of property. As his Holiness has chosen to ignore the law in creating his bishops, the law returns him but a compliment in kind when it demands, as its condition of intercourse with the holy men, that they should put off the titles so defiantly usurped. But this fair and reasonable restriction is at once an effective bar to the retention of property for the uses desired; and thus one of the greatest uses of the hierarchy is at once estopped. Supposing this bill, then, to give place to any other attempt to legislate on the part of the new administration, it might yet be desirable, in retaining that part of its disqualifying effect, to attempt to extend it also to such abuses of authority on the part of the bishops, as might be held interferences with the province of temporal legislation and the policy of the State. With any such precaution, the mere assumption of titles would have no alarm for us; and with the power of the Synod, or of any other organisation which may seem needful to the Catholic church for management of its own affairs, we should not dream of meddling.

One thing is quite certain, that it will not do to evade this question by way of smoothing the difficulties of a ministerial crisis. It will have to be fairly met, and so disposed of as to satisfy the English people. The measure as it stands is denounced by the organ of the Romish priests as the most absolute delusion and trick that ever was tried to be palmed upon the gullible and unsuspecting; but that kind of pretence is too stale to pass for a reality. When the *Tablet*, with a quite amazing assumption of philosophical indifference, protests that Lord John's bill fills it with concern only because it is inefficient, and denounces protestant feeling that can declare itself contented with such an abortion, as "the most contemptible, ludicrous, rotten, asinine, weak, paltry, blind, wretched, miserable humbug that ever disgraced humanity," its calmness is too like *Sir Anthony Absolute's* to reveal anything but secret rage. We may be sure that a part of the bill has been well aimed, or the cry of assumed indifference would not be so piercing. Nay, it is not difficult to gather, from what this journal says of the possibility of even

its paltry provisions "seriously incommoding the administration of our trust funds," that the real strength of the bill lies in the direction we have pointed out, and that what remains to give it greater efficiency will have to be found in that direction also. Meanwhile our statesmen may learn from the same source what chance there is of any retrogression on the part of Rome to render needless a less stringent legislation. Lord John Russell threw out a sort of hope that his Holiness might retreat from his demands, if no further notice were taken of them; as Billy Lackaday in the farce delays answering the bell that he may tire the people in the parlour into waiting on themselves. But no such disposition is likely to show itself at the Flaminian or any other gate. Hear what the *Tablet* says of the present determination existing in the Vatican with respect to the Irish Hierarchy: "A weak and easy priest chosen at this moment to fill up a vacant diocese in Ireland, might give a vote to the Castle on the side of the Colleges, and turn a 'minority of thirteen' into something very like a majority. Accordingly we may be sure that in Ireland no less than in England vacancies will not be filled up without the fullest assurance that the new bishop can be depended on to go all prudent and necessary lengths in opposition to government intrigues. If the election of the clergy does not give this security, some other method of attaining it must and will be found out in Rome; and if Lord John Russell has small fancy for Dr. Cullen's appointment to Armagh, perhaps he may have just as little occasion to rejoice in the appointments that will follow." Whatever party of statesmen may now succeed in reconstructing the administration, they can hardly say, after this, that they have not had ample warning of where the real danger lies against which it will be their duty to protect both the English and Irish people, both the Catholic and Protestant laity.

Uncertain as all the promises of the session have suddenly become, and premature as further comment may prove to be on the immediate and shifting changes and negotiations of the hour, the hope is at least permitted us that none of the turns of the political wheel may intercept such reforms already within sight as that of some scheme for a General Registry of Deeds, and the proposition for the removal of Smithfield. Lord John Russell's promise of a bill next session for the Extension of the Franchise is meanwhile become a piece of history. The country counts upon that, and looks forward to it, as an advantage already won. Out of all the present loss or discomfiture of the Whigs, this, at any rate, is a popular gain secured, which no future combinations or coalitions of parties will have strength any longer to resist. Though the late premier thought fit to oppose a motion for further reform so reasonable as that of Mr. Locke King, whose successful division led to the existing crisis, he had yet the wisdom as well as courage (of which, in coming danger, the noble instincts never seem to desert him) to throw out an anchor of safety against the evil of his own opposition. It saved him the allegiance of reformers at the very moment of his resistance to reform, and will the better enable him now to construct an administration, should the chance still present itself, powerful where its predecessor was weak, in the sympathy and good wishes of the people.

NARRATIVE OF PARLIAMENT AND POLITICS.

PARLIAMENT assembled on Tuesday, the 4th inst., the Session being opened by the Queen in person, with the usual formalities. Her Majesty was attired in a white satin brocade, embroidered with gold wore a tiara of diamonds, and appeared in excellent health and spirits. The royal speech was as follows:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"It is with great satisfaction that I again meet my Parliament, and resort to your advice and assistance in the consideration of measures which affect the welfare of our country.

"I continue to maintain the relations of peace and amity with Foreign Powers. It has been my endeavour to induce the States of Germany to carry into full effect the provisions of the treaty with Denmark which was concluded at Berlin in the month of July of last year. I am much gratified in being able to inform you that the German Confederation and the Government of Denmark are now engaged in fulfilling the stipulations of that treaty, and thereby putting an end to hostilities which at one time appeared full of danger to the peace of Europe.

"I trust that the affairs of Germany may be arranged by mutual agreement, in such a manner as to preserve the strength of the Confederation and to maintain the freedom of its separate States.

"I have concluded with the King of Sardinia articles additional to the treaty of September, 1841, and I have directed that those articles shall be laid before you.

"The Government of Brazil has taken new and I hope efficient measures for the suppression of the atrocious traffic in slaves.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

"I have directed the Estimates of the year to be prepared and laid before you without delay. They have been framed with a due regard to economy, and to the necessities of the public service.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Notwithstanding the large reductions of taxation which have been effected in late years, the receipts of the revenue have been satisfactory.

"The state of the commerce and manufactures of the United Kingdom has been such as to afford general employment to the labouring classes.

"I have to lament, however, the difficulties which are still felt by that important body among my people who are owners and occupiers of land. But it is my confident hope, that the prosperous condition of other classes of my subjects will have a favourable effect in diminishing those difficulties, and promoting the interests of agriculture.

"The recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles conferred by a Foreign Power has excited strong feelings in this country; and large bodies of my subjects have presented addresses to me, expressing attachment to the Throne, and praying that such assumptions should be resisted. I have assured them of my resolution to maintain the rights of my crown, and the independence of the nation, against all encroachment, from whatever quarter it may proceed. I have, at the same time, expressed my earnest desire and firm determination, under God's blessing, to maintain unimpaired the religious liberty which is so justly prized by the people of this country. It will be for you to consider the measure which will be laid before you on this subject.

"The administration of justice in the several departments of Law and Equity will no doubt receive the serious attention of Parliament; and I feel confident that the measures which may be submitted, with a view of improving that administration, will be discussed with that mature deliberation which important changes in the highest courts of judicature in the kingdom imperatively demand.

"A measure will be laid before you providing for the establishment of a system of registration of deeds and instruments relating to the transfer of property. This measure is the result of inquiries which I have caused to be made into the practicability of adopting a system of registration calculated to give security to titles, and to diminish the causes of litigation to which they have hitherto been liable, and to reduce the cost of transfers.

"To combine the progress of improvement with the

stability of our institutions, will, I am confident, be your constant care. We may esteem ourselves fortunate that we can pursue, without disturbance, the course of calm and peaceable amelioration; and we have every cause to be thankful to Almighty God for the measure of tranquillity and happiness which has been vouchsafed to us."

In the HOUSE OF LORDS, the Earl of EFFINGHAM moved *The Address* in a speech of considerable length. The address was seconded by Lord CREMORNE.—Lord STANLEY said that though he was not altogether satisfied with some parts of the speech, it was not his intention, or the intention of those with whom he acted, to call on the house to negative or alter the address. After making some remarks on the part of the speech relating to Foreign Affairs, he said that the allusion to agricultural distress afforded a basis for some criticisms. Last year, her Majesty stated that she had heard with regret the "complaints" which had proceeded from a certain portion of the owners and occupiers of land; but added, that cheapness and plenty had bestowed an increased enjoyment of the necessaries and comforts of life upon the great body of the people. This year, however, they were told that her Majesty lamented "the difficulties which are still felt by that important body"—no longer a small fraction, whose interests were to be separated from those of the mass, "who are owners and occupiers of land." It is a melancholy satisfaction to the general class to have the extent and reality of its distress, and the reasonableness of its complaints, thus acknowledged by the government. The sympathy, however, should in consistency have been more active. They were told that there was great and general prosperity throughout the country, and that the manufacturing classes were largely profiting; but that concurrently with this general prosperity of the great bulk of the people, one class—and that the most important of all interests—was suffering severely. They were informed also, that, notwithstanding the large reductions of taxation which had been effected in late years, the state of the revenue was satisfactory; which meant, he supposed, that there was at the disposal of the government a very large surplus applicable for the remission of taxation. If, then, all interests in the country, with the exception of the most important, are prospering, and if it were possible to apply any relief in the shape of remission of taxation, he asked her Majesty's government, what is the interest in favour of which such remission of taxation might be most fitly and justly adopted? Lord Stanley did not deny that in certain parts of the country, and with regard to certain productions, the condition of the agricultural interest is prosperous—as near manufacturing towns, where the profits are more derived from stock than from wheat; but he retained his impression of the impolicy of the measure of 1846 as a whole. He would not deceive or delude the producer of this country by holding out any false hopes. He would therefore say, that he believed the present prices are permanent; he believed they are the effect of recent legislation; he believed that at those prices the production of this country must be materially diminished; that with that decrease of production the comfort and happiness of the most important portion of the population would also be greatly diminished; and that the diminution of the amount of real capital would render the people less able to sustain that enormous weight of taxation which they had hitherto borne. Lord Stanley then proceeded to the subject of the Papal Aggression. This, he said, was no question of religious controversy; and he trusted that in neither House of Parliament would it be treated as a question of the comparative purity of the doctrines of the Reformed and of the Roman Catholic faith. With that subject we have nothing to do. But the question was, should the Roman Catholic prelates, with the head of the Roman Catholic Church, be permitted to exercise in this country a mischievous interference, not with trifles, or shadows, or ideas, but with substantial realities and with the government of the country? A noble Lord, holding a responsible office under the crown, had written a letter which had attained great celebrity: that noble Lord could not but have been well aware of the nature of the flame he was about to kindle in the country. He could hardly have taken such a step without having deliberately counted the cost, and calculated the magnitude of the struggle on which he was about to enter. He must mean to vindicate the supremacy of the crown, to vindicate the rights of the bishops and the clergy, to vindicate the undivided sway of her Majesty and of parliament over the domestic concerns of this country, and to put down any interference with the administration of this realm and the authority of its Queen and parliament. The government ought to consider temperately, but firmly, all the difficulties of the relation in which the Roman Catholic subjects of this country stand to the crown. In the year 1829 there were certain securities introduced into the great measure of Emancipation, which it was supposed would be an effectual security to the Protestant Church against Roman Catholic aggression. It would be the duty of the government deliberately to examine those securities; and if there are any of them which, whilst they are offensive to the Roman Catholics, yet give no real security to the interests of Protestantism—any which are incapable of being enforced, and only lie encumbering the statute-book as a dead letter—he would say, "Sweep them off at once, and don't leave yourselves the odium of having enacted them when you derive no benefit from enforcing them." But if there are any cases in which the law, however well intended, does not reach the point it was meant to touch—if it does not reach this encroachment upon our liberties by the see of Rome, which at the time of the passing of the act of 1829 was never contemplated—then he said that it would be no violation of the civil or religious liberties of the Roman Catholics that those securities should be made, as they had always been intended to be, effectual. Let them look the whole case in the face boldly, but dispassionately—not contenting themselves with trifling legislation, but legislating unflinchingly to the extent which the imminence of the danger called for.—The Duke of RICHMOND spoke briefly on the confirmation given to his anticipations, and justifying his conduct as a consistent opponent both of Catholic Emancipation and of Free Trade from the first mooting of either of those measures to the present moment. On the subject of agricultural distress he said that he had spent a great deal of money in improvements; but, unless protection was restored, he would never spend another shilling in that way, for he was not one who liked sending good money after bad.—The Earl of WINCHELSEA said that England had never been so degraded as at the present moment, when she had been insulted by the bishop of Rome. He only hoped the government measure would be such as to sustain those Protestant principles which had made England great and free.—Lord CAMOYS said that he was a Roman Catholic, as his forefathers had been for centuries, but at the same time he was an Englishman, and the rights and liberties of England were as dear to him as to any of their lordships. He admitted the spiritual supremacy of the Queen over the established church to the fullest extent that the most orthodox member of that church could desire, and he acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope over the Roman Catholic population of this country in spiritual matters; but as to any other assumption of power over this country on the part of the Pope, or any undue exercise of his spiritual power over its population, against any such assumption he felt it to be his duty to protest.—The Marquis of LANSDOWNE called the attention of the house to the peculiar nature of the act of usurpation lately committed by the Pope against the royal supremacy, and remarked on the absurdity of the arguments of those apologists who wished to make it apppear that the Pope only intended in his letter apostolic to assert his spiritual influence over members of the Roman Catholic faith. He had no doubt that the proposed measure on the subject would be discussed with all due deliberation by the house.—After some observations from Lord RODEN, who expressed his disappointment that the speech had not contained stronger expressions respecting the Protestant religion, the address was agreed to unanimously.

On Thursday the 6th, Earl FITZWILLIAM asked Lord Minto if there was any truth in the allegation that he had, directly or indirectly, encouraged the Pope in his recent act of aggression.—The Earl of MINTO had no

hesitation in declaring that the allegation in question was wholly unfounded. The subject had never been mentioned, or even hinted at, during his Italian mission.

On Friday the 7th, the Earl of Minto, in reply to Lord Stanley, entered into some further explanations touching his entire ignorance of the Pope's intention to invade the independence of the English Church.

On Monday the 10th, the Marquis of Landsdowne moved an address to the crown to the effect that the house deeply regretted the misfortune of the Earl of Shaftesbury's inability from infirmity any longer to execute the duties of his important office, as *Chairman of their Lordships' Committees*, a post which he had filled for thirty-six years: that his necessary absence was a most serious loss, not only to the house in particular, but to the public at large; and that the house earnestly begged leave to recommend his lordship's eminent services to her Majesty's most gracious consideration.—The motion was agreed to.

On Tuesday the 11th, Lord Abinger, in presenting a petition against *Papal Aggression* from the county of Surrey, called the attention of the house to the spread of Popery throughout the country, and to the disastrous effects which invariably resulted from the two great engines of the Roman Catholic priesthood—the celibacy of the clergy and the practice of confession.

On Thursday the 13th, Lord Campbell presented a bill to simplify procedure in criminal trials, and stated that he had been induced to propose such a measure because the obscurity of the present enactment was such as to bring discredit on the administration of justice. He intended to ask leave to refer the bill to a select committee.—Lord Brougham withdrew his County Courts bill and brought in a new one. The noble lord also gave notice of two other bills on the same subject.—The Earl of Carlisle presented a petition from the Women of Sheffield, praying for the enfranchisement of women by a law giving them electoral privileges.

On Friday the 14th, Lord Monteagle drew attention to the importance of establishing a communication by *Railway between Halifax and Quebec*, and urged the house not only to advance this great national object, but to take care that neither the colonial nor the home government stood in the way of its accomplishment.—Lord Stanley supported the object, and counselled prompt and energetic action, as best suited to the interests of the country and the honour of the government.—Earl Grey, in reply, admitted the importance of the work, and said the subject was occupying the serious attention of her Majesty's government.

On Tuesday the 18th, the Earl of Hardwicke presented a number of petitions complaining of *Agricultural Distress*, and then entered into the subject at considerable length. He quoted letters and local statistics in proof that Cambridgeshire is in great agricultural distress: tried to establish from more general political facts that our exports to the European Continent and to America have been least when we imported most corn, and largest when we excluded corn and protected home agriculture; angrily ridiculed the suggestions made in some quarters, that noble lords should grow cabbages and kitchen-stuff for the profitable supply of the towns; and complained that the landowners are not allowed to grow tobacco.—The Duke of Richmond declared, that if the farmers are any more taunted with the fewness of agricultural paupers, they will discharge the immense masses of labourers whom in charity they now employ to a quadruple degree beyond the wants of the land; and if they do this—remember that crime follows idleness.—The Earl of Stradbrooke vouched the reduction of rents in Suffolk; the Earl of Winchilsea averred unprecedented and alarming numerousness of unemployed labourers; and the Earl of Malmesbury criticised Sir James Graham for his exaggerations of the condition of Cumberland, with its holdings unchanged and rents punctually paid.—The Earl of Granville, Lord Wodehouse, and Earl Fitzwilliam contended for free trade; admitting the distress of Cambridgeshire—the harvest in the Fens having been notoriously disastrous; re-establishing, by fresh proofs, the fact of general prosperity; and quoting the *Journal des Débats* to show that our free-trade example is now producing imitative legislation throughout Europe and America, and is deemed by the leading men in France a policy of which it is "quite impossible there should be any change." The subject then dropped.

On Monday the 20th, Lord Brougham called the attention of the house to the *Arrears of Business in the Court of Chancery*, and asked the Lord Chancellor if the government intended to fill up the third Vice-Chancellorship.—The Lord Chancellor replied that the government had not intended to fill up the third Vice-Chancellorship until after they had introduced their proposed comprehensive measure for Chancery reform; but there was so much business before the existing courts, much of which arose, not out of arrears, but from new causes, that it was most probable the government would be forced to fill up the vacant Vice-Chancellorship without waiting to pass their proposed bill.—Lord Cranworth bore testimony to the absolute necessity of filling up the vacant office, and could not see that the appointment would in the slightest degree interfere with any arrangement which might be contemplated by the government with reference generally to the Court of Chancery.—Lord Stanley asked whether the proposed measure would be introduced in that or the lower house.—The Lord Chancellor could not answer that question.

On Monday, the 24th, the Marquis of Lansdowne made a statement of the circumstances which had caused the resignation of the ministry, and subsequent occurrences. He said that, on Saturday last, in consequence of divisions in the lower house, the government had been induced to resign. On the same day Lord Stanley was invited to attend at Buckingham Palace, and, after an audience with her Majesty, stated that he was not then prepared to form a government. Lord John Russell had then been requested to reconstruct an Administration,—a task in which he was still engaged. Such was the condition of affairs; and, in conclusion, he could only say that he spoke as a member of a government which in fact existed no longer, and that he was its representative only for the purpose of making this communication to the house. The noble lord concluded by moving that the house at its rising should adjourn to Friday.—Lord Stanley said it was not his intention to make any comment on what had fallen from Lord Lansdowne. He could only say that he had on Saturday the honour of a lengthened audience with her Majesty, in which he fully and unreservedly expressed his opinion on the state of the country. Nothing could exceed the graciousness and kindness of her Majesty; but he should ill respond to that kindness were he in the present state of affairs to reveal anything that had passed on the occasion. He should, however, be prepared to state fully what had passed as soon as the present crisis was over.—Their lordships then adjourned.

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, the 4th inst., the *Address*, in answer to her Majesty's Speech, was moved by the Earl of Kildare, and seconded by Mr. Peto.—Mr. Roebuck expressed the pain he felt at finding an administration calling itself liberal about to take a backward step, and at a time, too, when the minister put into the mouth of the Sovereign congratulations upon the prosperous state of the country, the result of the removal of restrictions. He briefly reviewed the history of Catholic Emancipation, and the principles on which that measure was founded, which, he contended, were violated by legislation against religious distinctions granted by a bishop, called the Pope. He charged Lord John Russell with dealing falsely with the country. This so-called territorial aggression was no new thing; it began years ago, and had been sanctioned by the noble lord himself; so far from being an aggression, it was a retrogression on the part of the Pope. Where was the aggression upon her Majesty's prerogative because Dr. Wiseman chose to call himself a cardinal, and put on a large hat and red stockings? This was an exercise of spiritual authority, and the noble lord had heretofore declared that the Pope's spiritual power must be left untouched. The Roman Catholics had been led to believe by the acts of the legislature and of the executive government that

what had been done could be done legally, and all had been planned and published years ago. After they had been thus lured on, was it wise or worthy of the noble lord, so long the advocate of civil and religious liberty, to aid a cry which had its source in some of the vilest passions, and lend the sanction of his great name to the old puritanical bigotry of England?—Sir R. INGLIS replied to Mr. Roebuck, insisting that no country in Europe would have submitted to such an act as that by which the Pope had usurped the prerogative of the Sovereign, and treated the people as a nation of heretics. Resistance to such aggression was not new in our history, though he admitted too large concessions had been made by the present ministers in Ireland and the colonies. He appealed to the extraordinary unanimity of the nation upon this subject, and trusted that the government would not be deterred from acting up to the spirit of Lord John Russell's letter to the Bishop of Durham.—Mr. J. O'CONNELL vindicated the act of the Pope in substituting a regular hierarchy for vicars apostolic, which, though not sanctioned by, was known to, the government of this country.—Mr. ANSTEY, as a Catholic, not of the Court, but of the Church of Rome, was not ashamed to call the act of the Pope an aggression. It was an aggression upon the Roman Catholic laity, who had struggled against subjection to the undue power of their prelates.—The Earl of ARUNDEL and SURREY would oppose any attack on the liberty of the Roman Catholic Church, from whatever quarter, but temperately and constitutionally: if persecution should be imposed, he trusted that his co-religionists knew how to suffer with firmness and dignity.—Mr. FAGAN altogether dissented from the assertion in the Speech that certain ecclesiastical titles had been conferred by a foreign power: they had been conferred by the Pope as spiritual head of the Church, and not as Sovereign of the Roman States.—Mr. HUME remarked, that a stranger, judging the House by its talk, would take it for an assembly of ecclesiastics. He endeavoured to call attention to the paragraphs of the Speech not ecclesiastical. The settlement in Denmark by no means gratified him, ending as it does with the occupation of the free city of Hamburg by the troops of Austria against the solemn protest of its rulers and people. His approval of the paragraphs referring to legal reform was the more lively as he believes the expenses entailed on the country by the Court of Chancery to be "more oppressive than the ordinary taxation." Regretting that the general prosperity has not reached the whole of the agricultural class, he thought the present a good opportunity for giving to that important part of the community their constitutional rights in the choice of Parliamentary Representatives. The Bible monopoly should be abolished. The Queen should disband her useless and unnecessary armies, and, like Queen Elizabeth, rely on her subjects as her guards.—Colonel SIBTHORP hoped to God that some hail-storm or some visitation of lightning might descend to defeat the ill-advised project in Hyde Park. When the foreigners come, he warned the people of this metropolis to "beware of thieves, pickpockets, and whoremongers—take care of your wives and daughters, take care of your lives and property."—Mr. BANKES, on the part of the agricultural interest, thought it his duty to make some remarks upon that part of the Speech which referred to the condition of that interest, whose "difficulties," it was said, would be diminished by the "prosperity of other classes." He contended that if the producers of the food of our labouring classes were foreigners, it was a fallacy to suppose that increased consumption could benefit British farmers, who were desponding and alarmed. Agriculture must have relief, and the only shape in which it could be afforded was by a fixed duty on foreign corn.—Lord J. RUSSELL justified the course pursued by the government in respect to foreign affairs, and in allusion to the suggestions of Mr. Bankes, observed, that although a temporary fixed duty upon foreign corn, adopted in 1840 or 1841, might have prepared the agricultural interest for an inevitable change, he did not believe it could have been maintained as the foundation of a permanent system.

On the subject of the *Papal Aggression*, Lord John reproached Mr. Roebuck for the low motives he sometimes imputed to public men, and avowed that he had written the letter to the Bishop of Durham because he entertained the sentiments he then expressed, and could not refrain from giving publicity to them. He enumerated the concessions made to the Roman Catholics, the liberality, and even favour, with which they had been treated by the present government. In this state of things, the Roman Catholics having no reason to complain, the court of Rome suddenly thought proper to divide the whole country into dioceses, creating an archbishop of Westminster, of all places, and proclaiming to the people that English counties were to be "governed" by Roman Catholic prelates. With respect to the measure necessary to check this proceeding, his opinion was that the authority of Parliament would be sufficient, and it was not his intention to go beyond the occasion in the measure he should propose, which would embrace the whole of the United Kingdom.—Mr. DISRAELI said, that as it was vain to expect any measure to be proposed by government for the relief of the agricultural distress, he himself should do so on Tuesday next; "and (said he) if I do not succeed in producing a proposition for applying a remedy to this evil—a remedy entitled to the sanction of Parliament, and the confidence of the country—I now undertake never again to bring forward any motion connected with this great subject." With respect to the Papal aggression, he took Lord John Russell's letter to be the manifesto of a cabinet, and he believed that when that letter was written, much more was contemplated than the mere preventing the assumption by Cardinal Wiseman of a territorial title. That the aggression was "insidious," he did not agree with; on the contrary, the Pope had only frankly done what the noble lord had said there was no harm in doing, and what had long ago been done in Ireland with the noble lord's full consent. Unless, then, the premier was prepared to attempt the solution of the great problem of the reconciliation of the claims to allegiance of the English throne with the demands of obedience made from the papal chair, unless he was prepared to undertake this great task, he would have done much better in leaving the whole matter alone. The Address was then agreed to.

On Wednesday the 5th, Lord J. RUSSELL moved a resolution expressive of the appreciation of the house of the long services, extending over a space of forty-nine years, of *The late Mr. Ley*, the clerk of the house.—Mr. HUME, while agreeing cordially with the resolution, expressed his opinion that the vacancy had been most improperly filled up, by the appointment of a gentleman utterly inexperienced in and utterly ignorant of the practices and customs of the House of Commons.—Lord J. RUSSELL defended the appointment, stating that, in his conscientious opinion, the selection of Sir Denis Le Marchant was an excellent one. As for want of experience, a Speaker, a far more important official, could necessarily have no experience when first appointed to the chair.

Mr. BROTHERTON proposed a regulation, instructing the Speaker to *Adjourn the House* punctually every night at twelve o'clock, no matter what business may be under discussion. He attributed the recent great mortality of members to late hours, and urged the adoption of his plan for the present session as a trial.—Sir G. GREY opposed the motion, which was negatived by 108 to 32.

Lord D. STUART inquired whether, among the negotiations entered into with foreign powers, any attempt had been made to rescue *Kossuth and his Fellow-Captives* from the prison in which they were kept by the Turks, not willingly, but under terror of the menaces of Russia.—Lord PALMERSTON was sorry to say that the communications which had been interchanged with Constantinople for the release of Kossuth from Kutayah, had not been attended with any successful result.

On Thursday the 6th, Lord John RUSSELL, in answer to a question from Mr. Ward, said it was his intention to carry out the resolution of last session respecting the *Oath of Abjuration*, with a view to the relief of a certain class of her Majesty's subjects. He then moved the following resolution:—"That the house will not proceed

upon any *Motion for an Address to the Crown to which opposition is offered*, but in a committee of the whole house, except with respect to matters which have been previously submitted to a select committee." He pointed out the incongruity of the existing practice with the general rules of the house, and the inconveniences attending it, as exemplified last session in the case of the Post-office.—Objections to the resolution were suggested by Mr. Herries, Mr. Goulburn, and other members, and it was ultimately withdrawn until Tuesday next.

On Friday the 7th, Lord John Russell moved for leave to bring in a Bill "*to prevent the Assumption of certain Ecclesiastical Titles in respect of places in the United Kingdom.*" In illustration of the aggressive spirit of the papal power, he referred to recent acts of the papacy in Ireland, where an archbishop had been appointed in an unusual manner, and a synod convoked by the Pope, to which powers were assigned of a nature unprecedented for many centuries in any section of the United Kingdom. From that synod an address had emanated, not limited to spiritual subjects, but promulgating very violent opinions respecting education and the occupancy of property. Passing to the continent, he adduced, as specimens of the same tendency, various circumstances that had occurred in Sardinia and Belgium. Reverting to England, he explained the scope of the letters missive published in September last, to be the formal division of the country into sees, over which a Roman Catholic archbishop and twelve bishops were appointed. This act had been done without any leave being asked or intimation given to the British government; though it was of a nature which, according to all precedent, and the invariable courtesy of nations, could never be accomplished without previous negotiations, and must be viewed as an intrusion and an insult. Instancing from French and Austrian history the pretensions of the Roman spiritual power to interfere with things temporal, and the resistance that had been offered to those pretensions, he arrived at the conclusion that, even throughout Catholic nations, no bull or missive of the Pope was allowed to take effect for any temporal or secular purpose without the sanction of the home government. In Protestant countries the prohibition was more strict; and in none would such an insult have been permitted as was attempted to be passed upon the crown of England. In the letters missive and the addresses of Cardinal Wiseman, the church and the independence of England were absolutely ignored, and terms used which, though they had been exculpated as merely formal, could be interpreted into nothing but an assumption of territorial authority, and of a title inconsistent with that of Queen Victoria. Lord John, in reference to the story concerning Lord Minto, stated, that certainly the Pope said at one interview, "pointing to a table in the room, 'There is something there that regards you;' but Lord Minto did not look at the paper, or make any observation whatever on the subject." "Neither the Pope nor any other person said, 'Here is a paper that we would wish you to take and peruse, and submit it to your government;' if anything was said at all, it was only, 'That is a project that concerns you.'" When a private individual of the Roman Catholic persuasion told Lord John himself that there was such a project, he said he should "not approve of it," and said nothing more; and he did not dream of the possibility of what has happened. "I did not believe," said Lord John, "that it could be intended so to insult the Queen. I may have been like the foolish Italian shepherd, who said—

> 'Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi,
> Stultus ego, huic nostro similem;'—

I may have thought most trustingly and imprudently that the Court of Rome would observe such relations, such discretion, such courtesy in her conduct with the state of England, as all other states that are friendly observe towards each other, and as she herself has observed towards every other state in Europe." Approaching the existing question, Lord J. Russell stated, that when the contingency first arose, the opinion of the law advisers of the crown was taken to the effect that the assumption of the prelatic titles could not be successfully impeached; and that though the introduction of the letter apostolic fell under the penalties enacted by certain statutes, these had lain dormant for a very long period, rendering the success of any prosecution very doubtful. Two plans, modelled upon the practice of other countries, had been proposed for new acts. One was to enact that no bulls or writings from Rome of a nature prejudicial to the kingdom should be allowed to enter it; another, to subject all such writings to the scrutiny of some civil authority, without whose sanction they could not obtain currency. After explaining the inconvenience that might result from the adoption of either of these plans, Lord John referred to the principles laid down when the Emancipation Act was passed, and accepted then by the Roman Catholic clergy, that no titles should be assumed in the hierarchy of that church bearing any aspect of rivalry with the Protestant establishment. This principle it was now designed to carry out. In order to protect the Catholic laity from aggression, and to guard against the absorption of endowments, the measures he designed to introduce would forbid the assumption by Roman Catholics of any titles taken from any territory or place within any part of the United Kingdom, and would contain clauses rendering void any acts done by any parties under those titles, and annulling any bequest made to them, which should at once fall into the power of the crown to administer according to its discretion. This measure, he contended, would repel the offered insult, and secure the independence of the kingdom. In concluding his speech, Lord John made a pointed allusion to Dr. Wiseman. "If he has been given by the Pope a title which belongs to the Government of Rome to confer, and has been honoured by an election which has placed him in the band of the Sacred College, I should think that if he has any regard for the welfare of this country—if he has any regard for the peace and stability of the Roman Catholic community—the best course he can take will be to renounce the title which he has assumed in this country, and rather do that which I believe it was his original intention to do, and which he assured me it was his original intention to do—namely, reside at Rome. But if other counsels should prevail, and if he should be able to instil notions of conquest, of ambition, or of revenge, into the Court of Rome, we may then probably, though we can well know the end, look for a long and arduous struggle."—Mr. Roebuck contrasted the vast premises laid down by Lord J. Russell, alleging invasion and insult, with the insignificance of the measure he had founded on them. He controverted the applicability of the comparisons drawn from Catholic countries, referring as a better example to the United States, where the Catholic religion was not acknowledged, and yet the Pope was not feared. The best answer to a usurping bishop was, "We know you not;" the best repellant of insult was ridicule; and the best safeguard against future danger, to spread education amongst the people. The measure of the government he believed not to be inspired by fear of the papacy, but was a truckling to prejudices out of doors, and the opinions of members on the opposition benches.—Mr. John O'Connell would support the measure, as being temperate, though he thought it would prove inefficient and paltry.—The measure was opposed by Mr. Roche, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Bright.—Mr. Disraeli announced his intention of voting for it, though it would utterly disappoint the country.—Sir R. Inglis was more inclined to thank the Prime Minister for his letter and his speech, than for the measure, which would prove insufficient. The debate was adjourned to Monday following.

On Monday, February the 10th, the adjourned debate on the proposed bill to prevent the *Assumption of certain Ecclesiastical Titles* was resumed.—The Attorney-General explained the scope and effect of the measure. The offence which it was intended to meet consisted in the introduction of a bull, by which certain persons were authorised by the Pope to assume the titles of bishops in England, with jurisdictions defined by territorial limits. The act of the court of Rome was resented by the country because, first, it was an insult offered to the British crown; secondly, it was an injury inflicted upon

certain classes of its subjects. With respect to the insult, he thought it would be sufficiently repelled by the opinion expressed throughout the country and in that house, and by words introduced in the bill. The injury—which affected the Roman Catholic classes of the community—was of a twofold nature, spiritual and temporal. With the spiritual effect of the bull the house had nothing to do; but its effect in temporal matters would be to give to the bishops having territorial jurisdiction a power of dealing with religious endowments made by parties who had not intended that they should be so administered; and whilst he was not aware that, in respect to spiritual matters, vicars apostolic, who were bishops *in partibus*, had less authority than territorial bishops, it was important to stop persons dependent upon the Pope of Rome from interfering with the rights of British subjects. The bill, therefore, in the first place, extended the provisions of the Roman Catholic Relief act, which imposed a penalty of 100*l*. upon the assumption of the title of any existing see, to that of any title whatever from any place in the United Kingdom. But it did not stop there. In order more effectually to prevent the assumption of territorial titles, the bill would make every act done by persons assuming such titles, by virtue of them, absolutely void; and in addition, in order to hinder parties from making gifts to persons assuming such titles, the bill would declare the endowment of such pretended sees illegal, and the gifts would be forfeited to the crown, to be disposed of as her Majesty saw fit—a course which was deemed better than that of declaring such gifts void, since the crown could distribute them equitably. By thus preventing persons from assuming territorial titles, and preventing the existence of the dioceses or sees themselves, the bill would effectually remedy the mischief complained of, and it was very desirable that it should not be extended to cases which might not arise, or which the existing law was competent to reach, or which, being of a spiritual character, could not be effectually dealt with by legislation, and must be left to the good sense and judgment of the Roman Catholics themselves. —Lord ASHLEY met the argument that the proceeding of the Pope is necessary to the development of the Roman Catholic religion. He granted that the act of 1829 gave full right and privilege to the Roman Catholics to diffuse, extend, and promote their religion; he allowed that the Roman Catholics have full power to convert their vicars apostolic into bishops; he knew perfectly well the detriment we should receive from the constitution of such a hierarchy, although it appears to be in perfect conformity with the concessions made in 1829. But no one has proved that territorial titles are necessary to the exercise of episcopal functions. They are worldly and material affairs of high importance, but the office of a bishop is spiritual altogether. In nothing was this distinction more clearly shown than in the very appointment of a Protestant bishop in Jerusalem, which Dr. Wiseman had quoted on the other side. Instead of being styled "Bishop of Jerusalem"—which would be a territorial and therefore an aggressive title —he was styled in his deed of consecration, "Alexander, Bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland, *resident in Jerusalem*." This distinction between territorial and personal dignity has been observed by nations in matters of civil sovereign rule, as well as in these instances of ecclesiastical government. The revolutions of 1830 in France and Belgium placed on the throne kings who were specifically entitled "King of *the French*," and not "of France," and "King of *the Belgians*," not "of Belgium": there was the testimony of two nations as to the importance of a territorial title. The territorial office is unrestricted; the personal one is restricted to those alone who yield it submission; and this office is sufficient for all the purposes of spiritual rule. Lord Ashley quoted Mr. Hallam's impartial historic testimony on the aggressive opposition of the canon law to the civil laws of every realm; its declarations that "the laws of kings are not preeminent over the ecclesiastical law, but are subordinate to them," and that "oaths disadvantageous to the interests of the church are not to be considered as oaths, but rather as perjuries." Lord Ashley concluded with an impressive warning to those within our own church who, he believed, had invited this attack, against the further results of their proceedings, amongst which might be, he feared, a collision betwixt the clergy and the laity, which would go very far to purify the church.—Mr. PAGE WOOD discussed the legal bearings of the subject, international and domestic. He especially dwelt upon the distinction between the personal and territorial jurisdiction marked by Lord Ashley; showed that the word "diocess" has from the time when Cicero himself used it (speaking of the diocess of Cilicia) meant a local district, including every inhabitant in it, and that a Bishop *of* Westminster is therefore a widely different thing from a Bishop *in* Westminster; he added illustrations founded on the personal and unterritorial jurisdiction in Turkey of the consular agents of the Levant Company; and followed out the English law of the subject explained by the Attorney-General, by referring to the principle that it is an indictable offence to hold even a court-leet, the smallest jurisdiction known to our law, without a delegation of authority from the crown or by parliament. In reference to Dr. Wiseman's implied excuse that every instrument has its proper form, he stated that the instrument by which Pope Gregory the Sixteenth enlarged the English vicariates spoke throughout not of a Roman Catholic Church in England, but merely of the members of the Roman Catholic faith in England. He referred with pleasure to an encyclical letter, in which the four chief Patriarchs of the East had repudiated with astonished indignation the insulting aggression of the Bishop of Rome.—Sir GEORGE GREY replied to the three charges brought against the government—namely, giving titles of honour and respect, such as "your Grace," to Roman Catholic prelates; addressing these prelates by titles prohibited by law; and lastly, that a member of the government had a previous knowledge of the intentions of the court of Rome. He did not deny the first, and declined offering an excuse for it. He did deny the second charge, and declared that the letter of Mr. Disraeli, in which it was preferred, was full of blunders. He also corrected an error on the part of Lord St. Germans with reference to this point, which had crept into the work of Dr. Twiss. With regard to the last charge—that, prior to the promulgation of the bull, a direct communication upon the subject had been made by the Pope to Lord Minto—Sir George referred to the distinct denial of his lordship; and with respect to the statement of Abbate Hamilton, quoted by Mr. Roebuck, he admitted that the abbate had written upon the subject to Lord Minto, who, in return, had acknowledged that he had received an intimation of an intention to confer upon Dr. Wiseman archiepiscopal rank, but repeated that down to the promulgation of the bull he had been in total ignorance of any design to establish a hierarchy. In conclusion, he vindicated the manifestation of public feeling from the imputation of bigotry: it was a national demonstration against an attempt to force upon us a foreign domination, which our ancestors had successfully withstood.—Mr. P. HOWARD moved the adjournment of the debate, which after some discussion, and an adverse division, was agreed to.

Mr. ANSTEY moved for leave to bring in a bill for the repeal of enactments imposing certain *Disabilities on her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects*, which, upon a division, was refused by 175 against 35.

On Tuesday, the 10th, Mr. DISRAELI moved his resolution on *Agricultural Distress*, in the following terms:—"That the severe distress which continues to exist in the United Kingdom among that important class of her Majesty's subjects the owners and occupiers of land, and which is justly lamented in her Majesty's Speech, renders it the duty of her Majesty's Ministers to introduce without delay such measures as may be most effectual for the relief thereof." He observed that the fact, admitted in the speech from the throne, that, concurrently with the general prosperity of the country, there was a continued depression of a particular class, well deserved, not only the consideration of the government, but the deliberation of Parliament, in order to ascertain the nature and sources of that particular distress. He then referred to the anticipations which had been formed five years ago as to the future prices of agri-

cultural produce, and the effects of the change of system upon landed property. The result had been the reluctant recognition of continued distress among the agricultural classes, after attempts in past years, on the part of the government, to represent the depression of prices as exceptional and temporary, and to prove that what had happened could not possibly recur. He did not mean to build upon these results a proposition to retrace our steps; but if all the estimates upon which changes of system had been founded were wrong, and all the calculations erroneous, and if a most important class continued depressed amid the general prosperity, it was the duty of Parliament to investigate the subject in a charitable spirit, and to adopt the course which reason and policy dictated. He vindicated the character and conduct of British farmers from the stigma of sloth and want of skill, and characterised the outcry against rent, and the plea that this was a landlords' question, as economical fallacies, tending to arm one agricultural class against another. The object of his motion was not to dispute the fact of the general prosperity of the country, or to attack the new commercial system, but to adapt the condition of the owners and occupiers of land to that system. He should make no attempt to bring back the abrogated system of protection; if that system was to be restored, it must be done by a very preponderating opinion out of doors. What, then, was the reason why the cultivator of our soil could not compete with the foreign producer? It was the amount of taxation to which he was liable, and which had been allowed to press unequally upon him in consequence of the artificial state in which agriculture was formerly placed. The great mass of our general taxation was supplied from three sources—external imposts, inland revenue, and local contributions. Nearly one-half of the first was raised by not permitting the cultivators of the soil to produce a particular crop, or loading it with a peculiar impost; two-thirds of the inland revenue were raised by a colossal tax upon one crop of the British agriculturists; while of the 12,000,000*l.* of local contributions, 7,000,000*l.* was paid by them, and the whole was levied upon a very limited class. Mr. Disraeli entered into the details of these several burdens, urging at much length the hardships they inflicted upon the landed interest; and with respect to the last, referred to the proposal he made last session for relieving the land in the matter of local taxation—a question which had been since much advanced. He urged, in addition, the severity with which the tithe fell upon owner and occupier, not merely in the commutation, but in the incidence of the charge itself, which Mr. M'Culloch thought justified an adequate countervailing duty upon foreign corn. All these facts proved that the British farmer was overweighted. But it was said that the land enjoyed exemptions. The amount of these exemptions Mr. Disraeli endeavoured to show was comparatively small or illusory, and he opposed to these exemptions the land tax. It was only by that powerful instrument, the property and income tax, that our present financial system was upheld, and from the returns of that tax, it appeared that at least one-half was levied from the owners and occupiers of land—from owners whose rents were reduced, and from occupiers without profits. What these classes required was only severe justice; they did not shrink from competition, but they asked not to be forced into it manacled. He desired no legislation that was not consistent with the welfare of all her Majesty's subjects, not excluding one particular class which it was now acknowledged had been treated with injustice.—The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER observed that Mr. Disraeli had brought forward no clear or definite proposition. Sir Charles justified the opinions he had expressed in past years respecting the effects of the change in our commercial policy; he had never concealed his apprehensions of the difficulties which agriculture, like manufactures, might experience upon the withdrawal of protection, but he thought still that it would revive and stand upon a sounder foundation than before. The anticipations of the advocates of free trade had not proved more exaggerated than the gloomy forebodings of its opponents. The distress alleged to exist among our agriculturists was paralleled in France, notwithstanding its large exports of corn to this country and its importing none. The diminished price of meat here was the result of increased production, and cattle were produced at a cheaper rate. In Ireland as well as England the numbers of able-bodied paupers were rapidly diminishing. Wages, in relation to prices, were higher than during the war. In almost all the articles of a poor man's consumption the fall of prices during the last ten years had greatly exceeded the fall of wages. While the labouring classes were thus benefited, there had been no reduction of rents commensurate with the diminution of prices. Sir Charles then reviewed the several burdens alleged to fall peculiarly upon the land, and the objections which Mr. Disraeli had offered to other remedies than his own. Assuming that Mr. Disraeli asked to be relieved from the Customs duty on tobacco, and the Excise duty on malt, hops, and spirits, he asked him, how would he provide for the public expenditure? It could only be by re-imposing those duties which, with so much advantage to the country, had been repealed. Sir Charles read statements of our foreign trade, showing an increase of our exports perfectly unexampled, and asked whether it was possible that a legislation which had produced such results could be wrong? No protected interest ever lost protection without transient suffering; agriculture had not been the only interest protected; the others had recovered from their depression, and now flourished beyond precedent; the application of capital and improved processes of cultivation would produce the same result in agriculture, and enable the British farmer successfully to compete with foreigners.—Mr. G. BERKELEY and Mr. SANDARS briefly supported the motion, and the debate was adjourned.

On Wednesday, the 12th of February, the adjourned debate on the *Papal Aggression* was resumed in a thin House.—Mr. P. HOWARD opposed the bill, as an arrogant interference with the right of private property.—Mr. NAPIER supported it, as not only a just and wise, but a merciful measure.—Mr. KEOGH objected to the operation of the measure in Ireland; and Mr. ANSTEY contended that it ought not to be extended to that country.—Colonel THOMPSON supported the bill; to the surprise of Mr. HUME, who said that, up to that moment he had regarded the gallant Colonel as one of the most resolute and consistent friends of religious liberty.—Lord J. RUSSELL replied to various objections made by the opponents of the bill; and the house adjourned at six o'clock.

On Thursday, the 13th, the debate on the *Agricultural Question* was resumed by the Marquis of GRANBY, who repeated the usual Protectionist assertions and arguments.—Sir JAMES GRAHAM replied to them; and stated a number of facts to show that the alleged distress among the landlords, the farmers, and the labourers, does not exist; and he arrived at the conclusion, that the day for recalling Protection, or for any attempt to enhance the price of food, is past. "And why," he exclaimed, "do I say so? I say there is not a ploughboy who treads the heaviest clay in England who does not feel practically his condition improved within the last three years; and he knows the reason why. I tell you there is not a shepherd on the most distant and barren hill of Scotland who does not now have daily a cheaper and a larger mess of porridge than he ever had before; and he also knows the reason why. I tell you again there is not a weaver in the humblest cottage in Lancashire who has not fuller and cheaper meals, without any fall in his wages, than he had before; and he knows the reason why. Now I must tell you the whole truth: the time has arrived when the truth fully must be spoken. I will speak of another class still. There is not a soldier who returns to England from abroad who does not practically feel that his daily pay is augmented, that he has a cheaper, larger, and a better mess, and that he enjoys greater comforts; and he also knows the reason. Now, sir, I entreat my honourable friends who sit below me to be on their guard. You may convulse the country—you may endanger property—you may shake our institutions to the foundations—but I am satisfied there is no power in England which can permanently enhance, by force of law, the price of bread. Now, that is my honest and firm conviction. The peace of this

country, my own possessions, are as dear to me as to any honourable gentleman who sits on the benches below me; but I feel we have arrived at the period when it is necessary to speak the truth, and I have spoken it without reservation." From these observations, which were made amid loud and reiterated cheers, Sir James Graham passed to an examination of the views propounded by Mr. Disraeli. He contended that the real object of the motion was the reimposition of the tax on corn, and warned the supporters of Free Trade to be on their guard, for a serious conflict was at hand.—The motion was supported by Mr. Booker, Mr. Cayley, Colonel Dunne, Lord Jocelyn, Mr. B. Cochrane, and Mr. Muntz; and opposed by Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Cobden, and Lord John Russell. On the division, the numbers were, for the motion, 267; against it, 281; majority, 14.

On Friday, the 14th, the debate on the *Papal Aggression* was concluded. Mr. FREDERICK PEEL objected to the measure. The bill seemed to him unable to claim the merit of being a permanent and comprehensive settlement of the questions agitated; and especially he doubted if it would not wholly fail as a weapon to prevent or control synodical action: it would only afford another illustration proving how utterly powerless the heavy arm of temporal power is in dealing with the voluntary submission of the mind—with those questions of imaginary sentiments, as they have been called, which reside within the precincts of the conscience.—Mr. MILNER GIBSON said, that this was the first time since he had been in parliament that he had been invited to impose civil disabilities on account of religious convictions. The proposers of this bill could not be sincere when they declared it to be founded on a principle, and yet limited its operation to the United Kingdom. But throughout the country this question had not been taken up, as was pretended, on the ground of an alleged invasion of the temporal rights of the Sovereign, but on theological grounds, and in the spirit of bigotry. He had no confidence in the Downing-street divinity of the first minister, whom he accused of "aggression" upon Protestantism; nor could he see with what propriety the topic of what was called Puseyism had been imported into the question. Characterising this bill as a retrograde step, for which no reasonable cause had been given, but in favour of which much clap-trap had been spoken from the ministerial benches, he regretted the junction of the dissenters in the agitation, defended the Irish Catholic bishops from the charge of having generally interfered with the government scheme of education, and found fault with the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London for having given advice as to the preparation of the present measure. He expressed his certainty that the proposed law would be nugatory, and concluded by announcing his determined opposition to the bill.—Mr. BROTHERTON had abstained from any part in the agitation, and should abstain from any part in the debate; except to quote from letters by Roman Catholic constituents at Salford — where, as at Manchester, Catholics are among the most influential citizens—to the effect that, "unless government will protect us, [the Catholic laity,] all our charity-land and other property will pass into the control of the Court of Rome." —The other speakers against the bill were, Mr. Fagan, Mr. Sadleir, Mr. Scully, Mr. Scholefield, with Mr. Baring Wall; the last-named gentleman declaring it the maximum of persecution, because no persecution is so grating as bit-by-bit persecution, to be dealt out according to the mental reservation with which it is submitted to. In favour of the bill, Sir James Duke, who was also a strong defender of the Premier, Mr. G. A. Hamilton, Mr. Cumming Bruce, Mr. Fox Maule, Mr. Muntz, and Colonel Sibthorp; the last in duty to his Sovereign, on whose attachment to the Church he places implicit reliance. The House divided about midnight. The numbers were, for the introduction of the bill, 395; against the introduction, 63; majority for ministers, 332.

On Monday the 17th, in a Committee of Ways and Means, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER made his *Financial Statement*. He began by stating the probable estimate of receipt and expenditure up to the 5th of April next, and for the subsequent year. The probable surplus on the 5th of April next he calculated at 2,521,000*l.* He estimated the total income for the ensuing year at 52,140,000*l.*, and the entire expenditure at 50,247,176*l.*; which would leave a surplus on the 5th April, 1852, of 1,892,000*l.* As regarded the income tax, he said that if its renewal were refused, the deficiency in the revenue would amount to 3,600,000*l.* He then defended his own conduct as regarded the income tax, and after pointing out that the alternatives of the course he suggested were either a "deficit," a reduction of expenditure, or the imposition of new taxes, he urged all those who favoured the system which the present ministry had been so long endeavouring to carry out to give him their support. He then proceeded to say, that if the house should agree to renew the income tax, the first claim upon him would, he conceived, be the reduction of our debts. Twenty years of peace had added twenty-seven millions to those debts. Last year, however, he had been enabled—and he stated it with pleasure he could hardly express—to pay off the two millions which had been borrowed in 1848, and he was now able to contemplate a nearly similar reduction. His idea was, that there should be a reserve of about one million surplus, and this the proposals he was about to make would enable him to retain. He then proceeded to the remission of taxation; and first adverted to the window tax, as a tax which, affecting the health and morals of the poorer class, deserved the first consideration. This tax brought 1,856,000*l.*, and its total repeal would of course absorb the whole surplus. Such repeal was therefore impossible. But he proposed to abolish the window tax in so far as it affected the number of windows in a house. As a substitution for such part of that tax as he could not resign, he proposed to impose a house tax, to be levied, not upon the size of the house, but upon its value. He proposed that his enactment should apply to all new houses, and that there should be a modification of the present system as regarded existing houses. All existing houses not of the annual value of 20*l.* were to be exempted from tax. All houses of the value of 20*l.* and upwards were to pay as house tax two-thirds of what they now pay as window tax. Houses of more than 20*l.* value, which do not now pay window tax, were also to pay according to the above rate. The rate of duty would be lower than that of the old house tax, and would be 1*s.* in the pound; but dwelling-houses which were partly used as shops, houses where beer was sold to be drunk on premises, and farm-houses occupied by tenants, would pay 9*d.* in the pound. This would exempt 120,000 houses which now pay window tax, and would cause about 30,000 to pay 12*s.* a year, and the relief would include the great majority of farm-houses. By this alteration he expected to lose 700,000*l.* Secondly, he proposed to equalise the duties on foreign and colonial coffee, and to reduce them to an uniform duty of 3*d.* By this he expected to lose 176,000*l.* Thirdly, he proposed to reduce the duty on foreign timber to half its present amount, and thereby he would sacrifice 286,000*l.* Fourthly, he proposed to reduce the only tax which was unfairly borne by the agriculturists, namely, that on seeds, of which clover and grass seeds paid nearly the whole. The duty was now 5*s.* the cwt. on foreign seeds, and 2*s.* 6*d.* on colonial seeds. He intended to impose a uniform duty of 1*s.* per cwt. on all foreign seed. By this he should lose 30,000*l.* Fourthly, he would partially relieve the county localities of the charge of pauper lunatics. He proposed to charge 150,000*l.* a year on the general revenue, for the purpose of reducing the expense of maintaining a pauper lunatic to that of supporting an ordinary pauper. His intended reductions, together with that which, by the present law, would be made in the sugar duties (330,000*l.*), would amount to 1,522,000*l.*; but he did not expect actually to lose so much, as the increase in the customs would partly make up the loss on sugar; and, after other calculations, he estimated the total loss to the revenue from the contemplated changes at 1,280,000*l.* This would leave a surplus of 962,000*l.* for the ensuing year (as one half-year's payment of the present window tax will be due in April next), and of 612,000*l.* for future years. He then adverted to the complaints of

the owners and occupiers of land, whom he declined to relieve to any further extent, and concluded by moving the resolution for continuing the income tax for three years, and also for continuing the stamp duties in Ireland.—A number of members made critical remarks on this financial scheme.—Mr. HUME complained that the window tax was not to be repealed unconditionally, and that the military establishments were not to be reduced.—Viscount Duncan and Mr. Wakley enforced the claims of the payers of the window tax; Alderman Sidney, Sir B. Hall, and Lord Dudley Stuart, those of the payers of income tax; Mr. Hodges, Mr. Frewen, and Mr. Hope, complained that hop-growers are still denied any help in their distress.—Mr. Newdegate, Mr. Frewen, Sir William Jolliffe, and Mr. Bankes, expressed their sense of the mockery of relief which is offered to distressed agriculture generally. Mr. WAKLEY closed the conversation with the declaration of his firm conviction that the proposal on the subject of the window tax would be so hostilely received that Sir C. Wood would find it impossible to carry it out.—Mr. HERRIES suggested, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL assented, that the further discussion should take place on Friday following.

On Tuesday, the 18th, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER announced his intention of introducing a *Savings Bank Bill*.

In answer to Mr. HUME, Sir G. GREY stated that the trustees of the *British Museum* had taken measures for the better accommodation of the public.

In reply to Mr. KEOGH, Lord J. RUSSELL was unable to say whether any Roman Catholics were placed on the *Dublin University Commission*.

Mr. P. SCROPE brought forward his motion for a select committee to consider the expediency of assimilating the *Poor Laws* of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and promoting the productive employment of able-bodied paupers. The hon. member's argument was cut short by the house being counted out.

On Wednesday the 19th, a petition against the window tax, presented by Lord DUNCAN, was *refused*; the petitioners having expressed "surprise" at the statement made in the house by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and any reference to the debates in a petition being informal.

Sir G. GREY obtained leave to introduce a bill, which was read a first time, to amend the law relating to *the expenses of prosecutions*. The object of the bill is to subject those expenses to the regulation of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, to empower magistrates in quarter sessions to pay the clerk of the peace by salary instead of fees, to restore to the quarter sessions within the district of the Central Criminal Court the jurisdiction recently taken away from them, and to facilitate criminal proceedings in towns and cities being counties of themselves, but not for assize purposes.—Mr. F. MACKENZIE was afraid the bill, if extended to Scotland, would there tend to increase expense.—Mr. HUME approved of the bill, which would greatly facilitate proceedings, and lessen the expense.—Mr. S. WORTLEY called attention to the necessity of having the depositions put in shape by some functionary, without, however, creating the office of a public prosecutor.—Mr. HENLEY was afraid that the employment of barristers in getting up the cases would increase the expense. Something, however, must be done to prevent the miscarriage of prosecutions.

Sir G. GREY obtained leave to bring in a bill for *the removal of Smithfield Market*. After stating the proceedings taken by the parliamentary committee of 1849, and by the government commission subsequently appointed, and the communications which had passed between the commission and the Corporation of London, from which it appeared that the latter, having submitted a plan of its own, of which the commissioners took no notice, declined entertaining the plan of the commissioners, the right hon. baronet explained the provisions of the bill, which enables the crown to appoint five "Metropolitan Cattle-market Commissioners," with power to establish and regulate a cattle and a meat market (the former not within five miles from St. Paul's), and to exercise a control over slaughterhouses. Ample time would be given for its consideration.—Mr. BUCK, on the part of the farmers, expressed his gratitude to the government.—Mr. A. STAFFORD objected to the immense amount of patronage, and the large discretionary powers, given by the bill, and to its wholesale interference with public charters and private property.—Mr. S. WORTLEY, as the only member connected with the City then present, suggested that the rival plan of the Corporation should be referred to the same committee.—Mr. ELLIS hailed the bill, on behalf of the graziers. The bill was then read a first time and referred to the Select Committee of Standing Orders.

On Thursday the 20th, it was resolved, on the motion of Sir G. GREY, that no bill connected with *the supply of water* to the metropolis should be considered till at least one week after the Easter recess, to give time for the preparation of a bill on the same subject by the Board of Health.

In answer to Sir D. L. EVANS, Lord SEYMOUR expressed his hope that the provisions of the *Extramural Interments Act* would soon be brought into practical operation.

Mr. SLANEY moved for "a Select Committee to consider *the law of Partnership*, and the propriety of limitations of liabilities, with the view to encourage useful enterprise, and the additional employment of labour."—At the suggestion of Mr. LABOUCHERE, the motion was modified by the substitution of the words "the expediency of facilitating the limitation of liability," for the words "the propriety of limitations of liabilities;" and in this amended form the motion was unanimously adopted.

Mr. LOCKE KING moved for leave to bring in a bill to make the *Franchise* in counties in England and Wales the same as that in boroughs, by giving the right of voting to all occupiers of tenements of the annual value of 10*l*. The hon. member explained that he did not intend to interfere with the provisions of the Reform Bill, but only to extend to inhabitants in one locality the franchise which that bill gave to the same class of inhabitants in another locality. The measure proposed by him was small and comparatively insignificant, and would tend to strengthen rather than to weaken the Monarchy and the House of Lords. It was only applying to England the principle recognised by the legislature last year in regard to Ireland,—the principle, namely, of placing the borough and county franchise on the same footing. The argument then used, that the county constituencies had decreased, was equally applicable to this country. In 1843, the total number of county electors in England was 484,073; in 1850, it was only 461,413; in the boroughs, on the contrary, there was an increase of 50,000. Addressing himself to the Protectionist benches, Mr. King said, that, after what had recently occurred at an election, in not the least aristocratic part of England, he might fairly claim the support of the hon. gentlemen who had, up to a recent period, supported Protection; for he believed it would be found that those who had only very lately repudiated the principle of Protection would find it exceedingly difficult to re-obtain their seats unless they appealed to constituencies with an extended suffrage. He knew something of the farmers of this country, and could testify that when they had once formed an opinion it was very difficult to shake it. They had been so taught and tutored to cling to Protection, that they would not be induced to give it up at a moment's notice for any one; and, though hon. gentlemen might attempt to persuade them that it was not a question of rent, they would continue to maintain, that, if it was not a case of Protection, it must be one of rent. He rejoiced greatly at the admission made by the hon. member for Buckinghamshire on behalf of his party, which completed the triumph of the hon. member for the West Riding. He hoped the hon. member for Buckinghamshire, with the enlarged views which he had recently adopted, would not attempt to coalesce with the electors who had been created under the 50*l*. Chandos clause, to answer a political purpose. He trusted the hon. member would go with them for an extended suffrage, and that they would no longer hear anything about what he believed he might say had now been partially renounced—he meant the re-establishment of the dangerous doctrines of Protection. In conclusion, he observed that his motion stood on a

more favourable footing this session than in the last, when a bill was passed which extended a similar franchise to Ireland: and if the principle was sound in that case, he claimed for this country what had been conceded to the sister kingdom.—Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in opposing the motion, admitted that he had on a former occasion acknowledged that he thought some extension of the franchise desirable, and he still considered it desirable that a measure should be introduced for a further extension of the suffrage. I can see no reason (said Lord John) why, after this session has passed, and at the commencement of the next session, there should not be laid before this house by the government a proposal in respect to this question of parliamentary reform. Certainly, if I am a member of the government at that time, I shall deem it my duty to lay my views on this subject before the House of Commons. I know perfectly well that those views would not altogether meet with the approbation of the hon. member for Montrose and of other gentlemen who agree with him. But I have so often stated the difference of opinion which exists between us, that it ought to create no surprise in his mind at finding that I have come to a practical conclusion essentially distinct from that proposal which he has laid from time to time before the house. I do, however, think it is desirable, considering that by next session twenty years will have elapsed since the passing of the Reform bill—that we should then consider whether there are not great numbers of our people not possessed by that act of the franchise, who are not only fully qualified to exercise the suffrage, but whose exercise of the suffrage would tend to the improvement of the character of this house. I am, myself, perfectly satisfied with the experience we have had of that act. I believe that the representation since 1832 has been such as to give confidence to the people at large, which confidence they would not have had in a house of commons in which were members for Old Sarum and for Gatton, and in which were not members for Manchester, and Leeds, and Birmingham. I am, therefore, perfectly satisfied that the influence of that Reform bill, loudly as it was denied at the time that it could be so, has been salutary; and, therefore, in any changes we may take, we ought to consult the spirit of that Reform act—we ought to consult the temper and the genius of the people of these united kingdoms, and not attempt to construct any fanciful edifice based upon any new theory of our own, but, building upon the old foundation, continually endeavour to improve the symmetry and add to the convenience of the ancient habitation.—Mr. HUME insisted that the motion should be acceded to upon the grounds of policy and justice. Lord John Russell, the advocate of free trade and liberal measures, should desire to extend the basis of the representation in order to neutralise the opposition of the landed interest.—Mr. COBDEN had heard with pleasure the pledge given by Lord John Russell that he would bring in a measure for improving the system of representation, the faults of which had been exemplified in recent elections; and he hoped the noble lord would address himself to the task with the conviction that the people would be disappointed with a measure not commensurate with the existing evils. With respect to the motion, he remarked the noble lord made no objection to the class of persons proposed to be admitted to the franchise. It did not follow that 10*l.* householders would not be as independent as the 50*l.* tenants-at-will; they would probably be more so, since they would be less under the control of their landlords. —The house then divided, when the motion was carried (against the government), by 100 against 52.

On Friday the 21st, on the opening of the house, it was crowded with excited members, anxious to learn the ministerial determinations with regard to the budget: expectation had been increased by the understood determination of the Protectionist party to move an amendment. After some business of minor importance, the order for going into Committee of Ways and Means on the Income-tax was read.—Lord JOHN RUSSELL rose and said; "Sir, I have to request that this order of the day shall be postponed to Monday. On Monday next I shall state the reasons to the house why I have made this request."—After a short pause, Mr. HERRIES said: "I wish to ask the noble lord, if it is intended positively to proceed with the Committee of Ways and Means on Monday next?"—Lord JOHN RUSSELL: "I cannot state positively; it is intended, at present, to do so on Monday; but on Monday next I will state the reasons why I postpone it now, and the course I intend to take." A noise of conversation instantly pervaded the house: some unimportant motions were agreed to in dumb show, and at six o'clock the house broke up.

On Monday the 24th, Lord JOHN RUSSELL made a statement similar to that made in the Lords by the Marquis of Lansdowne. His explanation was brief. Adverting to the results of Mr. Disraeli's and Mr. Locke King's motions—the first giving the government a majority of only fourteen upon a vital question, the second leaving them in a minority—he said he had come to the conclusion that they were not in a position to conduct satisfactorily the business of the country in that house during the session. He had therefore, with the concurrence of his colleagues, tendered their resignation to her Majesty, who had accepted it, and informed him of her intention to send for Lord Stanley, to take the charge of forming a government. He (Lord John) had since been informed by her Majesty that Lord Stanley had stated that he was not then prepared to form a government, and her Majesty had asked him (Lord John) to undertake the charge of re-constructing one. He had thought it his duty to attempt the task, and had assured her Majesty that he would undertake it. In the meanwhile he asked the house to adjourn until Friday.—Mr. DISRAELI expressed his conviction that it would be found, when Lord Stanley gave his explanation in his place in parliament, that in saying that Lord Stanley had informed her Majesty that he was not then prepared to form an Administration, Lord J. Russell had made a statement to the house which, on further consideration, he would acknowledge was not founded upon what had really occurred.—Lord JOHN RUSSELL felt assured that Lord Stanley's explanation would bear out what he said.—Mr. ROEBUCK hoped that Lord J. Russell, as leader not only of a great party in that house, but of a great principle, would not forget that that principle was now in his hands.

PROGRESS OF BUSINESS.

House of Lords.—Feb. 4th. The Session opened by the Queen. Address agreed to.

7th. Law of Evidence Bill read a second time. Bill to Transfer the Business of Bankruptcy to the County Courts introduced by Lord Brougham.

13th. Bill for Simplifying Procedure on Criminal Trials introduced by Lord Campbell. County Courts Extension Bill introduced by Lord Brougham.

20th. Bill for Regulating the Court of Chancery announced by the Lord Chancellor.

21st. Bill for the Appointment of an Additional Vice-Chancellor brought in and read a first time. Criminal Procedure Bill read a second time. Bill for the Registration of Assurances of Titles in England and Wales brought in and read a first time.

24th. Statement by the Marquis of Lansdowne of the resignation of Ministers; and adjournment of the House to Friday.

House of Commons.—Feb. 4th. Address in answer to the Queen's speech agreed to.

5th.—Writ for Dungarvon superseded.—Midnight Sittings, Mr. Brotherton's motion negatived by 108 to 82.

11th.—Ceylon Committee.—Sunday Trading; leave for a Bill granted to Mr. Williams.

14th.—Irish Prerogative Court; leave for a Bill granted to Mr. Keogh.

17th.—Passengers' Act Amendment Bill read a second time.—Municipal Councils in Counties; leave for a Bill given to Mr. Anstey.—Valuation of Rateable Property in Ireland; leave for a Bill given to Sir W. Somerville.

19th.—Compound Householders' Bill read a second time.—Expenses of Prosecutions' Bill read a first time.—Smithfield Market Removal Bill read a first time and referred to Private Bills Committee.

20th.—Law of Partnership; Select Committee granted to Mr. Slaney.—Mr. Locke King's motion for extending the Franchise carried against ministers by 100 to 52.—Passengers' Act Amendment Bill, and Mills and Factories (Ireland) Bill, considered in committee.

21st.—Discussion on the Budget postponed at the desire of Lord John Russell, who promised explanation on Monday.

24th.—Statement by Lord John Russell that ministers had resigned, and that he had been requested to form a new administration. Adjournment to Friday.

THE *Ministerial Crisis* consequent on Lord John Russell's resignation (see Narrative of Parliament) appears to have come to a termination by the accession of Lord Stanley. On Tuesday, the 25th, Lord John Russell having given up the task of forming a ministry, Lord Stanley was again sent for by her Majesty, and agreed to undertake the government. Names are mentioned of some of the chief members of the new ministry, but merely by rumour, nothing certain being known on the subject.

The Duke of Wellington has had occasion to explain his views in adopting the *Roman Catholic Relief Bill* in 1829. Mr. Thompson, of Dublin, in the name of a body of Protestant inhabitants, lately addressed a letter to the Duke, reminding him of certain words spoken by him in Parliament on that occasion, and calling upon him to make them good. The Duke is alleged to have said.—"If I am disappointed in my hopes of tranquillity after a trial has been given of the measure, I shall have no scruple in coming down to Parliament and calling for the necessary powers to enable the government to take the steps suited to the occasion." Mr. Thompson interprets this to be a promise, under present circumstances, to call for the repeal of the bill. The Duke has made a reply, in which he reminds Mr. Thompson that when he advocated the measure of relief he was at the time the First Lord of the Treasury and the Minister of the Crown, conducting the business of the Government in the House of Lords. He then goes on to say:—"If any doubt could be entertained of the meaning of the expressions used by the speaker in that character, such should have been sought for by a diligent and accurate examination of the context of the expressions; and words should not have been added in a parenthesis 'in other words' which, according to the published record, do not appear to have been used, and positively were not used by the speaker. If such examination and discussion should not have produced a clear understanding of the meaning of the speaker, who was the minister at the time and speaking in that character, his speeches upon the introduction to the house, and upon other stages of the same bill, should have been examined and considered. If that had been done, he believes that no individual, with common fairness, could have made such examination, and entertain the opinion that the minister who had addressed those speeches to the house, who had stated that the continued opposition to the Roman Catholic Relief Act was effete; that an administration could no longer be framed on the principle of considering as an open question all propositions for the relief of the disabilities of the Roman Catholics; that an administration could not be framed on the principle of refusing to consider measures of relief which should be satisfactory to the Sovereign and the Parliament, composed of individuals enjoying the confidence of the public in their capacity for conducting the business of the departments at the head of which they should severally be placed: that in the meantime Government and Parliament itself were exposed to great difficulties in consequence of the existing state of the law; that Mr. Daniel O'Connell, supposed to be disqualified by law to take his seat in the House of Commons, had been elected and returned as member for the county of Clare, in a severely contested election in which he had been candidate against Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, one of the members of His Majesty's administration, who was well known in the country, had large property in it, and had for years, and at repeated elections, been returned to Parliament as its representative; that the same inconvenience and embarrassment were to be expected in case a vacancy should be occasioned, whether by the appointment to office, or the elevation to the peerage, or by the death of any member of Parliament for an Irish county; and still more extensive embarrassment in case of a general election in consequence of a dissolution of Parliament. For this state of things there was no remedy, excepting that one with which former governments had been charged without ground — viz., that of forcing the people to rebellion, which no government could adopt which was sensible of the enormity of the evils resulting from civil war in any country. The man who urged these arguments could not have in his mind an intention eventually to propose to the house to repeal the law, and of which he was by these arguments urging the adoption, and ultimately to pass. Such examination and discussion would have been a fair course of proceeding. But it appears that the Protestants residing in Dublin, who have signed the address to the Duke of Wellington, have considered it preferable to alter the printed record of what the Duke did say in the House of Lords: and, in other words, inserted by themselves, and never used by the Duke of Wellington, to endeavour to show that the Duke declared in Parliament the intention of eventually proposing to Parliament the repeal of the Relief Act after it should have become the law." His Grace then desires Mr. Thompson to inform "the Protestant inhabitants of Dublin," that although in the service of Her Majesty, in the capacity of Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Land Forces, he is not called to Her Majesty's Council; that in the capacity of Commander-in-Chief it is no part of his duty to receive, take into consideration, and submit to Parliament, the proposition of measures to relieve the inconveniences and evils of which Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland may complain, as resulting from the operation of any law. He points out that this duty devolves on the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; and suggests to the Protestants of Dublin that they should adopt this, the natural course, in order that their complaints may be taken into consideration, as he positively and distinctly declines to interfere in them in any manner whatever.

The *Two Houses of Convocation* met in the Jerusalem Chamber on the 5th, and their proceedings attracted more than ordinary attention. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of Oxford, Chichester, and Bath and Wells, were present in the Upper House; in the Lower House were Archdeacons Thorpe and Harrison, Dean Lyall, and Dr. Mill, the Hebrew Professor at Cambridge. In both Houses a petition was presented from the clergy and laity of the province of Canterbury, lamenting the suppression of the synodal action of the "Church of England" for the last hundred and fifty years; whence (it is said) has resulted her grievous injury in the weakening of the bonds of love and unity among churchmen, the growth of unsound doctrine, and the great increase of error, superstition, heresy, schism, ungodliness, immorality. This decay of true religion having been forcibly brought under attention by the recent aggressive measures of the Pope, her Majesty is implored to restore to the Church the freedom of her synodal action as in former times. The petition was presented to the Upper House by the Bishop of Chichester; to the Lower House it was presented by Archdeacon Thorpe. In the latter assembly, a discussion was raised on the question of competency to receive the petition; and a demand was made of a formal conference with the Upper House on the point. The conference was had, and the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered the opinion that the Lower House *was* legally competent. The Lower House accordingly was commencing a discussion of the petition, when the proper officers entered with a formal prorogation of both Houses, under the signature of the Archbishop.

It is announced that the Pope has conferred the dignity of Cardinal on the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, "Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate." It is also announced that the Very Rev. Tobias Kirby, president of the Irish College at Rome, has been appointed coadjutor Bishop of Dromore to the Right Rev. Dr. Blake.

The bill brought into Parliament by Lord John Russell *to counteract the Papal Aggression*, has been published. It is entitled "A Bill to prevent the assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles in respect of places in the United Kingdom." It consists of four sections. The first section recites the 24th section of the Emancipation Act, by which it was enacted that persons other than those authorised by law assuming the title of any archbishopric or bishopric in England or Ireland, should forfeit one hundred pounds. It then recites that it may be doubted whether this extends to the assumption of a title from any place in England or Ireland, not being the see of any bishop or archbishop recognised by law;

but the attempt to establish, under colour of authority from the see of Rome or otherwise, such pretended sees, is illegal and void, and the assumption of ecclesiastical titles in respect thereof is inconsistent with the rights intended to be protected by the Emancipation Act; and that it is expedient to prevent the assumption of such titles. It is then enacted, that any person assuming such titles shall forfeit one hundred pounds for each offence, to be recovered by the Attorney-General. The second section makes void all deeds executed under such prohibited titles. The third section enacts, that where any property is given for the endowment of any archbishopric, bishopric, or deanery, designated as of any place in the United Kingdom, except those of the Established Church, or referring to the maintenance of any such prohibited sees, or vested in any person by a prohibited title, or in any chaplain or subordinate of such person, or in any person described in reference to such person, it shall without office found vest in her Majesty, to be disposed of under the sign manual. The fourth section requires all persons liable to penalties under the act to answer notwithstanding such liability.

The Hon. Stuart Knox has been returned without opposition for Dungannon.

Mr. Barrow has been returned for South Nottinghamshire, in opposition to Lord Newark.

Colonel Gilpin has been elected for Bedfordshire, in opposition to Mr. Houghton.

NARRATIVE OF LAW AND CRIME.

On the 1st inst., a young woman, named Harriet Vickers, *applied for her discharge*. Her case was a singular one. She resided with her sister, and followed no business. In the course of last year, a person named Scott, calling himself a lieutenant in the Navy, came to lodge at her sister's: and one day, when in company with a man named Davis, he asked her to put her name to a piece of paper which he told her was a receipt for 60*l.* that he had just paid to Davis. She consented, and signed the paper. A short time afterwards, Scott told her that the receipt she had witnessed was incorrect, and got her to put her name to another piece of paper in lieu of the former one she had signed. These papers turned out to be bills of exchange for 60*l.* each; one of which got into the hands of Mr. Philip Beyfus, of Bury-street, St. James's, and the other into those of Mr. Joseph Joel, of the Strand. Both of these parties sued her, and obtained judgment against her; and she, having no means of paying the bills, offered 20*l.*—all she had, arising from a bequest from her mother, but it was refused; she was arrested, taken to prison, and compelled to petition the Court for her discharge. These bills formed the only debts in the schedule. Mr. Commissioner Law instantly rendered the small measure of justice in his power by ordering Harriet Vickers to be discharged forthwith.

An investigation took place at the Kent Petty Sessions on the 3d inst., respecting the *Treatment of the Patients in a Lunatic Asylum* at West Malling, belonging to Dr. Maddock. The proceedings were instituted by the Commissioners in Lunacy. The complaint, framed under the act of parliament of the 8th and 9th Victoria, cap. 59, was against Dr. Maddock, the proprietor, and Mr. Perfect, the medical officer of the establishment, and charged them with having made false entries in the medical visitation book, and falsely represented that there were no persons in the asylum who were under restraint, when, in point of fact, it had been the constant practice for a considerable period to subject a great number of the patients, both male and female, to almost continual restraint. Two male and a female attendant were examined, and from their evidence it appeared that it had been the constant practice to restrain the patients; some of them by spring body-belts and handcuffs, others by iron leg-hobbles, and some were fastened to staples fixed in the floor. Other patients, in addition to the iron belt, had gloves attached to straps, by which the hands were fastened to the sides. Some of the patients when in bed were also secured by leg-hobbles, which were strapped to the bedstead. Similar restraint was made use of with the female patients; and it was stated that in July, 1849, one of them was fastened by her ancle to a staple in the floor, and that in the spring of 1850 another female patient was confined by means of a strait-waistcoat and leg locks, or hobbles. It appeared in the course of the evidence that upon the occasions when the establishment was visited by the magistrates, or by the Commissioners in Lunacy, Dr. Maddock ordered all the patients to be released, and all the instruments of coercion to be put out of sight. The witnesses, however, admitted that some of the patients had been violent and dangerous, and that Dr. Maddock treated the patients generally with humanity. The magistrates called upon both the defendants to enter into recognizances of 200*l.*, with two sureties in 100*l.* each, for their appearance at the next Kent assizes.

In the Insolvent Debtors' Court, on the 3d inst., the case of *Henry Francis Leigh*, a clerk to the India Board of Control, was heard under the Protection Act. There was no opposition. The schedule contained the names of several bill discounters, and the insolvency was attributed to accommodation bills. The case was before the court in November, and had been adjourned for the purpose of effecting a settlement with the creditors, which had not, however, been carried out. Mr. Commissioner Phillips observed that the insolvent had fallen into the hands of an abandoned race—bill discounters. It was really enough to make him shed tears to behold the schedules he did. Here was the case of a young man with ample means, who had been speculated upon—who, with liabilities in the whole amounting to 15,000*l.*, had only received consideration for about 1000*l.* He thought it was a case for the Legislature, and that they should consider whether the usury laws had not been hastily repealed. He was glad the young man was not opposed, and should give him protection for an extended period, in the hope that some arrangement might be made with the creditors. Never again, did he hope, would the insolvent put his name to a bill. Protection was granted to the 31st March.

Mr. and Mrs. Sloane were tried before the Central Criminal Court on the 5th inst. The case excited great interest, and the court was crowded. Mr. Sloane entered with an agitated step; his wife followed, in such a state that she could hardly walk, and on her leaning against the dock she was allowed to have a seat. She is described as a "sallow-complexioned, plain-looking, little woman, from thirty to forty years of age, with nothing either strikingly prepossessing or repulsive in her expression." Sloane is described as "tall, and like a gentleman in dress and manner; his features are regular, his hair and complexion dark, his cheeks sunken, and the face generally rather careworn in character. He wears spectacles, and appears to be from thirty-six to thirty-eight years old." He turned several times to his wife, as if for the purpose of encouraging her; and it appeared to be at his request that a chair was brought for her. When asked to plead to the indictment, he did so without hesitation, but in a tone which betrayed the full consciousness of his degraded position. He then leaned forward, and appeared to tell his wife what to say; for, in a broken voice, she immediately repeated the words which he had used, "Not guilty as to the first two counts, but guilty as to the rest." The indictment seems to have been framed with the usual multiplicity of counts, framed to meet every possible circumstantial variety of facts that might come out. The counts to which the prisoners pleaded guilty were those which variously charged the assaults; those to which they pleaded not guilty embodied the charges of starvation. The defence against these latter charges was, that the counts were not good in law, on the ground that Jane Wilbred, being sixteen years of age, could not be considered as an infant of tender years. This defence was sustained, the Court observing that there was no evidence to show that any sort of duress was practised to restrain the girl or prevent her from going out. The jury, therefore, under the direction of the Court, found a verdict of Not Guilty on these counts. In giving judgment on the other counts, Justice Coleridge, after commenting with indignation on the conduct of the prisoners, sentenced them to imprison-

ment for two years. They heard the sentence without apparent emotion.

Three boys, the eldest fourteen, and the youngest nine years old, were charged on the 7th, at the Southwark Police Court, with attempting to pick the pockets of several persons in the gallery of the Victoria Theatre. The officer who took them described their great expertness, and said he had ascertained that they had all been brought up in the "Thieves' Kitchen," in a court in Gray's Inn-lane, where they were taught the art and mystery of picking pockets. The Magistrate said he had no doubt they were expert young thieves, but he thought that the youngest lad had been led away by the others, and he should discharge him, and send an officer with him home to his parents. The other prisoners were committed for a month to the Brixton House of Correction.

A most horrible *Murder* has been perpetrated at Nempnett, near Bristol. For many years past the village shop at Nempnett has been kept by an aged couple, named William and Sarah Wilkins. On Saturday morning, the 8th inst., two men, one named Wiles, a blacksmith, who has recently worked in the village, and the other named Smith, a labourer, called at the shop, and Wiles asked for a loaf of bread. Mrs. Wilkins was in the act of reaching it for him, when the ruffian struck her a violent blow on the head with a thick stick which he had taken into the shop with him. The poor old woman immediately fell to the earth insensible. Wiles then rushed at the husband, who was eating his breakfast in a settle at the upper end of the shop, and dealt him several heavy blows with the same weapon, and beat him with it on the head, then with a spade that was lying near, until life appeared to be extinct. Smith all the time stood at the door, for the purpose, it is supposed, of giving the alarm should any person approach the spot. Wiles proceeded to plunder his victims, and from the pocket of the old woman he took eight shillings in silver, a half-crown piece, and a knife. It appears that they were then disturbed, as the only further depredation they committed before making off was to take a few papers of tobacco and a loaf of bread from the shop. Some neighbours entering about half an hour afterwards found the old couple lying weltering in their blood, and the place in confusion. An outcry was of course instantly raised, and a messenger despatched for medical assistance. The old man's skull was fractured, and his body covered with bruises and wounds, and the injuries his wife had sustained were nearly equal in their extent and character. The former died about ten o'clock the same evening, but Mrs. Wilkins recovered sufficiently to give her evidence. The two men were apprehended at Blagdon, with some of the property in their pockets. Smith made a confession, and the prisoners were committed for trial at the assizes.

On the night of Sunday, the 9th, a man named Stevens *died in a cell at the Police Station* in Vine Street. He had been seen in the Quadrant, and it was supposed he had been drinking, as, after inquiring for an omnibus, he fell down insensible, and was carried by the police on a stretcher to the station, where he was laid on his side on the floor of the cell. About one in the morning, he got worse, and Mr. Tothill, the surgeon, was sent for, but before he arrived the man was dead. At the inquest on the body, the Coroner asked the inspector who took the charge whether he was not aware that there was a positive order of the commissioners, that persons taken to the station-house in a state of insensibility should immediately have the attendance of a medical man? The inspector replied that he knew of none such. The surgeon, on being appealed to, said there was such an order. The Coroner: Then here is an inspector of police who does not know what his orders are. A juror: Was it not very improper to lay him on the floor with nothing under his head? The surgeon: Certainly it was. The jury returned a verdict that "the deceased died of apoplexy, but they knew not what caused it; and that the police had been guilty of great neglect in not getting medical assistance."

William Smyth, a surgeon, in good practice, residing in Vauxhall Walk, was charged on the 10th, at Lambeth Police Court, with *an Assault* on Mary Ann Hall, a girl thirteen years of age. The evidence disclosed scenes of the most disgusting profligacy. It appeared that the prisoner, who is a married man and nearly 60 years of age, but separated from his wife, had in his confidence two strumpets, whom he induced to invite to his house a number of girls whose ages ranged from sixteen to eighteen years. Once within his reach, the prisoner commenced by plying his victims with spirits or wine; and the names of seven or eight were mentioned whom he thus succeeded to ruin. The magistrate exclaimed, that in the whole course of many years' experience it had not been his misfortune to hear disclosed such a scene of abominable profligacy, which made one doubt whether we lived in a civilised or barbarous state of society. An application to be admitted to bail was indignantly refused.

The case of the Birds, convicted at the Exeter Assizes of *Assaults* on the girl Parsons which caused her death, was decided on the 12th, by fourteen of the fifteen Judges in the Exchequer Chamber. The Court was nearly equally divided, the numbers being eight against six. The larger number have determined that the Birds could not have been convicted at the first trial of the assaults proved against them at the second; that they have not therefore been twice "in peril" on the same charge; and that the conviction in the second trial must stand good. Sentence will be passed on them at the next assizes. The eight Judges who formed the majority were, Justices Williams, Wightman, Coleridge, and Patteson, of the Queen's Bench, Justices Erle, Talfourd, and Cresswell of the Common Pleas, and Chief Baron Pollock; the minority of six were, Mr. Justice Maule of the Common Pleas, Barons Parke, Alderson, and Martin, Chief Justice Jervis of the Common Pleas, and the Lord Chief Justice Campbell. The Judges gave their opinions individually. Lord Campbell declared, that though he readily yielded to the opinions of the majority, he could extract from those opinions no certain rule for the future; and he feared that without the intervention of Parliament, "notwithstanding our best efforts to be unanimous, we ourselves, as well as others, may again find it difficult to anticipate the result of our deliberations." He therefore hoped that the legislature would speedily repeal or explain the enactment which had caused such confusion.

A striking instance of *the efficiency of the Detective Police* occurred on the 12th, in the capture of a man charged with the commission of a desperate murder at Warrington, in Lancashire, a short time since. The prisoner is an Irishman, named Lyons, and after his commission of the crime with which he stands charged, information was forwarded to the Dublin police-officers, by some of whom the fellow was known, to the effect that he had enlisted into the service of the East India Company. One of the Dublin officers, named Kavanagh, was immediately set upon his track, and soon traced him to London, where he ascertained that he had arrived by the mail train at four o'clock on the above morning. Kavanagh at once communicated with Mr. Mayne, the chief commissioner, who immediately directed inspector Field, of the Detective Force, to assist the Dublin officer. Mr. Field, with serjeant Thornton, of the Detectives, soon traced the prisoner to a public-house in Charles-street, Westminster, where the officers succeeded in apprehending him just as he was sitting down to dinner. He was sent down to Warrington in custody of Kavanagh, the Dublin officer. He would have been sent to Worley barracks the same day preparatory to his embarkation for the East Indies, had not the officers succeeded in effecting his apprehension.

Jane Wilbred, the *victim* of the *cruelty of the Sloanes*, has been admitted into the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution, Sackville-street, whose object is to afford a short change of air to poor persons who cannot be restored without it. She is now in the institution's asylum at Carshalton, with every prospect that in a short time she will be completely restored and fit for service.

A case, curiously illustrative of *The Profits of Mendicancy*, has occurred at the Isle of Wight Borough Court. A vagrant, named David Brooks, pretending to

be deaf and dumb, was brought up in custody, having been found lying drunk on the pavement on Sunday evening. He wrote on his slate, in a good firm hand, that the landlords and landladies of the town had behaved in a shameful way to him, by refusing him a bed, but that if he was liberated for this time he would leave the town directly. On searching his pockets, the constable turned out a Prayer-book, and some written prayers and cards, which he offered to the notice of the humane and benevolent; and amongst the collection appeared several memorandum books, by which it was clearly proved that he kept a daily entry of his collections and expenditure, as well as the "Beggar's Directory," containing the names and residences of the charitable throughout the kingdom, with the roosting-places for the night. Some idea may be formed of the amount of money collected by these vagabonds, when it appears from this man's cash-book, that the islands of Jersey and Guernsey furnished him with the sum of 10*l*. 3*s*. 6*d*. for twelve days' trouble in collecting it. Ryde contributed 20*s*. during the previous week, and in several other towns the sums varied from 5*s*. to 34*s*. the day. Cirencester is marked down "Not charitable," no sum being entered opposite the name. To other places where little cash was given or to be expected, it was marked "No go;" and several fourpenny beds were noted down as "small and uncomfortable."

A case illustrative of the *Tendencies of the Game Laws* came before the County Court at Holbeach, Lincolnshire, on the 13th. A young fisherman, named Gee, sued a Mr. Elliff, an opulent farmer, residing in Holbeach Marsh, for 50*l*., as compensation for injuries sustained from being purposely shot by the defendant. On the 7th of December, the plaintiff went upon some land belonging to a Mr. Wooley, and killed a hare. He was about going away from the spot, when he saw the defendant (Mr. Elliff) in an adjoining field. Defendant followed him, and on nearing him, he pointed a double-barelled gun close to Gee's head, and vowed he would mark him. He kept walking up with the plaintiff, when he suddenly lingered behind, and the plaintiff distinctly heard a percussion-cap explode, and the contents of one of the barrels lodged in the ground. The plaintiff then addressed Elliff, and said, "Surely you don't mean to shoot me in this lonely place?" He replied, "I do mean to shoot you." After accompanying him about a quarter of a mile, he stopped, and having taken a deliberate aim, fired, and the shot of the second barrel struck him in the right hand and arm, inflicting serious wounds. The defendant then exclaimed, "Now I can take you; I have marked you, so I shall know you again, and I will go back and look for the hare." The plaintiff then contrived to crawl on to Holbeach, enduring the most excruciating agony, when he was taken into custody for trespassing in pursuit of game, and was committed to Spalding gaol for one month. Mr. Wilkinson, a surgeon, attended the wounded man in prison. There were from thirty to forty shot wounds on his right arm and hand; and great fears were entertained of lock-jaw setting in. The injuries he had sustained had entirely prevented him doing any work since. The Rev. Mr. Morton, a magistrate, before whom the case was first brought, stated that he asked defendant why he committed so rash an act as to shoot Gee, when he replied that he had merely done so to "mark him." The judge (Mr. J. D. Burnaby) said, the act of the defendant in firing at Gee was wholly unjustifiable. In calculating damages he did not consider the loss of time for the month's imprisonment, because plaintiff had rendered himself liable to that by trespassing in pursuit of game, but considered the acute pain endured in gaol, and the probable loss of time to come; and he gave a verdict for plaintiff for [illegible] and costs.

[illegible] action, at the instance of the *Crown against the London Dock Company*, was decided in the Court of Exchequer on the 18th, after a trial of eleven days' duration. There were many charges of alleged evasion of duties, and fraudulent abstraction of goods to the amount of many thousand pounds. The principal charge was for having attempted to defraud the revenue of duties on 250 cwt. of sugar and 8000lbs. of cocoa. The verdict of the jury, virtually negativing the charges, was as follows: "We find for the Crown as regarding the two boxes of Havannah sugar, and for the Dock Company as regarding the remainder; also that there was no intention to evade the duty." The verdict was accompanied with a strong recommendation to the Dock Company "to be stricter with regard to their subordinate officers, as many irregularities had occurred at the docks."

The notorious *Captain Routledge*, who was committed to prison on the charge of *Swindling Bill-discounting Transactions*, (see "Household Narrative" for January, page 8), has died in gaol.

Mulcharey and O'Shea, Irishmen, have been committed for trial by the Marlborough Street magistrate, for having in their possession a steel mould for making *Spurious Half-crowns*. They ordered the mould of Mr. Sounes, a die-engraver of Rupert Street, and also directed him to engrave copies of notes of the Bank of Ireland. Mr. Sounes informed the police, and acted in concert with them; and thus the culprits were captured as they carried away the mould.

An action against the printer of the *Times* for a *Libel* was tried before Lord Campbell, at the Guildhall, on the 19th. The escape of Hackett, the burglar, from the Model Prison, near Holloway, will be recollected. Immediately after that occurrence, the daily newspapers contained a biographical note of Hackett, describing his numerous feats in escaping from prison: one of these feats had been an escape from the lock-up of the Marlborough Street police-court, and it was in the description of this that the libellous passage occurred, as follows:—"The authorities instituted an inquiry, and it turned out that a turnkey had received a large sum of money to effect his (Hackett's) liberation; and he was discharged." Wilks is the dismissed turnkey. He now sought damages, both on account of the general defamation, and on account of a specific refusal of employment which he pretended had been caused by the words just quoted. For the defence it was proved, that the Government authorities did inquire into the conduct of Wilks in relation to the escape, and did dismiss him three days afterwards; but it was not proved that Wilks received the money of corruption. It was also proved that the refusal of employment, alleged as special damage, occurred after the dismissal, and *before* the appearance of the article in the *Times*. Lord Campbell directed the jury, that as the truth of the libel was not established, the verdict must be for the plaintiff; but the damages might be moderate, for the discreditable attempt to prove special injury had failed. The jury gave the plaintiff a verdict for one farthing damages.

Mr. Francis Edmund Knowles, late Commissary-General, committed *suicide* during the night of Sunday the 16th, at the house of a relative in Grosvenor-square. He was found dead in his bed on Monday morning, having swallowed a large quantity of prussic acid. Mr. Knowles had for some time suffered from low spirits, and imagined he had an organic disease: he had been advised to resign his office in consequence of his state of health. He had lately lost a daughter, who was burned to death; five or six years ago a son died in Sierra Leone; another son had recently gone there: these things preyed much on his mind. His despondency had been particularly noted of late. Mr. Knowles's surgeon stated to the coroner's jury that his patient had no organic affection. The verdict was, "That the deceased died from hydrocyanic acid, taken by himself while in a state of insanity."

At Lancaster Assizes, on the 19th, Samuel Donaldson, formerly actuary of the Ulverstone Savings Bank, was tried for *appropriating to his own use the money of the depositors*. There were two charges; one of having by false pretences obtained large sums from the Lancaster Banking Company, and the other of having got money from the cashier of the savings bank on the false pretence that depositors in the Ambleside branch bank wished to withdraw their deposits. It appeared that Donaldson, by means of false statements and fictitious accounts, had been defrauding the savings bank from 1817 to 1849. He was authorised to draw from the Lancaster Bank the money required to make repayments to depositors each week; and as he obtained this money without stating to the bank for what purpose he wanted it, Mr.

Justice Creswell held that the first charge was at an end—there was no false pretence. The jury, on the second charge, found the prisoner guilty, but with a strong recommendation to mercy, on account of the gross negligence with which the accounts of the bank had been kept.

An action at the instance of Lieut. Weaver against *The Daily News*, for an alleged *Libel*, tried at the Court of Queen's Bench on the 24th, involved the question of the liability of newspapers for the contents of their police reports. The plaintiff had appeared before one of the police courts, and complained of the report of the case published in that paper, as being *libellous*. The defendants substantiated the correctness of the report. In his charge to the jury, Lord Campbell laid down the law of the case as follows:—"If the publication complained of be a fair account of proceedings at a police court, then I am of opinion that in point of law the defendant is entitled to your verdict. But if it be a garbled account—if anything be omitted that ought to have been stated, or much more, if anything be introduced that did not take place—then it is libellous, and the law will punish it." The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages one farthing, which, Lord Campbell stated, would not give the plaintiff his costs.

Ellen Fennell, a young woman with a child in her arms, was charged, at Clerkenwell Police Court, on the 24th, by a police officer, with *Selling Greens on the Pavement*, under the following circumstances:—On Sunday morning last, that officer saw the prisoner in Whitecross-street, St. Luke's, carrying out some greens on the foot pavement and offering them for sale. For this, which was all her offence, he took her into custody and brought her before the magistrate. The magistrate dismissed the complaint, saying that there was no law to prevent persons selling fruit or greens in the street, or to authorise the police taking them into custody for doing so.

NARRATIVE OF ACCIDENT AND DISASTER.

Two British vessels have been *Lost* on the coast of South America, and part of one of the crews *Murdered by Savages*. They were the Glocester and Prince Albert, both of London. The Glocester sailed for Batavia about two years ago, and information having been received that she was seized at San Francisco for debts alleged to have been incurred by the master, the Prince Albert was sent out in order to recover the seized vessel. Nothing further was heard of the ships until tidings were received that both had been lost. The Glocester was overtaken by a storm near San Francisco, was driven ashore, and became a total wreck. The Prince Albert arrived in Magellan's Straits on the 2nd of October, and was driven ashore by a violent gale. Some of the crew having left her to procure fresh water, during their absence the wreck was surrounded by the natives (Patagonians), who made an attack upon the captain and crew. The captain was knocked down, and a portion of the assailants stood over him with long knives in their hands, while another party ransacked the ship. Two of the crew were murdered, and an apprentice was stretched bleeding upon the deck. The rest of the crew were secured by the natives, who presently became like maniacs from drinking the spirits on board. The captain with the surviving seamen got clear of the ship, leaving the wounded apprentice and the mate on board prisoners. After six days' suffering, during which time they subsisted entirely upon raw shellfish and water, they succeeded in reaching Sandy Point, about 150 miles from the wreck. Here they procured the assistance of an American steamer, the commander of which proceeded to the wreck, in the hope of rescuing the two men left in her. The natives still held possession of the Prince Albert, perceiving which the steamer opened its fire upon them, and compelled the savages to abandon their prize. The mate and the apprentice were both alive, the latter fast sinking, however, from the effects of his wounds. The captain of the American vessel returned to Sandy Point, and subsequently conveyed the crew to Valparaiso. After the departure of the steamer the natives set fire to the wreck.

Mr. Richard Shuttleworth Streatfield, of the Rocks, Uckfield, near Lewes, was *Killed* by his fowling-piece going off accidentally on the 29th of January. He had been shooting during the day over his estate, the Rocks, along with the Earl of Sheffield, Sir Thomas Marryon Wilson, and Sir Henry Shiffner. On their return home, and while Mr. Streatfield was emptying his pockets of game, his gun fell over his shoulder backwards to the ground, on reaching which it went off, and the contents entered his heel. Medical aid was immediately procured, and the case at first presented no dangerous symptoms, but lock-jaw supervened, and he expired a few days afterwards. Mr. Streatfield was the possessor of extensive estates in Sussex. He was about 50 years of age, and last year was High Sheriff of the county.

On the 3rd inst., a *Serious Accident* happened to Captain Sir Everard Home, and several officers and men of the Calliope, in Devonport harbour. The vessel was being taken out of harbour into the sound, when the capstan not being properly attended to, she gained way on the men, and on their walking back to give each hawser an equal strain the capstan "ran away," carrying every one before it. The captain was most seriously hurt in the head, and also in one of his legs. One of the assistant surgeons had his leg or thigh broken, and a quartermaster was dangerously injured. Six or eight other men were more or less severely hurt. The ship was again placed at her moorings in Hamoaze.

A fatal *Railway Accident* occurred between Rugby and Leicester on the 16th, by the bursting of one of the tubes of the engine. The driver, named Wilkinson, in endeavouring to escape, fell between the tender and the next carriage, and was crushed to death. He has left a widow and six children, but, fortunately for them, had insured his life for 500*l.* in the Railway Insurance Company's office.

Binstead, the seat of Lord Downes, near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, was totally *Consumed by Fire* on the 17th. His lordship and family were crossing from Portsmouth, and saw the conflagration from the deck of the steamer: they were going to Binstead for a short time, the house having been prepared for their reception.

A *Fire*, involving the loss of property to the value of many thousand pounds sterling, took place on the morning of the 18th, at three o'clock, on the premises occupied by Messrs. E. Wigan, White, and Company, hop factors, of Duke-street and Tooley-street, Southwark. Their warehouse was totally destroyed, and a number of adjoining buildings very seriously damaged by fire and water. Messrs. Wigan were insured to the amount of 50,000*l.* In a long room on the ground floor, which escaped uninjured, were deposited 60,000*l.* worth of bills, and other securities.—Two more destructive fires have since occurred: one on the morning of the 20th, in Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, on the premises of a japanner, where much damage was done; and the other on the same night, at some warehouses in Eastcheap, occupied by a cheese-factor and a spice-merchant, where the quantity of property consumed will amount, it is stated, to several thousand pounds' worth.

On the 20th, as the parliamentary train from London to Manchester came near Alderley, an accident occurred, by which the engineer was *Killed*, and many of the passengers were more or less injured. Five of the carriages were dashed to pieces. An inquiry is now being entered upon as to the origin of this calamity.

SOCIAL, SANITARY, AND MUNICIPAL PROGRESS.

The *Quarterly Return of Births, Marriages, and Deaths*, by the Registrar-General, comprises the Births and Deaths during the quarter ending Dec. 31; and the Marriages are those of the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1850. In their general character the returns are favourable; while fewer lives have been lost by epidemic diseases, the marriages and births have increased.

The *Marriages* were 37,496, or more by 10,000 than

were registered in the summer quarter of 1842; and 2400 more than have been returned in the summer quarter of any previous years. Except in the eastern and south-eastern counties, the increase of marriages has been general in all the great divisions of the country. In London the increase has been considerable; in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Bedfordshire, it has probably kept pace with the population; in Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Cornwall, in Gloucestershire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire, the increase has been still more marked; in Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, however, the greater part of the excess has arisen. Northumberland, Cumberland, and South Wales exhibit nearly the same increase as the Midland Counties. Among the counties in which the marriages have decreased, or have not sensibly increased, may be named—Kent, Hampshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, Devonshire, Lincolnshire, the East and North Ridings of York, Westmoreland, and North Wales. The marriages at Brighton increased from 133 in the summer of 1847, and 113 in 1848, to 177; at Cheltenham, from 90 to 105; at Clifton, from 88 to 115. At Wolstanton, Burslem, and Stoke-upon-Trent, among the Potteries, the multiplication of marriages is remarkable. In the iron districts of Dudley, Walsall, Birmingham, and Merthyr Tydfil, the advance was slow or inconsiderable. At Coventry, as well as Spitalfields, Whitechapel, the seats of the silk trade, the marriages increased rapidly, as they did also at Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby, at Stockport, and Macclesfield. At Manchester, the marriages rose from 1097 to 1442; at Preston from 159 to 281; Halifax, from 215 to 313; Leeds, from 118 and 359 to 488; Newcastle-on-Tyne, from 293 to 315; Carlisle, from 39 to 53; Merthyr Tydfil, from 160 to 213.

In the purely agricultural counties, marriage then still went on slowly, but steadily—in all the iron and coal fields at but a slightly increasing rate; while in all the counties peopled by the workers in lace, silk, wool, and cotton, the number of marriages—of new families established—has increased at a rate of which there are few examples in the returns of the last 100 years; and the general result is an aggregate increase in the marriages of the whole country during the summer quarter of the year 1850.

The *Births* in the quarter following, which ended on December 31, 1850, were also the greatest number ever registered in the autumn quarters of any previous year. 146,268 children were born in the three months. The births are in general most numerous in the spring quarter, and were so in the spring of 1850. They have since greatly exceeded the numbers registered in previous years in all the divisions of the kingdom, whether agricultural or manufacturing, in counties ravaged by cholera, and in counties left unscathed by that plague.

In regard to the *Increase of Population*, the excess of births registered over deaths in the quarter is 54,245. The usual excess is 40,000 more births than deaths; the excess in the last quarter of 1845 was 50,090; in 1847, when influenza was epidemic, only 24,000; in 1849, when the cholera epidemic was rapidly declining, 38,000.

In the last quarter of the year 1850, 56,971 *Emigrants* left the ports of the United Kingdom at which there are government emigration officers; 3836 departed from Irish ports; 1903 from Glasgow and Greenock; and 51,232 from three English ports—namely, 1702 from Plymouth, 4282 from London, and 45,248 from Liverpool. During the whole of the year 1850 the births were 593,567, the deaths, 369,679; and consequently the excess of births over deaths was 223,888 in England. In the same year 280,843 emigrants sailed from the shores of the United Kingdom; 214,606 (many of them of Irish birth) from England; 15,154 from Scotland; and 51,083 from Ireland. The number of births and deaths in Scotland and Ireland is unknown; and the census alone can disclose at what precise rate the population increases; but we know that the new births more than replace the vast armies of peaceful emigrants that every year assemble without much noise, and led, apparently by the same kind of divine instinct that directs other migrations, leave their native land to seek homes in lands prepared for them all over the world.

With respect to *Public Health*, the Registrar-General states, that its comparatively favourable condition is evident from the reduced mortality. 92,023 deaths were registered; and allowing for the probable increase of population, the rate of mortality is lower than it has been in any of the last quarters of the years 1839-50, except 1845. The comparatively good health of several districts is ascribed by the registrars to the employment and the improved condition of the people. Hull was the only town in which any appearance of epidemic cholera was observed. In that district and Sculcoates, so fatally visited by cholera last year, several persons died of cholera in the quarter. At present this district may be considered healthy. After the great epidemic of cholera in 1832 a second outbreak followed in 1833, and was fatal in towns that had before been spared. It is a subject of congratulation, and is perhaps ascribable to the better circumstances of the people, and to some of the sanitary measures in progress, that the country escaped a second visitation in 1850. The mortality in the autumn quarter was at the rate of 2323 per cent. per annum in 117 town districts; and 1824 per cent. per annum in 506 districts, comprising small towns and country parishes. The towns, to every four deaths from what may be called natural causes, lost, in a favourable season, one life by the poisons generated in crowded, dirty houses, in the churchyards, in slaughter-houses, in undrained streets, and sewers.

Nearly *Two hundred Model Life-boats* have been forwarded to the Admiralty from all parts of the country, including Ireland, to compete for the prize of 100 guineas liberally offered by Rear-Admiral the Duke of Northumberland for the best model life-boat, and an additional 100 guineas for a life-boat that should be built according to the prize model. It appears that the Duke of Northumberland is in correspondence with the Royal National Shipwreck Institution, Great Winchester-street, and has promised to communicate the result of his decision to that society. It is stated that the above Institution has expended nearly 6000*l.* on life-boats at different periods, and is always endeavouring to increase the number of its life-boat establishments on various parts of the coasts of the United Kingdom.

The following arrangements for *the Great Exhibition* have been determined on. Season tickets will be issued, not transferable, the price of which will be for a gentleman, 3*l.* 3*s.*, and for a lady, 2*l.* 2*s.* The Commissioners reserve to themselves the power of raising the price of the season tickets, after the first issue is exhausted, should circumstances render such a course advisable. On Thursday, the 1st of May, being the first day of the Exhibition, season tickets only will be available, and no money will be received at the doors. On the second and third days, Friday and Saturday, the price will be upon each day, for one admission only, 1*l.* On Monday, the 5th of May, and the fourth day of the Exhibition, the admission will be reduced to 5*s.*, and the same price continued for the succeeding seventeen days. On and after Monday, the 26th of May, or the twenty-second day of the Exhibition, the charges for admission will be on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, in each week, 1*s.*; on Fridays, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and upon Saturdays, 5*s.* To prevent confusion, no change will be given at the doors; but there will be an office close by the entrance at which money may be exchanged. The Exhibition will be open daily, Sundays excepted. Should experience render any alteration in these arrangements necessary, the Commissioners reserve to themselves the power of making such modifications as may appear desirable, of which due notice will be given to the public.

At the last meeting of the *Chancery Reform Association*, many cases were brought forward of injustice and injury, amounting to ruin, through the delays and denials of the law. Mr. S. Hicks, of Bath, stated by letter, that his father, Mr. Charles Hicks, an eminent surgeon, left a fortune of 200,000*l.*, besides landed property: it is now in Chancery, and all that remains between the writer of the letter and his paternal fortune is the report of the Master, now three years over-due. Mr. I. Houghton, a great land-agent and farmer of Berkshire, mentioned the case of a man who has

70,000*l.* in Chancery, and who, at the age of ninety, is a pauper. Other speakers gave instances of a similar description.

Mr. Henry Beaufoy, of Lambeth, has made an additional *Gift of one thousand guineas to the City of London School*, for prizes to be distributed among the pupils. This is the fifth gift of equal amount by Mr. Beaufoy, who has besides lately spent 10,000*l.* in building Ragged Schools in Lambeth. The birthday of Mr. Beaufoy is that of William Shakspeare, and the terms of the deed regulating the distribution of the prizes declare that they are to commemorate the birth and genius of Shakspeare, and especially to encourage among the pupils a taste for the study of his works.

By *Returns from the Poor-law Board*, presented to the House of Commons, it appears that there was spent for the relief of the poor in England and Wales in the six summer months ending last Michaelmas, nearly 200,000*l.* less than in the same period of 1849; and that on the 1st January last there were relieved 71,183 fewer paupers than on the 1st January, 1850. The amelioration was not confined to the manufacturing counties; the reduction of paupers was 6 per cent. in Bedfordshire, 4 per cent. in Berkshire, 8 per cent. in Devonshire, 4½ per cent. in Dorsetshire, 10 per cent. in Kent and the East Riding of Yorkshire. The greatest decrease was in Warwickshire—22 per cent.

During the half-year ending 30th June, 1850, 31,766,503 passengers were carried on *the Railways of the United Kingdom.* Within the same period, 90 persons were killed—10 passengers, 54 railway servants, 26 trespassers; 5 persons committed suicide; 68 received hurts not of a fatal nature. The larger proportion of the killed are set down as having suffered "owing to their own misconduct or want of caution."

An association has been formed for *Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge.* This was done at a meeting of gentlemen desirous to support the freedom of the press, among whom were Messrs. J. Hume, Cobden, Bright, Milner Gibson, Scholefield, and Ewart, held at the Exchequer Hotel, New Palace Yard. The chair was taken by Mr. Milner Gibson, and the following resolution was passed unanimously. Moved by Mr. Cobden, seconded by Mr. Scholefield:—"That whereas heavy taxes are laid on paper, foreign books, advertisements, and newspapers; and whereas all taxes which impede the diffusion of knowledge and obstruct the progress of education are highly injurious to the public interest, and are most impolitic sources of revenue; and whereas the penny stamp, in particular, almost prohibits newspapers to working men, the persons now present, desirous of liberating the press from all taxation and from all control, except that of a court of law, form themselves into a society to be called 'An Association for promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge.'" The remaining resolutions referred to the appointment of the officers and committee of the association.

The commission for inquiring into the administration of affairs of the *University of Dublin* has been completed, and consists of the following members:—Dr. Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin; Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Cork; the Earl of Rosse; Lord Chief Justice Blackburne; Dr. Longfield, one of the Commissioners of the Encumbered Court; and Mr. Cooper, of Marktree Castle (well known for his astronomical researches), formerly representative for the county of Sligo. The inquiries will commence in the course of the ensuing month.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

THE Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family left Windsor for Buckingham Palace on the 12th, for the season.

A Chapter of the Order of the Garter was held at Buckingham Palace on the 19th, when the Marquis of Normanby was elected a *Knight of the Order*, and received the investiture from her Majesty, with the usual ceremonies.

Prince Albert has transmitted through Col. Phipps, a cheque for 25*l.* as a donation to the funds of the "Jerusalem Literary Society." It is stated to be in contemplation, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers be enrolled, to publish a journal of scientific research, the pages of which to be open to contributions on all subjects relating to the Holy Land.

The Right Hon. Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart., is created a *Peer*, by the title of Baron Broughton de Gyfford, in the county of Wilts.

The Queen has nominated the Duke of Cambridge to be *Grand Master of the Order of St. Michael and St. George*, in room of the late Duke his father.

Lieut.-Col. F. Abbott, C.B., lately of the Bengal Engineers, has been appointed *Lieutenant-Governor* of the East India Company's Seminary at Addiscombe. Lieut.-Col. Abbott had served many years in India, and was particularly mentioned for his services in the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6.

Mr. David Robert Ross, is appointed *Lieutenant-Governor* of the island of Tobago.

The following official appointments have been made for *the Australian Colonies*:—Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy is re-appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of New South Wales, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Van Diemen's Land, Victoria, and South Australia, and Governor-General of all the colonies of Australia, including the colony of Western Australia.—Sir William Thomas Denison is re-appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land; Sir Henry Edward Fox Young, Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia; Charles Joseph La Trobe, Esq., Lieutenant-Governor of the (new) colony of Victoria.

The following *Diplomatic Appointments* are announced:—The Earl of Westmoreland, recently her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Berlin, is appointed to the same functions at Vienna. Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Minister Plenipotentiary to the Swiss Confederation, is appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Stockholm. Mr. Arthur Charles Magenis, now acting Minister Plenipotentiary at Vienna, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Swiss Confederation. The Hon. Henry George Howard, Secretary of Legation at the Court of Lisbon, is transferred to the Court of Vienna. The Queen has appointed Charles Sturt, Esq., to be Colonial Secretary; Boyle Travers Finniss, Esq., to be Colonial Treasurer and Registrar-General; and George Frederick Dashwood, Esq., Lieutenant R.N., to be Commissioner of Police and Police Magistrate for the colony of South Australia. And her Majesty has also appointed Richard F. Newland, Esq., to be Stipendiary Magistrate at the Port of Adelaide, in the same colony.

Obituary of Notable Persons.

LIEUT.-COL. NEVETT, who only left England in September last to take the command of the Royal Artillery at Hong Kong, died on the 21st of December, shortly after his arrival at that unhealthy station. He had been nearly forty-one years in the service.

VISCOUNT FREDERIC ADOLPHE DE GARDONVILLE, of Athies, mousquetaire gris in the service of Louis XV., and Knight of the Order of St. Louis, has just died, aged 113, at his country house, near Homburg. This officer was born on the 28th of January, 1738, and had retired to Homburg after the dissolution of the army of Condé.

SPONTINI, the celebrated composer, author of *La Vestale* and *Fernand Cortez*, died on the 24th ult., at Majolati, near Ancona, where he had gone to pass the winter, in the hope of re-establishing his health. He was in the seventy-second year of his age.

The COUNTESS BROOKE AND WARWICK died on the 30th ult., at the town residence of the Earl of Warwick, in Carlton Gardens, after a long and painful illness, in her sixty-fifth year.

SIR FRANCIS LAWLEY, BART., died on the 30th ult., at his seat in Warwickshire, in his sixty-ninth year. The baronetcy passes to his brother, Lord Wenlock, who will also inherit his large landed property.

The HON. CAPTAIN HENRY HOWARD died on the 29th ult., at Beauchamp, in Gloucestershire, aged forty-three. He was son of the Earl of Suffolk. He formerly represented Cricklade in Parliament, on liberal principles.

The REV. DR. PYE SMITH died at Guildford on the 7th inst.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the celebrated naturalist, died in New York on the 27th of January, at the age of seventy-six.

MARY WOOLLSTONCRAFT, the daughter of Godwin, widow of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and mother of the present Sir Percy Bysshe Shelley, Bart., died on the 1st inst., at her residence in Chester-square, at the age of fifty-three.

MRS. XAVERIA WISEMAN, mother of Cardinal Wiseman, died on the 7th inst., at the house of her daughter, the Countess of Gabrielli, at Fano, in Italy, after a short illness.

NICHOLAS VANSITTART, BARON BEXLEY, died on the 8th, at his seat in Kent, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was son of Henry Vansittart, Governor of Bengal; he graduated at Christchurch College, Oxford, and adopted the bar as his profession. In 1801 he went as Minister Plenipotentiary to Denmark. Entering the Irish and Home departments of public service, he was for several years Chancellor of the Exchequer; and in 1823 he gained his Peerage. He married, but has died childless, and the title is extinct.

FLORINDA, DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS CASTLEMAINE, died on the 9th, at Moydrum Castle, near Athlone, at the age of eighty-eight. She was sister to the late and aunt to the present Earl of Clancarty.

LIEUT.-COL. W. H. DAVIES died on the 11th inst., aged seventy-five years. He entered the army in 1799. In 1806 he served with the 47th Regiment in South America. Afterwards he served in the Peninsula, and was present at the sieges of Cadiz, Tarragona, and Tarifa.

COLONEL COOK, C.B., died on the 17th inst. He belonged to the East India Company's service, Bengal Presidency, and for his services in the East was in 1838 nominated a Companion of the Bath.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES POWER, Commandant of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Artillery, died at Dover on the 17th inst.

MR. GEORGE THOMSON, of Edinburgh, died on the 18th inst., at his residence in Leith Links, at the age of ninety-two. Mr. Thomson's early connection with Burns is universally known, and his collection of Scottish Songs, for which many of Burns' finest pieces were originally written, has been before the public for more than half a century. His kindness of heart and other excellent qualities will long be remembered.

COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER is at last on his way home from India, and has left, for a parting gift to the army he lately commanded, a severe lecture against a large class of its officers for habitual and even criminal laxity in regard to pecuniary obligations. The discipline and efficiency of the forces generally he states to have been seriously impaired by these moral delinquencies in their chiefs who should have set them a better example. Such a public reproach, well founded, and addressed to men who live by the reputation of honour, cannot be heard with indifference, or without a beneficial result; nor could a great soldier, himself of the highest character and courage, have left behind him in India a proof of either that will more surely redound to his ultimate good name, however much he may suffer for it in immediate popularity.

The long-agitated question of the Clergy Reserves in Canada has at last been settled by Lord Grey's prudent and sensible resignation of them to the uncontrolled disposition of the local legislature. The principle on which he has acted in doing this is frankly stated in his despatch, and will be met by the best order of colonists with eager and grateful recognition. The question, Lord Grey remarks, is one "so exclusively affecting" the people of Canada, that its decision ought not to be withdrawn from the Provincial Legislature.

The Overland Mail from *Bombay* brings accounts from thence to the 17th, from Calcutta of the 8th January, and Hong Kong of the 30th December. Sir C. Napier had arrived at Bombay, and was to leave in the packet of the 3rd. Sir Charles Napier, before retiring from the command of the Indian army, issued *a farewell address*, dated from his head-quarters at Ferozepore on the 15th of December—a very remarkable document, which has attracted great attention both in India and at home. It denounces with great severity the habits of extravagance which have taken root among the officers, and especially their ruinous vice of getting deeply into debt. The following are some of its features:—Promising that he is not now speaking as a rich man to the poor, for he has "known poverty," and has "lived for years on less than half what every ensign in this army receives," Sir Charles proceeds to state, that he has not sought for the information on which he speaks, but has had it forced upon him by men of high rank in both the Queen's and the Company's services, who are labouring for the honour of the service. One Brigadier writes to him—"At a Court of Requests, held on the 6th inst., there were fifty-three cases, and (with the exception of four of trifling amount) all against subalterns—amount to 4875 rupees." Again, the same officer writes—"Decrees of Execution General are not unfrequent, and the efficiency of the officers seriously affected by their pecuniary embarrassments." Among the causes of this demoralisation, one is, "that some young men get commissions without having had [illegible]ch education, or perhaps a vulgar one, which is wo[illegible]

"These officers are not aware that honesty is inseparable from the character of a thoroughbred gentleman. A vulgar man, who 'enjoys a champagne tiffin and swindles his servants,' (as a Brigadier writes to me, when speaking of these matters, and referring to an officer under his immediate command,) may be a pleasant companion to those who do not hold him in contempt as a v[illegible]knave, but he is not a gentleman."

T[illegible]ome young men just escaped from school th[illegible]manly to be dishonourable.

[illegible]est champagne-drinking swindlers who sponge on the[illegible]d lead them into expense. Thus comes debt—then ban[illegible] are at hand to advance money. Thus they become involved past redemption; and soon the habit of being constantly in debt makes them grow callous to the proper feelings of a gentleman."

The expenses caused by the constant marching of regiments are great burdens on the officer; and Sir Charles hopes that now, in time of peace, the marching of regiments will be avoided. The extravagance of messes can and ought to be controlled by the commanding officers of regiments.

"The pay of an ensign is sufficient for his just expenditure; and the commanding-officer is, and can alone be, responsible that this rule of rigid and just economy is never infringed. What officer will go to a mess committee and tell his private misfortune, or his difficulties? Yet this is what those people (who say that the commanders of regiments ought not to interfere with the mess) want. They are over-bearing tyrants, who want to set aside the private affairs of officers, and to make those officers who cannot afford such extravagance pay for these persons' selfish enjoyments, which they want to indulge in at other men's expense. That is the real object of those who wish to prevent the interference of commanding-officers. But the rules of both Queen's and Company's services give commanding-officers the right to interfere, and the Commander-in-chief will take care to hold him responsible that the ensign has his rights."

Sir Charles concludes with these valedictory words—

"To-day I am Commander-in-chief: a week hence I shall be no more to the Armies of India than a private gentleman. But the Armies of India must ever be much and dear to me. For nine years my whole energies, such as they are, have been devoted to the honour and glory of the Company's troops. I may say that I have become as much identified with the Armies of the three Presidencies as if I had risen from their ranks. I have jealously guarded their honour, and I have fought at their head. I now leave them for ever. But in the retirement of private life, although no longer able to serve them, the destinies of the Indian Armies will ever occupy my thoughts. I here take leave of them, hoping that this order will be of use, as the last which I can issue to the Armies of India."

The latest advices from *Ceylon* are to January 15th. Sir George Anderson had adjourned the Legislative Council, on the 20th December, after voting the necessary supplies: the financial statement, presented by the Colonial Secretary, showed the revenue for the first three quarters of 1850 to amount to 311,479*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*, against 307,170*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.* for the like period of 1849; whilst the expenditure had been 291,793*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*,

against 312,537*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* in 1849. Sweeping reductions were talked of: amongst other changes, one of the Puisne Judges was to be dispensed with, the offices of Civil Engineer and Commissioner of Roads were to be amalgamated as of old, and several Staff appointments were abolished. The weather, which had long been adverse to the preparation and shipment of the crops, had changed, and exporters were busy.

Accounts from *Jamaica* state that cholera was fast disappearing from the colony, and the only parish now afflicted to any extent is Lucia. A serious riot had occurred in the parish of St. David during an election for a member of the House of Assembly. A hired band of ruffians was in attendance, and a fearful riot ensued. The Court-house was almost entirely demolished, the police and other persons cut and wounded, some of whom would not survive. Mr. M'Lean, the coroner of the parish, was killed; and the sheriff, Mr. Lyons, obliged to fly for his life. A detachment of troops had been sent to the district, and some of the ringleaders arrested on a charge of wilful murder.

There are advices from the *Cape of Good Hope* to the 26th of December. The excitement respecting the position of affairs on the frontier continued unabated. Sir Harry Smith was on the spot, evidently determined to make a strict investigation as to the causes originating this renewed spirit of turbulence among the Caffres. Sandilli, the chief suspected of organising the movement, had, it was said, escaped into the bush, and would not attempt to come into the presence of the governor to explain his conduct. Sir Harry Smith had entered into arrangements with the other tribes to support him, if necessary, in maintaining peace, and at the interviews he had had with them, the whole of the proceedings were considered to have terminated most satisfactorily.

The "Clergy Reserves" in *Canada* have been placed by the Home Government at the disposition of the Colonial Legislature. This fact has been communicated in a despatch from the Colonial Office to the Earl of Elgin. The dispatch of the Earl of Elgin communicating the address of the Canadian Assembly on the subject was received in July last, after the session of the Provincial Legislature had already closed, and on the eve of the close of the Imperial session; it was therefore reserved for mature consideration by the government. Earl Grey's despatch in answer is dated the 27th of January. Its substance is as follows:—Her Majesty has been pleased to receive the address "very graciously." Lord Elgin will inform the House of Assembly, that while her Majesty's servants "greatly regret" that a subject of so much difficulty should, after an interval of some years, have again been brought under discussion, "it has appeared to them, on mature deliberation, that the desire expressed by the Assembly in this address ought to be acceded to." They will accordingly be prepared to recommend to parliament, that an act should be passed giving to the Provincial Legislature full authority to make such alterations as they may think fit in the existing arrangements with regard to the clergy reserves, provided that existing interests are respected." Great as would be the advantages of leaving undisturbed the existing arrangement devoting a portion of the public lands to the creation of a fund for the religious instruction of the inhabitants of the province, "still the question is one so exclusively affecting the people of Canada, that its decision ought not to be withdrawn from the Provincial Legislature, to which it properly belongs to regulate all matters concerning the domestic interests of the Province." It has appeared to her Majesty's government "impossible for them, consistently with the principles on which they have always held that the government of Canada ought to be conducted," to advise refusal of the prayer. They have acted on that conclusion with the less difficulty from observing that the Assembly in their address recognise the claims of present incumbents of the fund, and have not asked authority to interfere with the incomes during the lives of the parties enjoying them.

NARRATIVE OF FOREIGN EVENTS.

THE great topic of the day in Paris is the President's reduction of his establishment at the Elysée. As soon as the Assembly refused him his "dotation" he shrewdly announced that his expensive receptions were at an end; and, as we write, there are one-and-twenty of his saddle and carriage horses in the course of sale by auction at the stables in the Rue de Montaigne. This is a new way of fighting the Assembly, and seems to indicate that Louis Napoleon has new and better advisers.

The other great continental event is the steady march of Austria in the direction of extreme absolutism. Russia is helping her to swamp the German Confederation by forcing her non-German provinces into it, and wicked schemes against Switzerland and Piedmont are to be Russia's return in kind. There have been all sorts of protestings from England and France during the last month or two, but the issue remains to be seen. It will be a most important one, in its influence over the whole civilised world.

The chief article of news from *France*, during the month, has been the rejection, by the Assembly, of the President's Dotation Bill. On the 10th, M. Anthony Thouret having moved that 1,800,000f. be paid to the President of the Republic as *frais de réprésentations*, Messrs. Clay and Lemulier proposed that this credit be paid out of the salaries of the members.—The Minister of Justice, M. Royer, stated, on the part of the government, that the Cabinet would not enter into the debate, but that it referred the Assembly to the motivation of the bill. Referring to the credit of last year, he protested that to the government this question was not one of money, but of political order.—M. Dufongerais, rising in opposition to the bill, detailed the grievances of the Assembly against the President.—M. de Montalembert had hoped that the good sense of members would have induced them to hush the schism between the Assembly and the Executive. He opposed the preferment of such a grant on principle, but he was of opinion that the demand, if once made, ought to meet with compliance.—M. Piscatory opposed the bill. He protested that the Assembly was by no means hostile to the President, and he declared that the vote which he felt confident would be pronounced was a mere warning on the part of the legislative body.—On a division the numbers were—for the bill, 294; against it, 396. The bill was accordingly rejected by a majority of 102 votes.—In consequence of this refusal to make him a provision, the President has commenced a rigid economy in his household and personal expenses. He has discontinued his "receptions," and the sale of a number of his saddle and carriage horses has been advertised. A proposal of a national subscription for him having been made by some of his friends, he has decidedly declined all such assistance.

Accounts from *Naples* of the 3rd bring the termination of the trial of the members of the *Unità Italiana*, which has been going on for some months. Three have been condemned to death, namely, MM. Faucitano, Settembrini, and Agresti; M. Risco Pivonti and the

[illegible] have been condemned to the galleys for life; M. Carlo Poerio, formerly a member of the Cabinet, to 24 years' imprisonment, and the others to shorter terms of imprisonment. All the prisoners are deputies, or in the higher ranks of society. The King has ratified the sentences of those condemned to death, and commuted their punishment to imprisonment in the galleys for life.

A letter from Rome, dated the 31st of January, gives an account of an *Exploit of Banditti*, which looks more like romance than reality, though its truth seems authenticated. "On the 25th of this month, the theatrical corps of Forlimi Popoli was playing the 'Death of Cæsar.' Forlimi-Popoli is a small town of about 4000 inhabitants, enclosed by a high wall, entered by two gates, and scarcely three miles from the town of Forli, of which it is a kind of suburb. By eight in the evening, the hour when the theatres open in Italy, all movement has disappeared from the streets, windows are closed, and the inhabitants have retired to their homes, the coffeehouses, or theatres. This absence of activity in the streets, which every one remarks at Rome, is still more complete in small towns. It may then be understood how at Forlimi Popoli, and particularly on an evening when the theatre was open, the streets should be so deserted as to make possible the occurrence now to be related. The first act of the piece had terminated, and the curtain had just fallen, when suddenly it rose and disclosed—instead of the actors who had disappeared—ten brigands of the band Del Passatore, who armed with muskets and carbines levelled them so as to command the entire range of the pit and boxes. At the same moment another party consisting of thirty brigands, made their appearance on the floor of the house, the issues of which were guarded and armed with sabres and pistols menaced the spectators. A moment of stupor, during which no one dared move, elapsed, when the chief of the brigands advanced to the foot lights, and, exhibiting the keys of the two gates of the town, said, "Gentlemen, you see by these that you are entirely in our power. Any resistance on your part would lead to disasters which I should be the first to deplore, but which it depends on you to avert. Listen then to what I have to say. I am about to call out the names of several among you. As I pronounce a name, let him who bears it step forth from his box and repair to his house, in company with one or two of my friends who will assist him to bring hither all his hoards, and that without defrauding us of a porpetto." This said the orator displayed a paper, and commenced reading the fatal roll. Submission was inevitable. A dozen carbineers formed the sole police of Forlimi Popoli. Six of these were in the theatre and had been gagged by the brigands. The six others surprised in their guard house had ventured a vain resistance. The Bergomaster was the first victim. Some time was, of course, required for this operation, which did not terminate before a quarter to twelve. It was, probably, to shorten the agony of the pit and boxes that two brigands went from spectator to spectator, collecting hatfuls of watches, purses, chains, rings, and even umbrellas. When the harvest was gathered, and the booty had been heaped up on the stage, the brigands allowed the curtain to fall and quietly withdrew, carrying all with them. The money thus obtained amounted to 7000 Roman piastres or about 40,000 francs and the bijoux, objects of art, &c., to double that sum. The next day an Austrian detachment set out in pursuit of the band, which probably had dispersed by that time in the mountains or passed the Tuscan frontier. Their number is supposed to have been about three or four hundred. It is probable that they were in league with some of the inhabitants. However this may be, private houses and public treasuries all have been plundered with the exception of the Monte di Pietà, the fastening of which resisted all the attempts made to break it.

In *Germany*, congresses and conferences continue among the diplomatists of the various powers, but little is known of their result.

Both France and England have protested against the demand of Austria for the admission of the whole of her possessions into the Germanic Confederation. The two Powers have, it is said, communicated notes to the Cabinet of St Petersburg with a view to bring it over to their opinion.

Baron Manteuffel suddenly left *Dresden* on the 18th, the day on which the sitting of the conferences was resumed, for Berlin, where he had an immediate audience of the King, and intended to return on the 19th to Dresden.

M. Hassenpflug, the Hessian minister, is in the greatest perplexity from want of money. A project for a loan has been abandoned, as none of the Frankfort bankers would negotiate it.

The Diet of the kingdom of *Hanover* was opened on the 12th inst. with a message from the King, which is chiefly occupied with the part taken by Hanover in the late events in Germany.

The intelligence from *New York*, which is up to the 15th inst., is unimportant. In the Senate the California Land Title Bill was ordered to be engrossed. General Cass has been re-elected to the Senate by the Legislature of Michigan. In the House of Representatives Mr Gilbert gave notice of a bill to establish a branch Mint in California.—The Naval Committee of the Senate had put their veto upon the extension of any new steam lines of communication across the Atlantic under the patronage of Government for the present session.

By the accounts from California it appears that the aggregate amount of shipments of gold dust, together with the quantity in private hands, shows that the yield of the mines for 1850 was not less than between nine and ten millions sterling.

NARRATIVE OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE past month will be memorable, in the annals of Art, as that in which the first artist of the stage, the last of that generation of great actors which includes the names of Siddons, Kemble, Kean, Young, and Miss O'Neill, bade adieu to the scene of his triumphs. It was an occasion never likely to pass from the remembrance of those who witnessed or took part in it. And now Mr Macready will live hereafter in dramatic history not simply as the most complete intellectual actor of his time, but as the man who singly supported the higher drama of England at a time when all other support seemed to have passed from it. What we agree to call our national stage was never at so low or hopeless an ebb as when he opened Covent Garden fifteen years ago; but yet, with scant sympathy at first, he steadily, bravely, and completely worked out his design of applying to the pure text of our noblest dramas the ablest acting and the most perfect accessories. Has any playgoer of that day forgotten the extraordinary excitement that at last attended every announcement of a new Shaksperian revival? And does any one suppose that that civilising influence passed wholly away with Mr Macready's departure from Drury Lane, who has since visited Mr Phelps's well conducted theatre, and seen the quiet, intelligent, apprehensive enjoyment of its crowded pit of young [illegible], artisans and their wives, not a few of them comparing their printed copy of the Shaksperian

play with the correct and intelligent performance in course of presentation before them? It is not in the nature of such exertions as Mr Macready's to fail, and such a theatre as that of Sadler's Wells is but one of the many fruits they are sure to bear. Generations of unborn playgoers will yet profit by them; and, as time moves on, and statesmen are compelled to inquire practically into educational agencies now lightly laughed at as Utopian, it may even come to be discovered that a well conducted theatre, set apart for the presentation of the masterpieces of English dramatic genius, might prove a help to popular instruction of the most important kind.

Doctor Johnson had two modes of treating booksellers. On a particular occasion he knocked one down with one of his own folios. On another, he proclaimed them without stint generous liberal minded men, and the true patrons of literature. But his ordinary and settled opinion may be said to have lain between these two extremes, and to be best expressed by what he said to his friend Dr Wetherell. "I suppose, with all our scholastic ignorance of mankind we are still too knowing to expect that the booksellers will erect themselves into patrons and buy and sell under the influence of a distinguished zeal for the promotion of learning." We are reminded of these judgments of bibliopolist humanity by a most surprising banquet given the other day to M. Lamartine by what our English papers call "the editors," but more properly should have called the publishers of his works. On this occasion M. Lamartine returned thanks to his worthy paymasters in a style of the most [illegible] enthusiasm. He protested that it was not only the glory of their name that poets and historians owed to the profession of booksellers, but that they owed them also in modern times, that independence of sentiment, that dignity of character, and that attitude of pride before power, which so well became those devoted to literary pursuits, of which attitude M. Lamartine however certainly a very odd forgetfulness in these exaggerated epithets. He asserted that the greatest poets, the most splendid geniuses, the most immortal writers of ancient and remote times had never attained to this independence of sentiment [illegible] that Corneille, Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine had been compelled [illegible] to sacrifice their [illegible] to that which the mere necessities of existence enforced upon them [illegible] submission to the king, the court, the favourite, even the moneyed men of their day. M. Lamartine seems to have forgotten [illegible] that things change less than names, and that there was [illegible] of submission to the moneyed men of the [illegible] which [illegible] the [illegible] and Lafontaine [illegible]. They never made speeches about themselves at public dinners, of which the only design was to puff the [illegible] — they had [illegible] to the [illegible] givers of the feast. For all that we [illegible] banquet to M. Lamartine [illegible] than [illegible] a magnificent puff advertisement for [illegible] *[illegible]* [illegible] who entertained him.

The publishers have been less active of late than is customary at this season of the year, and are probably [illegible] the great foreign invasion of May.

[illegible] *[illegible]* might have passed [illegible] for a history of India since the days of [illegible]. This points to the [illegible] of the book in making the [illegible] and [illegible] tastes which [illegible] somewhat from the character of its author. He talks too much of his own exploits, though it is little to be denied that he talks well as that he acted [illegible] and nobly; but one cannot conceive a Clive, a Munro, or a Wellington signalising the [illegible] of their [illegible] illustrating any part of it by such a book as this.

The *Life* of the late excellent Bishop Stanley, by his son, the biographer of Arnold, is a timely publication. It is a slight but sufficient delineation of a thoroughly good, earnest, sensible, liberal Churchman, and never at any part of her history did the English Church need such records of her best and most faithful class of ministers for example and support. Another and striking contribution to the biography of an illustrious Englishman and sound friend to Protestantism, is the fourth series of *Southey's Commonplace Book*. It contains a curious and ample collection of ideas and studies for literary composition, from which a young writer may derive lessons in the art to which he aspires, of the utmost value to him. It contains also anecdotes and recollections set down with the same view, and is altogether the most remarkable public exhibition of what may be called the private workshop of a great literary man, that has ever been given to the world.

Lavengro will somewhat disappoint the great expectations raised by its announcement as Mr Borrow's *Autobiography*. So much evident fiction is mixed up with its fact, that it will be difficult to apportion the precise interest or value due to either. Yet the genius of the writer is unmistakeably impressed upon the book. The other most recent publications, best worth mention, are *An Argument for the Royal Supremacy*, much more detailed, elaborate, and ably reasoned than any other we have seen, by the Rev Mr Sanderson Robins; a capital translation, by Sir George Head, of that extremely curious romance of the Second Century, the *Golden Ass*, full of all sorts of foreshadowings of the later romances of [illegible] and [illegible] of the strictly modern novel, which Sir George [illegible] publishes under [illegible] of the *Metamorphoses of Apuleius*; a [illegible] called the *[illegible] Ireland*, describing the sort of [illegible] for whose energy and enterprise that country would now [illegible] than even the [illegible] colonies [illegible] Cornwall, by [illegible] Mr [illegible], called *[illegible]*; another volume of the *Princesses of England*, by Mrs Everett Green; a graceful little treatise, under the title of *[illegible]*, on sources of education which exist independent of mere book studies, black-letter researches [illegible]; an interesting [illegible] by Commander Forbes on *Dahomey and the Dahomans*; and a small treatise on *Popery, British and Foreign*, by Mr Walter Savage Landor, eloquent as well as humorous, and full of thoughts pertinent to the day.

Mr Cowden Clarke, whose *Concordance of Shakspeare* shows such mastery of the letter of the poet's works, now evinces her appreciation of their spirit in a series of fictions entitled the *Youth of Shakspeare's Heroines*, of which the antecedents of Portia, Helena, and Lady Macbeth have already been issued. The whole of *Shakspeare's Plays* are also to be reproduced in the shilling volumes of the Parlour Library under the editorship of Mr William Hazlitt. We may add that Mr Henry Rumsey Forster has published a *Pocket Peerage and Baronetage*, which suits the pockets of the commonalty in more ways than one, being portable and cheap.

Several new pieces have been produced at the theatres with success — at the Haymarket, a farce, by Mr. Buckstone, called *Good for Nothing*; at the same house, a drama, taken from the French, by Mr Sterling Coyne, called *Presented at Court*; at the Olympic, a melodrama, also taken from the French, by Mr Bourcicault, called *Sixtus the Fifth*; and at Drury Lane, a spectacle called *The Prodigal*, which is Scribe and Auber's new Opera, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, stripped of its music.

The only notable musical event has been the performance, at Exeter Hall, of *David*, an Oratorio, the work of a young musician, Mr Charles Edward Horsley. Its success has been complete.

[illegible]CIAL RECORD.

BANKRUPTS.

[illegible] of January 28.—J. HAYWARD, Oxford-street, [illegible] watchmaker.—R. J. JOHNSON, Woolwich, plumber. [illegible], Sheffield, grocer.—M'DONNELL, Liverpool, [illegible].—E. HAMILTON WATSON and J. KINGSTON, Rochdale, [illegible]shire, [illegible].—W. THOMPSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, [illegible].

January 31. J. TYARS, Padnals Corner, Essex, farmer.—A. GRASS, Queen's-road, Bayswater, baker.—A. WALKDEN, [illegible], Lincolnshire, carrier.—R. N. JONES, Liverpool, merchant.

February 4. W. HOOD, Lawrence-lane, commission-agent.—R. TREDINNICK, Threadneedle-street, mining-agent.—A. EVE, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, turner.—C. WATT, Southampton-street, Pentonville, baker.

February 7. J. SKAM, Studley-road, Clapham-road, builder.—J. S. MARSHALL, Goswell-road, boot-dealer.—A. FRIEDEBERG, Houndsditch, furrier.—J. DIXON, Bately, dyer.—J. WYATT, junior, sometimes called R. WYATT, Milverton, Somersetshire, grocer.—J. SHIRT, Frodsham, provision-dealer.

February 11. J. BARUGH, High Holborn, oil-man.—W. L. WOOD, Charles-street, Drury-lane, piano-forte-maker.—E. BLISS, Barbican, brush-maker.—R. B. COLTMAN, Regent-street, milliner.—J. MURRELLS, Colchester, barge-owner.—H. D. STEVENSON, Bishopwearmouth, merchant.

February 14. F. P. PLATT, Broad Street Buildings, merchant.—P. WOOTTON, sen., and P. WOOTTON, jun., Margate, grocers.—J. MANNING, Birmingham, draper.—E. TETLOW, Leeds, innkeeper.—H. HUNT, Hull, merchant.—T. BRIGHOUSE, Liverpool, contractor.—J. WILSON, St. Helen's, chemical-manufacturer.

February 18. J. B. and G. B. COOPER, Drury-lane, iron-founders.—J. HOLLAND and E. WARDEN, Preston, tallow-chandlers.—W. NECK, jun., Torre, near Torquay.

February 21. W. C. GAZELEY, Chenies-place, Old-road, St. Pancras, builder.—W. TENNANT, Chertsey, Surrey, draper.—J. BISHOP, Piccadilly, laceman.—J. REID, King's-row, Pimlico, corn-dealer.—G. WOMWELL, Stevenage, Hertfordshire, miller.—E. KNIGHTLY, Paul-street, Finsbury, carpenter.—The BROMLEY HALL IRON AND COAL COMPANY, Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire.—R. WILLIAMSON, Manchester, manufacturer.—R. BOYLE, jun., Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant.—G. WOODS, Liverpool, surgeon.

February 25. J. BURRELL, victualler, Blackmore, Essex.—J. MATTS, ironmonger, Edgeware-road.—C. F. THOMAS, ship-broker, Bristol.

BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.

February 4. E. ARMYTAGE, Clifton Bridge, Halifax, cotton-spinner.

February 7. BEHREND and BLOOMENTHAL, Weymouth-place, New Kent-road, cigar-merchants.

February 11. G. JOHNSTONE, Newbury, publican.—E. HODGES, Swinford, surgeon.

February 14. B. HOMAN, Westbourne-terrace, Paddington, builder.

MONEY MARKET.

The close of last month, and n[illegible] the whole of this, has been a dull time on the Stock Ex[illegible]. The small majority on D'Israeli's motion scarcely ruffle[illegible] smooth state of things. On the 14th, Consols for Money fell [illegible] more than from 96½ to 96⅛; but before the close of the busi[illegible] on that day, they rose again to their former prices. The great majority against ministers on Locke King's motion, and their actual resignation, scarcely put life into the pulse of the Money Market;—Consols, at the opening of business, just touched 95⅞, and then rebounded, on the 24th, to 96⅛; which they have since maintained.

Money was so abundant at the beginning of the month, that 3 per cent. per annum was got with difficulty for short loans on ordinary securities. On the 13th, however, cash became scarcer, and 4 per cent. was given, the day after, on Consols as security. The Bank did not alter its rate of discount.

The Foreign Share and Railway Markets have partaken of the characteristics of the Consol Market. The only event in the latter worth recording, is the unpleasant announcement of "no dividend" for the holders of Eastern Counties' shares.

STOCKS.	Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
Three per Cent. Consols	97⅜	95⅞	96⅛
Three per Cent. Reduced	97½	96¼	97⅛
Three and a quarter per Cents.	99	98⅝	98¾
Long Annuities, Jan. 1860	7⅜	7 1/16	7 1/16
Bank Stock	215½	214½	214½
India Stock	267	263	263
Exchequer Bills	61s. prm.	47s. prm.	47s. prm.
India Bonds	[illegible] prm.	57s. prm.	57s. prm.

FOREIGN FUNDS—LATEST PRICES.

Belgian 4½ per cent., 91½
Brazilian 5 per cent [illegible]
Chilian 3 per cent., 66
Danish 3 per cent., 77⅝
Dutch 2½ pr. cent. 12 guild., 58⅞
French 3 per cent., 57 f. 25 c.
" 5 " 94 f. 96 c.
Mexican, 5 per cent., 33⅜ ex. d.
New York (1858) 5 per cent., 94
Pennsylvania 5 per cent., 86
Peruvian 4½ per cent., 79½
" (Deferred) 4 p. ct., 36
Portuguese 5 per cent., 87½
Russian 4½ per cent., 96⅞
Spanish 3 per cent., 38
Venezuela Bonds (Deferred) 11¾

Paid.	RAILWAYS.	Highest.	Lowest.	Latest.
50	Aberdeen	13¼	13	13¼
100	Brighton and South Coast.	98	94¾	99
118	Blackwall	7¾	7	7⅝
100	Bristol and Exeter	89	77	89
50	Caledonian	12¼	10¼	12
20	Eastern Counties	7¼	6¼	6¾
50	Edinburgh and Glasgow	35	24¾	34¼
25	Great Northern	18	17¼	18
100	Great Western, ex. div.	92½	87½	91¼
50	Hull and Selby	101	100	104
100	Lancashire and Yorkshire	[illegible]	55¼	58½
100	London & North Western	[illegible]4	128	134
100	Midland	[illegible]1¼	54¼	61¼
25	North British	9⅛	8¼	9⅛
30	South Eastern and Dover.	26⅛	24⅝	26¼
100	South Western	89⅝	87	89⅝
25	York, Newc., and Berwick	21	18⅜	20⅞
50	York and North Midland	24½	24⅝	24⅞

FOREIGN RAILWAYS—LATEST PRICES.

Boulogne and Amiens, 20
East Indian, 12⅛
Namur and Liege, 8¼
Northern of France, 15
Paris and Rouen, 25¼ ex. d.
Paris and Strasbourg, 9⅝
Rouen and Havre, 11
Tours and Nantes, 5¼

CORN MARKET—LONDON WEEKLY AVERAGES.

Wheat, per qr., 37s. 8d.; Barley, 22s. 11d.; Oats, 16s. 2d.; Rye, 24s. 8d.; Beans, 25s. 5d.; Peas, 26s. 10d.; Flour (town made, delivered, 40s. to 44s.; American barrel of 280 lbs., 22s. to 24s.

PROVISIONS—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Bacon, per cwt., Waterford, 40s. to 45s.; Belfast, 37s. to 40s.
Beef, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2s. to 3s. 4d.
Butter, Fresh, per lb., 10d. to 1s.; Carlow, 1st, 90s.; Waterford, 1st, 72s. to 78s.; Dutch Friesland, 98s. to 100s.; Limerick, 70s. to 78s.
Cheese, per cwt., Cheshire, 42s. to 60s.; Wiltshire, Double, 49s. to 58s.; Dutch, New Gouda, 29s.; American, 34s.
Eggs, per 120, English, 4s. to 5s. 6d.
Hams, per cwt.—York or Cumberland, 60s. to 76s.; Irish, 68s.; Westphalia, 48s. to 51s.
Mutton, per 8 lbs., mid. to prime, 2s. 8d. to 4s.
Potatoes, per ton.—Kent and Essex Shaws, 55s. to 75s.; Kent and Essex Middling, 55s. to 75s.; Chats, 30s. to 35s.
Pork, per 8 lbs., 2s. 6d. to 4s.; American, New, per barrel, 46s. to 55s.
Veal, per 8 lbs., 3s. 2d. to 4s.

GROCERY—LATEST WHOLESALE PRICES.

Cocoa, per cwt.—Ord. to good red Trinidad, 47s. to 56s.; Brazil, 29s. to 31s.
Coffee, per cwt.—Good ord., Native Ceylon, 46s.; Mocha, 66s. to 80s.; Plantation, 50s. to 57s.; Bahia, 45s. to 47s.
Rice, per cwt.—Bengal mid. to fine white, 10s. to 12s.; Madras, 7s. 6d. to 10s.; Patna, 11s. to 18s.
Sugar, per cwt.—Lumps, 49s. 6d. to 51s. 6d.; British West India, good grocery, 37s. to 43s.; Mauritius, brown, 30s. to 43s. 6d.; Brazil, do., 33s. to 44s.
Tea, per lb. (duty 2s. 1d.),—Ord. Congou, 11½d.; Souchong, com. to fine, 1s. to 2s. 8d.; ord. to fine Hyson, 1s. 2d. to 3s. 9d.; Imperial, 1s. 2d. to 2s. 8d.

Candles, per 12 lbs., 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. | Coals, per ton, 13s. to 20s. 9d.

OILS.

Pale Seal, per 252 gals., 33l. 10s.
Sperm, 84l. to 87l.
Cod, 38l.
Palm, per ton, 29l. to 30l.
Olive, Gallipoli, 44l.
Linseed, 33l. 6s.

[illegible] Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, Lo[illegible]